

## BANKER SLIDER'S CASE.

Billy Haven was no ordinary burglar. His theory was that if a man wished to make a success of his profession he needed to use his brain rather than his muscle. It was all right enough, when starting out to commit a burglary, to take a knife with you, or a loaded club, or a pistol, but Billy claimed that the doing of this showed a lack of mental ingenuity. Any muscular fool can bludgeon the senses out of a half-awakened householder aroused from his first deep sleep by the noisy entrance of a thief through the kitchen window, but bludgeoning, Billy looked upon as clumsy and unnecessary. The consequence was that Billy, by strict attention to business and the endeavor to please customers, soon began to build up for himself an enviable reputation among the police. They never caught sight of Billy or his pals, but they always recognized his handiwork by the neatness and dexterity of it. They did not even know his name, but they called him among themselves Billy Haven, out of respect for the memory of a detective of that name, who was especially good at tracking crimes of a kind whose origin was obscure and the clue to which was not visible.

They said among themselves, when their attention was first directed to the kind of burglary the new burglar was doing, that this was a job Billy Haven would like the unraveling of it he was alive, and so they drifted on, never getting a sight of the burglar until the crimes were called Billy Haven jobs, and finally the unknown cracksmen came to be called Billy Haven.

As a general thing, where Billy Haven was at work, the inmates of the house never knew a robbery had been committed until next morning. Billy and his gang left almost no trace of their visit except the disappearance of the most valuable things in the residence.

At last these neat burglaries ceased, and there were no traces of Billy for years. It is probable that the authorities would never have known any particulars about Billy's career, if it had not been that a convict dying in one of the prisons told about Billy's last and successful coup, which enabled Haven and his gang to retire into respectable, but monotonous private life.

Billy, it seems, had long looked with hungering eyes on a large mansion that stood in a lonely part of a lonely suburb. It was entirely surrounded by a high brick wall, and Billy felt that if he and his mates ever got inside that mansion they could work in uninterrupted security.

Inquiry showed Billy that it was the residence of Mr. Slider, the well known banker, a man intimately connected with numerous prosperous companies, and a man of great reputed wealth. The name of Slider was a new one in the city. Billy's investigations led him to the knowledge that Mr. Slider was a most careful man, who had arranged every electrical appliance then known for the discovery of a burglar. He appeared to realize that if once a burglar got entrance into a big house, the family would be, comparatively speaking, at his mercy, and so it was that every window was protected by half a dozen different devices. The door-mats and windows were so arranged that after everybody went to bed the lightest footfall on any of them all the electric lamps in the house would ring a large bell in the tower; would telegraph a warning to the nearest police station, and would set more gongs ringing all over the place than a burglar who was at all nervous cared to hear.

Billy realized, then, that the ordinary methods of a burglar would have a tendency to fail if applied to the big house standing in its own exclusive grounds, and so he resolved when he and his pals entered the house it would be by the door, and not by one of the windows, and it would be at a time when the family had not retired to rest.

Billy's plans, when matured, were very simple. He obtained the costume of a police inspector for himself, and the clothes of an ordinary policeman for each of his four pals. He got likewise, a very good imitation of a warrant of arrest, made out in the name of Mr. Slider. Billy was the man of brains in the gang, and the other four, realizing this, did exactly as he told them. They were in a perfect state of discipline, and had the utmost confidence in Billy's ingenuity. The plan was this: They were to obtain entrance into the house at about 9 o'clock in the evening, in perfect legal form, the inspector was to arrest Mr. Slider, who might, of course, be indignant, but the conspirators expected that the respect a banker has for the forms of law at least secured submission under protest; and while the inspector stood guard over the arrested man, two of the alleged policemen were to be posted so that no one could leave the house, even if Mr. Slider wanted to send a messenger away, which was not likely, because of the certainty that this was a mistake which could easily be cleared up. The other two alleged policemen could then search the house under the protection of a bogus search warrant, and quietly secrete all the valuables and money that they could lay their hands on. The inspector then intended to tell Mr. Slider that, because of his protests, he would not take him to jail, but that he must understand that he was under arrest, and that he might have to report to the head officer when called upon to do so. Billy imagined that the time which must intervene before the news of the unwarranted arrest reached the real police would give him all the opportunity he wanted to cover his tracks and secrete his spoil.

