

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

VOL. X. NO. 7. \$1 per annum.

OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903.

CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

may be... your...
Green
1-45
Herrings
\$1.70 per 100
\$3.00
ED, TORONTO.
Good agents can
be found in your district.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Statement
American
ance
T. WEST
\$2,194,309.61
\$1,270,840.21
\$3,463,149.82
\$4,195,768.45
\$515,044.76
\$4,710,813.21
\$5,010,813.21

LITTLE MADELINE; OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.

In my hasty sketch of school, I have made little or no mention of the schoolmaster and his wife. Indeed, so far as my present retrospective is concerned, they form part of the story only in so much as they affected my relations with the leading actress in the life-drama to which these chapters are the prelude.

Monster was a feeble-looking but talented little man, with a very high forehead, which he was constantly mopping with cold water, to subdue inordinate headaches; and Mrs. Monster was a kind creature, with an enormous respect for her lord, and quite a motherly interest in his boys, she having no children of her own.

The manner of these good people was kind toward all; but their treatment of Madeline Graham was blended with a sense of restraint almost bordering on fear. It was obvious that they had been instructed to treat her with more than ordinary solicitude, and it was equally obvious that they were liberally paid for so doing.

When she broke from all restraint, as was the case occasionally, their concern for her personal welfare was not unmixt with a fear lest open statements derived from their wealthiest pupil, Madeline, on her side, was perfectly conscious of this; but, in justice, it must be said that she seldom took undue advantage of her position.

The more I saw of Madeline Graham, the more I observed her manners and general bearing, the more the thought of her possessed me and blended with my quietest dreams.

After that first interview, she held somewhat aloof for many days, but her eyes were never weary watching me in school and at meals, though without any approach to further familiarity. She seemed desirous of keeping me at a distance, for reasons which I could not possibly penetrate.

Gradually, however, we came together again.

Madeline had not exaggerated when she boasted of excelling the other scholars in brightness and intelligence. Her memory was extraordinary, and tasks which taxed all the energies of boyhood were easily mastered by her quick and restless brain.

She was taught with the rest of us in the open school, and was generally at the head of her class.

It so happened that I myself, although in many things dull and indifferent, was also gifted with a memory of uncommon tenacity. In all tasks which demanded the exercise of this function I took a formidable rival, and we began, quietly at first, but afterward with energy, to fight for the mastery.

The competition, instead of severing, brought us closer to each other.

Madeline respected the spirit which sometimes sublimed her, and I, for my part, loved her the better for the humanizing touches of passion which my victory frequently awakened.

We had been friends six months, the quiet reign of school life had become familiar and pleasant to me, when one day, at breakfast, I noticed that Monster wore a very troubled expression, as he broke open the package of a number of letters lying before him. The envelope was of the largest yellow paper, and the post-mark looked foreign.

Madeline, who sat close by, turned white and eager, and her great eyes fixed themselves on the strange missives.

With the letter to Monster was a smaller one, which he handed to Madeline silently.

With impetuous eagerness she opened and read it. It was very short, and she glanced over it her bosom

a great change has taken place, and that you must come home at once. Wish a kind good-by to all your friends in England; perhaps you may never see them again. Come without delay to your loving father, "RODERICK GRAHAM."

Prepared as I had been for the blow, it did not fall so heavily as it might have done. I struggled with my feelings, and choked down a violent tendency to cry.

She perceived my consternation, and was herself moved. But there was a quick, strange light in her eyes, as if she were contemplating something far away.

"I have prayed many a night that my father would send for me," she said, thoughtfully, "and now he has done so, I scarcely feel glad. I am afraid there is something wrong at home. Shall you be sorry, Hugh, when I go?"

At this open question I broke down utterly, and burst into a violent sob.

She put her hands in mine, and looked earnestly into my face.

"I thought you would be sorry. None of them will miss me so much as you. We have been great friends; I never thought I could be such friends with a boy. I shall tell my father of you, and he will like you, too. Will you kiss me, Hugh, and say good-by?"

I could not answer for tears; but I put my arms round her neck, and I did kiss her—a pure, true, loving kiss, worth a million of the kisses men buy or steal in the broad world.

My tears moistened her cheek as I did so, but she did not cry herself.

She was altogether calm and superior, giving down to my boyhood, compassionating and cherishing me; but in all possibility sharing little of my intense personal passion. She was nearer womanhood than I to manhood (feels all the same, but not quite so much); and she took my worship in gentle state. A queen, kissed by a loyal subject, could not offer her cheek more loyally than Little Madeline offered her cheek to me.

At two o'clock, when we were summoned to dinner, no sight of Madeline. But by this time some hint of the truth was forcing itself upon me.

