

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

VOL. IX, NO. 1. \$1 per annum.

OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1902.

CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor.

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Dauts was greatly surprised when he heard Fanchette had left Paris. He was much annoyed when he heard Jobard had let the Marquis slip through his fingers. They told him this, and all about M. Leon Lantimeche, at the Prefecture, who had been recognized at last by the police. It was some days, however, before they saw the two fugitives to the Cherbourg boat. Then Dauts thought it high time to leave Paris.

His departure was hastened by a letter from Josephine, in which she informed him of the disappearance of Bob. She had heard nothing of him or from him for nearly a fortnight.

One letter she had received the morning after his visit to the Duke of Belgrave, and it told how he had watched and how he had heard amidst much and baldness something that might be the cause and he and Josephine had so much at heart. Bob also said that as Meggitt, and the Marquis was going to the Wald's ball, he also meant to be there in the same or another disguise.

And that was the last she had heard of him. Something terrible must have happened. The guilty wretches dreading detection had not scrupled to do him grievous bodily harm.

"Whatever happened to Bob," thought Dauts, "must have been on his way home through the park. I wonder whether the constables or those beats saw anything odd that early morning? I must consult Faskie," said Sir Richard at the end of his reflections.

Next morning Dauts saw the detective and Dauts's disappearance and circumstances which preceded it.

"He was after that same fellow you saved me from in Seven Dials," "Was he? Why?"

"We are trying to redress a grievous wrong, one in which you had some hand—the conviction of the cashier at Wald's; and this young fellow is old Surtess son."

Faskie winked knowingly.

"Do your best, sir. It's natural you should try, but when judge and jury have gone against a man it ain't much use, in my experience. But if not presuming may I ask what is your line?"

"The conviction was erroneous for reasons that I know we shall soon be able to prove."

"If you are so positive there may be something in it; yet I am doubtful, I am free to confess. The case was all so clear."

"You told me you thought you knew the fellow in Seven Dials. I did; and I do still; although I don't quite see how it can be my man. He was half a Frenchman, who got seven years."

"For some sort of bank-forgery or swindling, supposed to have been in several French prisons? But in fact he has been going into the best of society as a Cuban Count or Marquis de Ojo Verde."

"Meggitt's friend, whose name was mentioned at the trial?"

"The same; and I have been hunting him up ever since."

"I begin to see your line, Sir Richard. Do you happen to have found out anything about the French maid, Fanchette?"

"She is nothing more than a creature of the Marquis, and I am sure you know this from our finding the bonds in the old man's desk-box I should begin to smell a rat."

"I hope we shall yet be able to explain that. Meanwhile, they have caught poor Bob, and I am most anxious and unhappy about him. He may be sacrificed."

"We must institute an active search—beat up this Frenchman's quarters. He has friends in Seven Dials, I know him and them, and the places they haunt. Wait a day or two. Sir Richard, and I will have something to tell you."

"Don't forget the constables who were on duty in the park on the morning of the 19th—we ought to start from that point."

Faskie called again at the Albany in a couple of days. Sir Richard, strange and unexpected news. Our man is in custody at Dorchester in a charge of card-sharpening on board the Cherbourg boat, and Fanchette is in custody, too, as a confederate.

"If it wasn't for that head and neck for Meggitt, and Meggitt's answer was that he would call at the Hotel Gaillard at once."

He came, and asking for Madame Poirat, was shown by several dark winding passages into the basement of the house.

"Why are you bringing me down here?" asked Meggitt, feeling a little uneasy.

"It's all right; Madame Poirat is on a visit to Manzele. Take care of the steps."

The room he entered at length was a small kitchen, not used as such, but furnished with some pretence at comfort. This was a private apartment, which she occupied when not busy with her lodgers—the sum which overflew for greater security from the Hotel Gaillard.

Fanchette was seated there waiting.

"Where is Leon?" asked Meggitt, abruptly.

