

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XX.

Next day, Daunt sent for Mr. Haggie. The confidential agent was full of apologies and excuses. "I had hoped before this to give you some news of Mr. Surtees," he began. "It's not necessary, thank you," replied Daunt, coldly. "Mr. Surtees will be here this last week." "Can it be possible? How can he have escaped us, I wonder?" "Can it be possible? How can he have escaped us, I wonder?" "Can it be possible? How can he have escaped us, I wonder?"

"Tardome, Sir Richard, we have had our eyes on the Marquis for some time past, but there was really no time to tell you. He leads the life of a gentleman of fashion between his chateau, his friends' mansions, and his club, the 'J'mior Belgrave.' "Ah, I have heard of it," said Daunt, dryly. "Does he go there, I wonder, in disguise, as I saw him yesterday in Seven Dials?"

"The Marquis in Seven Dials! Oh, Sir Richard, you are joking, surely, you must be strangely mistaken." "Not a bit of it. My watch on the fellow is evidently better than yours. That was what I wanted to tell you. I shall not require your assistance longer, and he dismissed the agent summarily.

Prestly Bob Surtees came in, brimful of news. "Oh, think, Daunt," he began at once, "it is most extraordinary—I have seen Helena to-day." "This is not very extraordinary, ah?" "No, but what she told me is just nice. Fanchette has gone."

"She has? How? Where?" "She and old mother Waldo have had a falling out, not the first it appears, but yesterday things came to a head. Fanchette was out when she wanted; Mrs. Waldo slung her, as Frenchwomen give it to her, and the noise was heard all over the house. The upshot of it all was that Fanchette walked off the same day."

"Does anybody know what is to become of her?" "They say she started for Paris by the night-mail." "Well, that is natural enough. It is her home, and she would go there, of course; but what will she do, I wonder, now?" said Daunt, musing over the announcement.

"Helena's maid says that Fanchette swaggared a good deal about her future plans. It seems she has got together a good bit of money, and she thinks of buying a business for herself in the millinery, or lingerie, or hair-dressing line."

"We must follow her and find out I expect Fanchette will be of great use to us yet. It is quite getting near him, and we cannot trust Haggie and Harry any more. Besides, as soon as I can get about again, I shall start for Paris."

"Paris? After Fanchette, I suppose?" "Precisely. I know my Paris; I can speak French fluently, and, thanks to my legal course there, I am well known to the magistracy and at the Prefecture. It will be odd if I do not come upon her track and hunt up all about her."

"What can I do? You know you have only to tell me." "You must replace me in keeping your eye on the Marquis, for now he use to us yet. It is quite getting near him, and we cannot trust Haggie and Harry any more. Besides, as soon as I can get about again, I shall start for Paris."

from the carriage into which Sir Richard Daunt had entered. Instead of the young baronet, with his slight, active figure, this was a person inclined to corpulence, who walked with the staid, ponderous step of middle age. He wore trim-cut whiskers, and not the light brown beard of Sir Richard Daunt. His hair also was grey and very long. He was dressed in sober clothes, had a broad-brimmed hat, and round his neck a rather crumpled white tie.

His gold-rimmed spectacles increased the solemnity of his grave face, and his whole appearance was that of a dissenting minister who had got rather a foreign look from a long course of Continental travel.

Thus disguised, Sir Richard Daunt drove to the Stork Hotel. He secured a room there giving the name of Jolian, and an address in Paris. Next morning he embarked on board one of the Pacific steamers, and a couple of days later landed at Bordeaux.

In the books of the Hotel Gobieman, where he lodged, he gave the same name, and called himself a native of Caen, in Normandy. In Bordeaux he only stayed one night; thence he went on through to Paris. The hotel he had selected there was little better than a nissen messable, but it was quiet, and out of the way of English visitors.

It was situated at the end of the Quai Voltaire, not far from the Palais de Justice. Sir Richard had particular reasons for residing in this neighbourhood. He wished to be handy to the Prefecture and the chief office of the French detective police.

It was to the head of it, or, as he is known in Paris, the chef de la surete, that he paid his first visit next morning.

