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CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the third day M. Jobard called. "Well," said Sir Richard, "what success?"

"Not much I fear at present; my lady answers all requirements—she has lately bought the business, she has dark eyes, black eyebrows, a dead-white complexion, but she is old, with a marked tendency to embonpoint."

"It is not Fanchette, then, or at least not at all like her. Unless, indeed, she has purposely altered her appearance."

"Under what name does she go?" "It is not Fanchette Dumoulin, you may be sure. The name is Poissard—curve Poissard. It is pointed up small under the name of her predecessor, Renaudin, who has recently retired, and with his savings, bought a villa and farm in Touraine. But what do you say, monsieur? Shall we go together and inspect the shop?"

"With all my heart. Let us start at once." "Bon jour, madame," said Daunt, with elaborate civility, as he entered the shop.

"Bon jour, monsieur," replied the lady at the counter, with equal politeness. Her hair was grey, no doubt, but there was no old age in her rather high-pitched but not unpleasant voice, and it was with much vivacity and some pertness that she addressed Daunt, who did not seem in any hurry to commence the conversation.

"Eh bien, monsieur, in what can I oblige you?" "Ah, madame, pardon: I fear I have made some mistake. I was seeking an esteemed old friend, M. Renaudin. Is he no longer here?"

"No, monsieur; he is retired from affairs, and with a nice little fortune, he has retired." "Let us hope that madame will equally find fortune in this quiet establishment. But it is unfortunate that my friend is gone away."

"During this conversation Sir Richard had been watching her closely; and now he had no longer any doubt as to her identity. As he thus looked hard he wondered whether she suspected him in any way. But there was not the slightest symptom of this, and he thought it prudent, therefore, to withdraw from the shop before her suspicions were aroused.

"That is the woman, sure enough," he said. "Monsieur wishes to know all about her, I suppose—to set a watch upon her, in fact?" "Exactly. How do you think it can best be done?"

"I think monsieur had better take up residence in the same house. There is an apartment to let immediately above the shop. When once installed there monsieur will be able to keep his eye on the lady, and by-and-by, on the strength of being a neighbor, he may strike up a closer acquaintance."

"An excellent idea! I will carry it out at once." "But cautiously, monsieur, cautiously. You had better pretend to seek madame's advice before taking the rooms."

Sir Richard readily assented, and presently returned to Fanchette's shop. "Madame," he said, as he re-entered, "I am desolated at being so unfortunate, but you were so obliging just now that I venture to request another great favor of so charming a person."

"Ah, monsieur," said Fanchette, simpering, "no excuses, I beg." "I had another object in calling this morning, but the beaux yeux of madame completely drove it out of my head. My friend, M. Renaudin, told me some time ago that there was an apartment to let in this house."

"Yes," said Fanchette, promptly, "and it is still vacant. We shall be fortunate to secure so agreeable a person as a fellow-lodger."

"Oh, madame, you are too good. It is enough inducement to be near you."

Everything was speedily and satisfactorily arranged. Within a couple of days M. Jobard, alias Sir Richard Daunt, took possession of the entrance in the Rue de Bac. He had furnished it from the nearest upholsterer's and his friends at the Prefecture had provided him with a female servant, called Delphine, a thoroughly trustworthy and confidential woman, who was no other than the wife of M. Jobard.

Acting under her master's instructions Delphine lost no time in worming herself into Fanchette's confidence. She listened attentively to the other's grievances, her loneliness, her need for some strong support, and sound advice in her business, and

had at once tendered her the soundest advice. "Madame should marry again," Delphine said one morning, as she returned from the Mall, where she had been marketing. "Mon Dieu, what a chance!"

"Tais-toi," replied Fanchette, playfully, hanging her head and pretending to blush. "I am far too old and grey-haired."

"The latter need not trouble you long in such a shop as yours," cried Delphine, gaily; "but madame is younger than she looks, I feel sure."

"How do you know that?" said Fanchette, sharply, turning on her. "It is easy to see that some trouble, no doubt, has turned madame's hair. She cannot be more than five-and-twenty, surely, or thirty at the most. Marry! Je le crois bien, you have but to choose."

"I fear to risk my little fortune and my happiness. Men are so mercenary and changeable; you cannot trust them all."

"Madame should take some middle-aged man, bien pose, with a thorough knowledge of affairs—some one like my master, for example."

"M. Jolieu is a bachelor, then?" "He has never been married. His heart was in his business, an excellent business, too; he made it himself, and he made fortune which leaves him so early entirely at his case."

