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CHAPTER I.

OF MY BECOMING A SEAFARING MAN.

I was born in the days of the Lord Protector, so that I was a little past my majority when the things that I have in mind to relate took place. My father was a sea captain, out of Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, and was killed by the Barbary pirates and his ship taken a little time before I came of age. My mother grieved sorely for him, and only survived his loss a few months, and my two young brothers being then put out with a reputable haberdasher, and the little that remained of our fortune turned over to him for their benefit, I found myself of a sudden alone in the world, and brought, for the first time, to depend upon myself for a living. I had made a few voyages with my father, and had come to be something of a seaman, though I knew scarce anything of navigation, and this knowledge, with what I gained from an ordinary round of schooling, stood for all I was now to reckon on to make my way in the world. While I was reflecting on my condition, and casting about to see what I should do—for I did not relish the idea of using the sea, though that was now often in my mind—I chanced to fall in with a certain shipmaster, Daniel Houthwick by name, to whom, after a short acquaintance, I disclosed my case, and asked his advice. We were seated in the taproom of one of the little deck inns at the time, with a pot of old October before us and no one just by. The captain took a pull at his mug, which made his hairy throat give a great throbb, and after a little deliberation answered:

"I should be blithe to help you, Master Ardiek, could I but get my bearings to see how. You know I am an old salt-water, with little run of things ashore. I might come at something by broad reckoning, but no better."

"Give me that," said I eagerly. "Anything is better than beating about all ways in the wind."

"Then how say you," he began, "to taking up with the sea? I will not deny that it is a hard life, and I trust you do not incline to it, yet I think there be worse callings. Moreover, your father followed it, and I conceive you must have been born with some natural fitness for it. These things do not out of the blood in one generation. Have you, then, so much salt water in your veins as will overbear the objections?"

I hung in the wind a little, for this was the very thing I would not have, yet I was slow to refuse. At last I answered:

"I have indeed salt water in my veins, which is to say I like the sea, yet I have a scruple concerning a sailor's life, and thus far have not learned sufficient to overcome it."

He regarded me with attention while I was speaking, and when I had made an end and smiled and was silent for a moment.

"I have guessed," he then went on to answer. "Well, and I am willing to concede you three parts right. Yet how far offered some opportunity for advancement—I mean without waiting half a lifetime?"

"Why, in that case," I answered, not quite sure what he would be at, "the matter would stand in another light."

"Look you," he said, rounding upon me then and speaking in a brisker tone than he had before. "I have a mind to make you a proposition. I am in want of a second mate. So we can agree upon terms, what say you to the place? It is a little better beginning than a bare berth before the mast, with the chance of betterment."

I could see the thing closing in upon me, as it were, yet hardly knew how to evade it, and, on the whole, began to care less to do so. "Well, captain," I finally answered, "I cannot see why I should decline such a kindly and timely offer. I agree, providing that I am able to fulfill all your requirements, which I somewhat doubt, seeing that my experience has been but brief."

He called for the score, which he insisted upon paying, and we left the inn. There was a good deal of confusion along the docks for several of the king's ships were fitting for sea, and the running about and pulling and hauling, all without much method or precision, were surprising and perplexing, but at last we reached the jetty where the captain's boat was lying. On the way it suddenly occurred to me that I had neglected to ask a pretty important question, which was the port that the industry—the captain's ship—was bound for. I asked it now, and learned that it was Havana, in the West Indies. This suited me very well, as I had never been in those parts, and had a young fellow's fondness for novelty. We boarded the gig, which a middle-aged sailor was keeping, and were soon clear of the tangle of shipping about the docks, and standing into the roadstead. I suspected that one of the three large vessels that were at anchor some little distance out might be the industry, and accordingly asked the captain.

"Aye, quite right," he answered, pointing to the easternmost of the ships, "There she is."

