

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1904.

Two Blooming Bay Trees. The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked... spreading himself like a green bay-tree." - Prov. xv. 35.

(Continued) CHAPTER VIII. New Plans, and Big Ones.

Piggy lay on a mattress, safe at last in the haven of his studio at Kew; but to get there had entailed a severe test of even his doggedness and iron resolution. He had stayed at the inn at Coleridge Hill, and had then hired a trap and driver to take him as far as the outskirts of London; in fact, to the Welsh Harp at Hendon, which he reached about eight o'clock. Explaining that he had been rheumatism he had got the boy, an ordinary not too bright specimen of the Loamshire bumpkin, to help him into the hotel, where he swallowed a little brandy and milk and refilled his flask. From the Welsh Harp he had gone by bus to the King's Head at St. John's Wood, where he gave the port-boy half-a-crown to find him a hansom with a fresh horse. He directed the driver to Kew, with instructions to stop at a grocer's and a chemist's en route. What it cost Piggy to step out of and into the cab at these shows he will always remember; but it was a case of having to do it, so he bit his lip and did it. At the chemist he bought lint, carbolic, oil, and bandages; at the grocer's, biscuits, condensed milk, and condensed milk. That was all he needed; since he always kept a stove of tea and coffee, oil for his lamp, and tinned provisions at the studio. As they crossed Kew Bridge he took another sip at his flask, and when the cab drew up at the studio Moor he got out almost briskly. He got the cabman to carry the things in, went back with him to the door in the wall of the enclosure, paid him, saw him drive off, closed the door, locked it carefully, then fastened.

He came to, again before long, but now that the tension was once relaxed, it was all he could do to crawl to the studio. Though it was a cold mid-winter's night, he felt himself quite incapable of going for coal for the stove; so he pulled down all the blinds and lit the three gas-lights, then wearily dragged himself to the door and turned the key. There was no bed, but he had two mattresses and some rugs prepared for an occasion like this. He threw himself on one of the mattresses, covered himself up, and, utterly exhausted and feverish, lay thus for some hours. Then he felt that he must make an effort to dress his leg. He made a bucketful of carbolic solution, cut away his cycling stocking, and took off Jack's bandage. A nasty, angry-looking wound was disclosed, which

he thoroughly washed with carbolic solution. He was then about to apply a carbolic compress, but, on second thoughts, decided first to make provision for his wants for the next few days. So he made a great, big jug of porridge, and another of condensed milk, and placed them, with a pile of biscuits, near the head of his mattress. Then he applied his compress, and, with a sense of great relief, pulled the rug over him and soon sank into a delicious sleep. It was now the afternoon of the third day; he had put in the time eating a little, drinking a good deal of the milk and porridge, sleeping much, and every ten hours or so removing the dressing on his leg. With his wide reading he had a sort of smattering of medical knowledge, by the light of which he seemed to him that his wound was getting better. It certainly hurt less. Still, the progress was not so quick as it might have been. "Either a buckshot or splinter of bone is in there," he muttered. He thought of sterilizing his pen-knife and probing with it, but the fear of cutting a blood-vessel restrained him. However, he was satisfied that he was better; for one thing, he now cared to smoke, and that was a proof. As far as he himself was concerned, there would have been little, if any, danger in driving to a hospital or sending for a doctor; but he did not know how Jack was faring, or if he had need of help. It was now, as we have said, the afternoon of the third day, and Piggy was more than a little anxious. As he mused on what could have happened to his friend, he suddenly had an idea. Jack had not come, perhaps he has written. There was a letter-box on the garden door; why had he not thought of it before? There was a key in the corner of the studio, and of course Piggy, amongst his many tools, had a saw. A couple of minutes was all that was necessary to transform the broom into a very serviceable crutch, with the help of which he made his way to the letter-box. There were half-a-dozen circulars, and one letter. With a cry of joy he recognized his friend's handwriting. There is no friendship like that of the man who makes few friends, and it was with a very real concern for Jack, as much as for himself, that he tore it open. It was on poor paper, written in pencil, and contained but one brief sentence: "Coming to Kew, evening of Jan. 1st. Jack."

keys of his own; he would not need to get up to let him in. When Jack came it was not by the garden door at all. About ten o'clock the bump of a boat, the rattle of oars being laid up, and the sound of a step on the little pier, indicated the arrival of someone by the river. Piggy grasped a revolver under the rug and waited. Five minutes passed. Whoever it was was coming very cautiously. At last came the sound of a key turning in the lock. Piggy started and, for a moment, did not recognize him. For this was, possibly, a worse tramp than the one he had met on a bench on the Embankment. But Jack Demerose it was for all that. "At last, you old hound!" said Jack. "I walked round the place first to find a crack between the blinds to peer in at. I did find one, and saw you were alone, so in I came. How are you, Piggy?" "Going on well, I think," replied Piggy. "But I shall have to get a doctor, after all; but there is no immediate hurry for that. Tell me a good story, Jack. It's four days; you must have had some adventures?" "So, so. But if you'll be so hospitable, I think I'll have something to eat first. And you poor Piggy, you've got no fire; well, that's soon remedied at all events." "So Jack bustled about and made a good fire in the stove; after which he ate a hearty supper of biscuits and cheese, and whiskey and water. "Now, Piggy," he said, "I'm going to fix you up comfortably, then you shall have my story." "And, if without all the skill, at any rate with all the tenderness of the most highly-trained hospital nurse, Jack helped his friend to undress, renewed the compress, and generally made him as comfortable as possible. Then, having made up the stove, he took the other mattress for himself, filled a clay pipe, which he took from the band of the horrible relic which served him for a crutch, lit it up, and stretching himself out luxuriously, began his story. "You know where you left me, or rather where I left you," he said, "outside that little inn at Coleridge?" Piggy nodded. "Well, I walked back to where I had left the cycle, mounted, and spurred, at the best pace it would go, along the high road. My great wish was to get to some sort of cover before daylight. The nearest thing I could find was a little copse—you could hardly call it a wood—about five or six miles from the town. I had just passed a hill, and it had been light enough for me to see that there was nothing better

PUTTING IT STRONG.