"It is strange that he never married," went on Fanchette, thoughtfully, and clinging to the main idea in her mind. "He was too much occupied, as I told you, and he had no near friends to put him in the right road. But now he is tired of it, I know, and he would gladly change his condition, if the right woman only came in his way. She would be fortunate, madame, I assure you, who secured so excellent a man."

This was the first of several conversations of the same character. Fanchette, quite by accident of course, constantly threw herself in Fanchette's way, and Fanchette was never tired of hearing what there was to be said about the old gentleman upstairs.

The attentions of M. Jolieu were not less marked than the pleasure with which Fanchette received them. It was quite a joke in the neighborhood and in the house. Common gossip declared that they were going to make a match of it, and most people were agreed that it was a very wise thing to do. Their names were constantly coupled together, and if any fête or function were coming off they were both invited as a matter of course.

There were thus kind words to honor which took place from their house, one of those showy ceremonies in which the Parisian bourgeois delight; when, for once at least, in their lives, bride and groom, their relations, and all their guests, drive in carriages to the Bois de Boulogne, bulate, two and two, arm in arm, about the place.

After a couple of hours' feasting, the whole party rose to make a promenade through the woods. Fanchette, of course, took M. Jolieu's arm. M. Jolieu took Fanchette's hand, and seemed on the point of speaking tenderly, when his companion gave a sudden start, and almost fainted in his arms.

"That man!" she cried. "Come, let us go back; he must not see me, not for worlds, with you," she gasped out.

CHAPTER XXII. Waldo's was little changed since we last left him. Mr. Waldo had been in failing health of late, and was sometimes compelled to absent himself for days together.

When this was the case papers dealing with important questions were referred to him at home. But there were many matters, part of the every-day routine business, which would brook no delay, and which had to be disposed of then and there. All such work fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Percy Meggitt, who, as cashier, stood next to the partners in the establishment.

A considerable change had come over Mr. Meggitt within the last few months. He had blossomed out and expanded in harmony with his improved fortunes. He indulged more freely in his fondness for showy swaggers, and aspired more and more to be thought a tip-top swell, a fashionable man about town. They hated him more than ever at the bank.

"Who's here to-day?" asked young Driffield one morning when he came in late. "Either of the governors?" "No; only Lord Percy," that being the name by which Meggitt now went in the bank. "And he has asked twice already for you. You are to go in to him at once."

"It's very surprising, Mr. Driffield," said Meggitt, severely, when the offending clerk appeared; "most surprising that you cannot be up to time. I must bring your want of punctuality to the notice of the firm."

"I hope you won't this time, sir; it shan't occur again."

"So you said last time, and to-day you are later than ever. No! You know we have made them large advances on dock warrants?"

"Yes; six or seven thousand pounds. The warrants are chiefly for pig-lead, and Swedish iron, lying at the firm's wharf—the Providence Wharf."

"Precisely; the Providence Wharf. Well, my old friend Smithson, you know, the colonial broker, hearing I was laid up, came to see me this morning, and he said that, and partly, I think, to ask my advice. He also had some advances on dock warrants for cochineal."

"Yes," said Meggitt, showing a keen interest. "The warrants bore the stamp 'Providence Wharf.' Never having heard of it he sent a clerk down to inquire about the place and inspect the goods."

"Quite so; what then?" Meggitt seemed more and more interested. "The goods were there, right enough; there and in some neighboring warehouses, Merchisons', for which Baumgartners paid rent."

"Ah! Then why was Mr. Smithson dissatisfied or uneasy?" "The clerk, it seems, did not consider that he had done enough; so he went on to the dock company to verify the entry of the goods in their books. What d'ye think he found? A 'stop' on them in favor of Lord May's firm's wharf—to Smithson, if he would go no further."

"Did he agree?" "No; it was that he came to consult me about, and in fact, which he has not done yet. He has said, 'What shall you advise, sir?'"

"I should certainly have no more dealings with them. They must be slack unbusinesslike people at best; but, as to our present engagements, I question much the wisdom of pressing matters to the bitter end. Suppose the worst came to the worst, that we ran them in, convicted them of fraud? What would our position be?"

"I shall have lost six thousand pounds in the transaction. No, sir, if you ask my advice, I say wait and wait. Let me see whether they intend to repay their loans, and if there is the slightest suspicion, lay hands on all we can."

"I dare say you are right," said old Waldo, musing. His recent illness had robbed him of much of his old, practical common-sense, and he was inclined to vacillate and hesitate a good deal on such occasions.

Then the two settled down at the desks, and went on with their work for another hour, at the end of which Mr. Waldo, who was still far from strong, left the bank. Hoskins left the bank partly about five p.m., to say the Marquis de Ojive had called. He was in his brougham at the door; would Mr. Meggitt go out and speak to him?

