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"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TA SEE OURSEL AS ITHEES'SEE US."

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CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XI.

Yes; I knew her in a moment. Though so many years had passed since we had last met, she was still the same; only taller and more womanly, and even more strangely beautiful than when she had first shed love and rapture on my boyish heart. She was fastened to the mast by a rope. Her feet were bare, and I saw, to my horror, that all she wore, save the great fur cloak, was a night-dress of white cotton, reaching to her feet. Her hair fell over her shoulders in loose and dripping folds, descending almost to her waist. The vessel lay sidelong, her decks turned toward the shore; and the fierce billows, striking her seaward sides, broke with a thunderous roar and a cloud of spray, and then came surging down the slippery decks in a thin sheet of foam, boiling round the naked feet of the solitary maiden.

We hung off for a minute, to let one great sea go by; then we swept alongside. What followed was more like a dream than waking reality. But with an eager cry I leaped upon the deck, and staggered up toward Madeline Graham.

"Madeline!" I cried.

Her eyes met mine, but she gave no sign of recognition. It was clear that what I remembered so vividly she had utterly forgotten.

Drawing my clasped hands, I cut her free, and put my arms around her to bear her back to the boat. Then I watched my chance, and raising her bodily in my arms, carried her to the vessel's side, and handed her to the men.

I was about to follow her, when by me was Madeline's wife, and, turning, I perceived the figure of another woman crawling on the deck, close to the companion-way. She was dark-complexioned, like a mulatto, and almost naked. Without a moment's hesitation, I ran to her, and half lifted, half dragged her, to the vessel's side.

I now perceived that I had saved, in addition to the two women, two white seamen, and a black man, who afterwards turned out to be the ship's cook. I clung to the bulwarks, and looked on, watching her as she crept impatiently, and pushed off.

"Come, lad, come!" cried my uncle. "Quick! the ship's breaking up."

"Are there no more souls aboard?" I cried.

"Not one," they answered. All the rest had perished in the wreck, in the fatal attempt to reach the shore.

There was not a moment to be lost. The vessel was evidently doomed, and every shock of the sea threatened to complete the work of destruction. The black man, almost wrenched out of the bursting decks, was leaning over terribly, and threatening every moment to crash down bodily and destroy the life-boat.

I leaped in, and scrambled to my place in the stern. On the seat close by me was Madeline's half-brother, and half lifted, half dragged her, to the vessel's side.

It was but the work of a moment to strip off my pilot-coat and wrap it round Madeline's half-naked limbs; but while I did so, she looked impatiently, and pushed off.

"Give way, lads!" I cried. "Now! Pull for your lives!"

Away we went through the surging sea. With wind and sea to urge us on, we flew shoreward, and the strength of the oarsmen was needed rather to break than to increase our lightning speed. If our lightning speed. At last we approached the shore, and saw a great crowd waiting upon the shingle and swarming upon the cliff. Tossing like a cork upon the waters, we waited our chance, and then, after one huge wave had spent itself, and there was a momentary subsidence of the water's

power, I headed the boat's bow for the creek, and we rowed in. As the keel struck the sands, a dozen men rushed in waist-deep to seize the boat; our men joined them, and then, with a long shout, they pulled, and a great ringing cheer, the boat was hauled high and dry, and we were safe.

My first thought was of Madeline. I lifted her out in my strong arms, and carried her into the shelter of the boat-house. Her face and hands were cold as ice, and she was still swooning. I called out for brandy; and, thank God! a man handed me a full flask. Supporting her head upon my shoulder, I moistened her lips with the raw spirit, and once more, in my wild anxiety, I breathed her name.

Once more she opened her eyes and looked upon me; still there was no sign whatever of recognition.

"Where am I? Who calls me?" "You are quite safe," I cried, "and among friends."

I placed her on one of the wooden seats, and bent over her, tenderly watching her. Gradually I saw the color come back to her cheeks, but very faintly.

"Anita!" she murmured, and looked round as if seeking some one. The rough fellows, clustering in the boat-house, murmured sympathetically; whispered encomiums on her beauty, passed from mouth to mouth. As her strength and consciousness returned, a new awe fell upon me, and I stood timidly watching her.

"She gazed at me again."

