

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER"

"OTHERS SEE US."

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OMEMEE

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HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Davas.

CHAPTER XII.

While Bob, broken-hearted, and full of bitter reproaches, went to have a last interview with his father, Sir Richard Daunt made all speed to Chiswick. He had to break the news to poor Josephine, who awaited there, in sickening anxiety the result of the trial. He sent in his name and wait on once admitted. Josephine seemed to gather from the gravity of his face that he had brought bad news.

"It has gone against us then?" she said, vainly endeavoring to control her tears.

"Yes, the evidence was too strong."

"Evidence?" cried Josephine, indignantly. "Then it was false. No thing can make me believe that my father committed this wrong."

"Believe me, Josephine," she started slightly when he called her by her Christian name. "What he had said to her, sweet and tender though it was, on that terrible night that her father has been carried to prison had been eclipsed almost by the troubles that had followed. But now it came upon her with a sense of relief that a truth man had offered her his love in this moment of supreme trial."

"Believe me, Josephine," he went on, "I am as convinced of his innocence as you are. Mr. Surtees has been sacrificed through some of his famous plot, the mystery of which shall yet be unraveled, I swear, in the mean time."

"What is to become of my father?" interrupted Josephine. "Is he to lie in prison until justice is done to him?"

"There is no help for that, I fear. He has been duly sentenced according to law, and the law must take its course. Let us earnestly pray that the hour of his vindication will not be long delayed. I shall spare no effort to vindicate his good name. It will be a solemn duty for all his children, and you know I count myself as one among them. He put out his hand to take hers, but to his surprise Josephine shrank from him."

"No, no," she faltered, "you must forget all that."

"Forget that you have plighted me your truth? Never! Your need for me is absolutely impossible, Sir Richard Daunt. For the present everything must be at an end between us."

"I can never agree to that," he retorted the young man, promptly. "Now more than ever I need your protection and support. I will not surrender my claim. You must and shall be my wife."

There was a long silence, during which Josephine, with her face hidden in her hands, wept bitterly, while Daunt waited in great anxiety for her answer.

"Sir Richard," she said at length. "While this stain rests upon our family I cannot be your wife. It would not be fair to you. You must not associate yourself with us. It shall never be said that Lady Daunt is the daughter of a man in prison."

"Who will dare say anything against my wife?" and when we prove that that man is innocent, as we assuredly shall, all evil tongues will be silenced for ever."

"We must wait till then, Sir Richard Daunt," said Josephine sadly but firmly. "Until my father's good name is restored I cannot accept your offer."

"But you love me, Josephine?" "I do, more and more; and that is why I refuse."

"It is hard, very hard, to submit to your decision—although, believe me, I respect the motives which inspire it—is cruel, very cruel to yourself and me."

"The time will soon pass. It will be one of probation and suffering, perhaps, but that will make us the more anxious to be united. The more anxious that father is righted and set free I promise to become your wife."

"Such a promise is a richer guarantee than any offered to a knight of old. I will strive to win it with all my heart and soul. But I shall see you sometimes in the prison."

"We would not stoop to ask anyone for help. It is too soon to say what I intend to do, but I am resolved to work until my father returns."

"That must be your place to a home. I am even less capable than I am. I fear, to earn a livelihood. Besides, I could not go and stay with him in barracks," and, in spite of her grief, Josephine smiled slightly at the thought.

"Bob must leave the army. We must get him a situation here or in the country with a sufficient income, and then you can keep house for him."

"That would be pleasant enough; but at any rate I can't share in it, indeed, I must not."

"You will not hesitate to send to me. Promise me that," said Daunt, earnestly. "If ever you are in trouble or difficulty, it will be my only pleasure, as it will be my duty, to watch over the welfare of my future wife. You will promise me?"

"Yes," replied Josephine, simply, and she put her hand into his in proof of her sincerity. But Sir Richard Daunt would not be satisfied with a word of warning he snatched her into his arms and covered her with kisses. This brief love-passion was barely cooled before Bob came in. He arrived straight from the Old Bailey armed with his father's instructions, and was prepared then

and there to talk over the arrangements for the future. They made no stranger of Sir Richard Daunt, although he suggested that he should withdraw.

