

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITERS SEE US."

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HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Carapata maintained a sullen silence after his arrest. He was placed in a solitary cell of the Prefecture that is to say, and interrogated by Jobard, and indeed, by the chief himself, but he would make no disclosures with reference to the mysterious man of the Luxembourg Gardens. Carapata would not even allow that he had seen any such man at all.

"By-and-by, perhaps, he will change his tune," said M. Acme, confidentially. "He will tell us all we want to know."

"What do you propose, Monsieur?"

"Turn Carapata into the general prison, and throw him into the way of a Purty friend. That friend will release later on and follow. He will go straight to our man outside, you will see."

"I understand," said M. Jobard, with a look of admiration at his chief.

For the moment the police had lost sight of the Marquis, or M. Leon, as I shall call him from henceforth. But they counted on his returning later in the day to the Rue du Bac; and he was entrusted with the task of watching their movements there. Being at home in the house he could do this well, and without arousing suspicion. Accordingly the respectable M. Joliat once more appeared at the hairdresser's, and politely inquired for his patron.

Madame had gone out for the whole day, M. Maxime, the head-assistant in the shop, told him. She had given herself a holiday. A dear relative had arrived from far, and they were making a little for it.

Daunt, satisfied, went up to his own apartment. It was not till evening that he felt a little at fault.

Five, six, seven came and went, and still there was no sign of the pair. What had become of them? Sir Richard felt it was right to let them know that the Prefecture that neither Fanchette nor M. Leon had reappeared.

The fact was, M. Leon's anxieties had increased as the night drew on; he felt more strongly than ever that it would be unsafe to show at the Rue du Bac. Besides he had his appointment to keep with Carapata at the cabinet of Pere Barabas, in the Place Maubert. It was of vital importance to hear what the voyou had to say.

Driving to the neighborhood of what was once the palace of La Reine Blanche, and is now the lowest quarter of Paris, M. Leon threaded its intricacies with the assurance of one who knew the place by heart.

Pere Barabas, the landlord of the most respectable quarter, eyed his visitor askance as he entered, and found in his ear soon converted surprise into obsequious attention.

"Carapata? Where is he?" asked Leon, quickly and peremptorily.

"He is not here, monsieur," replied the landlord. "I have not seen him to-night."

"Nor won't," remarked another ruffian of the same stamp as the absentee. "He can't come."

"What?" interrupted M. Leon. "Is that you, Gros Chevre? Where is Carapata?"

"Emble! They brought him to the depot just before I got away."

"When? On what charge? Did he tell you? Did you have any talk?"

"Yes, for a minute or two. He came out into our big room, and we soon got together. He asked if I knew of any zig who was to be free that afternoon, and who could take a message. I said I could find expected to survive to-morrow. Arrangements have been made to administer to her the last sacraments of the Church, and it is her earnest desire that as many as possible of her sorrowing relatives should be present on this sad and solemn occasion. I propose, therefore, to have

M. Leon, musingly. The sudden arrest had increased his misgivings, and why had they set this Gros Chevre free? Had they overheard the question asked by Carapata, and were resolved to follow his messenger?

"But why not release Carapata himself?" asked the Marquis, thinking aloud.

Even as he spoke in walked M. Jobard.

Dead silence fell upon the whole assembly. Pere Barabas only bowed low, and waited for the orders of the representative of the law.

M. Jobard looked round curiously, and examined every face. Then, addressing the Marquis, he said:

"I am an Englishman. I need no passport. You dare not touch me. I shall appeal to our ambassador."

"You speak very excellent French, monsieur. I wonder where you learnt it! Here, Antoine," this was to one of his assistants who had remained outside, step in and see whether you have seen this gentleman before."

M. Jobard turned as he spoke, and gave the Marquis his opportunity. With one bound the latter dashed past the police, dealing Jobard a blow with his fist that nearly brought him to the ground, and with the other striking Antoine from his path.

Next instant the Marquis was running for dear life down the Rue des Anglais, formerly the Rue des Crimes.

"Give chase!" cried Jobard, frantically, as soon as he recovered himself. The scoundrel must not escape like this. He has assaulted the police. Come on, Antoine; do you know him?"