"Now I understand," she said. "Tell me of the others; are they saved?"

I told her the truth, and again she shuddered, half closing her eyes, as if to shut out the picture of the horrors of the wreck. At that moment some of the life-boat's men appeared, leading with them the colored woman, who, the instant she saw Madeline, sprang towards her and knelt by her side, hysterically sobbing, and kissing her hands.

Madeline bent over her and addressed her in some foreign tongue—Portuguese, I afterwards discovered. She spoke in a low, pleading voice. I suspected the truth, that that black girl was an attendant or waiting-maid of some sort, and that Madeline was her mistress.

"Turning to one of the rescued sailors, who had now approached

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed \$100,000.00 to any man who will certify that he has cured his Piles with Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is and was phlegmatically chewing a quid as if he had just been comfortably landed from a passing boat. I questioned him concerning the lost steamer, she said, bound from Demerara to the port of London; her name, the Valparaiso; her captain was John Stetson, a good sailor, who had been killed by the falling of the foremast, and swept into the Atlantic had been smooth and pleasant; but the night before she had experienced all the strength of the great gale, and while contending with it had broken her propeller. After that, she had tried to lie-to under sail, and she found search-room would doubtless have been able to weather the storm; but, as ill-luck would have it, the rocks of Cornwall were right under her lee, and the wind and the sea swept her down upon them.

"It is all right, lad, it be all right," she said. "The lady be nawt weary; she's waiting; but she be tired, and will stand in bed to-day. She be a pratty creature, Hugh, and rich, I darsay; for her fingers be covered w' dawmond rings."

All that day, overcome by the fatigue through which she had passed, Madeline remained in my chamber; while I, utterly unable to work, hung like a restless spirit about the house. The next morning she awoke refreshed; and when we three sat at breakfast, she astonished us all by appearing among us, fully dressed, and looking bright and well.

Her advent caused a general exclamation; my aunt ran forward to our assistance; my uncle placed our most comfortable chair beside the fire; while I, dumb and powerless, stood in the dumb and powerless nothing.

As all her own clothes had been lost in the wreck, she wore a dress of my aunt; over it she had thrown the cloak which she had worn on the wreck, and which was now thoroughly dried. She sat forward languidly, leaning on the shoulder of her black attendant, and sunk down into the chair which my uncle had placed for her, while the native began crying and kissing her hands. They spoke together in the foreign tongue; then Madeline raised her eyes and looked around. All eyes were fixed on her. In this while I had been standing in the background, longing, yet dreading to speak to her; for I saw clearly enough that to her all the past was forgotten; but now, as her eyes swept the room and finally rested on me, I felt the hot blood mount to my temples.

"Am I mistaken?" she asked,

THE SIN OF IMPATIENCE

A Failing Which Robs the Soul of Victory and Blessing.

Directed; and second, the one of impatience in the secular things of the daily life. We might designate them when spiritual impatience and impatience in the Lord's work and as they spring from the same root. They are both sinful. They both carry their weight of sorrowful consequences. But spiritual impatience so often passes for commendable zeal in the Lord's work and appears as a virtue to those who see not with the clear vision of Christ; while the impatience of the flesh is not able to disguise its presence, even though it finds ready excuse in the trying circumstances which gave it birth.

What is more discouraging in church or Sunday school than the impatient Christian who frets because plans do not work out just as it was expected or purposed? They should; who condemn associates because they are not as faithful and enthusiastic in the work as he? Who becomes weary in well-doing and grows careless and indifferent when souls are not won for Christ as was prayed for and as there was reason to suppose they would be? Who loses faith in God's promises when the blessing fails to come on the time set and in the way planned; who in sanctimonious pride and self-appointed zeal seeks to make God's programme for him, and when he is offended if the all-wise God fails to carry it out in full detail? O, yes, every church and every Sunday school has its impatient Christian who is constantly creating discord and trouble.

But let us consider this sin more in detail, and first of all we will talk about, what we have been forewarned to call for want of a better name, Spiritual Impatience. Our text says "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." It is addressed to the Christian. It boldly and plainly declares that there is a lack in the life which is destroying the beautiful effect of doing the will of God and is robbing the soul of the fruit which would surely be garnered in the fullness of God's time.