The whisper had passed round the school, Madeline Graham is going away!

Going away? Whither? To that far-distant, that mysterious land whence she had come, and whither I might never follow her? Going away forever? Passing westward, and taking with her all that made my young life beautiful and happy? Could this be?

I shall never forget the agony of the night I have had blows since, but none harder than I have felt desolation since, but none deeper.

After school I hung round the house, haunted every spot where she might be expected to appear. I will distinguish upon the ground, and my lips, I paced to and fro like a criminal awaiting his sentence. I could not bear the sight of the other boys, but kept to the secret places, moody and distracted.

As I went late in the evening I wandered into the garden—a favorite resort of ours. The sun had sunk, but his slowly fading light was still tinting the quiet place, and the shadow of trees and bushes were still distinct upon the ground.

I had not been here long when I heard the footstep I knew, and, turning, I beheld my little friend hastening toward me.

She was pale, but otherwise composed, and said at once:

"Have you heard that I am going away?"

I stammered something, I know not what; it must have been inaudible. She had a sharp, choking sensation, and dropped my looks from hers.

"I have just got a letter from my father. I am to go back home immediately. See!"

"So saying, she placed in my hand the small enclosure which she had received from Monster in the morning.

NEVER RUN INTO DEBT. Avoid It As You Would Pestilence or Famine.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by CHAS. W. RICHARDS, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says:—Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text:—Romans xiii, 8, "Owe no man anything."

One day a famous scholastic clergyman was talking to a noted practical preacher. The latter, who is "that you can collect such great audiences to hear you preach?" I have one of the best private libraries in the world. I spend at least ten hours a day in my study with my books, and yet the people prefer to hear you preach instead of me. They want to hear your sermons, although you do not work a third as hard upon them as I do. Half of your days are spent in calling and in wandering about the streets and in the stores. "Ah," answered the practical minister to his scholastic friend, "the difference between us is that you read books, while I study the people." The latter then made. You breathe the atmosphere of dusty tomes; I, by close association, study the hearts of the men and women with whom I come in contact. You translate epigrams of superior, giving down to my boyhood, and temptations and sins of living men; I sit with them at the table; I go with them to their stores; their temptations, they naturally want to hear me preach."

OFFSPRING OF PRIDE.

Debt is generally the offspring of pride. The bare necessities of life are very small. Nearly every man can make enough money to provide for these necessities if he will only work hard, do his best and not waste his money in dissipation and extravagance. Henry Ward Beecher once made the declaration that a man could feed himself and wife and a family of growing children upon \$1.50 per week. For making this statement Mr. Beecher was sharply arraigned by thousands of critics. Many newspaper editorials affirmed that the Plymouth pastor was advocating the reduction of the laborer's salaries to 25 cents a day, and that he was preaching words of extravagance. What Mr. Beecher tried to prove was this: The bare necessities of life are very small; therefore most people can provide for their actual needs if they will only be frugal.

But this frugality, in many cases, pride will not permit them to practice. Pride, with the smiling, supercilious face and bediamonded finger, usually comes to the young man's house with her train of extravagance, and as these "My friend, you have no right to rear your family as you are doing. You should not allow your wife to stand behind a counter or to live in the back room of the store with her two babies, as your mother once did. This is a different age from that in which your father children grow up in a respectable neighborhood and go to refined and expensive private schools, then their youthful associates will be bad, and refined people will have nothing to do with them."

THE MARKETS Prices of Grain, Cattle etc. in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Feb. 24.—Wheat—The market is quiet and featureless. No. 2 white and red quoted at 71c middle freight, No. 2 spring nominal at 71c on Midland, and No. 2 good at 68c on Midland. Manitoba wheat steady; No. 1 hard, 85c all rail, grinding in transit; No. 1 Northern, 86c all rail, grinding in transit. No. 1 hard, 87c North Bay; No. 1 Northern, 86c North Bay.

Oats—Trade quiet, with prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 31 to 31c middle freight and No. 1 at 32 to 33c east.

Barley—Trade is quiet, with No. 3 extra quoted at 44c middle freight, and No. 3 at 43c middle freight.

Rye—The market is steady at 50 to 51c outside for No. 2.

Buckwheat—The market is dull, with No. 2 nominal at 47c outside.

Peas—Market dull at 71 to 72c high freight.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents unchanged at \$2.67 middle freight, in buyers' sacks for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 bids. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$4.35 to \$4.40, and seconds, \$4.10. Strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4, bags included, Toronto.

Milled—Bran, \$16 here, and shorts, \$18. At outside points bran is quoted at \$16, and shorts at \$17.50. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$19, and shorts \$21 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Trade is inactive. Medium \$1.65 to \$1.75 per bush, and hand-picked, \$1.90 to \$2.