This plan worked admirably up to a certain point, when Billy and his pals were treated to a stupifying surprise. The man at the porter's lodge tremblingly admitted the officers of the law into the grounds. He was then ordered to lock the gates, which he did, and one of the policemen took the key and remained in the porter's lodge with the man and his wife, who were certainly very much frightened. Another policeman was left to guard the entrance of the house, while the bogus inspector and the remaining policeman rang at the front door. The person who admitted them was also terrified at the sight of their uniforms. Billy asked if Mr. Slider was at home, and was informed that he was in the drawing-room. He then asked that he and the officers might be shown there without being announced.

Mr. Slider was sitting in an easy-chair surrounded by his family. He turned his head round when the door opened without

the customary knock, and when he saw the uniform of the inspector a ghastly pallor came over his face. Before the inspector could speak, he held out his hand, and said: "One moment, please." Then turning to his wife, he remarked to her in a low voice: "Take the children to your own room, and stay there till I come. I have some business with this gentleman. Don't be alarmed. Everything is all right. I had an appointment with him, but forgot to mention it to you."

The pale woman and her frightened children withdrew, and Slider stood alone confronting Billy and his two pals.

"I am sorry to say," began Billy, "that I have here a warrant for your arrest. All the entrances are guarded, and, of course, you understand the futility of making any resistance."

"Quite so; quite so," said Slider, huskily. "I appreciate all that."

"I have also a search-warrant here; and, while I stay with you, my men must have a look over the premises. Do you wish me to read the warrants to you?"

"It is not at all necessary," said Slider, in an agitated voice. "I have no doubt they are quite correct. As for searching, I have no power to prevent that; but, before you begin, I would like to make a proposal to you, Inspector. You look like a shrewd man. How many policemen have you with you?"

"I have four," answered Billy.

"There are five of you altogether, then?"

"Exactly."

"Now, Inspector, I am a man of business, and, as you know, a man of great wealth. I would like to have a few words with you in private. Would you kindly ask these officers to step out of the room for a moment?"

"That is hardly regular," objected the inspector.

"I know, I know," answered the banker, hurriedly; "but I think I can make it worth your while to do what I ask."

"Rogers," said the inspector to the policeman beside him, "you and Benham just step out for a moment into the hall and come at once if you hear me call."

Rogers and Benham saluted and withdrew without a word. When the door was closed, Billy stood with his back against it and Slider remained standing near the fire.

"If I had happened," said Slider, "not to have been at home when you came, what would you have done?"

"I presume," answered the inspector, "I would have tried to find out where you were without arousing suspicion, and if that could not be done, I would have had to come some other time."

"Precisely. Now what will you take in gold to go back to the station and report that you have not been able to find me?"

"That would be a dangerous business," said Billy, quite honestly.

"I can make it worth your while to run the risk," said Slider. "Give me a start of twenty-four hours and that is all I ask. Now, how much?"

Billy hesitated and pondered for a moment.

"What do you say," he said at last, "to five thousand for me and three thousand apiece for each of the men?"

"That would be seventeen thousand in all," said the banker.

"Well," said Billy, "suppose we make it twenty thousand as a lump sum; or, rather as you wish twenty-four hours, I think, as time is valuable in a case like this, a thousand in value would not be exorbitant. If you say twenty-four thousand in gold, it's a go."

"That is a large amount," said the banker.

"Oh, very well, then," replied Billy. "We have only to do our duty. You are not absent; you are here. The amount is large, as you say, but you must remember that the risk is tremendous."

"Yes, I admit that," said the banker with a sigh; "but you said you would take twenty thousand or even seventeen thousand a moment ago."

"There are four men to square, beside myself," answered the inspector, "and if one of them objected of course the game would be up. I shall not take the risk even of mentioning it to them for anything less than twenty-four, and if I think any longer about it I shall raise the price to thirty."

"I agree to the £24,000," said the banker hastily. "Can you make sure of your men—of their silence?"

