

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GETTIE GIE US, TAE SEE COARSELS AS ITTERS SEE US."

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"Yes," he answered, shaking his head, "and at last we had to cut away the mast. It is too long to dwell upon, but the wind was so finally upon France. It was hard by Calais, and we had started from Eastbourne. There was much tedious pumping to do, and right slow progress under such sail as we could put upon a jury-mast.

"Is not that a sail out yonder?" He broke off, and pointed to a white smock on the northwestern seaboard, which hung with such steadiness that I soon decided that it was, indeed, a sail. It was nothing surprising or unexpected, of course, here in the channel, and I gave no more heed to it at the time. Mr. Tym shortly retired again to the cabin, and the hard wetting of the ship through the heavy seas went on. The forenoon wore away, and it was about seven bells when, happening to think of the sail I had seen, I went to the fore-cabin to look for it. It was now about on the lee bow, and much nearer, and soon I could make out a large ship close hauled on the starboard tack. I continued to watch her, and presently I saw that she had altered her course and was now steaming directly toward us. I happened to glance toward the poop where the captain and mate were standing, and saw that the skipper was pulling out and pointing his glass. He took a long respiration, and then, to my surprise, shook his head energetically and passed the glass to the mate. Sellinger looked in turn, and almost at once lowered the instrument and began bawling something in the captain's ear. Houthwick answered by a nod, and turned sharply and ran a little way aft. He gave a command—I could not tell what—to the man at the helm, and rapidly returned and descended the poop ladder. The mate followed, stopping at the bottom to hang the glass in some becket, and came to the confines of the quarter-deck. Houthwick, on the other hand, turned short at the companion, which he opened, and from a strap just inside took out his trumpet. He made no stop, but hurried to the ladder again, and went up with long, eager strides, the pace faster than I had ever observed him use before. He was not yet at the top when the mate roared to me, using his hand to guide the sound:

"Call all hands!"

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BRUSH WITH THE BLACK SHIP.

I plunged off to the fore-cabin, seizing a handspike as I went. Thundering on the hatch, and then opening it, I roared down:

"All hands ahoy! Look alive!" In an instant there was a bounding out of bunks and hammocks, and a rush up the hatch. The fellows popped out in quick succession, and in a flash the entire crew was ranged on deck.

"To the braces!" shouted the captain through the trumpet. "All ready to slack and haul. Some of you forward to tend spritsails!"

These orders, taken up by the mate, as the yelling of the wind drowned in part even the following of the trumpet, were rapidly obeyed, and the crew scrambled to their stations and stood ready.

"Down helm!" was shouted back to the two fellows at the tiller. The ship's head began to fall off, and as it did so the orders to haul the braces followed. In a mere matter of moments, so fast did the men work—urged on, indeed, by the knowledge that there was some unusual stress, though at that time they understood imperfectly the cause—in that few moments the last order was carried out, and the ship's head now pointed due north. I had kept an eye on the stranger's movements while we were fetching the industry upon the new course, and was not greatly surprised, on casting my eye that way, to see the broad bows suddenly fall away from the wind, and the long black side begin to show. At the same moment her bows flew round, and thus she, too, was pointed north. There could be but one explanation of this last action—the stranger meant to overhaul us. I was now burning to get speech with the captain or Sellinger, that I might resolve something more certain out of this stirring business; but for the present they were busied with other matters, so that I did not like to seek them. The readiest answer to be come at was that she was Dutch, and was making a flying cruise of it in the channel. If so, she would be both faster and stronger than she looked, for it would be a bold thing, indeed, for a mere wagon of a merchant rigger, without broadside guns and having no near friendly port for refuge, thus to seek prizes in our narrow seas. While I was turning these matters over in my mind taking care to keep an eye out aft the while, to be in readiness for sudden orders, the companion opened and the supercargo again appeared. The mate was standing near by, and Mr. Tym at once went over to him, and by his expression and some words which the wind took to me, desired to know what had happened. This was the very thing I would have, for now, without pushing

fun of it. The question then to be settled was whether he could get near enough to wing us, by cutting up our spars and rigging. I thought this all out at a blink, as the Scotch say, for just at the moment I had to use my fingers rather than my brain. When I came in from the boltsprit, having gone there on some matter concerning the drawing of the sail, I found that the Dutchman was fair astern of us, only the slant of his sails catching the light, and the rest of him standing up round and black. I think something like two hours now passed, only one thing, but that is an important one, happening, which was that the Dutchman slowly gained upon us. At last Houthwick said something to which the others appeared to assent, and the mate hurried off the poop. He espied me, as I stood by the main shrouds, and beckoned me to him. When I came up he said low and in a strained, quick tone:

"The captain thinks we had best try a gun. I must serve it. Do you stand ready to help work the ship. Call the carpenter, and put him in charge of the magazine. The main hatch will have to be opened till they can get up the first supply of ammunition, after which batter it down again. Tell Sellinger that he can fetch out the arms chest and take the pikes from the becket and pile them up. No harm to have things at hand. Stay! You may likewise get out the medicine chest, and set it in the open space 'tween decks. That must serve as a cockpit, if any are hurt. Let the cook, who is something of a sawbones, go thither. The cabin boy can assist him. That will do for now, and look alive."

I said: "Aye, aye!" in a seeming hearty voice (though, to own the truth, my heart was beginning to beat fast, and I felt a bit weak in the knees), and hurried away. In a few minutes all the orders were carried out, and the mate was free to try his experiment.

When I returned to the deck the gunner had been unhooked, and the gunner's canvas jacket taken off. As I turned to see whether the mate was ready—I mean ready to have the ship luffed, so that he could secure his aim—I heard a low, dull boom, and a whirled again, a ball of smoke blew out from the bows of our pursuer and wreathed off to leeward.

"He's firing at the moon," said the mate contemptuously, and now I saw that the excitement had struck the color from the man's cheeks, save for a little patch of red which showed under the sea-brown, and that his nerves were strung high and firm.

"At the gun!" cried the captain from the poop. "Are you ready, Master Sellinger?"

"All ready, sir!"

"Then to the braces, men! Luff!" he roared back to the two fellows at the helm.

The ship came handsomely into the wind, and as she dipped to the bottom of a hollow the mate gave a swift glance along his gun and applied the trigger.

"He had loaded while I was below, and I knew not what the charge was, but it must have contained scattered lead, for I saw a tremendous dimple all over the water, just outside of the Dutchman's forefoot.

"A good beginning!" shouted the captain. "Have at him again!"

We got upon our course once more, and meantime the gun was reloaded.

"Hal! he's showing his teeth at last!" cried the mate, passing with his finger, which he was blowing up in his hand, he pointed toward the enemy, and lo! two ports in the bows had opened,

and in each was the round target spot which marked the muzzle of a gun.

"He has discovered that something besides swivels will be needed," said Mr. Tym, who had come, without our perceiving him, among us. "Nay, but he is about to give us the complement of his whole broadside."

A tremendous crashing roar, and a sky full of smoke followed. I think I stooped, but I am not sure, and the next that comes clear before me is that a great splinter from somewhere overhead struck the deck near me and gave a queer sort of elastic spring, and went overboard. I confess I jumped back, and as I did so I found my heel upon something soft, and had to make by another spring to prevent falling. By this time I had backed nearly to the quarter-deck, and the smoke having almost blown away, I leaped against the break of the deck and looked around. The spot where I had stumbled first arrested my eye, and there, rolled up almost in a ball, lay the body of old Dingy. His belt had burst with the strain of his doubling over, or perhaps was cut by the glancing fragment of shot, and it was slipping off him, almost giving him an air of unhooking it from the front, his back being toward me. The mate and the Frenchman were standing up in a stock of dry corn-stalks after the husking-peg. A sermon given up to sentimental and flowery speech is as a nosegay flung to a drowning sailor. At sermon devoted to moral essay is a basket of chips to help on the great burning. What the world wants now, is to be told of Jesus Christ, who

comes to save men from eternal damnation. Christ the Light, Christ the Sacrifice, Christ the Rock, Christ the Star, Christ the Balm, Christ the Guide. If a minister should live one thousand years, and preach ten sermons each day, those subjects would not be exhausted. Do you find men tempted? Tell them of Christ the shield. Or troubled? Tell them of Christ the Comfort. Or guilty? Tell them of Christ the Pardon. Or dying? Tell them of Christ the Life.

Scores of ministers, yielding to the demands of the age for elegant rhetoric, and soft speech, and flattering apostrophe have surrendered their pulpits to the devil, "horse, foot, and dragon." If these city exquisites won't take the old-fashioned Gospel, then let them go on the downward road where they want to go, and we will give our time to the great masses who want to hear the plain Gospel, and who are dying by the millions because they do not hear it. Be Christ the burden of our talk; Christ the inspiration of our prayers; Christ the theme of our songs; Christ now, and Christ for ever. Oh for more consecration!

