

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXX

Long after Annie had told me everything she had to tell, John Ridd came in and joined us. He had, doubtless, prolonged his absence, knowing that we had much to say to each other. When I told him that it was my intention to return at once to St. Gerolot's with my cousin, he seemed astonished, but made no remark, nor did Annie herself, though I saw that she was terrified at what might ensue, offer any objection.

Leaving them in the cottage to partake of some simple refreshment, I walked down to interview Lord ... and fortunately found him at home. I informed him that domestic circumstances necessitated my return to St. Gerolot's for several days, and that, in the event of his refusing to give me leave of absence, I should simply throw up the situation, as he did not wish to lose me, and rather than do so, he assented to my departure, making me promise, however, to return as soon as possible.

Early in the afternoon, we left Wendover in the country cart, John Ridd driving, and I seated by Annie's side. On reaching Torborne, I was eager to push on home at once, and succeeded in hiring at the inn a gig and a fast trotting horse. So we said good-bye to our friends, the carrier, whose wagon was waiting for him in the town, and whose business would lead him next morning Falmouthward, and after night-fall, turned our faces to the west.

It was a long journey, traveling nearly all night, at the rate of some eight miles an hour, we did not sight the old village till it was almost daybreak. We said little on the way; our hearts were too full for much talk; but now and again I questioned my cousin as to the every piece of information I elicited, showed me more and more that George Redruth deserved no mercy. All that I heard, too, implicated the murdered man Johnson in the infamous plot for Annie's death. He had paid the penalty of his guilt—terribly, swiftly, and unexpectedly; and it was some comfort, at least, to know that, although he was not the main mover in the business, he had, to a certain extent, deserved his fate.

Though I was not up, some one was stirring in the cottage; for there was a light in the window. I jumped to the ground, helped Annie down, and paid the driver, who walked his horse off in the direction of the village.

"Annie," I said, as we paused at the cottage gate, "whatever happens, we must keep this from your father. For his sake, and for his sake only, we must act very cautiously. Do you understand me? Yes," Hugh said, "I do. I understood little or nothing of what was really passing in my mind; the door was unfastened; for, indeed, lock and key were in little request at St. Gerolot's, which I walked in, and entering the kitchen, saw my uncle in his shirt-sleeves, reading by the light of a candle. I glanced at the book before him; it was the old Bible, with his own name, 'Annie,' and Annie's, written in the margin of marriage and of birth, on the fly-leaf.

We entered, but he did not look up. A poor scholar, he was spelling his way through a chapter, and muttering the words aloud, as when I drew nearer and spoke to him, he started up with a cry, pale as death, with the sweat standing in great beads upon his wrinkled brow. "Who is that?" he cried. "Help!" "What don't you know me?" "What don't you know me?" I said, forcing a laugh. "It is I, Hugh Trelawney, and Annie, your daughter." "Annie!" he repeated. "Oh, it's all simple enough. I was once a bit homesick, and was going to run over when Annie turned up, how you're glad to see me, uncle, how you're glad to see me!" "I'm sure I am," he said, and he grasped it warmly.

"Glad enough, I reckon. Why, I ha' missed 'ee as if you had been gawn a year." He looked, seeing my gaze rest on the open book before him, "I was reading a bit, my fore him, when you come in; for I were laid, when you come in, and couldn't sleep. Your aunt's abed, and sound as a tawp, I warrant."

As he spoke, he closed the page nervously, as if fearing that the book should see what portion of the book he had been reading. Annie stooped over and kissed him tenderly; he over and looked up with a faint smile and patted her cheek.

But she still clung to me, looking piteously into my frowning face. "If you must go, promise me—"

"What?" "Promise me that you will do nothing violent. Hugh, dear, he is a thing violent. I don't know how much—and remember—remember—that I love him dearly."

"Can you still say that, knowing how he has used you?" I answered, almost savagely. "Well, you best know your own heart, and I know mine. I came to have it out with George Redruth, and I shall not rest until we meet face to face."

"Hugh, for God's sake—" "There, there, do not be afraid," I said, "but do as I tell you—promise me that you will be careful. If only for my uncle's sake, I wish to avoid a public scene. But he must be made to confess, and Miss Graham must be warned."

I left her standing in the road, and looking after me as I ran rather than walked up the dreary avenue. At the last bend, just before I passed from sight, I turned, and there she stood still, watching. I waved my hand to her before I disappeared. As I came in sight of the house, I endeavored to keep very calm; but, in spite of the effort, my excitement grew—and no wonder, seeing the nature of my errand! But the chief cause of my emotion was the fact that I should soon, in all probability, see Madeline Graham.

I walked boldly up to the front door and rang the bell. In a few moments the door opened by a manservant.

"Is your master at home?" I asked. "Mr. Redruth is in the drawing-room," replied the fellow. "What name shall I say?" "I will announce myself," I answered, stepping into the hall.

Having already visited the house, I knew my way. As I strode across the hall, the man followed me, and tried to bar my passage; but I pushed him aside.

"Stand out of the way," I said, and, placing my hand on the drawing-room door, I threw it open. The man fell back in astonishment, and I strode in.