Fanchette rapidly ran over all her adventures from the day she left Paris and joined Leon.

"A disreputable gambling row! what could Leon be thinking of? and now, when so much depended on his presence? It's most disastrous, most fatal. Worst than ruin is imminent. Without him my position is untenable."

"You need Leon's help, then?" Fanchette said, coldly.

"What's that?" asked Meggitt.

"Something like a knock or hammering in a cellar or inner kitchen."

"Rats, probably," replied Fanchette.

"Leon alone can save me," went on Meggitt, thinking no more of the interruption. "He must see me know at once where he deposited the large sums got from the bank, and must allow me to draw on them. You have come to tell me where they are?"

Fanchette shook her head.

"Leon has sent you a message—but not that."

"What then?"

"Leon knows your difficulty; but he will not stir a finger to help you unless you help him. He could escape somehow, if only he had assistance from outside. It must come from you."

"What can I do?" he said, looking up at last; help him to escape? It's so risky, so uncertain. Fanchette, if you know where the money is, help me—name your price."

"Unhappily I do not know. Leon keeps his own counsel."

"As about Angusta Waldo," suggested Meggitt, desirous of stirring up Fanchette's wrath.

"Those Waldos! How I hate them all. The mother, with her grand airs, her pretensions. She—laugh! if you only knew. But why should I not tell you—"

"About Mrs. Waldo?" asked Meggitt in astonishment.

"Again the noise in the neighboring cellar. But the pair in the kitchen were full of their own affairs to pay any heed."

"Listen, monsieur. Do you remember much about your early days—your childhood? your mother?"

"I was an orphan—from my birth, they told me."

"It was a lie, your father and mother are both alive, I know it for a fact. I have had all the letters which prove it in my hands. Fool that I was to part with them!"

"Fanchette, you must be dreaming; what wild nonsense is this?"

"It is as you say; your mother is alive, and so far as I know your father, although they go by different names, and, as I believe, are barely friends."

"Her name—tell me my mother's name."

"Waldo. That proud, conceited woman! Mon Dieu! Why did I not humble her!"

Fanchette was thinking more of herself than of the startling surprise she had given Meggitt.

"Gracious God!" he cried at last. "It is past belief, and my father—quick! What is his name?"

"Handy. One of the partners at the bank."

"Mr. Handy?" exclaimed Meggitt.

"This explains all."

"It's the truth, Monsieur, exactly the truth," said Madame Waldo. She will not dare deny you."

Meggitt rose from his seat, and strode up and down the room without speaking.

"Is it true, infamous; but I will be even with her yet. But there—"

"He said, Master Handy, 'all that must keep. As to Leon, you say he will let me know how I may help him.'"

"When is he to leave Dorchester?" Fanchette did not answer.

"How can I assist him best? By sending there to watch? What did Leon say?"

"I care not; nor whether he is released at all. I shall not mix myself more with that false traitor or his affairs. I do not wish to see him again. I shall go back."

"Where?"

"To Paris. I was happy there, contented with my lot. I might have settled in it; a good honest man would have married me. When Leon, that devil, reappeared, and I had to run away. But it is all over now. He had better keep away. If he or you, Monsieur, seek to trouble me take care. You comprehend?"

"What will you do?"

"What lies in my power to bring

you both to justice, I can, you know; you are both in my power, and unless I am left tranquil I will send you both to the lock-up."

"If it is to be war between us, Fanchette, and you do seem bent on mischief, there is another if not a stronger reason for helping Leon to escape—we can manage you, not him."

"Bah! his power is gone, and I have other protectors and friends."

As she spoke a step was heard descending the stairs, and a waiter from the Hotel Gaillard, with card, which he handed to Fanchette.

"M. Jouliou here in England, impossible! There, Mr. Meggitt, did I tell you I had friends?"

"Who is this man?" asked Meggitt, suspiciously.