Dried apples—Market quiet, with prices unchanged. Choice, 10 to 11c per lb, and evaporated at 6 to 6c.

Honey—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Strained sells at 81c per lb, and comb, \$1.25 to \$1.40.

Hay, baled—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Choice timothy, \$10 to \$10.25 on track, and mixed at \$8 to \$8.50.

Straw—The market is quiet, with no lots on track quoted at \$5.50 to \$6 a ton.

Maple syrup—Five-gallon cans, \$11 per gallon; one-gallon cans, \$10 and half-gallon, 60c.

Onions—The market is dull at 40c per bush for Canadian.

Poultry—The market continues firm. We quote:—Fresh killed dry-picked turkeys, 15 to 16c; geese, 9 to 11c per lb; ducks, 8c to 12c; chickens (young), 8c to 11c; old hens, 50 to 60c per pair; frozen and held stock, 2 to 3c per lb less than the above quotations.

Potatoes—Market firm. Cars on track, \$1 to \$1.05, and small lots, \$1.15 to \$1.25 per bag.

A WELL DRESSED VILLAIN.

Willful debt is often a well dressed villain who pretends to be the most honest man. In olden times if a man could not pay his debts he was looked upon in the same sense as a thief and sent to jail. Under the old Roman law, after spending a certain time in jail, if he was still unable to pay his creditors, he was sold into slavery and had to pass his life as a serf. Some one might say that such a condition is very hard and unjust, and so it was. But in many cases, when a man will deliberately enter a store and run up a heavy bill, which he has no intention of paying, he is just as much a thief as the man who steals a loaf of bread, and he should have little mercy shown him. The debtor not only steals the groceryman's goods, but he steals his time and his service.

Many a man who for years has deliberately run up all the debts he can is to-day walking around our streets claiming that in the sight of the law he is honest. After deliberately swindling all the men he could be puts the little money he had left in his wife's name. Then he enters the bankruptcy court and asks the judge to free him from all the money he owes. Now, I care not what the bankruptcy court may say in such cases, no honest man, in the sight of God or man, can ever be morally freed from a financial debt until that debt is paid. It is a man's business to pay what he owes, no matter how the bill was contracted. One of the first signs of Zacchaeus' real conversion was when he turned to the Saviour and said: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore to him fourfold." It is the same man who would not be able to overcome their evil tendencies in their own strength, they can overcome them by the help of a supernatural power, which is offered to all who are tempted.

WILLFULLY RUNNING INTO DEBT.

Willful debt is that kind of debt into which many allow themselves to run through useless and sinful extravagances. While the young man is being financially ground to pieces by the huge debt of his millstone of this kind of debt what is often the most natural thing for him to do? Ask that young collector who is taking some of his employer's money to win, as he foolishly thinks, a fortune at the roulette table. He is not at heart a bad young man. He intends to pay that money back. He expects to use it only for a little while and then return it with interest, after he has escaped from the clutches of merciless debt. Ask that young embezzler who has just felt the heavy hand of the law placed upon his shoulder. Did he ever expect that the late supper at the racetrack and the attendance at the races would get him into a prison cell? No, no! He was led as a lamb to the slaughter by the evil warrings of debt, accumulating debt.

When a man is financially and willfully runs into debt, he opens the sluice gates of falsehood. He professes his willingness to clasp hands with deception and deceit. The debtor says to his creditor, "I have no money this morning, but I will pay you next week." His words are false; he has no intention of paying next week. The debtor says: "I am now trying to save some land. The deal is almost closed; then I will send you a check." The debtor knows he is a falsifier; he has gone back to sell.