For my own part, I felt very like a savage; but I was in no sense of the word master of myself. I had the grace, however, to take off my hat, and found myself in a large, elegantly furnished room, looking to the south and opening on a garden terrace. To my simple, unsophisticated gaze, it was splendid enough for a room in a palace; but in my present temper I was not to be daunted, even by the presence of a king.

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THE DOMESTIC SERVANT

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage Speaks of Her Many Advantages

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew xx, 27, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The tremendous opportunities of usefulness open to a consecrated domestic is the subject. No position is so accessible to a woman of ordinary mental and physical capabilities will bring greater returns, financially and spiritually, than that offered to the average servant girl.

The gods were supposed to have allowed the beautiful queen of Cyprus to bless her little kingdom in a wonderful way. Every place of the rocky island which her foot might tread would instantly be covered with brilliantly colored flora or with rich green verdure. Not so does God endow any human being, but in a better way does the fabric of truth. The humble domestic servant, be she cook in the kitchen, or a guardian in the nursery, or a waitress in the dining room, or simply a chambermaid, may live a life which will carry fragrance wherever it goes.

TWO CLASSES OF SERVANTS. But this sermon has its dark side as well as its bright. It is shadowed either by avoidance or by slothfulness—by avoidance because in despising it and seeking other occupations inconveniences and social difficulties are entailed on others; by slothfulness because no one can be without deteriorating in character. The kitchen or the nursery may be a throne room, with a consecrated domestic servant as a queen, or it may be a den of misery, with a degraded and uneducated girl as a slave.

The second class of servants was composed of the sullen slaves captured in war. They were, for the most part, disgraced and degraded. Many of them were the captives of the world as truly as were their masters in their conspicuous sphere.

THE WORD "ROYAL." The word "royal" is not restricted to station. It is legitimately applied to any woman whose conduct in her own sphere is noble and faithful—conduct "which is becoming or fitting to a queen." Nor is the social compensation for her service inadequate. Every other wage earner in proportion to the physical labor and mental training which are required of her.

A merchant never considers the gross returns of his business, but the net. He never looks to himself, but to his customer. Now I must find out my expenses—so much for store rent, so much for night watchman, so much for extra passage, so much for commercial travelers, so much for advertising, so much for the cost of this and that, and so much for that and the other thing. Then that merchant subtracts the expenses from the gross receipts, and he says, "I make so much net." No advantage in buying goods in a foreign market, if the tariff laws or potatoes and apples in the Dakotas or Montana if the railroad freight to bring the fruit to the market costs more than the goods are worth. No financial advantage in being a downtown clerk and receiving \$8 a week if the expenses of room rent and car fare and the lunch counter and board and laundry bill and extra clothes absorb all the salary. And so when you place the net income of an average servant girl against that of an average clerk, you find her salary is mostly gain, while his, at the end of the week, after his legitimate expenses have been met, is absolutely nothing or about nothing.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. But there is still another advantageous aspect of the question which should not be overlooked. Eizeer, the servant, was the chief man in Abraham's household. In how many American households, think you, is the cook the principal functionary, upon whose skill and proficiency the physical, and to a very large extent also the moral, condition of

husbands and wives who have their own homes? No, my brother, I do not think so. I believe the Christian home is the most vital institution for good in all America. I believe it is the foundation stone not only of the altar of Christ, but also of the temple of neighborly love and also of our national legislative hall. If a man is not anchored in locality by a home, that implies he has, as a rule, no individual church connection. He is not living under the shadow of the church spire where his father and where his children were born. A man cannot learn to love an individual church and his church pew unless he has been worshipping in that church for months and years. If a man has months by simply packing up his trunk and calling an expressman this implies that he has no neighbors; this implies that his joys and sorrows are not his.

The home is the foundation stone of the temple of patriotism. It has been well said by a great writer, "The surest way to destroy anarchy is to bring about a social condition where every man can own a home." When a man sits upon his own door, he truly feels he is an American citizen. He will then, if necessary, be more willing to die for that country of which his home is a part. And one of the greatest curses blasting our nation to-day is that not that their people are bad, but that they are becoming a people without homes. They are living for the most part in boarding houses and in rented rooms, from which they can move out at a couple of weeks' notice.

WHERE WOMAN IS QUEEN. The royal domestic is a queen. The kitchen and the nursery are the places where God expects a woman naturally to serve. I have no use for those masculine cynics who would rebuke women for the different vocations of life. Some men, no matter what the genius of a woman may be, would slam the door of all useful means of earning an honest livelihood in their sisters' hands. They say a woman should not be a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, a merchant, an artist, a writer or anything else but a wife and a mother.

But this is what I do affirm: All things being equal, a woman ought to seek the vocations which are naturally hers and let the men fill those positions which naturally belong to them. It is not natural for a woman to be a soldier, a fireman, a policeman, it is not natural for her to dig in the gutter or work as a day laborer in the fields, as she is compelled to do in foreign lands. It is not natural for her to slave in a factory or to fill many of the menial positions she is filling to-day. While, on the other hand, it is natural for her to be a nurse, a dressmaker, a cook, a chambermaid, a waitress, a school teacher and lady's companion, and hundreds of other positions we might easily mention.