"Reasonably sure," answered Billy.

"The only question is, can we have the money in gold, here and now?"

"I am not sure that I can give you all that amount in gold, but I think I can."

He consulted a pocketbook he had with him and added some figures together.

"Yes," he said, "I can do it."

"Very well," said Billy, "it is a bargain."

Billy called his pals, and together they accompanied the banker to another room that contained a large safe, which Slider opened. He took out several bags, and taking down a pair of scales from the top of the safe, said: "You may weigh this, and you will find it correct. There are five bags here and they each contain £5,000."

"Open all the bags," said Billy, cautiously. The banker did so, and Billy ran a handful of gold from each of them through his fingers and found everything correct.

"How much does a thousand weigh?" he asked the banker, and on receiving his answer, placed one of the bags in the scales.

"It is a pity to break bulk," said Billy. "I think we will call it £25,000."

"Very well," answered the banker.

"Suppose you call your men in. I wish to be sure that you will keep your compact."

The four men were speedily inside the room, and their eyes opened as they saw the glitter of the gold. The inspector briefly detailed to the points of the bargain while the banker looked from man to man and listened anxiously.

"You agree to this?" said Billy, and each of the men nodded.

"You will have no further trouble from us," Mr. Slider, said Billy Haven, politely, "at least, for twenty-four hours."

The banker drew a deep breath of relief as each man took a bag of gold and quietly departed.

A few days after the papers were filled with the startling announcement that Mr. Slider, the well-known banker had absconded, and that an enormous amount of money was missing. Investigation of the books showed that he had been preparing for flight for over a year, and rumor has it that he is now living somewhere in South America. But that is one of the things about which nobody knows anything definite.

## HE WANTED TO KNOW.

And of Course, as is Generally the case, He Found Out.

Morphine Prescribed as a Last Resort in a Desperate Case.

But a Much More Effective Remedy Was Discovered in the End.

"How is it that the Hawker Medicine Co., and their pills and tonic and rheumatism cure, cough and cold cure and other remedies are so much talked about all over the provinces?" was the query of a gentleman the other day.

"If I complain of a cold, I am advised to try Hawker's ton. If I say I am run down, Hawker's tonic is shouted at me. If I think I feel a twinge of rheumatism, I am instructed to lay on Dr. Manning's German Remedy. If I am unfortunate enough to allude to my liver, Hawker's liver pills are put under my nose. If I speak of cholera, I am told that a man who builds himself up with Hawker's tonic and pills can wade up to his neck in cholera microbes. Why is this?"

In answer to this question the secret of the success of the Hawker Medicine Co.'s standard remedies may be illustrated by the following story which was told to a reporter on Friday. The narrator was Mrs. Mowry, wife of Capt. Justus Mowry, the well-known tugboat officer. The interview took place at her pleasant residence, Prince William street, whether a reporter went in company with Manager Russell.

If any reader of this story has been or should in the future be reduced to the apparent extremity of taking morphine for relief from the horrible pains of indigestion in its worst form, Mrs. Mowry's experience will be of the deepest interest and incalculable value.

The story may be briefly told. Mrs. Mowry was for two years a horrible sufferer from chronic indigestion. She could not sleep without the use of morphine. Her stomach was so weak that she could scarcely eat any kind of food without suffering immediate pain. In fact she seemed to have pains and aches all over her body, and became so nervously weak and prostrated that she was unable to attend to her household duties. She tried a great many medicines and the doctors were prescribing for her nearly all the time, but she could get no relief. Sometimes for 24 hours at a time her suffering from cramps would be almost beyond endurance. The only relief appeared to be in the administration of morphine. Either was tried but her system would not retain it. Many a night it was necessary to sit by her bedside and administer dose after dose of morphine.

After such an experience she would be thoroughly exhausted and was never in anything like good health. Food that she thought she would like was often cooked for her, only to be laid aside when placed before her. She could not eat or sleep, and these horrible attacks made even the dread of death seem less than the torture of living. To be sure, morphine relieved her for the moment, but the after effects of its frequent use were almost bad. Sometimes an attack would come upon her so suddenly that she would require assistance to reach her own room. Words are powerless to describe her sufferings. Her friends feared she would die. Finally she tried her husband to get a bottle of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and she would try it instead of the morphine.