There was a dazzle on the water in that direction, and I could not get so perfect a view of her as I desired, but nevertheless I was able to judge her

sure-footed as a rope-dancer, and it immediately occurred to me that he might be a veteran seagoer, a conclusion which was confirmed as I saw how coolly he waited on the ladder till the captain was out of the way, though the ship was rolling and pitching and sending frothing flings of water up to the very soles of his dainty shoes. In a moment the captain had passed over the bulwark, and Mr. Tym began to follow, and it was then that I made a surprising discovery. I had noticed that the old fellow had kept his cloak partly about him, and I had marvelled at it, as the day was so warm, but now, as he began to climb, the wind caught the garment and blew it out, and behold, he had lost his left hand! The sleeve hung loose and long about the wrist, and out of the drapery—showing queer among the lace—peeped the black turn of an iron hook. He caught this over the rungs of the ladder, alternating with his right hand, and without any difficulty mounted the unsteady side and swung himself lightly over the bulwark. This lively breeze was a fair one for our sails, and we must all needs look alive, and walk up the anchor and get the industry under canvas.

The captain mounted the poop, a man was sent to the tiller, and the mate stationed himself just abaft the fore-castle to pass the water along.

"Hear her short!" shouted the captain. "Hear her short!" repeated the mate, and the pawls of the windlass began to rattle.

"Loosen sail!" followed, and the men sprang into the rigging. Everything was cleared to let go, and all hands, except a man on each yard to stay the bunt, scampered back to the deck.

"All ready aloft?" hailed the mate.

"All ready!" answered the fellows on the yards.

"Let go!" and the ship flashed out white, and stood clothed in the waves of loose canvas. Then the chief topsails were set, the yards trimmed, and the anchor finally brought to a head. She steadied quickly to her work, and as she climbed away the light canvas was rapidly put out.

In a short time the watches were appointed, and the business of putting the ship under order and other like things of the beginning of a voyage attended to, and after that I had a little breathing space and slipped down to my cabin. I had a small berth in the aftermost part of the 'tween decks, and here I found my clothes-bag and other effects, and proceeded to sling a hammock (preferring it to either of the bunks the berth contained), and sat down to have a brief smoke.

My smoke over, I strove for a bit into the fore-castle, and then went again on deck, where I found the wind rather gathering strength and quite a stiff sea running. We reefed the topsails, and by that time supper was called. The rest of the evening passed without incident. I turned in early, as my watch was to be called at eight bells, and when the time came, I awoke out mighty sleepy, but full of zeal, and so kept my four hours. At daylight all hands had to be called, as there was a heavy wind, which was verging on half a gale, and we whipped down the main-sail and the great lateen, and before we were done had to be satisfied with a reefed main-top-sail, a bit of foresail, and a reefed sprit-top-sail.

"Marry, but this is something boisterous for the narrow seas," said a high-pitched voice behind me, as I stood holding on by the lashings of the big gun and watching the turmoil.

I turned and saw the little supercargo, who had just come out of the cabin. He was balancing himself fearfully on his straddled legs, a long watch-coat whipping about him, and his hand clapped upon his hat to keep both that and his great curly wig from blowing away.

"Aye, sir," I said, "this is rough weather for the channel."

"I saw worse once!" he shouted, with a kind of chuckle, and then immediately sucking in his lips, which I found was a way he had of holding on.

"And how was that?" I asked, willing to forget the weather for a moment if I could.

"Why, it was a matter of above 20 years ago," he replied. "Things so fell out with me on that occasion that I put to sea on a day even worse than this in only a small fishing sloop."

"It was beyond account rash," I commented. "It must have been a strait, indeed, to bring you to it."

"It was to save my neck," he answered, speaking this time close to my ear, that he might talk with less strain. "You see, it was in the days of old Noll, and I had ventured into my native Sussex—I had forgotten to say that the old tyrant had set a price on my head—and was forced to get speedily out. Luckily a fellow-royalist was at hand and lent me a horse, and on that I reached the seaside and thence boarded this fisherman, upon which I put out, as I said."

"But the master of her?" I queried, a little puzzled by that point in the story, "how did you prevail on him to take such a risk?"

"How? Why, to be sure, with a pistol at the head. He would listen no otherwise."

"And the crew? Had you no trouble with them?"

"Nay, not a whit. I did but point another pistol at them—I had two hands in those days—and they became most tractable."

"You deserved to escape!" I cried, admiringly. "But what then? Did you come to close straits before you made the other side?"

To be continued.

TASTE OF SHERRY.