Now, when a woman deserts the positions for which God has specially equipped her, what is the inevitable result? Her work is not only left undone, but she becomes a competitor against her father and brothers for theirs. What is again the inevitable result? By the law of supply and demand she not only underbids her brother, but she underbids her wages go down. She is the sufferer. He is the sufferer. The mischief is far reaching. It is the result of her turning aside from her natural employment in which there is pressing need of her service and in which she could find constant occupation at remunerative wages. She leaves a place unilled and forces her way into a walk of life already overcrowded, in which her competition is injurious to other workers.

THE CHRISTIAN DOMESTIC. Now, women of America whom God has called to be consecrated domestics, I plead with you to enter the kitchen and the nursery and the home because that is one of your natural spheres—that is a place where God wants you to work. The Christian domestic should be honored both on earth and in heaven because she is not only able to do her own work, but also to impress her consecrated life indelibly upon others.

Thus, in closing, I would speak an earnest word to those women who are about to consecrate their lives to this line of service. God has opened for you mighty possibilities for good. Put yourself for that work as the Lord Jesus Christ would have you. Mark the Bible chief textbook of your life. Pray, and unceasingly pray, that the Holy Spirit will inspire you to speak the right word in the right way. Above all, whatever your station in life may be, let me urge you to enter the service of Jesus Christ. Not even the subject of your life's occupation can compare in importance with the crucial question whether you are a servant of our Lord. Make that your first, your chief business, that you are accepted of him and that you are obeying his commands. Look not for your rewards from man, but so live that in the great day of judgment you may hear the best of all condemnations: "Well done, thou art one of my queens! Thou hast been chief of all women! Thou hast been a faithful servant."

Hostess, who has made unusual preparations, says, towards the end of dinner: "I tell John that if he will bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have." Guest (wishing to put her at her ease): "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluff; I'm an old hand—used to roughing it now and then, you know."



MILKING ON THE FARM.

There are dairymen who are strongly opposed to the idea of compelling the women folks to do any of the milking. They claim, in the first place, that the task is too heavy, while in the second place, it is not a duty that is at all suited to the tastes of a woman. However, the question is one that may easily be debated pro and con. We have many times seen this task preferred to that of staying indoors, it being chosen merely because it meant a version from the ordinary routine of housework. Under such circumstances we do not believe that there could be raised any reasonable objection to women performing this labor. Where it is necessary for every member of the family to work hard the year round there is generally little quibbling over the character of the work that anyone is called upon to perform, and under such circumstances it frequently happens that women would rather do the milking than not, because the time required to perform this labor effects that much saving of the men's time who can use it to advantage in the field or in caring for farm animals.

Where dairymen made a specialty, as, for example, where upward of ten cows are kept, we believe that the division of labor on the farm should be such that women should not be obliged to do any of the milking. We base this opinion on the fact that, if the cows have been properly selected and are fed well, they will pay a good profit to their owner even though one has to hire help to do the feeding and milking. Through the extra help for milking and caring for the dairy products it will usually pay to make a little extra investment, so that maximum profits will be derived from the output for labor. We hope sincerely that the day is past when it is considered necessary for women to grind away from daylight to dark. Let them manage as best they may, the forenoon on the average farm is pretty much occupied, and this being the case, we fully believe that they have the right to a greater portion of the afternoon and evening to devote it to reading, social duties or some form of diversion that will enable them to keep in touch with the outside affairs of the world. To grind away laboriously from daylight to dark during the entire year means a stunting of the intellect, and surely no man would wish his wife or his daughter to become merely a machine fit only for the daily tasks that require physical exertion. Whether woman should be obliged to do the milking or not is a subject that no doubt comes very close to home to many of our readers, and we shall be pleased to have those who are interested in it give an expression of their opinion through these columns.

MAKE FARMING PROFITABLE.

Much has been said and written upon how to make farming profitable, the work pay, and above all, the home happy. In reflecting over this matter there seems to come us a few principles which, if applied, are sure to bring the results expected in making farming profitable. First, by developing the mind. This does not mean the acquiring of a vast amount of knowledge. A man may have his head filled with knowledge and still prove a dismal failure. Facts obtained in every day work should be compared, their relation sought out, thus developing a process of true reasoning, out of which come hidden truths which, when applied, will give the mind to active powers, of practical reasoning, and to serve as stepping stones to the attainment of real culture.

You may sow the best of seed on uncultivated ground and reap most unsatisfactory results. Likewise the accumulation of knowledge without the cultivation of the reasoning powers will surely leave an almost barren field.

The successful farmer should be the slave of his own opinion, neither should he despise the logical consequences of science surrounding him on every hand. He should not forget that true science is always true and aim to shun so-called science which has no sound foundation. Bear in mind that good common sense will often get at the root of matters, as well as much of the teachings of the day. Bring a cultivated mind to bear on the every day work on the farm. The celebrated painter, Turner, was once asked to explain how he mixed his colors in order to give them their lasting effect. He replied: "I mix them with brains." Thoughtful men know that brains as well as brawn are required to make farming a successful profession.

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