One of the dearest friends I ever had by this curse of running into debt became a moral degenerate. He went to another friend and borrowed \$600 and gave as security some cattle which he possessed on land that was in Kansas. In fact, he did not own the horn or hoof in all the world. So the perjurer habit, which is often the offspring of debt, will creep into a man's heart as a worm tunnels its way into the heart.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Feb. 24.—GRAIN—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 74c; No. 1 Northern, 72c, in store. Fort William; peas, 72c high freight; No. 2 oats, in store here, 37 to 37c high freight; rye, 49c; buckwheat, \$4.40 to \$4.50; second, \$4.10 to \$4.20; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.65; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; patents, \$3.70 to \$4.10. Rolled oats—Mills' prices, \$2 bags, and \$4.15 per lb. Feed—Manitoba bran \$18 to \$20; shorts, \$21 to \$22, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50; shorts, in bulk, \$20 to \$21. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22.50 to \$23; short cut back, \$23.50 to \$24; light short cut, \$23 to \$24; compound refined lard, \$1 to 9c; pure Canadian lard, 11c; finest lard, 12 to 12c; hams, 12c to 13c; bacon, 14 to 15c; dressed hogs, \$3.25; a killed abattoir hogs, \$5 to \$5.25 per 100 lbs. Eggs—New laid, 20 to 21c; selected, 16c. Honey—White clover, in sections, 12 to 13c per section; in 10-lb tins, 8 to 8c; in bulk, 7c to 8c; rye, 4c lower. Cheese—Ontario, 13 to 13c; Townships, 13c; Butter—Townships creamery, 21c; seconds, 18c; Western rolls, 17c to 18c; rolls, 16c to 17c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Feb. 24.—Wheat—Eastern No. 1 Northern, 80c; No. 2 Northern, 78c to 79c. May, 77c. Rye—Eastern No. 1, 61 to 62c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 6c; sample, 46 to 58c. Corn—May, 45c.

Duluth, Feb. 24.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 77c; No. 1 Northern, 76c; No. 2 Northern, 74c; May, 78c; July, 76c. Oats—May, 35c. St. Louis, Feb. 24.—Closed—Wheat—Cash, 74c; May, 73c; July, 74c. Buffalo, Feb. 24.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Nothing done. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 51c; No. 2 corn, 50c to 51c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 42c; No. 2 mixed, 40c. Barley—Spot, 59 to 63c; to arrive, 54c to 56c. Rye—No. 1 in store, 59c asked. Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 24.—Wheat—May, 76c; July, 76c to 77c; on track, No. 1 hard, 77c; No. 1 Northern, 76c to 75c; No. 2 Northern, 75c to 74c. Flour—First patents, \$3.85 to \$4; second patents, \$3.85 to \$3.95; first clear, \$2.55; second clear, \$2.10 to \$2.20. Bran—In bulk, \$11.50 to \$13.25.

The Chest Pains of Bronchitis

The dry, tight cough, the soreness aggravated by coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the tendency of every cold to develop into bronchitis, consumption of some form of lung trouble, which is most dreaded, because it has a tendency to become chronic and return again and again, until the patient becomes a consumptive. A simple cold, if not cured, may develop into pneumonia, which is the most robust constitution can throw off bronchitis. Aged people, children, and all who are in delicate health or have weak lungs have every reason to fear this ailment.

If the cough is dry and hard; if there is pain, soreness or tightness in the chest; if breathing is difficult and causes pain in the chest, you have every reason to suppose that you have bronchitis, and should promptly begin the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle of the genuine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. At all Dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Poverty of Position

CHAPTER XXXII.—Cont.

There was a short, sharp struggle in the dowager's proud heart before she answered. Then she put her arms round her son's neck, and said: "I will go."

On the evening of that same day Violet sat watching the sun set over the sea, when her husband's mother entered the room, and, going up to her, kissed the beautiful face.

"Violet," she said, "I have come to make friends. For baby's sake forgive me all my unkindness; forgive me, dear, and let us bury the past."

But it was not for "baby's sake" that she kissed the sweet face so often and listened so patiently while Violet told her story; it was not for "baby's sake" that she grew fond of the girl she had persecuted and hated; it was for her own sake. She made her submission with quietly grace. She asked Violet to return to Ryverswell, and let the past be forgotten.

Nothing would please Lord Ryvers until the family from Ingleshaw had been asked to Ryverswell, and then followed such a triumphal homecoming as has seldom been witnessed.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, burning, and soreness of the rectum, you should try it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at the Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

received from Monster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed: "You may read it."

"I will read it," in one quick, painful glance. I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:—

"My Own Darling Little Madeline,—You will hear from the good people with whom you are living that

Dr. Chase's Ointment

received from Monster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed: "You may read it."

"I will read it," in one quick, painful glance. I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:—

"My Own Darling Little Madeline,—You will hear from the good people with whom you are living that

The Dry, Tight Cough, the Soreness Aggravated by Coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

The dry, tight cough, the soreness aggravated by coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the tendency of every cold to develop into bronchitis, consumption of some form of lung trouble, which is most dreaded, because it has a tendency to become chronic and return again and again, until the patient becomes a consumptive. A simple cold, if not cured, may develop into pneumonia, which is the most robust constitution can throw off bronchitis. Aged people, children, and all who are in delicate health or have weak lungs have every reason to fear this ailment.

If the cough is dry and hard; if there is pain, soreness or tightness in the chest; if breathing is difficult and causes pain in the chest, you have every reason to suppose that you have bronchitis, and should promptly begin the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle of the genuine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. At all Dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.