Patience is the bridge which connects the beautiful land of God's will with the dreary land of disobedience. The obedient soul walks faithfully through the land of God's will, and in the distance can be seen the certain reward of the promise. But the bridge of patience must be crossed before the coveted possession can be gained. Many a Christian succeeds in doing the will of God up to the point where the bridge of patience begins, and then, instead of keeping the eyes steadfastly fixed upon the promise until it is reached, he grows impatient, and, turning back, loses all the blessing that comes in the journey of God's will. The bridge of patience is the hardest part of the journey.

IMPATIENCE OF THE FLESH.

Misguided human nature has come to believe and feel that it has a right to manifest impatience. In fact it is viewed in the light of a passive if not an active virtue. The impatient person is the least conscious of anyone of the failing, and almost always calls the fault by a more dignified and respectable name. The Christian is in very great danger of doing this, and in his attitude towards evil and towards people who are living in sin. He forgets how patient God is towards the sinner, and calls his impatience righteous indignation, or abhorrence of evil. Impatience, like the sparks which reveal the presence of the powder keg, unmasks the inner self, and with the roar of the tempest the hidden passions flash forth. Oh, that I might open your eyes to the woes and troubles which are hatched out in the incubator of impatience! Greek mythology tells us that it was Pandora's curious hand which released the evils of the world, but it is no mythological tale but faithful history which recounts the ill set adrift on the current of human life by the impatient hand of man. Impatience is a riotous fellow who is always stirring up trouble. Impatience is a heartless robber who steals away the peace and happiness of the home, the ennobling thought and inspiration of the study, the success of the office, the harmonious co-operation of the mill and factory, the exhilarating pleasure of the playground, the agreeable, elevating atmosphere of the social function. He steals away a man's judgment, rides him of his self-control, and then turns him loose an easy victim to the horde of riotous fellows who follow in his trail. Impatience is such a little sin that it creeps in unawares, and has one floored before he realizes it. Yes, impatience seems like such a little sin that it is allowed to fester in the heart and life. But if you will trace the ever-widening, ever-darkening lines of radiation as they spread out from the little impatient thought, or word, or action, you will be appalled that so little a seed can bring forth so large a tree, that so slight a pinch of heaven can permeate the whole mass of dough.

THE CURE.

And how may the sin of impatience be eradicated? How may the Christian worker tread the full length of the bridge of patience, so that the promise may at last be clasped in the hand that has faithfully wrought the will of God? How may the impatience of the flesh be plucked up by the roots and cast away with its abundance of unwholesome fruit? Does God tell us we "have need of patience," and then fail to help us in our need? Nay, verily. But the beautiful promise says: "Ye have need of patience," whispers in your heart and mine, as He did in the impatient heart of Paul as he fretted under his thorn in the flesh: "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." The grace and strength of God are able to keep the Christian soldier standing waiting patiently for the reward of the promise. They are powerful enough to conquer the most impatient heart and make the tribulations of life blossom into the beautiful and fragrant flowers of patience, but blessed be God forever, we have a God who "can supply all our need," if we but let Him. Will you?

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, April 21. — Wheat — The market is quiet and steady. No. 2 white and red quoted at 70c outside. No. 2 spring nominal at 70c on Midland, and No. 2 goose at 65c to 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat firm; No. 1 hard quoted at \$1.05 Godehich, and No. 1 Northern at 80c Godehich. No. 1 hard grinding in transit, 87c lake ports, and No. 1 Northern at 86c.

Oats — Market is steady. No. 1 white quoted at 31c east. No. 2 white, 29c to 30c middle freight. Barley — Trade is quiet, with No. 3 extra quoted at 43 to 44c middle freight, and No. 3 at 40 to 41c middle freight.

Rye — The market is firm at 51c to 52c, middle freight. Canadian feed corn quoted at 42c west, and at 47c here. No. 3 American yellow at 48c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 47c.

Flour — No. 2 white is quoted at 63c west, and 65c east. Flour — Ninety — Trade is quiet, unchanged at \$2.65 middle freight. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.20 to \$3.25 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$4.10 to \$4.20, and second, \$3.90 to \$4.10; strong bakers, \$3.80 to \$4, bags included, Toronto.