The cashier obeyed the summons with less alacrity than so important a client of the bank might have expected.

"Well," asked the Marquis, eagerly, "what do they say? Will they advance the hundred thou?" "On certain conditions," answered Meggitt sulkily.

"What conditions? Are not the titles dead in the eye? Do they wish for more information? I will give them any amount."

"They wish this to be the last transaction between you and them, and replied Meggitt, looking still more sullen.

"What's up? I will know; I insist."

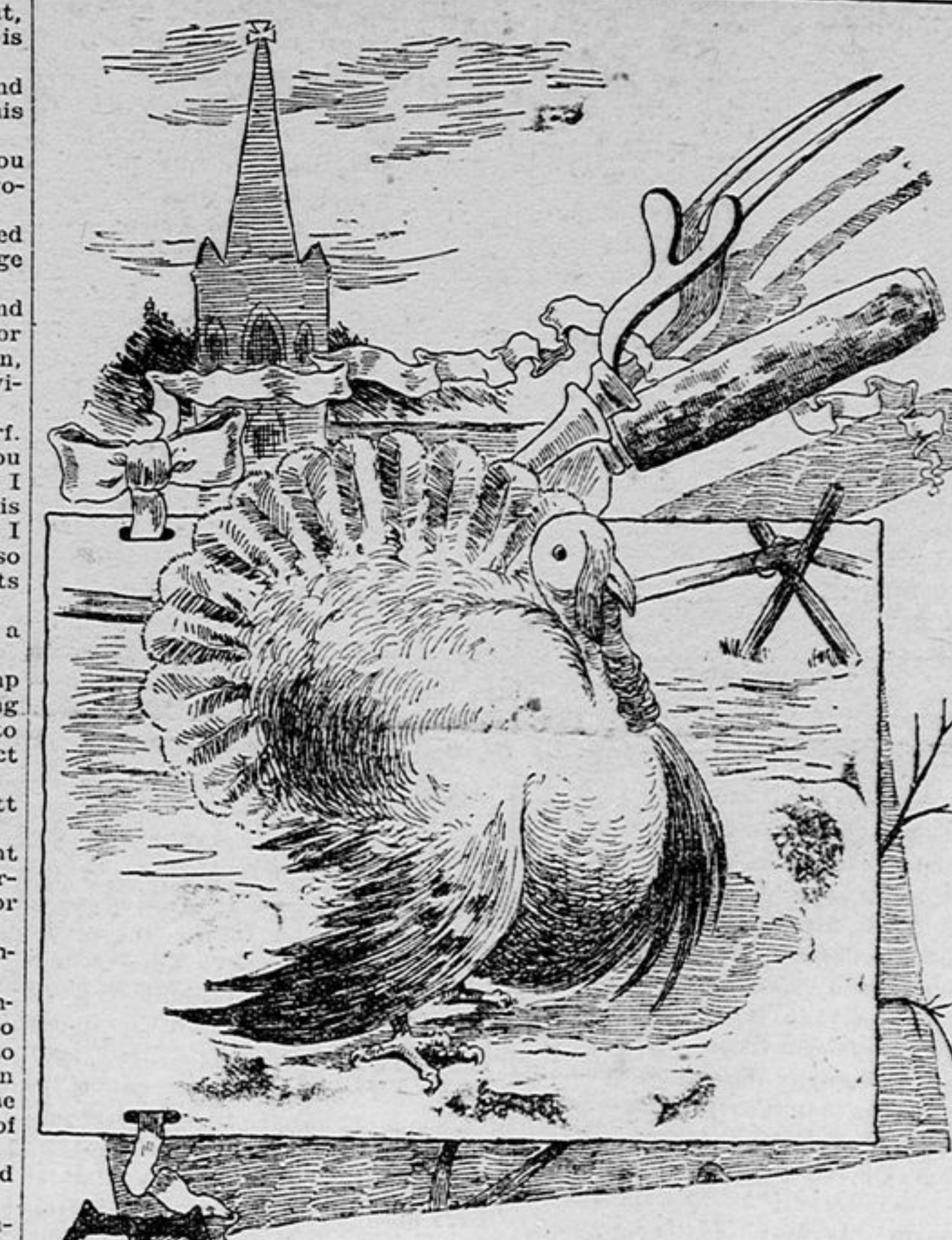
"Your abominable culpable carelessness has nearly ruined all. But for the merest fluke the chance that I was on the spot—"

"But for the merest fluke," went on Meggitt, little heeding the interruption, "and on two separate occasions, all the fat would have been in the fire."