"No, no," said Bob. "You must not run away. We shall probably want your advice. Father says," he went on, turning to Josephine, "that this house better be let furnished, if possible, or sold. That would give a sufficient income for the present, unless—"

"It is like poor dear papa," said Josephine, interrupting hastily. "To think of me first in his great trouble; but I hope I shall not want for means."

"I think I can guess," cried Bob, looking delighted. "Something is going to happen."

"You are mistaken, Bob," interrupted Sir Richard; "your sister means—"

"Sir Richard Daunt and I understand each other," interrupted Josephine, in her turn, speaking rather peremptorily. "He has his answer, and there is an end of the matter. What do you suppose the house would fetch?" she added, in a cold, matter-of-fact voice. After which the conversation was of a purely business character.

"I have a net of only half a dozen lines, and ran as follows—"

"My dear Sir Richard—You would be conferring a very great favor upon me if you would call and—some time to-morrow forenoon, say about twelve, I am in very great trouble, and most anxious to consult you. It is a matter of the utmost importance to some friends of yours as well as to myself, and I should feel deeply grateful to you for your advice."

"Very sincerely yours, ADELIA WALDO."

"The Rookery, 100, Strand."

"Some friends of mine? What can she have to say about them? Nothing, except to abuse them. I shan't go, and, full of this determination, he went to bed."

"The being brought wiser counsels. Daunt felt that he ought not to lose a single chance. Something useful might come of an interview with Mrs. Waldo. In any case he might be able to find out more about Fanchette, the French maid."

"The day when he received him when he arrived at the Rookery."

"Madame expects you," was the greeting. "She told me to be on the look-out for Monsieur. Will he give himself the pain to follow?"

"Mademoiselle is very good," said Daunt, in excellent French. "Madame is a Christian, of course?"

Fanchette snickered at the compliment so dear to Frenchwomen.

"But, yes, Monsieur. Parisian to the finger-tips."

"I knew I might rely upon you, Sir Richard," said Mrs. Waldo, when he was alone. "It is most kind of you to pay such prompt attention to my request."

"May I ask in what way I can serve you, Mrs. Waldo?" inquired Sir Richard, courteously. "You referred in your note to some friends of mine who were closely concerned. Will you explain their names?"

"I will at once. I mean those dreadful Surtees."

"Fardon me, Mrs. Waldo," said the young baronet, very stiffly. "The Surtees are friends of mine, really and truly, and not in the common-place sense. I cannot hear anything against them."

"You will change your opinion, I'm sure, when you hear what I have to tell. Of course you know about the father?"

"Sir Richard bowed, 'Yes, chief, too.'"

"Mrs. Waldo!" Sir Richard's indignation was such that he almost sprang to his feet.

"I am certain of it," went on Mrs. Waldo. "As perfectly convinced as if I had seen her steal the things."

"What things, may I ask?" went on Sir Richard, striving in Josephine's interest to keep calm.

"Some papers which I keep here in this room. Papers of the utmost—the dearest—importance to me; they have disappeared, like the bonds at the bank."

"Have you told Mr. Waldo?"

"No; I have not. I cannot very well speak about these papers to him. They were letters—private letters—of rather a delicate nature, written at a time when—well, before I became Mrs. Waldo, you understand, and I did not wish to speak of them to him. So that is why I thought I would see you first, and try to get them back."

"See me! I am at a loss to understand how I can help you, Mrs. Waldo."

"You have influenced over this girl. She is a great friend of yours. You admire her—ah, yes, Sir Richard, trust a woman for finding out such things."

"I assure you, Mrs. Waldo, you are mistaken. It is gossip of the worst kind, scandalous gossip, which connects my name with Miss Surtees, a young lady I esteem highly, but over whom I have no influence, believe me, such as you suppose."

"Then I shall appeal to the police. The papers I must and will have back."

"Of course you have evidence in support of this charge?"

"To be sure."

"Remember, it is an accusation of the most odious kind. Unless you are quite certain of what you say, you may be doing an innocent girl an irreparable wrong. Just as—"

"He stopped short. Why let Mrs. Waldo into his secret feelings with

regard to the condemnation of the cashier?

"I have the best evidence—Fanchette's. She was seen here, the girl—here in my room—during the time of the theatricals. Why did she come here except for some improper purpose? Soon after that I missed the packet of letters."

"You must have more than that to go upon, Mrs. Waldo, before you accuse people of stealing," said Sir Richard, stiffly.