"A countryman of mine, a rich respectable Parisian who will escort me home. Go, Monsieur; I have nothing more to say to you."

"Where am I to see you again, here or in Paris?"

"Ask Leon," replied Fanchette, mockingly, "next time you see him. Adieu."

As she showed Meggitt out M. Jouliou was shown in.

To be continued.

ELEMENT OF OUR NATURE.

The Religion of Christ is What the World Craves.

For we are also his offspring—Acts, xvii., 28.

If an electric current is passed through a bar of steel a very curious transformation takes place. The steel is no longer its simple self, but itself plus something which the electric current, has left as an endowment. From that instant it has a power of attraction never before possessed, a new life, and is conscious of close relation with that great body of electricity that fills the universe. The bit of metal which before would have lain at its side in listless indifference is suddenly eager to attach itself to the bar, and every scrap of iron on the planet, in our boyhood days we have all tried this interesting experiment and been surprised and delighted at the result.

Something of the same sort happened to the human soul when it caught the hand of God. The infinite finger tip no sooner touched the raw material out of which were fashioned, the breath of our Maker no sooner entered our nostrils than there was established an intimacy between the soul and its God, for when God had finished the task for there was something left in the world which was higher and holier than anything that is high and holy and will not let him rest until he has reached his ideal. A certain appreciation of the invisible and nobler thus became an irresistible element of our nature, and it asserts itself not only in those who have striven for righteousness, but also in those who have buried their best selves under the debris of passion and dissolute pleasure. The saint cries "My God! in the moment of peril, but not more eagerly than the poor creature who denies His existence. The atheist is so apt to do it as the Christian, for it is the voice of the natural man. There is enough of the divine in the most wretched wreck of a creature to force this appeal from the lips in dire extremity.

There is a moiety of creative energy in us all. Though we seldom put it to use, we are conscious of its presence in the heart of man, and we are both the one and hope of the other can no more be extinguished than you can put out a conflagration with a bucket of water. God is the Creator of the world; man is the creator of his own character. The angels will help him in his task and the Father

OUR BUTTER AND CHEESE.

GREAT FUTURE OF THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

President Derbyshire's Address to the Eastern Ontario Association.

The following address was delivered by President Derbyshire at the convention of the Eastern Dairy-men's Association, recently held in Whitby—

It is a great pleasure for our board to hold this, our twenty-fifth annual convention, in this picturesque town of Whitby, and I desire, on behalf of our dairymen, to thank your mayor and citizens, for the cordial reception given us. I am sure you will be delighted to know that the Hon. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, has kindly consented to open this convention, and identify himself with us in our great work of making a finer quality and a larger quantity of butter, cheese, and bacon for the British market than ever before. This is the first important dairymen's meeting ever held in this section, and we do hope we will be able to impress you more fully with the vast importance of our work. We handle 4,394,686 boxes of cheese in 1901, valued at \$17,500,000. We exported from Montreal up to the close of navigation, 1,791,613 boxes; since the close of navigation, 102,439 from Portland, 200,634 boxes, and we have on hand 25,000 boxes. Prices for cheese have not been so high as last season, and we made more poor cheese last season than formerly. But our large, WELL-MANAGED FACTORIES never made as fancy goods as during the past season—good style, good boxes, good weights, everything correct—so to speak, to handle, so that we feel quite cheerful over the season's business in cheese. We can all rejoice over our creamery butter, for never in the history of our country have we made as fine quality. We made 670,893 packages, valued at \$8,000,000, made up as follows: 410,893 packages exported from Montreal till close of navigation. Since the close of navigation 35,000 packages have been shipped. We had on hand 25,000 packages, and we consumed 200,000 packages. So our cheese and butter came to \$25,500,000, or a gain of \$500,000 over 1900, and to this we must add our hog products, \$14,500,000, which makes \$40,000,000 that our dairymen have produced in the year. We are in better position to make more next season. Quite a number of our factories have been greatly improved, and we believe a large number more will be greatly improved before another season begins.