Although in aspect still a young man, M. Acme had had some five-and-twenty years' police experience, and was thoroughly master of his peculiar profession. A small man, quick and active in voice and gesture, one who in speaking to you once gave you his whole undivided attention, looking keenly at you with his bright, inquisitive eyes, as though to read your inmost thoughts.

"Well, sir," said M. Acme, when Sir Richard was introduced. They were old friends, but Daunt's disguise was impenetrable. "In what can I be of service to you?" "I have called to give some information, and to ask for some. I have reason to think that a crime has been committed, followed by failure of justice in the conviction of an innocent man."

"Here, in France?" "No, in England," then seeing M. Acme shrug his shoulders as he did not much care for his own country, but matters foreign to his own country, "but some of the persons implicated are French people; and resides here, in Paris I believe, and it is to unearth her I ask your assistance."

"Monsieur is French?" asked Acme. "Sir Richard, in answer, pointed to the card bearing the name of Jolian. "You must first assure me, before I can make any answer to your request."

"I think we have met before, M. Acme?" and then, with a laugh at the Frenchman's evident astonishment, Daunt hastily removed his grey wig and his gold-rimmed spectacles, saying, "I have imposed upon one of the shrewdest policemen in Europe."

"Sir Richard Daunt!" cried M. Acme, springing to his feet, and laughing heartily; "I am fairly caught; but what has led to this travesty? Please explain."

THE VERY BEST MEDICINE. THE MARKETS

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says There is Nothing Equal to Hope.

Why rest when they work will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They rest not day nor without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after an exchange of triumph of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, inter-world."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only want to see you after an exchange of triumph of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, inter-world."

When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "sure hope"; Peter calls it a "lively hope"; Paul calls it a "good hope"; and all up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

No better medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people long ago departed this life would have been living to-day but for the reason they had hope slip their grasp.

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as they are of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly choister. I congratulate all such.

It does not wear itself out looking backward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on.

It is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with vital-ity on earth in invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, if you are to be kings and queens unto God. And how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. The little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where.

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THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Dec. 3.—Wheat—Local trade is quiet, and prices firm. Dealers paid 71c and millers bought at 72 to 73c low rates to mills. Old wheat was bought for milling at 66c low freight to New York. No. 1 spring nominal at 70c east. Manitoba wheat unchanged. Nothing doing in No. 1 hard; No. 1 Northern sold at 82c, grinding in transit, and No. 2 Northern at 79c, g.i.t. For Toronto and west 2c lower.

Oats—The market is quiet, with the feeling irregular. Sales of No. 2 white were made at 44c west, and at 45 to 46c east.

Feas—The market is firm. No. 2 sold at 79c, north and west, and at 80c middle freights.

Corn—The market is firm, with sales of Canadian yellow at 56c west, and mixed at 55c west. American yellow is quoted on track at 70c.

Barley—Market unchanged, with demand moderate. No. 1 quoted at 59c, and No. 2 at 52 to 53c; No. 3 extra at 50 to 50 1/2c, and No. 3 at 49c middle freight.

Oatmeal—Market unchanged. Car lots on track here, \$3.25 in bags, and \$5.40 in wood. Broken lots 25c per bush extra.

Milled—Bran scarce and firmer at \$15.50 to \$16 at outside points, and at \$18 here. Shorts, \$18 outside, and \$20 here. Manitoba bran \$19, and shorts \$21, Toronto freights, including sacks.

Potatoes—The market is firm, with good demand for choice cars. They bring 60c per bag on track, and sell out of store at 70c.

Dried Apples—Market is steady. Prices are 5 to 5 1/2c per lb. Evaporated sell at 9 to 10c.

If You Have Asthma

Bronchitis, or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs. Doctors Will Point You to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the Most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine which stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exasperated in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

PRIVATE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS

There are two kinds of photographs of royalty taken—those for public and those for private use, says Temple Magazine. Anybody can go into a photographer's shop and buy the portraits of the King or Queen, or other members of the royal family, for the small sum of a shilling or eighteen-pence, but there are photos of royalty that no money can purchase, and those by Miss Alice Hughes come under this category. Her royalties desire to present a photograph to their private friends, and everybody can buy. Such a gift would confer pleasure neither to the donor nor to the recipient.

WE GET READY TO WORK.

We are only journeymen here, but so.