"I am not certain," gasped the other, as he, with the whole posse, pressed on at the heels of the now rapidly disappearing fugitive. "But for his dark hair and beard, both of which may be false, I should say it was Leon Lantimeche, alias Tue Tete, the forcat."

"However it is we'll have him for assault," he followed his first impulse he would have left Paris there and then.

But when the first alarm had passed of less cautious counsels prevailed. He could not tear himself away all at once from the despotism of the grosser and more material delights of Paris.

The day's amusement only ended with the day itself, and it was nearly midnight when Fanchette regained her home. But Fanchette was alone, Madame Jobard said, on her return, there could be no doubt of that. What, then, had become of her companion?

Leon, as soon as he had distanced his pursuers, paused to take breath. He had to consider what he would do next. How was he to escape from Paris, that rat-trap into which he had so rashly ventured? He was a man of many resources, fertile in expedients, quick to devise and execute a plan. He weighed all his chances as he walked rapidly along, and soon came to a decision. He would start on his journey back to England that very night, leaving Fanchette to join him en route, or follow, as circumstances would permit.

It would, of course, be necessary to communicate with her, and his first care was to do that safely, and without compromising himself.

The best plan, then, would be to write to her a prudently worded letter. He must contrive to get it into Fanchette's hands early next morning, and, if possible, unobserved.

He had selected, as his temporary residence, one of the grandest and most frequented hotels in Paris, well knowing that there he would be the least exposed to the inquisitiveness of official or other busy-bodies. Mr. Herbert Vivian, a well-to-do English gentleman, as he had called himself on arriving, travelling for his pleasure, was not likely to attract the attention of the police.

Returning there, he wrote as follows:

Madam.—It is with infinite distress that I have to communicate to you that our dear aunt Angelique lies at the point of death. I have heard this evening from our cousin Anna, that our revered relative is not expected to survive to-morrow. Arrangements have been made to administer to her the last sacraments of the Church, and it is her earnest desire that as many as possible of her sorrowing relatives should be present on this sad and solemn occasion. I propose, therefore, to have

ten to Mantes at an early hour to-morrow, and shall deem myself fortunate if you are able to accompany me. There is a rapid train which leaves the 'Ouest' station at ten minutes to nine. You should on no account neglect to take this—it is the only one to serve our purpose. Friends will be waiting the arrival of the train at Mantes. I count upon the pleasure of seeing you. As you may have to remain till after the funeral it is as well that you should be prepared to leave your establishment in the charge of Maxime.

Your attached cousin,
"VICTOR VILLARS."

Having completed the foregoing, Leon took out his watch and saw that it was half-past one. His next business was to arrange for the secure delivery of the letter.

"How early can this letter be taken to its address?" he asked of the waiter.

"If monsieur likes I could take it myself when I go off duty at six."

The letter must be delivered as soon as possible after six, and with-out attracting attention. Here, then, was the matter. He had to have many more if you deliver it as I say."

The matter disposed of, Leon went upstairs to his bedroom and hastily changed his clothes. He had been wearing a frock coat and tail, but now he substituted a travelling suit and a soft wide-awake; then, carefully packing and locking his portmanteau, he went down stairs, having again passed the clock, and struck two as he walked down the now nearly deserted boulevard towards the Madeleine. It was a beautiful, brilliant summer's night, fine and warm.

His way lay by Neuilly. There he crossed the river and made for Courbevoie. A mile beyond he crossed the railway and made for Besons, and there, having again passed the river, he regained the line at Houilles.

"So far so good," he said to himself; "the first train is due here about seven; I will wait for it, then go as far as Puteaux, and fresh tickets through to Cherbourg for the two of us. That will throw them off the scent if they think of tracking us on from Mantes. The only point to be to attract Fanchette's attention at Puteaux, as she will not expect to see me before Mantes."

He effected this by standing prominently at the glass door of the salie d'attente as the Cherbourg express came. He was the only passenger, and Fanchette, who had seen him plainly, was looking out of the window of a second-class carriage as he came on the platform.

"All right," he said. "Look out for me, Fanchette. I'll be there. There he came and fetched her. "I have tickets for Cherbourg, first class. Come, let us change."