(To Be Continued.)

IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN. Norway and Sweden celebrate with a real Santa Claus. Early Christmas eve the children are dressed in their finest attire. Days previously songs, dialogues and speeches have been prepared. The house is decorated with the holly and greens, and all day long the children are on the qui vive. Every knock on the door or ring at the bell brings a thrill of expectancy and a rush to the door, until finally Santa Claus appears. The children have on their best behavior with their good clothes, Santa is respectfully saluted, but with expectant eyes, and finally, after repeated hand-shaking and exchanges of good wishes, he inquires into the behavior of the children. If a child is guilty of any gross misdemeanor he chides the little delinquent, but always forgives under a promise of a better report next year. Little speeches are then made, songs of the day are sung, and the younger children climb into Santa's lap, thoroughly enjoying his visit. At last comes the grand distribution of gifts. From his sack Santa selects each one's gift, when the ringing of sleigh-bells in the distance is heard and he must go. Such a tugging and pulling the dear old saint never experienced; but there are other children waiting, other presents to be given, and he cannot disappoint so many, so he must speed on his way.

The British income tax dates back to the Saladin title of 1188.



THE XMAS DINNER

Turkey Stuffed With Chestnut Dressing.—Draw, singe, and truss the turkey, cleaning and wiping dry inside and out. Fill two-thirds with the following dressing: Boil two pounds of chestnuts twenty minutes, shell, blanch, and chop very fine; add to them one pint of mashed potato seasoned with two rounded tablespoonsful hard butter, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika, two eggs; sew up both vents; dredge with a thick coat of butter and flour; place in pan; fill with hot water; set in hot oven; bake every ten minutes; when browned evenly, remove and garnish with fried parsley, pinolles, nut meats, and celery hearts. Thicken the drippings after removing surplus grease; strain and season it. Minnet Punch.—Serve with the turkey. Boil for five minutes one quart water and one-fourth cup sugar; remove from fire and add juice of three large lemons, grated rind of one small onion, five white loz, pour gradually on to four eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, beating constantly until cool; set in ice-water until cold; mix with one quart of cream and freeze to a mush; pack for two hours; serve in punch cups. This is equally nice served as a dessert with small cake made from angel-food mixture.

XMAS CANDIES.

Chocolate Caramels.—Boil slowly together one pound of brown sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, when partly cold. Vanilla Caramels.—Boil together one pint of granulated sugar and one half cupful of rich cream. Have a steady, rather slow fire and drop into ice water can be rolled by the thumb and fingers to a hard ball. Take from the fire at once, add one teaspoonful of vanilla or any kind of flavoring and pour into well buttered tins. When partly cooled mark off in squares. Nut Candy.—Boil one pint of maple sugar until it will harden when dropped into cold water. When done pour out over half a pint of any kind of nut kernels. Spread over a buttered plate. Bitterscotch or Brown Taffy.—Three pounds of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add sufficient water to only dissolve the sugar, boil without stirring until it will easily break when put in cold water; when done add ten drops of extract of lemon, pour into a well-buttered pan, and when partly cold mark off into squares, then break apart when cold, or it can be pulled. White Taffy.—Three pounds of white sugar, one-half pound of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; vinegar may be used instead of water, and the cream of tartar may be omitted. Flavor with vanilla. Pull till light and white.



CHRISTMAS RECREATION.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, December 10.—Wheat—The wheat market is firm, with fair demand from millers. Sales of No. 2 white at 75c and of red winter at 74c middle freight, and No. 1 spring is quoted at 71½ to 72c. Manitoba wheat is higher, there being sales of No. 1 hard at 88c, Toronto and west, and it is held at 90c, grinding in transit. No. 1 Northern sold at 85 to 86c g.i.t., and No. 2 Northern at 82 to 83c g.i.t.

Barley—Market continues firm, with demand moderate. No. 1 quoted at 77c, No. 2 at 75c; No. 3 extra at 51 to 52c, and No. 3 at 50c middle freight.

Oats—The market is firm, and sales at 50c middle freight. Buckwheat—There is a fair demand, with sales at 54½ middle freight.

Flour—The market continues firm. Ninety per cent. patent in buyers' bags wanted at \$2.75 middle freight but none offering. Locally and for Lower Province trade prices of choice straight rollers in wood, are \$3.35 to \$3.40, Manitoba wheat flour unchanged. Hungarian patents, \$1, bags included, Toronto, and strong bakers, \$3.70.

