

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1904.

Two Blooming Bay Trees. The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON. "I have seen the wicked..."

(Continued.) "It certainly presents possibilities," said Piggy, "and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will present a good many difficulties too, but that is what we must expect. At any rate, it is a stake worth playing for. Know any more details?"

"No, until I see the place, I don't see how I can; it wouldn't do to cross-examine him too much." "How did you get to hear of it?" "I dined with Van Coortvelt at his club—the Magnates—yesterday, and he began to talk about his coming home-party. I took up the conversation, and as the old chap knew nothing about shooting, and loss of hunting, yet wanted to get into his country place some way, he had to talk about that. By the way, talking of The Magnates, I've been put up for one club, and put up and elected for another. Our little family scandal was never known in Society at large. My gun's dead, and I'm supposed to have been away at the end of the earth somewhere. I've met and been welcomed by several people I knew formerly, in fact, I'm quite in the swim again."

"No, not unless we find we have to." "The following evening, after a hard day's motor cycling over the roads and lanes adjacent to Van Coortvelt's big estate, during which he had thoroughly familiarized himself with every feature of the locality, Piggy might have been seen, seated in a big armchair, toasting his toes at a splendid fire in one of the best bedrooms of the Thistle Inn, Holmthorpe, Leicestershire. He was looking at a large scale ordnance map of the country spread out on his knee. A rap at the door was the herald of the arrival of a telegram. It ran— "Going down by train, arrived four o'clock tomorrow, write me." "Tony Croft Demersé," wrote the telegram. The receipt of this telegram seemed to turn the current of his thoughts. He folded up his map and laid it on the table, then began to pace the room, pausing occasionally to stub his toes or sip his tea; at other times pausing for nothing, apparently, but to stare at the fire as if in search of an inspiration. "It's a pity," he mused, "that I can't go as Jack's valet; that would be splendid, but I could never keep it up. It's not pride that's in the way, but I don't know the etiquette of the servant's hall. I should give myself away at once. H'm! Well, I suppose there is nothing for it but to go to the place as a friend of Jack's staying in the neighbourhood. Yet I don't like it; we have been so careful. So far, no one knows that we are pals, and the longer we can keep it so the better; yet see the place for myself I must. Is there no other way?"

"Well, it ain't quite the most convenient sort of time, and that's a fact," said Mr. Van Coortvelt, as he and Jack Demersé sat alone, sipping their wine, in the big dining-room at Tony Croft on Monday evening. Pawkins the butler, had brought in a card and a note, and the verbal message that the gentleman was waiting. "But from the wealth of superciliousness which he managed to put into his manner of pronouncing the noun substantive descriptive, it was clear that Mr. Pawkins had formed no very high estimate of the gentility of Mr. Schmidt. "No, it ain't convenient," continued Mr. Van Coortvelt, scratching the goatee on his chin, "but yet, somehow, I don't like to send him away. You know, Mr. Demersé, I've been down bottom myself. I guess you aristocrats don't just know what poverty is." "Jack thought of the days of broken victuals and casually cadged coppers, and smiled. "Yes, sir, you smile; but I've been there, and I know what it is. Now I've arrived, I don't want to come the high and mighty, and freeze down, nobody who wants to push himself forward. There's a sight of cranks around; but, on the other hand, this chap may have gotten hold of something good. There may be money in it. Not that I've any occasion of think of dollars now," he hastened to add, "but as a patron of invention. Now I guess that's the sort of thing would tickle Mr. Van Coortvelt. What do you say, Mr. Demersé? I guess that has a high-toned appearance somewhat like yours." "I can imagine nothing more gratifying to a young soldier in the same army than a little kindly encouragement from a veteran like yourself."

"Now you put that neatly, you do indeed, sir," exclaimed the gratified Van Coortvelt; "and his true enough. Maybe if I— and he paused, sighed, and passed his hand a trifle wearily across his face. "Well, I guess you can show him in, Pawkins."

"Piggy, thorough in all things, had made a careful study of the art of disguise. He had grasped two points as essential—first, that disguise could be employed successfully only as a temporary expedient; hence in such a business as his, it should be used for the perpetration of the crime, leaving him free to reassume his natural self afterwards; secondly, that it should not be too elaborate. By the simple expedient of first swathing his body in many yards of flannel, he was now wearing quite naturally a suit of clothes cut for a man of his height but forty pounds heavier. A false moustache—the only piece of false hair, by the way, which will stand close inspection—spectacles, and the employment of a eye which turned his naturally round locks to a hue of fiery red, completed the make-up. When he entered the room, a worn black bag in one hand and a soft hat in the other, and bowed comprehensively to the inmates, as if not sure which was the millionaire whom he had come to see, Jack Demersé could hardly believe that it was really Piggy."

(To be continued.) AN OBJECT LESSON In a Restaurant. A physician puts the query: Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from sixty to eighty years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile? Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something. If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating, you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers nor gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored. The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers. There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous sickly looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories. The matter in a nutshell is that the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity, any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty, because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase, and nux. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels and in fact are not strictly a medicine, as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly and thus giving the stomach a much needed rest and an appetite for the next meal. Of people who travel, nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food the travelling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets. All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked would say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble. The Grocer—See here, my lad, if there are any more mistakes made behind this counter, you walk. The Boy—Yes, sir. The Grocer—Eh, what's this? How did this \$5 gold piece get among these pennies? The Boy—Took it in by mistake, sir. The Grocer—Eh? Mistake? Well, we won't count this one.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

TEN CENTS EVERY DAY. New York Judge so Finds a Professional Beggar.

New York, Nov. 12.—Police Judge Sweeney, of Newark, who has ways of his own, disposed last night on the case of the Mrs. Boniah McCarton, alleged to be a professional beggar and a member of a family of professionals, who have been imposing upon clergymen in the east for a number of years. The woman is 35 years old, and has bothered the Rev. Lewis Shrove Osborne, of Trinity church, Newark, for several years. He finally made a complaint against her and was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Scott Ingalls, of Newark, and Arthur W. McDougall, of the Bureau of Associated Charities. Mrs. McCarton was arrested and came before Judge Sweeney last night for examination. He has a peculiar way of handling such cases. It is experimental, and has not resulted satisfactorily so far. He allowed Mrs. McCarton to go at large under a sentence to the court for two and a half years. Mrs. McCarton is expected to come around every day and pay up the 10 cents, no matter how she gets it. She is expected to confine herself to the jurisdiction of the court. Others who have been penalized in the same manner at the rate of 10 cents a week have disappeared or have been picked up for other offenses and are in jail at present.

POST CARDS IN U.S.A. (New York Tribune.) It is a happy idea of the Japanese war office to provide troops in the field with illustrated postcards, bearing a message for home ready printed, and needing only the soldier's signature. The message runs thus: "This is to let you know that I am alive and well. I cannot give you my address, for I do not know where I shall be tomorrow. But your letter will reach me if you copy the postmark on this card. Greetings to my family and friends." The full use of the picture postcard in a campaign was made by the French army of the Loire in 1871. Since then it has been ignored by the military mind in Europe. But the Japanese have a knack of snapping up the unconsidered trifles of our western civilization.



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL. This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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