Now mark the result. Before she had finished the first bottle, taken in conjunction with Hawker's liver pills, she could eat meat without any discomfort; something she had been unable to do before for months. She only took three bottles of the tonic altogether, and it completely restored her to health. That was about a year ago, and Mrs. Mowry is still in splendid health, with no return of her former trouble.

"We have always had a big doctor bill every year," said Mrs. Mowry, "but that will not be the case this year."

Mrs. Mowry has never failed to sound the praises of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, and told the reporter and Manager Russell that she had no hesitation in telling anyone, doctors included, that these remedies had restored her from a state of horrible suffering to perfect health. She added that her sister was now taking the tonic with excellent results, and she herself always kept a bottle at hand for occasional use.

Here, then, is the secret of the success of the standard remedies of the Hawker Medicine Co. They cure even where physicians fail. The company are building up an enormous business on a sound basis. Thirty years' experience by William Hawker in his own business proved the value of these great remedies, and now the public at large is finding it out. That is the whole story.

Fellow sufferer, here is encouragement for you. Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished state of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, loss of memory, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of a gripper or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body, or excesses of any nature.

Hawker's Tonic is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, giving tone to the nerves, vigor to the mind and body, and restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate.

These remedies can be obtained of all druggists or dealers, or sent direct from the Hawker Medicine Co., St. John, N. B. Prepared to nearest express or freight office on receipt of price, as follows: Tonic 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50; Pills, 25c. per box.

## What the Lawyer Did.

A country visitor at a New York hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a hundred-dollar bill to be put in the safe.

Asking for it next day, he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Thereupon the countryman went to a lawyer.

"Get another hundred-dollar bill," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel, apologise to the

clerk for your mistake; say it was a defect of memory; attribute it to drink or absent-mindedness; deposit the second hundred dollars in the presence of your friend, and come back to me."

The mystified ruralist obeyed his instructions to the very letter.

"Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for the hundred dollars. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it, he will give back the second hundred-dollar bill. Then take your friend with you the next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that hundred dollars, and, as there was no witness to your receipt of second bill, he will be forced to return the first also."

The ruse proved completely successful. The lawyer sent his bill the next day. It was for a fee of one hundred dollars.

## An Old Story Worth Repeating.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate—

Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it.

After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as it merely examining the china, he said—

"This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and, put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next himself.

"Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish: "I shouldn't have supposed it was worth more than a shilling," and, as it in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next himself.

The captain looked at the mate and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed.

"I tell you what, young 'un," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

Miss Fuzzie—I want to break my engagement with Mr. Spooner, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide. Little Brother—Why don't you let him see you in curl-papers?

## BORN.

Dartmouth, to the wife of Philip Leahy, a son.

Halifax, June 18, to the wife of R. J. Reader, a son.

Halifax, June 18, to the wife of Leopold Clemen, a son.

Alma, N. B., June 7, to the wife of William Rommel, a son.

Truro, N. S., to the wife of James Langell, a daughter.

Halifax, June 14, to the wife of R. S. Chadwick, a daughter.

Fredericton, June 12, to the wife of W. B. Phair, a daughter.

Halifax, June 10, to the wife of J. D. Beckham, a daughter.

Alma, N. B., to the wife of Prince McLeod, twin daughters.

Shediac, N. B., June 10, to the wife of Jean Malen, a son.

Montague Mines, N. S., June 8, to the wife of P. J. Kite, a son.

Shediac, N. B., June 8, to the wife of Albert Lutz, a son.

Digby, N. S., June 12, to the wife of Dr. J. R. Fritz, a son.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of C. S. M. Simmons, a daughter.

Truro, N. S., June 12, to the wife of Howard McDonald, a son.

Paradise, N. S., June 6, to the wife of H. A. Longley, a son.

Centerville, N. S., June 11, to the wife of A. Boutlier, a daughter.

Port Lorne, N. S., June 3, to the wife of H. S. Erb, a daughter.