Sherry owes its peculiar taste to sulphate of lime, two and a half pounds of which is added to each 1,800 pounds of grapes.

Oh, Jack, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some—

GRACE RECLAIMS MAN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows the Grace of God to be the Salt of Life.

A despatch from Washington, says:—Dr. Talmage chose as his text Luke xiv. 34. "Salt is good." The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs, among living creatures, storks and eagles, and doves and unicorns, and sheep, and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths, and pomegranates, and almond, and apples; among jewels, pearls, amethysts, and jacinths, and chrysopeas. Christ uses no stale illustrations.

In my text, which is the peroration of one of His sermons, He picks up a crystal, and holds it before His congregation as an illustration of Divine grace in the heart, when He says, what we all know by experiment: "Salt is good."

I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text, and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. You need not go far to find the beauty of salt. We live in a land which produces fourteen millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the morning rail-train, and in a few hours get to the salt-mines and salt-springs and you have this article, morning, noon and night, on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snow-flake and water-foam, with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars, and the diamonds, and the white tree-branches, and the splinters, and the bridges of fire, and the sun gints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's. It would take all time, with an infringement upon eternity for an angel of God to tell you the glories in salt-crystal. So beautiful, I have seen it smooth out wrinkles of care from the brow; I have seen it make an aged man feel almost young again; I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders, and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its anatomical qualities when he said, "It is marrow to the bones." It helps to digest the food, and to purify the blood, and to calm the pulses, and quiet the spleen; and instead of putting a man in a philosophical hospital to be experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well as he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion—not of that morbid religion that sits for three hours on a gravestone—a religion that prospers best in a religion that Christ preached. I suppose when that religion has conquered the world that disease will be banished; and that a man a hundred years of age will come in from business, and say, "I feel tired. I think it must be time for me to go," and without one physical pang, heaven will have him.

But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard, and cold, and repulsive, and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy, and pride, and worldliness, lurk about, they are chased, and a very small sweep of grace of a summer garden, as the French say, "I am the rose of the Sharon," and He submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as He says: "I am the light."

Al! you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or alluring as the grace of God. Go through the deep mine-passages of Widdow's, and amid the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt, and show me anything so exquisite, so transcendently beautiful, as this grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

Again, grace is like salt, in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. Chemists and physicians, all the world over, tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God; you must have it or die. I know a great many people speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder-strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing dessert brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over; or a medicine to be taken after calomel and mustard-plasters have failed to do their work; but ordinarily a mere superfluity—a string of bells around a horse's neck while he draws the load, and in no wise helping him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take, or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb away from eternal burnings. It is a positive necessity for the soul.

You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. That process of death is going on in many a one because they take not the salt of Divine grace. The soul becomes weaker and weaker, and after a while the pulses of life will stop entirely. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Salt, a necessity for the life of the body—the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

Again, I remark, that grace is like salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-cellar. There is one region of that country that turns out ninety thousand tons in a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria yielding nine hundred thousand tons annually. Nearly all the nations are rich in it—rock-salt, spring-salt, sea-salt. Christ, the Creator of the world, when he uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk, and the springs were bored, and the pumps were worked, and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages. It seems to undergird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt-lakes of Saratoy there are ten thousand men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the twelve thousand millions of our race should now cry out to God for His mercy, there would be enough for all; for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy; and if Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea, went down in it to-day, they would have room enough to wash and to come up clean.

Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful chasm of thy guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises, and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrustured with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it; but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of His righteousness, a robe blood-dyed and heaven-imperiled, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth, and says: "Put that old wear it now! wear it for ever!"

Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky Mountains and the South American pampas and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths, and along by galleries of rock, and with torches and pickaxes find their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. So with the grace of God. It is to be found, and so I take this salt of profoundly sought after. With all the concentrated energies of body, mind, and soul, we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go earnestly and faithfully to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. We must strive, and implore, and dig until we strike the spring foaming with living waters.

Then the work of evaporation begins; and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun the vapours float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so, when the Christian's soul is exposed to the Sun of Righteousness, the vapours of pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath, pure, white holiness of heart. Then, as in the case of the salt, the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted strokes of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness and the crystallization of grace.