They walked along the train looking for seats, and entered a carriage occupied by three young men, Englishmen evidently, all in suits of grey dittoes, with the rather rufid cut-satisfied air of the Briton who has been seeing life.

They scowled after the manner of exclusive Englishmen at M. Leon and Fanchette, as though they wished to get into his chair, his anger was terrible to see. "Leave your room!" he thundered, striding towards the trembling culprit.

"Why sir?" faltered Jones.

"Why sir?" sputtered the irate pedagogues. "When I ask you what you were talking about, you ask me to come to you and you'll tell me 'Why, indeed?'"

"Yes, sir; but that's really what I did say," the boy replied. "Mobs asked me what the exercise was, and said 'Come here and I'll tell you.'"

"Come here and I'll tell you, sir," answered Jones.

We stared aghast at our companion and wondered what would happen next. The master looked as if he had not heard right.

"What did you say?" he said, slowly.

"Come here and I'll tell you, sir," ventured Jones again.

We were on the tiptoe of expectation. Such daring as this was unparalleled, even for Jones. The master rose from his chair, his anger was terrible to see. "Leave your room!" he thundered, striding towards the trembling culprit.

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"I am. Are you? Yes?—then we can continue the game on board, you must give me my revenge."

"The idiots," the asses; the double-deep fools," said M. Leon, with the deepest scorn, to Fanchette, as they were changing from the train to the steamer. "To try and fool me! I, who know every trick in the trade! They shall have their revenge. Listen, Fanchette. And he hastily whispered a few instructions in her ears.

Gambling was forbidden on board the Cherbourg and Weymouth boat, but it was not easy to check the practice. Leon and his new friends got into a quiet corner at the far end of the saloon, and there continued their play.

Suddenly one sprang up, and, with a fierce oath, cried, "You sharper, you cheat, you beggarly, rascally, swindling French foreigner! I've caught you in the act."

The others had risen at the first word, and tried hard to pacify their friend.

"Don't you see, you fools? All this while that we've been cursing our luck he has been correcting his fortune. He faces that glass there, and his wife, who sits just behind two of you, has been signalling to him what cards you held. That's why he never doubted when to play or take 'miss.'"

"It's false, you cur! I how dare you accuse your betters of foul play? Apologize, or I'll take it out of you. Apologize, I say, or I'll—"

And M. Leon advanced threateningly.

"What will you do? Lay a finger on me, you low French villain, you filth!"

Next instant Leon had him by the throat; there was a short struggle, and the Englishman, before his friends could interpose, was thrown heavily to the ground.

When the two were separated it was found that the Englishman was insensible, and seemed very badly hurt. The news of the disturbance spread rapidly through the steamer; other passengers came crowding into the saloon; then the captain and one of the mates appeared, and after a short colloquy with the Englishmen they fell foul of M. Leon.

The end of it all was, that, on the arrival of the boat at Weymouth, Leon was given into custody on a charge of carrying a loaded revolver with a murderous assault.

Fanchette was also arrested on an accomplice; and thus the two, in escaping the French, fell into the clutches of the English police, or out of the French man into the fire.

(To Be Continued.)

"COME HERE, SIR."

It was during evening preparation. Jones minor was always getting into mischief, and the master had his eye on him in consequence.

"Jones, what are you talking about?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, sir," replied Jones, meekly. "What were you saying?"

"Well, I'm waiting. What was it you said?"

"Come here and I'll tell you, sir," answered Jones.

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Dec. 31.—Wheat—The market is steady at 75 to 76c for red and white middle freights. Goose wheat is steady at 66 to 67c for No. 2 east middle freights. Spring wheat is steady at 75c for No. 1 east. Manitoba wheat is firm at 85c for No. 1 hard, 85c for No. 1 Northern and 81c for No. 2 Northern all rail, via Sarnia, grinding in transit. December shipment, and less via North Bay.

Flour—The market is steady at \$2.90 for cars of 90 per cent. Choice brands are held 15 to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at \$4.20 for cars of Hungarian patents and \$3.90 for strong bakers', in car lots, sacks included, on the track, Toronto.

Milled—Is firm at \$21 for cars of shorts and \$19.50 for bran middle weight. Manitoba shorts is firm at \$22 for cars of shorts and \$21 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—Is steady at 57c for No. 1, 55c for No. 2, 54c for No. 3 extra and 51c to 52c for No. 3 middle freights.