Christ is the A and the Z in the world's rescue. When the world broke loose, the only hand swung out to catch it was that of Jesus, Jesus, swift as a roe on the mountains, comes down over the hills. The shining ones stand back as he says, "Lo! I come." Amid the wrathful surges He beats His way out to the dying world; and while, out in the deep waters, with bloody agony He wrestled with it, and it seemed for a little while uncertain whether it would take him down or He would lift it up, those on the heavenly shore trembled, and when at last, in his great strength, He lifted it in His right hand and brought it back there went up a hosanna from all the cloud of witnesses. He began the work, and He shall complete it. Ring all the bells of earth and heaven today in honour of Christ the Alpha and Christ the Omega!

Christ is the A and the Z in heaven. He is the most honoured personage in all that land. He is known as a World-Liberator. The first one that a soul entering heaven looks for is Jesus. The great populations of heaven seek Him out, follow Him over the hills, and shout at His chariot wheel. Passing along those streets, spirits blessed cry to one another, "Look! that is Jesus." Methinks that if the hosts of heaven go forth in some other realm to fight, their battle-cry is "Jesus." Jesus on the banners, Jesus in the song. At His feet break the dogologies. Around His throne circle the chief glories. Where the white Lamb of heaven goes, there go all the flocks. The first tree in the heavenly paradise Jesus planted. The first fountain He struck from the rock. The first pillar of light He lifted. At heaven's beginning—Christ, the Alpha. Then travel far on down the years of eternity, and stop at the end of the remotest age, and see if the song has not taken up some other burden, and some other throne has not become the centre of heaven's chief attractions. But no; you hear it thrummed on the harp, and poured from the trumpets, and shouted in universal acclaim, Christ, the Omega!

Now, what is this glorious one to you, my hearer? Have you seen Him? Have you heard His voice? Have you walked this earth and never seen in the bent grass where His feet had just been? Of all the stars in the midnight heavens, has not one pointed you to where He lay? Trudging on across this desert with thy burden of sins, have you ever made the camels

THE ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Importance of Resting on Christ.

A despatch from Washington says:—Dr. Talmage preached from the following text; "I am Alpha and Omega."—Revelation 1. 8.

Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Omega is the last; so that Christ in his text represents himself as the A and the Z.

That is one reason why I like the Bible; its illustrations are so easy to understand. When it represents the Gospel as a hammer, everybody knows it is to knock something to pieces; or as salt, everybody who has put meat in barrels knows it is to keep things from spoiling, or as a salve, that is to cure the old sores of the heart. The Bible illustrations go not on stilt, but in a plain way walk straight into the understanding.

When we learn to call things by their plain names, we will be getting back to the old Bible way of teaching. Anybody who knows the A and the Z understands that the text means that Christ is the Beginning and the End of everything good.

He is the A and the Z of the physical universe. By him were all things made that are made. He made Galilee as well as hushed it. He made the fig-tree as well as blasted it. He made the rock as well as rent it. No wonder he could restore the blind man, for he first made the optic nerve and the retina. No wonder that he could give hearing to the deaf man, for he first set the drum of the ear. No wonder he could cure the withered arm, for he made the bone and strung the muscle. He flung out of nothing the first material out of which the world was formed. He set spinning around the first axle, and drove the first pivot, and hung to the throne the first constellation.

The same hand that put up this universe will pull it down. I think the time will come when the worlds will have done their work, and must be removed, so that but two worlds will remain; the one a vast desert of suffering, swinging through immensity—the abode of the bad; the other a blooming paradise for all the good. For eternal ages will the two swing around in their orbits of light and darkness. We know not by what process any of the worlds will be taken down, save one; that will go by fire. All the universe will know who set on fire the one world, and who shattered the others, for Christ, my Lord, will stand amid the roar, and crackle, and thunder, and crash of that final undoing, proclaiming, I am the Omega!

Christ is the A and Z of the Bible. Here is a long lane, overshadowed by fine trees, leading up to a mansion. What is the use of the lane if there were no mansion at the end? There is no use in the Old Testament except as a grand avenue to lead us up to the Gospel Dispensation. All the statements, parables, orations, and miracles of the Old Testament were merely preparatory, and when all was ready, in the time of Christ there pours forth the Oratorio of the Messiah—all nations joining in the Hallelujah chorus.

Moses, in his account of the creation, shows the platform on which Christ was to act. Prophets and apostles took subordinate parts in the tragedy. The first act was a manger and a babe; the last a cross and its victim. The Bethlehem star in the first scenery shifted for the crimson upholstery of a crucifixion. Earth, and heaven, and hell the spectators. Angels applauding in the galleries; devils hissing in the pit.