THE FUTURE BRIGHT.

A large number of our makers are attending one or other of our well-equipped dairy schools this winter. Our dairy farms have more energy, because of feeding everything out at home, and our people are becoming better all round dairymen, so the future for our business looks bright. Hon. Mr. Fisher, our Dominion Minister of Agriculture, deserves great credit for the introduction of cold air into steamships carrying cheese this last season. Never in our history have we placed our cheese on the British market in such nice condition, and we do hope he will have the credit of a most enlarged and improved. We still want our cheese to Montreal. Thousands of fancy cheeses are greatly injured in transit from the factory. We want this attended to in the coming season. We ask the co-operation of sister dairy associations in getting quick transportation in proper, clean cars, welliced, so our product will be delivered in finest condition. It is ruinous to have cheese hung around three or four days in some old, dirty, open car, and we must use every effort to remedy this.

We are anxious to attract our friends, so they will go to see to work all along the line. With the advantages we have for education and instruction, it seems a pity to have an ordinary maker or poor factory. We should have the best facilities, and we must have all our cheese and butter finer in 1902. We must hold

THE LEADING POSITION.

and this can only be done by improvement. I feel sure I can count on the hearty co-operation of every dairymen in Eastern Ontario to make one supreme effort during the coming season. I can assure you the market never was in as good shape for using fancy goods as today, and I cannot remember when ordinary goods were as hard to place.

We want every dairymen in our system section to promise that he will improve his dairy in 1902, so that never made a dollar; improve your stables; build a silo, and have plenty of the best food for every day in the year. Improve your factories and especially your curing rooms. See that your maker attends the dairy school in short, take hold earnestly to make the needed improvements so we can step right out of the way of any of our competitors. We can easily do this by uniting, for we can make the finest cheese in the world, and it is our duty to do our very best when so much depends on our united action.

A VILLAGE PESSION FUND.

The Susex village of Catfield, England, has established an old-age pension fund, and at the present time upwards of £2000 is in hand for the purpose of maintaining the old people when they are too feeble to work. At the annual meeting, over which Mr. T. A. Brassey presided, it was stated that the subscriptions for the past year amounted to £108, and pensions amounting to £107 had been paid. So successful has the scheme been that there are proposals to extend it to other villages.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, January 14.—Wheat.—The wheat market has a better tone, with some more enquiry. No. 2 red and white sold at 76 to 76½; middle on low freight to New York, and No. 1 spring at 75 to 76½ east.

Manitoba wheat steady. No. 1 hard sold at 83½ to 84; all rail, via Sarawak, No. 1 Northern at 85, and No. 2 Northern at 82½ all rail, via Sarawak. Prices are 1c lower via North Bay.

Oats.—The market is quiet with a moderate trade. No. 2 white quoted at 41½ to 42 middle freights, and at 42½ east.

Pods.—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. No. 2 quoted at 83 to 84½ west, and at 81 to 82½ middle freight.

Corn.—The market is steady. Canadian yellow quoted at 58 to 59½ west.

Barley.—Market is steady. No. 1 quoted at 57c, and No. 2 at 53 to 54c. No. 3 extra at 52c and No. 3 at 50 to 51c middle freight.

Rye.—The market is firm, with prices 50 to 57c west.

Buckwheat.—Market is firmer, with sales at 54½ to 55c east.

Flour.—The market is steady. Nine by per cent. patents, in buyers' bids, 90 to 92c. Locally and for export, 92 to 95c. Broken lots, 25c per bush extra.

Milled—Bran, unchanged at 19 to 20. Shorts, \$21 to \$22.25. Manitoba bran \$20, and shorts \$22, Toronto freights, including sacks.

PRODUCE.

Potatoes.—The market is steady. Cars are quoted at 68 to 70c per bag, on track here, and the jobbing price 80 to 82c. Broken lots, 25c per bush extra.