"But what could she have been doing in my room?"

"We had better ask her; that is, if she was really here."

"Fanchette found her; I myself saw the skirt of her dress as she ran out. I am certain she took the letters. They are a disreputable lot—these Surtees'."

"Has Mr. Waldo missed any shirts? Hadn't you better have the forks counted? Mr. Robert Surtees has missed more than once."

"Now you are laughing at me—and it is no laughing matter. I must recover those papers. They might do terrible mischief if they fell into the wrong hands. You will speak to Josephine Surtees, Sir Richard? Get them for me. I will pay her anything in reason."

"I would not insult Miss Surtees by repeating your odious, infamous suspicions," replied Sir Richard, sternly. "They are most unfounded, of that I have no doubt; and if you continue to persecute her I shall advise her to appeal to Mr. Waldo for protection."

And leaving Mrs. Waldo with rather a white scared face, Sir Richard Daunt withdrew.

He walked back to Chiswick, and called in at the Mall. Josephine was at home, and Bob was with her. After some conversation upon the topic all had most near at heart, the situation of Mr. Surtees, Sir Richard tried cautiously and carefully to ascertain whether or not Josephine had entered Mrs. Waldo's bedroom at the Rookery.

"I have just been to the Waldo's," he said.

"Whom did you see?" asked Bob, eager to have some news of his Helena.

"Only the old lady. How savage it would make her to hear me call her old!"

"Did she say anything against us?" inquired Josephine.

"What she said is nothing worth repeating. She is a malicious, evilly disposed woman, and as wicked, I expect, as she is selfish!"

"You don't spare her," said Josephine.

"Her selfishness is evident. She takes care of everything. Her boudoir is one of the best rooms, and I have no doubt her bedroom is the same."

"Where is it?" asked Josephine, evidently in perfect good faith.

"It looks over the garden; in fact, I think it opens out from the boudoir. I could see that much. Have you ever been into it?"

"I never! Neither into the bedroom nor the boudoir. What should I take there? Mrs. Waldo never showed me any particular favor."

"I have seen the bedroom," cried Bob, with a wink. "It's a clipper, I can tell you."

"Have you seen it, Bob?"

"Yes, a Christian, of course?"

"And Bob described his hunt with Helena for Fanchette, whom they found at last in Mrs. Waldo's room."

"And Mrs. Waldo almost caught you, you say? How were you dressed?"

"In petticoats, of course, as the Widow Twankey. I dare say she saw a bit of my skirt."

Sir Richard was amazed at this discovery. It was quite clear that Fanchette had wilfully brought a false accusation against Josephine. But what was the object? To divert suspicion? From whom?

Probably from herself. Fanchette had probably discovered the importance of these letters, meaning, somehow and some day, to turn their possession to her own account. Meanwhile, it would be necessary to find a scapegoat, and she chose Josephine—the sister, in preference to her brother, because it would seem more natural that she should go to Mrs. Waldo's bedroom. It was safer to accuse her than Helena.

But why accuse either of them? Why not one of the housemaids, or some other guest?

Because the Surtees were in trouble. Because the father was already accused of theft.

Stay—Mr. Surtees had not been arrested on that day of the dress rehearsal, and there had been no mention of the robbery outside a very narrow clique. If Fanchette knew it it must be in some underground way. It looked very much as though she had anticipated the arrest.

Had she learnt that the cashier was to be accused of theft? Had she overheard some fragment of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Waldo, or was she in some other way behind the scenes?

(To Be Continued.)

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary, who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the firstborn. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here it is a physician, passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupor, though, a whole city at rest. Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the

allow and with every breath taking of a new store of fun and frolic.

"Third watch of the night! God's slumbering eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worry and pain."

LET THE CITY SLEEP.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you. Look you feel the groggy poor, lest through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us?" No footlights, but tragedy glister and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy!" Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked!" No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look.

BEASTLINESS AND RAGS.

See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come your your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah, this is a bare presented in baptism. This little one never smiled. It never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around your your shawl or your coat, light up the cold wine sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah, it is possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire, bring on more drinks.

PUT UP MORE STAKES!