Christ is the Beginning and the end of the Bible.

In Genesis, who was Isaac, bound amid the faggots? Type of Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, what was the water of life? Christ, the Omega. In Genesis, what was the ladder over Jacob's pillow? Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, who was the conqueror on the white horse? Christ, the Omega. In Exodus, what was the smitten rock? Christ, the Alpha. In Revelation, who was the Lamb before the throne? Christ, the Omega. Take Christ out of this book, and there are other books I would rather have than the Bible. Take Him out, and man is a failure, and the world a carcass, and eternity a vast horror.

Christ is the A and the Z of the Christian ministry. A sermon that has no Christ in it is a dead failure. The minister who devotes his pulpit to anything but Christ is an impostor. Whatever great themes we may discuss, Christ must be the beginning and Christ the end. From His hand we get our commission at first, and to that same hand we at last surrender it. At sermon devoted to metaphysics in a stock of dry corn-stalks after the husking-peg. A sermon given up to sentimental and flowery speech is as a nosegay flung to a drowning sailor. At sermon devoted to moral essay is a basket of chips to help on the great burning. What the world wants now, is to be told of Jesus Christ, who

comes to save men from eternal damnation. Christ the Light, Christ the Sacrifice, Christ the Rock, Christ the Star, Christ the Balm, Christ the Guide. If a minister should live one thousand years, and preach ten sermons each day, those subjects would not be exhausted. Do you find men tempted? Tell them of Christ the shield. Or troubled? Tell them of Christ the Comfort. Or guilty? Tell them of Christ the Pardon. Or dying? Tell them of Christ the Life.

Kneel! Is this one, the First and the Last of heaven nothing to thee? Poor wanderer, without Christ, what of thy death hour? what of the judgment day? what of eternity? If it shall be found at the last that thou hast rejected this thy only hope, in what dark hole of the universe wilt thou lay thyself down to suffer and gnash thy teeth and howl for ever? You must have Christ or die. But one ladder out of the pit! But one life-boat from the wreck! Get in it. Lay hold of the bars with both hands, and pull, if need be, until the blood starts. The world is after you. The devil is after you. The avenger of blood is after you. But, more than all, Christ is after you, and His cry is, "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help!"

YOUTHFUL PURIST'S CORRECTION

Mamma! mamma! she cried. Tommy's making faces at me. Ain't doing anything of the kind, retorted the boy.

Why, Tommy, corrected the indulgent parent, I saw you myself. No, you didn't, persisted the boy. I couldn't make a face if I wanted to. All I did was to screw up the ready-made one I've got.

SCHOOLS OF SARDINES.

A Boat Catches From Two to Six Thousand a Day.

The sardine fishing season commences early in May and lasts until late in the autumn. When the fish are plentiful in the nets quantities of scales appear upon the surface of the water. The nets are then lifted, and the contents are dumped by the fishermen into their boats. The fish make a little squeak when taken from the water and die almost instantly. An ordinary catch of sardines gives to each boat anywhere from 2,000 to 6,000 fish, the price of which is about \$1.25 per 1,000, according to the quantity of fish that are being caught.

Arriving at the packing house the fish are carefully cleaned. This operation over, they are sorted according to size and carried into another part of the establishment, where they are put into pickle.

The length of time required by this operation varies according to the size of the fish. After this the fish are washed and placed with care upon wire nets, called "grills," on which they are sent to the drying room, where they are dried by means of powerful fans or ventilators run by power. When dry and while still upon the grills the fish are cooked by plunging them into tanks containing olive oil.

After this cooking the sardines, still upon the grills, are left to cool, and when cold the work of placing them in cans filled with olive oil is begun. This done, the tins are sealed with solder, and are ready to be put in cases holding 100 cans for the market.

A marble horse's head and shoulders has been found in the Roman forum. It is believed to date from the second century before Christ. Classical equestrian statues are extremely rare.

Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works Company and is 410 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet at the base and 11 feet at the top.

Berlin boasts that "Unter den Linden" is the broadest street in any great city. It is 215 feet wide. The "Ringstrasse" in Vienna is 183 feet; the Paris "Grand Boulevards" 122 feet; and the "Andrassy Strasse" at Budapest 155 feet wide.

Nearly 8,000,000 persons in Germany are insured against illness. On this average duration being 17 days, which, taking the average wages at only 50 cents a day, means a loss of over \$22,500,000 a year.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

With Its Dangers, Pain and Expense and Thoroughly Cured of Torturing Itching Piles by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Is it any wonder that physicians and druggists are unanimous in recommending Dr. Chase's Ointment as the only actual cure for piles? Is it any wonder that ministers and prominent business and professional men willingly testify to the merits of a preparation which really cures piles and puts an end to the torturing, excruciating itching? Operations with the accompanying risk, expense and pain are no longer necessary. Dr. Chase's Ointment positively cures every form of piles, whether itching, bleeding or protruding.

Rev. S. A. Dupran, Methodist minister, Consec, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just

MILLIONS OF BATS.

World Experience of Explorers in Oklanum—At Night Countless Numbers of Bats Fill the Air in the Vicinity of the Caves.

Not far from the Canadian River, immense caverns have been found, in which live millions upon millions of bats. The expedition referred to was led by Dr. A. H. Van Vleet, who had often heard of an immense mineral deposit, strange waters and freakish natural formations, and he and a party of local scientists determined to ascertain how much truth there was in the rumors of rich pickings in this section of the country.

They found the entrance to some of the subterranean caverns so low that it was with difficulty access was gained at all. It was necessary to crawl inside. But once they had penetrated a few feet their torches revealed wonder after wonder, yet no roof was visible, so vast was the mighty inclosure. At times the course of a cavern would be followed for miles along the creek, with large and small openings here and there, by means of which they were enabled to obtain glimpses of the beauty within. As to the depth of these caverns, that remains as yet undetermined, for every time they would venture inside, their torches would disturb vast flocks of bats, and these creatures resented the intrusion with every evidence of anger and dismay. Great swarms of the uncanny things would swoop down upon them from the roof and out of the way passages into which the light penetrated for the first time perhaps since the creation of the world, and maddly dash at the heads of the explorers and sometimes extinguish the flames of the torches. The men were compelled to fight their winged antagonists and were compelled to be satisfied with the ground they stood on, for if they attempted to proceed they would disturb and awaken new hordes of the bats, and these in turn would make an attack upon them and their lights. Each onslaught seemed to be more determined and made by increased numbers of these birds.

Some of the party had their torches completely snuffed out by the wings of the furry enemy and were compelled to grope their way to the light as best they could, and were thus deterred from making the headway desired, as they feared to go ahead lest they be compelled to flounder about, with no means to guide them back to safety.

CAME FORTH AT NIGHT.

The entire party was greatly impressed at the demonstration of these winged animals—millions of them—and after a parley it was determined to encamp in the immediate vicinity and study the phenomena at close range. They found that as long as it was daylight there was no sign of life in the hidden depths of this gorge. But when the flame of a torch was flashed into the cave there were unmistakable evidences of animation. When the sun had declined and semi-darkness enveloped the earth the canyon manifested signs of life; with the first shadows of darkness would come solitary bats, like scouts in advance of the army. Wheeling in their flight toward the top of the gorge among the rocks, and then swiftly down again, they would keep on going as if uncertain what direction they would lead the hosts as yet unseen. Others would come as the shadows deepened, and join the first comers, and soon the air in the gorge would be alive with them. They were always on the wing—would alight nowhere. Finally, when full darkness came, the entire army of countless thousands of these creatures would rally forth from the caves, from every crevice and opening of the place. They would literally swarm in clouds thicker and thicker each moment until it seemed to the watchers of this weird sight as though every inch of space in the canyon was taken up by these uncanny creatures. The surveying party regarded this exodus as a break for the plains in order to obtain food, but, strangely enough, the countless mass did not seem to be diminished in the least. Still they came out of the openings in the cliff in a constant stream, all the while wheeling upwards, but still coming, as though they were passing and repassing through some subterranean passage, or an endless chain. There was no way to compute the numbers, even approximately; they tried to do several times during the half hour's time they were watching them, but it was given up as utterly impossible to even make a good guess. But all agreed there were millions of them.

RETURN AT DAYLIGHT.

When the first streak of dawn appeared in the East the countless horde of black-winged mysteries would return to their hiding place, being preceded a little time by the ever-faithful scouts. Next would circle in sight the vanguard, and close behind it the entire army, and all would fly into the cave to be rid of the light that is welcomed by nearly every other living thing save a bat. When full daylight was on and the sun had begun to peer above the horizon nothing broke the stillness of this canyon full of life, and still it remained until the darkness came again and the Van Vleet party in the meantime would catch themselves wondering if this tremendous army of winged creatures, with its scouts and vanguard, and its attack upon the torches had not all been a wild dream.