Oatmeal—Market unchanged. Car lots on track here, \$5.25 in bags, and \$5.40 in wood. Broken lots, 25c per bush extra.

Milled—Bran is firm at \$16 to \$16.50 low freights for export, and at \$18 here. Shorts, \$19 to \$19.50 low freights for export, and \$20 here. Manitoba bran, \$19 and shorts \$21. Toronto freights, including sacks.

Potatoes—The market is firm. Cars sold to-day at \$1.40 to \$1.60 per bag on track, and sell out of store at 75 to 80c.

Dried Apples—Market is steady. Prices are 5½ to 6c per lb. Evaporated sell at 9 to 10c.

Hops—Business quiet, with prices steady at 13c; yearlings, 8c.

Honey—The market is unchanged at 9½ to 10c. Combs, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per dozen.

Beans—The market is steady. Unpacked are jobbing at \$1.40 to \$1.45, and handpacked at \$1.55.

Cranberries—Market unchanged, with Cape Cod at \$8 to \$9 per bush Canadian, 85c to \$1.

Hay, baled—The market is firm, with sales on track at \$9 to \$9.50, the latter for No. 1, and \$1.50 for No. 2.

Straw—The market is quiet and firm. Car lots on track being \$6 per ton.

Poultry—Trade is fair, with receipts good. We quote turkeys (dry picked) 6½ to 8c; geese, 5½ to 6c; ducks, 60 to 70c; chickens (young), 40 to 50c; old, 25 to 35c.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS. Dressed hogs are firm at \$7.75 to \$7.90 in car lots. Hog products quiet. We quote—Bacon, long clear, sells at 19c in ton and case lots. Mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50; do, short cut, \$20.50 to \$21.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 12c; breakfast bacon, 14c; roasts, 11c; backs, 11c, and shoulders, 10c.

Lard—Market unchanged. We quote—Tierces, 10c; tubs, 11c; jalls 11½c; Fearman's 8½c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS. Butter—The receipts are fair, but there is a good deal of poor stuff offering. Choice grades, 24c. No. 1, 23c; Choice dry tubs and rolls, 16c; selected 1-lb rolls, 17 to 18c; low grades, 11 to 13c. Packages showing feed, 1 to 2c per lb less than above quotations. Creamery prints, 21 to 22c; do, solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—Market firm. We quote fresh, 22 to 23c; out of storage, 18 to 19c, and lined, 16 to 16½c.

Cheese—The market is quiet, and prices unchanged at 9½ to 9c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS. Buffalo, Dec. 10.—Flour—Strong. Wheat—Spring dull. No. 1 Northern, \$2.2c; winter, unsettled. No. 2 red, 84c. Corn—Higher but dull; No. 2 yellow, 71c; No. 3 do, 71c; No. 2 corn, 71c; No. 3 do, 70c. Oats—Firm for white, dull for mixed; No. 2 white, 51c; No. 3 do, 51c; No. 2 mixed, 48c; No. 3, 47c. Barley—Light demand; fancy, 60 to 67c. Rye—No. 1, 60c asked.

Milwaukee, Dec. 10.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 75c; No. 2 Northern, 73 to 74c; May, 79c. Rye—No. 1 61½c; Barley—No. 2, 61c. Corn—May, 66½c.

Duluth, Dec. 10.—Wheat closed—Cash, No. 1 hard, 76c; No. 2 Northern, 71c; No. 1 Northern, 71c; No. 1 Northern, and December, 73c; May, 77c. Corn—65c. Oats—41c.

Toledo, Dec. 10.—Wheat—Cash and December, 82½c; May, 84c. Corn—December, 66c; May, 67c. Oats—December, 45c; May, 46c. Cloverseed—December \$5.67; March, \$5.80.

Minneapolis, Dec. 10.—Wheat closed—Cash, 74c; December, 73c; May, 75c to 75½c; on track, No. 1 hard, 77c; No. 1 Northern, 74c; No. 2 do, 72c. Flour—First patents, \$3.75 to \$3.85; second do, \$3.60 to \$3.70; first clears, \$2.85 to \$2.95; second clears, \$2.30. Bran—in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50.

Before marriage a timid man doesn't know what to say, and after marriage he is afraid to say it.

For Throat Irritation

Hoarseness, Dry Throat, Sore Throat, Bronchial Troubles, Coughs, Colds and Asthma. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a Cure of Proven Merit.

There are many ministers, singers and public speakers using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine than any other similar preparation, because it is exactly suited to their needs. By taking a dose of this preparation before going on the platform they feel certain of freedom from dry throat, hoarseness and throat irritation, than which there can be nothing more embarrassing to a singer or speaker.

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