That commercial house that only a little while ago put a sign of partnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money tin that will spring a leak. In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice, and the sharp, keen stroke of the balls on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks, and the dealer in Chatham street, pocket book and watch. The clerks of a store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinker will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls the floor, asking for more drink. Strawn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons, and grandsons as you are by nature, but are made by habit. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A

GREAT CITIES

Describes Some of the Witnessed.

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merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revellers, who try to get him to bed or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not look up at the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it.

HUSH IT UP.

But sometimes it cannot be hushed up when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such a one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks and shook her out of the shroud and pitched her out of the window. Oh, when rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up!

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Oct. 25.—The market is steady at 65c for red and white No. 1 hard and 75c for No. 1 middle freights, and 65c for old and new is quoted at 66c to 67c middle freights. Goose wheat is quoted at 60c for No. 2 east and 58c middle freights. Spring wheat is quoted at 67c for No. 1 east. Manitoba wheat is steady at 81c for No. 1 hard and 78c for No. 1 northern grinding in transit, and prices 2c lower are quoted for the two grades named local delivery Toronto and west.

Flour—The market is steady; 90 per cent. patents in buyers' bags is quoted at \$2.65 middle freights, and choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at \$4 for Hungarian patents and \$3.70 for strong bakers in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Milled—Is steady at \$15 to \$15.50 for cars of sorts, and \$13 for bran and middlings. Shorts is quoted at \$19 and bran at \$17 Toronto freights.

Barley—is steady. No. 3 extra on a low freight to New York is quoted at 47c. The quotations are for No. 1 east 52c, No. 1 middle freights 51c, No. 2 48c, No. 3 extra 46 and feed at 43c middle freights.

Buckwheat—is steady. Local dealers quote 48c to 48c middle freights.

Rye—The market is steady at 49c middle freights.

Corn—is steady at 55c bid for old Canada mixed and 53c for yellow and 48c to 48c for new. Canadian yellow west, American No. 3 yellow is quoted at 62c Toronto.

Oats—Are firm. No. 2 white are quoted at 35c on a low freight to New York. They are quoted at 35c to 36c east, at 35c middle freights and 2c north and west.

Oatmeal—is steady at \$4.20 for cars of bags and \$4.35 for barrels in car lots on the track Toronto, and 25c more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are steady at 71c north and west and 72c middle freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Fine near made dairies are in good demand, choice pound rolls in particular being much sought after. Large rolls of dairy are in even better demand. Poor stuff and medium grades continue to offer in large quantities, and the demand for them is weak. Large rolls sell at high as 46c, dairy pails and tubs bringing the same figure. If extremely choice 46c can be obtained. Poorer grades sell at 12c to 15c, and find difficult sale at that. The best dairy pound rolls are selling at 17c. The demand for creamery is steady and it sells at 18c to 20c for solid and 21c to 21c for prints.

Eggs—The mild weather results in liberal offerings. New laid and fresh gathered stocks are in good demand at 17c for the best and 14c to 16c for good.

Poultry—The demand for fresh-killed, young, dry-plucked stock is good. Turkeys came in very freely yesterday and prices fell off. Even at 10c per lb for choice young birds there were many left unsold, and the warm weather makes it dangerous to retain stock too long. Old birds sell at 9c per lb. Geese bring 5c to 6c, ducks 5c to 7c, chickens 4c to 4.5c. Scalded chickens and thin stock bring 15c to 20c less than the others.

Game—The market is steady and the demand good at \$1.25 per brace for canvas backs, 75c to \$1 for black and mallard, 60c to 70c for redbell, 50c to 50c for pintail and bluebill, and 25c to 30c for butter ball, teal and other small ducks.

Potatoes—Car lots are offering freely. The market is steady at 50c on track here. Potatoes out of store are quoted at 65c to 70c.

Baled Hay—The market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$8.50 to \$9.

Baled Straw—There is a fair inquiry and the market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$5.50 to \$6.

PROVISIONS.

The packers are without difficulty maintaining the prices of hog products, and are even filling their orders with difficulty, the demand being so strong. They do not contemplate any fall in prices yet, for some time, although the new product bought cheaply will soon come on the market. Lard is in good demand and stocks are kept light.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$21.50; heavy mess, \$21.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, tons 11c, cases 12c and small lots at 12c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; hams, 13c to 14c; rolls 12c to 12c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 15c to 16c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tercos 11c, tubs 12c and pails 12c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Oct. 25.—Trade