But Doesn't It Look Reasonable?

This may read as though we were putting it a little strong, because it is generally thought by the majority of people that Dyspepsia in its chronic form is incurable or practically so. The trouble with Dyspepsia is that they are continually dieting, starving themselves, or going to opposite extremes, or else indulging the already overburdened stomach with "biters," "after-dinner pills," etc., which invariably increase the difficulty even if in some cases they do give a slight, temporary relief. Such treatment of the stomach simply makes matters worse. What the stomach wants is a rest. Now, how can the stomach become rested, recuperated and at the same time the body nourished and sustained. This is a great secret and this is also the secret of the uniform success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. This is a comparatively new remedy, but its success and popularity leaves no doubt as to its merit. The Tablets will digest the food anyway, regardless of condition of stomach. The sufferer from Dyspepsia, according to directions, is to eat an abundance of good, wholesome food and use the tablets before and after each meal, and the result will be that the food will be digested no matter how bad your Dyspepsia may be, because, as before stated, the tablets will digest the food even if the stomach is wholly inactive. To illustrate our meaning plainly, if you take 1,800 grains of meat, eggs or ordinary food and place it in a temperature of 98 degrees, and put with it one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets it will digest the meat or eggs almost as perfectly as the meat was enclosed within the stomach. The stomach may be ever so weak, yet these tablets will perform the work of digestion and the body and brain will be properly nourished, and at the same time a radical, lasting cure of Dyspepsia will be made because the much-abused stomach will be given, to some extent, a much needed rest. Your druggist will tell you that of all the many remedies advertised to cure Dyspepsia, none of them have given so complete and general satisfaction as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and not least in importance in these hard times is the fact that they are also the cheapest and give the most good for the least money.

A JAPANESE ON UNIONISM.

Would Shorten Years Rather Than Hours of Labor.

Few of us have heard of Hoto Ito, the one of these days we shall have to make ourselves familiar with Japanese surnames. Hoto Ito has written for The International Journal of Ethics what he calls "A Japanese View of American Trade Unions." You have the eastern mind pouring forth its comment upon the essentially western labor movement. And so terse is the comment that if space permitted we should have wished to quote it in extenso. Hoto Ito begins by naming certain "fundamental rights," they are as follows: "We have the right to stand for a living wage to deny this is to crush mankind." "We have the right to hire whom we can; to deny this is to crush industry." "We have the right to work where we can; to deny this is to crush liberty." "We have the right to sell for what we can get; to deny this is to crush trade." "We the people, have the right to the control of our own destinies; to deny this is to crush the purpose of all governments." The most striking thing is that if any one of these rights be unreservedly realized, some of the others can survive, which is literally true. Then he points out that even in America a man may not hire whom he likes, nor may he work for whom he likes. For, on the one hand, he may not import a Chinaman, nor an alien under contract, while on the other hand, no man may sell himself into slavery, whether he will or not. No man may practice law, nor medicine, nor peddle in the street, nor work under unsanitary conditions, nor in New York be a barber, save under prescribed conditions. So the argument proceeds, perhaps the most interesting feature being a criticism upon the effort to reduce hours. "How much wiser," says Hoto Ito, "it would be to contend for shorter years of labor. Forty-eight hours a week certainly are few enough for any able-bodied and thrifty man to work. Rather than to shorten these, the unions should aim to have their old men retired on a pension and their children given more years of education and training. The spirit of this suggestion is admirable. Indeed, we should not be surprised if the present battle the part of employers for old men were not to result years hence in a recognition of the right of the elderly to enjoy honorable leisure. Economic necessity frequently works out by its own painful process results that are not ultimately to be regretted. THE LARGE DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE TIMES MAKES IT AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD MEDIUM FOR UP-TO-DATE ADVERTISEMENTS.



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.

YORKSHIRE BAR. Alc and 4 C per glass. Porter 4 or tank-ard. Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London. ENGLAND, 1886. European Plan, - 20 Mill St. J. RHEA

BEGIN NOW! Times Wants Bring Good Results.

\$2.75--Up to Date Ladies' Skirt--\$2.75

Special Seasonable Sale of Ladies' Tailor Made Skirts, newest materials, first class fit and finish, every skirt is beautifully styled and coordinated, making a really elegant skirt, we have 240 of these for sale, original prices were \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50, and we purpose offering as a leader, and for a few days only at one price and one price only, your choice for \$2.75 each, these skirts will be on view in our windows on Saturday 19th inst., when you can judge for yourselves if this is not a bonanza offer of extraordinary value combined with low prices it is hard to beat. Don't miss this Ladies', and come early to obtain first selection. B. MYERS, 695 Plain Street. \$2.75

The Demand for MANITOCHA FLOUR Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat It is Manufactured by the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED