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C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Price of Dishonor;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Tomaso looked surprised. He could not understand how Conrad could so easily shake off his hatred of Visconti, save when the thought was forced on him.

A silence fell which Conrad was again the first to break.

"The Lady Valentine," he said, following his own train of thought, rather than addressing his companion, "does she ever think of me?"

Tomaso inwardly wondered how much he thought of her. Save when telling his tale to Francisco, this was the only time he had named her. It seemed as if his sufferings and his love alike were to lie lightly on his mind.

"They say in Milan Lady Valentine is to marry the Duke of Orleans," Tomaso ventured presently.

"They say!" echoed Conrad with scorn. "The Frenchman is not even yet in Italy. Much may have happened ere he is."

Tomaso rose and looked from the doorway anxiously.

"It is close on sundown," he said, "it is time Francisco came."

"It is intolerably wearisome," yawned Conrad, "I wish I had gone with our friend—I would have been more enlightening than this."

Tomaso's face ill concealed his scorn.

"This a matter of life and death, Count Conrad; even now the soldiers may at any time return."

With a pleasant smile Von Schumbourg leapt from the table.

"Pardon me if I vex thee with my seeming carelessness," he said, with the charm of manner that could always win him friends. "I care too large a debt to all of you, to be really so heedless as I seem; but methinks there is no single thing—"

"Save keep ourselves in readiness, my lord," said Tomaso.

"Francisco charged us to be disposed that we could leap into the saddle without a breath's delay."

"I remember," said Count Conrad, lapsing again into an idle mood. "Methinks our Veronese deliverer issues commands as if well used to it."

The youth made no reply; he was gazing eagerly along the chestnut-bordered path, sorely impatient for Francisco's return.

"Canst thou play chess?" asked Conrad suddenly.

Tomaso looked round at him in surprise. Did the German noble jest?

"I have been playing chess again against my opponent."

"You have a chance to win?" asked Conrad.

"I have a chance to win," said Tomaso, "but the men—"

"Remember how the ladies play at chess."

"I have a chance to win," said Tomaso, "but the men—"

"Remember how the ladies play at chess."

"Tush, Visconti! Visconti!" he heard the name enough, returned Count Conrad. "I intend to have my lady's gift—it suits neither my honor nor my affection to leave it there to be some mercenary's plunder; and the chessmen too, boy! The set the Emperor gave—a! you would love them—silver and ivory—I will bring them too. They will while away more weary hours such as these. What was I thinking of to leave them there so long?"

"At any moment Francisco may return, and without these here time will be lost; moreover, his orders were that we wait him."

At Tomaso's words, Conrad raised his arched eyebrows.

"Orders! To thee, maybe; thou art a boy, and of humble station. I am von Schumbourg; orders scarcely tally with that name."

He drew his mantle over his despoiled doublet, and stepped to the door, putting Tomaso aside and unheeding his entreaties.

"Calm thyself, I shall be back long before the grim Veronese!" he said airily. "Were there light enough, there would be time to learn the game before he comes again."

"I will learn from no one who so little knows his duty," cried Tomaso in hot wrath.

But it was as impossible to anger Conrad as to stop him, and with a smile on his lips and a good-humored wave of his hand, he was gone.

Gone, absolutely gone, out of sight, into the heart of danger and at the crucial moment, for a set of chessmen and for a lady's love-gift.

After an undecided pause of utter vexation, Tomaso could not resist the impulse to start in pursuit after him. But Count Conrad was fleet of foot; he had disappeared, and Tomaso dared follow no further, for Francisco might return at any moment, and to find them both gone would make bad worse.

And scarcely had he re-entered the hut before he heard the sound of horses ridden cautiously, and in a few moments more Francisco turned into the open.

He was mounted, Vittore in front of him, on a powerful black horse, and leading two others, and his face was animated with his triumph.

"Thou seest," he said, "we are well provided, though it has taken me all day. Now, to mount, without a pause. Where is the Count?"

"The Count," faltered Tomaso, half crying with vexation, "the Count—"

"Well, what of him?" said Francisco, pausing keenly.

"He has gone back to the villa—to fetch something—Oh, Messer Francisco, prevent him I could not—he left but now—"

"Gone back to the villa!" cried Francisco. "Did he rave? Is he in his senses?"

Tomaso wrung his hands.

"He went to fetch a dagger he remembered and some chessmen."

With a cry of rage Francisco flung himself from his saddle. "Methinks I left a fool to guard a fool," he said. "Did I not tell thee to see Count Conrad kept from folly? Our lives are on it!"

Tomaso paled at his displeasure, and faltered out a recital of what had happened, but Francisco cut him short.

"The thing has happened," he said sternly, "and may cost us dear, but mine the fault to trust the foreign coxcomb." Never had the two boys seen him so moved, and they shrank into silence.

Francisco turned with anger. "We will ride without him," he said at length; but even while he bade Tomaso mount, and saw to his own girls, he paused irresolute, and Tomaso was thankful. He did not like to think of the way Conrad left to meet his fate alone.

He ventured to speak.

"The dagger was a lady's gift," he said—"the Lady Valentine's. He could not bear to leave it."

"He will have been wishing that he had," said Francisco brusquely; but his face softened, and he added presently: "He must be brought back; we cannot wait, and 'tis too dangerous to abandon him—for him and for ourselves."

He flung the reins to Tomaso, and lifted Vittore to the ground.

"Stretch thy legs the while," he said.

"Shall I go, messer?" asked the boy.

"He will come quicker at my bidding," said Francisco grimly. "Keep open eyes," he added, "the soldiers must be by the road if come again they do. Hold tighter once and spy, and then return and wait us here. Tether the horses carefully and water them. They cost me something." He pointed to his roughly bandaged arm.

Half-wild with remorseful vexa-

tion, Tomaso watched Francisco go the way the Count had gone, till his tall figure was lost to view. Then he and Vittore surveyed each other with anxious eyes.

"Oh! cousin!" cried the boy, "we have had a fearful day!"

"Thou were fortunate," returned the other bitterly, "Francisco is not vexed with thee."

But Vittore, full of his tale, was eager rather for a listener than to himself give sympathy.

"Till noon we found nothing," he said, "Francisco hung round the farmhouses, but there were naught but sorry jades in every stable that we peered into, every one we tried, Tomaso, and so we roamed further and further across the plains—"

"But how didst thou ever get such steeds as these?" asked Tomaso, looking admiringly at the splendid animals, well groomed and well fed, fresh and vigorous.

"We took them," said Vittore proudly. "We came upon a camp of soldiers with horses and to spare, and Francisco asked them would they trade with him, and offered money, but they peered and shouted and drove us off. Then Francisco stood before me while I crept up to those three and loosened their halters. The soldiers drank and sang; some lay and snored; they thought that we were gone; then suddenly—his voice sinking with excitement—"

"What happened?" asked Tomaso with interest. "I am glad that thou show thyself a brave lad, Vittore; what happened?"

"They saw us; three of them rushed out; there was a fight, and Francisco won."

"Won! Against three?" cried Tomaso.

"He scattered them like the wind," said Vittore. "I know not how he is a giant. He flung me on this black horse here; he mounted, I had the halters of the others in my hand. We rushed away. Of one he broke the head, I think, with his thick staff, and had his arm hit hard, but 'tis not hurt, he says. Some followed awfully, but they drank too deep; we left them like men dazed and mad, some falling by the road. It was a great business, cousin, but I felt no fear; Francisco is a brave, brave man."

"He is a leader of men, I think," said Tomaso gravely. "I little doubt the Count is right; he is more than he appears. Now we will leave the horses here behind these chestnuts, and step towards the road and reconnoitre."

(To be continued.)

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

A new canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is projected.

Hampel's box factory in Brantford was burned. Loss \$10,000.

Senator J. K. Kerr of Toronto, has been appointed Speaker of the Senate.

Prof. Sexton of Halifax says Canada needs a national system of technical education.

Mr. Robert Fleming of Edinburgh and his associates have already put \$8,000,000 into the Soo industries.

Ontario architects complain of the custom whereby United States architects are allowed to do business in Canada.

The contract for Montreal's ice palace has been let to Charles Thackery & Co. The building will cost about \$7,000.

The Winnipeg City Council will probably buy the street railway and power plant from the company now operating them.

Professor Prince has been appointed by the Dominion Government to confer with the Provincial Governments regarding the fisheries.

Former C. P. R. Agent Tully of Emerson, Minn., has been sentenced to a month in jail for overcharging for tickets and pocketing the surplus.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Carrie Nation was arrested during a raid on a saloon in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sir Conan Doyle was operated on Sunday for an intestinal affection. He is recovering.

The first step has been taken toward the formation of an International Shipowners' Union for the reduction of competition and the maintaining of freight charges.

UNITED STATES.

A bill has passed the Tennessee Senate prohibiting the sale of liquor within four miles of any school-house in the State.

Prof. A. L. Lowell has been chosen by the Association of Presidents of the University to succeed President Eliot, who retires in May.

Owing to the disorganization caused by the earthquake the prices of lemons have advanced 75 cents to a dollar a box in New York.

Cardeno F. King, a former Boston broker, was sentenced to not less than ten years in prison for larceny and embezzlement.


GENERAL.

Prussia will have a deficit of \$44,000,000 this year.

The Duke of Connaught visited the ruins of Messina on Tuesday.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

I Took Per-na.



Mrs. Joseph Hall Chase, 207 Fourth St., Washington, D.C.

Peruna Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio. Gentlemen—I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as an effective cure for coughs and colds.

You are authorized to use my photo with testimonials in any publication.

Mrs. Joseph Hall Chase, 207 Fourth St., Washington, D.C. Could Not Smell Her Hair.

Mrs. A. L. Weizel, 3023 Olivo St., Terre Haute, Ind., writes:

"When I began to take your medicine I could not smell, nor hear a church bell ring. Now I can both smell and hear."

"When I began your treatment my head was terrible. I had buzzing and chirping noises in my head."

"I followed your advice faithfully and took Per-na as you told me. Now I might say I am well."

"I want to go and visit my mother and see the doctor who said I was not long for this world. I will tell him it was Per-na that cured me."

Per-na is manufactured by The Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Per-na Almanac for 1909.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Jan. 19.—Flour—Ontario wheat 80 cent. patents, \$3.70 in buyers' sacks outside for export. Manitoba flour, first patents, \$8.50 on track, Toronto; second patents, \$5.30, and strong bakers', \$5.10 to \$5.20.

Wheat—Manitoba wheat, \$1.09 for No. 1 Northern, at \$1.06 for No. 2 Northern, and at \$1.04 for No. 3 Northern, Georgian Bay ports. No. 1 Northern, \$1.13, all rail, and No. 2 Northern at 1.10, all rail.

Oats—Ontario No. 2 white, 39 to 40c outside, and at 42 to 42 1/2c on track, Toronto; No. 2 Western Canada oats, 44 1/2c lake ports, and No. 1 feed, 42c lake ports.

Rye—No. 2, 68, to 68 1/2c outside.

Barley—No. 2 barley quoted at 56c outside; No. 3 extra at 54c, and No. 3 at 52c.

Buckwheat—56 to 56 1/2c outside.

Peas—No. 2 quoted at 86 to 86 1/2c outside.

Corn—No. 2 American yellow nominal at 67c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 yellow at 66 1/2c, Toronto; Canadian, 63 1/2c.

Eran—Cars, \$19.50 in bulk outside. Shorts \$21 to \$22 in bulk outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Winter stock, \$3.50 to \$4.50 per barrel for good qualities, and \$2 to \$3 for cooking apples.

Beans—Prime, \$1.70 to \$1.75, and hand-picked, \$1.80 to \$1.85 per bush.

Honey—Combs, \$2 to \$2.75 per dozen, and strained, 10 to 11c per pound.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$10.50 to \$11 per ton on track here, and No. 2, \$7 to \$8.

Straw—\$7 to \$7.50 on track.

Potatoes—Ontarios, 60c per bag. Delawares, 75 to 80c per bag on track.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 11 to 13c per pound; turkeys, 18 to 22c; geese, 11 to 12c; ducks, 17 to 18c per pound.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound prints, 25 to 26c; tubs and large rolls, 22 to 23c; inferior, 20 to 21c. Creamery rolls, 28 to 29c; and solids, 28c.

Eggs—Case lots of cold storage, 25 to 26c per dozen; selections, 29 to 30c, and new laid 33 to 35c per dozen.

Cheese—Large cheese, 13 1/2 to 13 3/4c per pound; and twins, 13 1/2c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon—Long clear, 10 1/2 to 11c per pound in case lots; mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50; short cut, \$22.50.

Hams—Light to medium, 13 to 13 1/2c; do, heavy, 12c; rolls, 10 1/2 to 10 3/4c; shoulders, 10 to 10 1/2c; backs, 16 to 16 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 14 1/2 to 15c.

Lard—Tierces, 12c; tubs, 12 1/2c; pails, 12 1/2c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Jan. 19.—Grain—The market for oats is stronger and prices were advanced 1/2c per bushel to-day. Peas, No. 2, 94 to 95c; oats, Canadian Western No. 2 white, 46 1/2c; No. 1 extra feed, 46c; No. 1 feed, 43 1/2c; Ontario No. 2 white, 44 1/2 to 45 1/2c; Ontario No. 3, 44 to 44 1/2c; Ontario No. 4 white, 43 1/2c. Barley—No. 2, 63 to 64c; Manitoba feed barley, 57 to 58c; buckwheat, 59 to 60c. Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, 80c; Manitoba Spring wheat patents, seconds, \$3.50; strong bakers', \$3.20; winter wheat patents, 80 to \$5.25; straight rollers, \$4.60 to \$4.70; straight rollers, in bags, \$2.15 to \$2.25; extras, in bags, \$1.75 to \$1.85. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$21; Manitoba shorts, \$24; Ontario bran, \$21 to \$21.50; Ontario shorts, \$24 to \$24.50; Ontario middlings, \$24.50 to \$25; pure grain mouille, \$28 to \$30; mixed mouille, \$25 to \$26.

Cheese—Finest westerns 12 1/2 to 12 3/4c; easterns, 11 1/2 to 12 1/2c.

Butter—Finest creamery, 26 1/2 to 27c; fresh receipts, 25 1/2 to 26c.

Eggs—New laid, 33 to 34c; selected stock, 27 1/2 to 28c; No. 1 stock, 24 1/2 to 25c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Jan. 19.—Wheat—May, \$1.07 1/2; July, \$1.08 1/2; cash, \$1.07 1/2. Hard, \$1.09; No. 1 Northern, \$1.05 1/2; No. 2 Northern, \$1.05; No. 3 Northern, \$1.04 1/2 to \$1.05. Bran—\$19.50 to \$19.75. Flour—First patents, \$5.40 to \$5.60; second patents, \$5.25 to \$5.45; first clears, \$4.00 to \$4.10; second clears, \$2.95 to \$3.05.

Milwaukee, Jan. 19.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.10; No. 2 Northern, \$1.07 to \$1.09; May, \$1.08 asked. Rye—No. 1, 76c; No. 2, 61c; No. 3, 62 to 63c. No. 4, 61c.

Duluth, Jan. 19.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, \$1.08 1/2; No. 1 Northern, \$1.07 1/2; No. 2 Northern, \$1.05 1/2; May, \$1.07 1/2; July, \$1.07.

Buffalo, Jan. 19.—Wheat—Firm;

MOIR ESCAPES THE GALLOWS

London Murderer Will Spend His Life in Insane Asylum.

A despatch from London, Ont., says: Pte. Moir, who shot and killed Sgt. Lloyd in the Wolsey Barracks here, was on Thursday afternoon acquitted of murder, after 15 minutes' deliberation by the jury, on the ground of insanity. He will be sent to the insane asylum at Hamilton.

Four doctors, Dr. W. J. Robinson, superintendent of the London Asylum; Dr. C. K. Clark, head of the Toronto Asylum; Dr. Bruce Smith, inspector of asylums, and Dr. A. J. Johnson, of Toronto, testified, and all agreed, that Moir was an epileptic, and that when the murder was committed he was in a befogged, semi-conscious condition and knew absolutely nothing of what was taking place. It was quite possible that Moir might act in a fairly reasonable manner and still know nothing of what he was doing.

Counsel agreed to dispense with addresses and Sir William Meredith summed up briefly, pointing out that the evidence went all one way to indicate Moir's irresponsibility.

"You could have reached no other verdict," he said, when the jury returned it. Under the verdict the prisoner will be kept in close confinement till the pleasure of the Crown is known, which means practically he will be confined in an asylum for life. This trial shows the public are in danger from epileptics such as the unfortunate prisoner. Such people may go around without having knowledge of their condition and their homicidal mania may develop at any time.

MAN BADLY LACERATED.

Another Accident at Cobalt Due to Striking Old Chaise.

A despatch from Cobalt says: On Tuesday another blasting accident, which may add another fatality, occurred about six miles from Cobalt, in the direction of Lorraine township, through a missed hole being picked into. As a result, Boiesse Lanaby, aged about 40, with a wife and family residing at Perkinsville, Quebec, is lying in the Red Cross Hospital almost at death's door, with both jaws broken, his hands and body badly lacerated and weak from hemorrhages. Lanaby had been contracting with two partners in a shaft contract which was just being finished when the accident happened.

FIRE-DAMP AND DUST.

Double Explosion in a Hungarian Mine.

A despatch from Veszprim, Hungary, says: Two explosions at the Auker mine, near Sopron, killed 12 men and injured 15.

TREES RARE AS DIAMONDS.

The Past Things are Coming to the United States.

A despatch from Washington says: "The time is coming in this country when trees will be as scarce as diamonds unless immediate steps are taken to preserve our forest resources. This was the dark picture in an address by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson at the annual meeting of the American Forestry Association in Washington, D.C., today. The Secretary said that our forest growth is every day being three times as fast as we are cutting it down. He said that our forest growth is every day being three times as fast as we are cutting it down."

MANY INJURED IN WRECK

Broken Tire Threw Railway Coach Into the Ditch Near Guelph.

A despatch from Guelph, Ont., says: A serious accident, fortunately not attended with loss of life, occurred shortly after eleven o'clock on Thursday morning on the southern line of the Grand Trunk Railway, two miles from Guelph Junction. When the heavily-laden morning passenger train which leaves here at 10.40 was in the vicinity of Guelph the rear coach left the track, due to a broken tire, and went into the ditch. The coach overturned, and a scene of terrible confusion ensued amongst the passengers, among whom were several Guelphites, the members of the Brantford professional hockey team which played here on Wednesday night, and the Hamilton Thistles curling team, going home from the Fergus bonspiel.

A large number of these received more or less serious injuries, but it is not yet known if any of them are likely to prove fatal. The seriously injured are—Alexander Stewart, Guelph, both legs seriously hurt; Edward Hartman, Toronto, badly hurt; severely injured, and internal injuries; George Gillis, Acton, internal injuries, extent not known; J. Marks, Brantford, arm broken; ribs crushed; and severe injuries; R. H. Brydon, Guelph; J. H. McCormick, Guelph; G. B. Ryan, Guelph; F. W. Goulding, Brantford; Brakesman Kearns, Mr. and Mrs. J. Knowles, Guelph; Miss Craig, Aherby; J. H. R. Anderson, Hamilton; R. Jasper, Guelph; J. M. Darling, Callendar; Warren Moore, Battineau, N.D.; Miss Angeline Holm and Miss Agnes Holm, Hespeler. The following members of the Brantford professional hockey team were also injured: J. Marks, T. Hutton, W. Miller, T. Smith, and J. Bradley.