Oats—The market is steady at 45c for No. 2 white east and 41c middle freights.

Hay—Is steady at \$5.35 for cars of bags and \$5.50 for barrels on the track, Toronto, and 25c more for broken lots.

Peas—Are firm at 84c to 85c middle freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs—The offerings of strictly new laid eggs are light, there is a good demand for all the best offering, but shippers who send in new laid eggs with held stock mixed in are apt to lose money on the choicest stock. Strictly A1 goods will bring full prices. The stock of lined in some hands are getting light. Prices are steady at 25c for strictly new laid in case lots, 18 to 20c for held fresh and 17c for No. 1 lined and 15c to 16c for No. 2 lined.

Potatoes—Are rather firmer. There is a good demand for them and the offerings do not appear to be large. Cars on the track here are quoted at 70c. Potatoes out of store sell at 80 to 85c.

Poultry—There was a brisk inquiry and the market was firmer at 9 to 9 1/2c for turkeys, 7 to 8c for geese, 50 to 75c for ducks and 20c to 50c for chickens.

Honey—The market is quiet and unchanged at 9 to 10c for bulk and \$1.50 to \$2.50 for frames.

Dried Apples—Are in fair demand and steady at 5 to 6c for job lots here, and evaporated are quoted at 9 to 10c a jobbing way.

Beans—Are steady at \$1.60 to \$1.65 for choice hand-picked here and unpicked are quoted at \$1.40 to \$1.50 for job lots.

Baled Hay—There is a very fair demand and the market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$9.50 for No. 1 timothy and No. 2 at \$8 to \$8.25.

Baled Straw—Is in good demand and steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$5 to \$5.50.

PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are steady and local packers are bidding \$8 for car lots here.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$22; head-smoked and Dry Salted Meats—

Long clear bacon, 10c; cases 10c; breakfast bacon, 14c; hams, 13 to 13 1/2c; rolls, 11c; shoulders, 10c; backs, 14c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 11c, tps 11c and pairs 11 1/2 to 11c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The offerings are quite liberal, but there is still rather too much poor butter coming forward. There is not much demand for poor stuff, but the inquiry for choice dairies and creamery is good and prices are steady.

Creamery prints, ... 20c to 22c
do solids, ... 19c to 20c
Dairy, pound rolls, ... 17c to 18c
do large rolls, ... 16c to 17c
do tubs, ... 16c to 10c
do medium and low, ... 10c to 12c

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Toledo, Dec. 31.—Wheat—Strong; higher; cash and December, 90c; May, 89 1/2c; Corn—Firm; December, 68c; May, 68c. Oats—Dull; December, 48c; May, 47c. Cloverseed—December, \$5.90. Oil—North Lima, 85c; South Lima and Indiana, 80c.

Buffalo, Dec. 31.—Flour—Firm; Wheat—Spring, 85c; No. 1 Northern, 85 1/2c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 90 1/2 to 91c. Corn—Easier; No. 2 red, 51c; yellow, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4; No. 3 do., 7 1/4; No. 2 corn, 70 1/2; No. 3 do., 69 1/2.

Oats—Fairly firm; No. 2 white, 51c; No. 3 do., 51 to 51 1/2; No. 2 mixed, 49 1/2; No. 3 do., 48 1/2; Barley—7 to 7c. Rye—No. 2, 70c.

Milwaukee, Dec. 31.—Close—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 79 1/2 to 80c; No. 2 Northern, 76 to 79c; May, 82 1/2. Rye—No. 1, 66c; Barley, No. 2, 64 1/2; sample, 65c. Corn—May, 66c.

Duluth, Dec. 31.—Close—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 79 1/2; No. 2 Northern, 74c; No. 1 Northern, 76 1/2; December, 76 1/2; May, 79c. Corn—64c.

Detroit, Dec. 31.—Wheat—Closed—No. 1 hard, cash, 92c; No. 2 red, cash, December, and January, 90c; May, 90c.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—Wheat—Closed—Cash, 80 1/2; December, 80 1/2; May, 80 1/2.