But, I remark again, that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food, and infuses them with brine which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great anti-putrefactive of the world. But for the grace of God the earth would have become a stale carcass long before this. That grace is the only preservative of laws, and constitutions, and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses this salt of Divine grace, it perishes. The

philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to this religion, putrefies and stinks. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science, to-day, is not more Leyden jars, and galvanic batteries, and spectroscopes, and philosophical apparatus, but more of that grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. We want more of the salt of God's grace in our homes, in our schools, in our colleges, in our social life, in our Christianity. And that which has it will live—that which has it not will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly to putrefaction and death—the religion of Christ is the only preservative.

My subject is one of great congratulation to those who have within their souls this Gospel antiseptic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life, and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. On the contrary, if you do your whole duty, I will promise you a very rough time. But I think that God Omnipotent will see you through. I think He will. But why do I talk like an atheist when I ought to say I know He will? "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."

Governor Geary, recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the Civil war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended upon that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel towards his son, who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful! Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together; it was awful, sir! We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants. Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after a while we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned around to see the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo! it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I didn't dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle; so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good bye, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' So it is in the Christian conflict. It is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gab of sabre, fall of battle-axe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement, or anything else. With one ardent embrace, and one loving kiss we utter our farewells, and then cry, 'Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured, there are other crowns to be won.'

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's Gospel, and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first, but see! the bleeding stops, and lo! the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good!"

Quebec's new Cabinet has been sworn in.

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Feeble Wasted Nerves Aroused to New Life.

The movements, the functions and the very life of each and every organ of the body are under the direct control of that great organism—the nervous system.

When the nervous system is weakened and exhausted by overwork, worry or disease, the effect is always to produce derangements of the most serious order, and the result is usually paralysis, locomotor ataxia, prostration, epilepsy or insanity.

When nervous, irritable, sleepless and despondent, revitalize the wasted nerve cells by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills). Don't wait for neuralgic pains and nervous headache and dyspepsia to drive you to the use of the great nerve restorative.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalfe street, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I was nervous, restless at night, and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man."

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a Lady Whose Husband Was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food, and coffee, and, as the remedy was colorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription 25¢ FREE with full particulars in plain sealed envelope. All letters considered strictly confidential. Address: The Samaria Remedy Co., 33 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

PREHISTORIC RUINS IN MEXICO.

Astecs Counted Their Population By Millions.

Prehistoric ruins were found on all the ridges of Guerrero and at a point called Cacahuatlá two columns of trachyte, 41-2 feet long by 18 inches in diameter, lay side by side. They were completely covered with hieroglyphics, with a five-pointed star on one end. Each of them must weigh between 400 and 500 pounds. About three hundred metres up the hill were ruins of a building over a hundred feet long. It is difficult to imagine what these columns have been used for, unless as altars of a temple. Several blocks of diorite, fourteen inches square, were scattered about, so it is evident that the edifice was of more than ordinary importance. The ground for hundreds of yards was completely strewn with fragments of broken pottery, but the brush and undergrowth was so dense that only a small part of the locality was explored.

Regarding these Guerrero ruins, there is sufficient evidence, to prove that the country has been inhabited by some millions of people. What such a vast population could have subsisted on in this wild, broken up country on the hill summits and sides of deep barrancas, is impossible to conceive, unless a great seismic disturbance has changed the topography of the land. That corn was one of their chief articles of food is proven by the mortars and pestles which are found in nearly every ruin, but where this cereal was grown is a mystery as there does not appear to be more than sufficient soil to raise corn for the present Indian inhabitants. Then there is the question of water. Although Guerrero is a very well watered State, it is often miles from these prehistoric dwellings and in almost inaccessible cañons.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous. Her appetite was poor and changeable. She could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement."

"As she was growing weaker and weaker, I became alarmed, and obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight the color came back to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proved such a blessing to my daughter."

The longer you delay treatment, the more distant will be your recovery. Nervous diseases never wear away, but gradually get worse. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, pills, is the only preparation which is certain because it contains in condensed form the very elements of nature which go to form new nerve tissue. It cures by building up the system, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food