Milled — Bran is firm at \$18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$17, and shorts at \$18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$19, and shorts at \$20 to \$21 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Bears — Trade is quiet, with prices nominal. Medium, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bushel, and hand-picked, \$1.90 to \$2.

Dried apples — Trade is very dull, with prices nominal at 3c per lb.; evaporated, 6 to 6c.

Honey — The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Strained sells at 8 to 8 1/2c per lb. and comb at \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Hay, loaded — The market is quiet at unchanged prices. Choice timothy, \$9.50 to \$10 on track, and mixed at \$8.50.

Straw — The market is quiet for lots on track at \$5.50 to \$6 a ton.

Maple syrup — The market is quiet, with receipts small. White gallons sell at 85 to 90c, and Imperial gallons at \$1.10.

Potatoes — Market is steady with offerings. Car lots are quoted at 95c to \$1 per bag, and small lots at \$1.15 to \$1.20.

Poultry — Market is quiet, and prices unchanged. We quote: Dry picked fresh killed turkeys, 15 to 17c per lb.; geese, 10 to 12c per chickens (young), 85c to \$1; old hens, 60 to 75c per pair.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the cattle market to-day there was a brisk business in the local butcher trade. In the export trade there was a good demand, but not very many cattle of this class offering. There seems at the present time to be no shortage of vessel space for all export cattle coming forward. The good demand for butchers' cattle to-day made prices in this class a little firmer. Choice lots of picked cattle were selling at \$4.40 to \$4.50, and in some cases the quotations were a few cents higher. There is a fair demand for feeders and light stockers. A few two-year-old stockers will be wanted for next week. Not too many. The supply of medium stockers this week so far has been quite equal to demand.

There was a light run in the sheep market, and business was a little dull. Heavy sheep are not wanted. Light sheep are steady. Yearling lambs, but only the good ones wanted. Spring lambs are steady.

The hog market is firm. Prices were steady to-day, at \$6.20 for the best.

The day's run was 66 cars, with 1,297 head of cattle, 138 sheep and lambs, 671 hogs, and 60 calves.

Steady cows are in fair demand at steady prices.

Export cattle, heavy \$4.75 \$5.00
Bulls, export, heavy,
cwt., 3.50 3.75
do light, 3.00 3.50
Feeders, light, 800 lbs.,
and upwards, 4.00 4.50
Stockers, 400 to 800
lbs., 2.50 3.75
do 900 lbs., 3.75

As a Spring Medicine

There Are Two Reasons Why There is no Treatment so Thoroughly Satisfactory and Lastingly Beneficial as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The body of man can be influenced in health or disease only through two channels—the blood and the nerves.

During the winter the blood becomes thin and watery because of the artificial life we are compelled to lead indoors—the artificial food, the breathing of impure air, the lack of exercise, and the use of a people find it necessary to use a blood builder and nerve restorative in the spring.

For two reasons Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can get. In the first place, it is gently laxative. Just enough so that when taken regularly it cleanses the bowels. Secondly, its action on the red corpuscles in the blood or in other words makes the blood rich, red and life-sustaining. Through the medium of Nerve Food and nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food influences every nook and corner of the system, giving new vigor to the

vital organs such as the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys, and ensuring their regular and healthful action.

This great food cure sharpens up the appetite, makes the digestion good and actually adds new firm flesh and tissue to the body as you can prove by weighing yourself while using it.

Liquid medicines always have a stimulating effect due to the presence of alcohol. There is none of this in connection with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for this reason any benefit you feel is lasting and you can be certain that with each dose your blood is getting richer and your system is being built up.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

THE DAIRY MARKET'S.

Butter — There is a fair trade at unchanged prices. Choice grades are firm, while other qualities are dull. We quote: Fresh, large rolls, 18 to 18 1/2c; finest 1-lb. prints, 19 to 20c; poorer grades, rolls and tubs, 15 to 17c; creamery prints, 23 to 25c; solids, fresh made, 20 to 22c.

Eggs — The market is steady, with cases selling at 12 per dozen.

Cheese — Market firm, with good demand. We quote: Finest, 14 to 14 1/2c; twins, 14 1/2 to 15c; new cheese, 13 to 13 1/2c.