Dried Apples.—Market is steady, with demand limited. Prices are 5 to 5½c per lb. Evaporated sold at 10 to 10½c.

Hops.—Business quiet, with prices steady at 12c yearlings, 8c.

Honey.—The market is unchanged, at 10 to 10½c for strained, Combs, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per dozen.

Beans.—The market is steady; unpecked are jobbing at \$1.40 to \$1.45; and handpicked at \$1.50 to \$1.55.

Cranberries.—Market is firm, with stocks small. Cape Cod at \$9.50 to \$10 per bush.

Hay, baled.—The market is steady, with good demand. Timothy quoted at \$8.00 to \$9.00 on track for No. 1, and at \$8 to \$8.50 for No. 2.

Straw.—The market is quiet and firm. Car lots on track will bring \$5.75 to \$6.

Poultry.—Market is steady. Turkeys, 8½ to 9½c per lb. frozen, scalded and half-fatted stock sold from 7 to 8c. Geese, dry, picked, 7 to 8c. Ducks, 60 to 85c. Chickens, young, 50 to 75c; old, 35 to 40c. Rabbits, 20c per pair.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at \$8 to \$8.15 in car lots, with offerings fair. Hog products steady. We quote—bacon, long clears, sells at 104 to 11c in case lots; mess pork, \$21; do., short cut, \$22.

Smoked Meats.—Hams, 13 to 13½c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14½c; rolls, 11c; backs, 14 to 14½c, and shoulders, 10½c.

Lard.—The market is unchanged, with fair demand. We quote—Tierces, 14 to 14½c; tubs, 11½c; pails, 11½c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market rules steady, with receipts fair. We quote as follows:—Selected dairy tubs, 16 to 17c choice large rolls, 16½ to 17c; finest 1-lb rolls, 18 to 19c; inferior qualities, 10 to 12½c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c; solds, 20 to 21c.

Eggs.—The market is firm. Strictly fresh, 27 to 30c; held fresh, 22 to 25c; cold storage, 20 to 22c; limited, 19 to 20c.

Cheese.—Market is steady. We quote finest September, 10½ to 11c; seconds, 9½ to 10c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Toledo, Jan. 14.—Wheat.—Cash and January, and May 91c. Corn—January, 65c; May, 68c. Oats—January, 48½ to 49½c. Rye—69c; No. 3,

BRONCHITIS—A Serious Disease.

Becomes Chronic and Returns Year by Year or Develops into Bronchial Pneumonia, Croupous Bronchitis, Asthma or Consumption.

The real dangers of bronchitis are sometimes overlooked. It is too serious a disease to trifle with, and for that reason everybody should be familiar with its symptoms.

Children are most liable to contract bronchitis, and if neglected, it becomes chronic, and returns year after year, until it wears the patient out or develops into some deadly lung disease.

The approach of bronchitis is marked by chills and fever, nasal or throat catarrh, quick pulse, loss of appetite and feelings of fatigue and languor.

Bronchitis is also known by pain in the upper part of the chest, which is aggravated by deep breathing or coughing, until it seems to burn and tear the delicate linings of the bronchial tubes.

The cough is dry and harsh, and is accompanied by expectoration of a frothy nature, which gradually increases in quantity, until it becomes a constant, and is frequently streaked with blood.

There are, in some people, the exhaustion amounts almost to nervous collapse, delirium follows, and in young children convulsions may follow.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is, we believe, the most effective treatment for bronchitis that money will buy. This fact has been proven time and time again in many thousands of cases.

It is the most effective remedy for bronchitis, because it is far-reaching in its effects on the whole system, not merely relieving the cough, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease. It loosens the cough, frees the chest, and removes the cause, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease. It loosens the cough, frees the chest, and removes the cause, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease.

There are other preparations of turpentine and linseed put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. To be sure you are getting the genuine see the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy. 25 cents a bottle, family size, three times as much. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.