Minneapolis, Dec. 31.—Wheat closed—Cash, 78c; May, 75 1/2 to 73 1/2.

POVERTY OF THE MANGER.

Greed of Gain Has Robbed Us of Conscience and Honor.

We have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship Him.—St. Matthew, II., 2.

Christ struck the keynote of the soul's highest development. On the Judean hillside His voice sounded clear and strong, to the wonderment and amazement of His hearers, and it has reverberated through the ages, to the wonderment and amazement of every generation since.

We have been practising this new music for many a century, sometimes with a feeble degree of success, but oftentimes in blundering and unsatisfactory fashion. We dimly appreciate its beauties and are secretly convinced that when we can put His revealed thoughts into daily life, into social and civic institutions, we shall reach the perfect stature of the perfect man; but progress is so slow that despair treads on the heels of effort, and in some moods we wonder if that ideal religion is not, after all, a beautiful dream never to be realized.

The world moves with a very faltering step; still it is still victor, and the millennium itself is still victor, and the millennium of peace on earth and good will to men is only occasionally seen, and then as a vision of ecstatic possibility too distant for any hope to reach it.

But the world is still young. We play with toys of wealth and fame in the eagerness of childhood, but are moving on, growing in stature, broadening in our outlook, and can once in a while catch

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

Centuries are simply seconds in eternity, and as they pass we climb to a higher level, slowly and painfully, but still we climb. By and by we shall understand the Christ, and in that glorious moment we shall try to live His life. Then all will be changed. We shall no longer be children with toys, but full grown men with God's work to do and hearts eager to do it.

What could be more appropriate or more symbolical of the divine purpose than a vision of the peace and the advent of Christ? It was not the royal entry of a philosophy, but the coming of a religion which held two worlds in its arms, welcomed His life, with its duties, and looking forward to the peace and progress of eternity. The poverty of the manger and the stable were typi-

cal of the estimat in which an immortal soul holds that greed of gain, that hunger for wealth which has robbed us of conscience and honor. The shepherds who followed the guiding light and brought frankincense and myrrh represented the upward glance of humanity—the aspirations of the spirit when in thoughtful mood. The angels who gathered a mighty host, and sang their overture of welcome, were a proof positive that those above are interested in the welfare of those below, and are ever ready to overshadow us with their heavenly presence.

Christ came, at great cost to Himself and out of boundless love for mankind, to give us a new impulse, the impulse of a new inlook and outlook. The world gazed upward with a clear vision for the first time, and what it saw has become

A PART OF ITS LIFE.

We are just beginning to understand that personal integrity is a jewelled crown which the press of earthly may win and wear; that honesty of purpose lies at the foundation of happiness; that peace is better than war, and that omnipotence and purity of heart are allied. Our dim eyes look to the stars when the home is saddened by death, and a fragrant hope, not to be denied, leads us to look forward to another home in another clime where we shall greet the departed who have always come at our call, though their dear forms have been invisible. All the centuries that have passed since that first Christmas morning have ripened mankind as a field of wheat is ripened in the sunshine, and as we think of our privileges and blessings the Christ stands near by to whisper, "I am the way, the truth and the life."

One can live profitably and comfortably if he has faith to call upon, as a child calls on its father. Events and experiences arrange themselves as parts of a great plan; they have a meaning which it is our duty to discover and make use of. Faith is the only thing in the universe that gives good cheer, when otherwise we should be in despair. The man of faith stands erect when the man of doubt bends and breaks. Faith fills to-day with the hope of to-morrow and we go to sleep in the certainty of waking in a better land.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

July, 79c; on track, No. 1 hard, 80c; No. 1 Northern, 77c; No. 2 Northern, 74 1/2 to 75c. Flour—10c higher; first patents, \$4.10 to \$4.25; second patents, \$4 to \$4.10; first clears, \$3 to \$3.10; second clears, \$2.65. Bran—in bulk, \$17.50 to \$18.

THE GERMAN POLICE.

They Overshadow Everything in the Fatherland.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. A German socialist once said, "It takes half of all the Germans to control the other half," and one who sees Germany's immense army, her cloud of officials, great and small, and her ostentatious policemen, is inclined to believe that the socialist was right. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At