Port Lorne, N. S., June 12, to the wife of Israel Banks, a daughter.

Clements, N. S., June 6, to the wife of Robert Potter, a daughter.

Digby, N. S., June 8, to the wife of Melville Staratt, a daughter.

Windsor, N. S., June 12, to the wife of Brenton Saunders, a daughter.

St. Stephen, N. B., June 8, to the wife of Rev. John Anderson, a daughter.

Bible Hill, N. S., June 10, to the wife of Thomas Archibald, a daughter.

West New Glasgow, N. S., June 11, to the wife of Will. H. Renne, a son.

## MARRIED.

Bedford, N. B., June 14, Alex McNeil to Mary Cullen.

Upham, N. B., June 14, by Rev. A. Atkins, W. H. Bell to Nettie Titus.

Pictou, N. S., June 14, by Rev. A. Falconer, George Fisher to Jane Wall.

St. John, June 15, by Rev. W. H. Sampson, Barnet Bourne to Kate Hutchinson.

Middleton, N. S., June 5, by Rev. John Gee, Andrew Hatt to Mary Sperry.

St. John, North End, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Thomas Fox to Agnes Carleton.

St. John, June 15, by Rev. T. Catey, Joseph F. Bous to Mary Pickle.

Bridgeport, June 5, by Rev. W. Aiken, James O. Fish to Rachel Sinclair.

Salem, N. S., June 7, by Rev. John Gee, Fenwick Nichols to Lena Palmer.

Parishboro, N. S., June 7, by Rev. E. M. Hill, Edgar Austin Gates to Alicia Wood.

Pictou, N. S., June 14, by Rev. A. Falconer, John W. Priest to Anna Murdoch.

Yarmouth, June 14, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, George C. Lewis to Violet Crowell.

Truro, N. S., June 3, by Rev. T. Cumming, Thomas Hill to Lizzie T. Holmes.

Lincoln, N. B., June 14, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Chas. White to Fannie Mitchell.

St. John, June 15, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Percy Gilbert Smith to Ella Robinson.

St. John, June 13, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, John James Warren to Caroline Nugent.

Economy, N. S., June 6, by Rev. Andrew Gray, Edgar Taylor to Ella Berry.

Windsor, June 15, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, James W. Crouse to Fannie Wright.

St. Martins, N. B., by Rev. Chas. Williams, Charles Rourke to Maggie Bradshaw.

Alma, N. B., June 10, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Bessie Elliott to David McQuaid.

Scotch Hill, N. S., June 14, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Wm. McKee to Ellen Dunn.

Windsor, June 15, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, James W. Crouse to Fannie Wright.

Brule, N. S., June 13, by Rev. R. McCann, Daniel Donaldson to Dolores McKay.

Halifax, June 15, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, David Woodburn to Alice Christison.

Barrington, N. S., June 3, by Rev. J. K. West, Albert J. Watt to Ella McKay.

Middleton, N. S., June 6, by Rev. John Gee, W. Thomas to Bessie B. Young.

Paradise, N. S., June 8, by Rev. R. B. Kinley, E. Woodstock, N. B., June 14, by Elder D. D. Page, Charles Lee to Agnes Campbell.

Halifax, June 14, by Rev. Frances Partridge, Austin Gates to Alicia Boutlier.

Halifax, June 13, by Rev. Father Murphy, Matthew Mannette to Agnes Bellefontaine.

Billtown, N. S., June 14, by Rev. E. C. Baker, George Patriquin to Mabel Card.

Pennfield, N. B., June 14, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Isaac J. Jussek to Edith Shaw.

Fredericton, June 14, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, purge on Brown to Mary Ebbett.

## RAILWAYS.

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3 Pugsley Building, - - City.

## YARMOUTH &amp; ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, June 1st, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**LEAVE YARMOUTH**—Express daily at 8.10 a.m. 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p.m.

**LEAVE ANNAPOLIS**—Express daily at 12.25 p.m. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a.m.

**LEAVE WEYMOUTH**—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a.m.

**CONNECTIONS**—At Annapolis with trains of the Digby and City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Herts St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BUNOUELL, General Superintendent.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway.