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The Price of Dishonor;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER IX.

Gripping Vittore's hand, Tomaso looked cautiously up and down the road.

Crouching back among the wayside trees, they commanded unseemly a view of any who might come or go; and though the days faded fast, it was light enough to see many faces off.

"No soldierly about-to-night," whispered Tomaso; "they have ridden further afield. We will go back, Vittore."

They had turned to retrace their steps when Vittore clutched his cousin's hand yet tighter, and suppressed an exclamation.

"Look!" he whispered, "horseman coming toward Milan."

Tomaso looked round nervously, and saw a single rider approaching swiftly, but casting searching glances round.

As the boys watched, mistrustfully waiting, still in hiding, to see him safely pass, to their dismay he slackened pace, and finally drew rein altogether and looked eagerly in their direction.

"Not a movement," breathed Tomaso, and Vittore crouched in silent fright.

None the less, motionless as they thought themselves, some slight movement betrayed them, for the rider dismounted, advanced towards their hiding-place, and softly spoke.

"Who is there? I am a friend," he said.

"He is a Florentine," whispered Vittore joyfully; but Tomaso leaped against the tree in silence, and even though the gathering dusk, as the younger boy looked up, he saw that he was pale and trembling.

"Canst thou direct me?" said the stranger. "I can pay thee for thy services."

"Answer him, Tomaso," Vittore whispered eagerly; "he is a Florentine, he will not hurt us."

Tomaso made a step forward. "It is someone we know," he said chokingly, "or my brain is playing me strange tricks."

As he spoke, he put aside the branches that hid them, and stepped forward. The stranger had guessed their hiding-place unerringly; he stood close by his horse's bridle across his arm. He was a slight, roughly-dressed, but well-formed man of middle age, light in color and of strong yet delicate features.

"Thou needst not fear me," he began with a smile; then, as the two figures drew nearer, he paused, and in his turn grew pale and trembled.

Tomaso, tossing his hair back from his face, with parted lips, stepped close, followed by Vittore.

"Father! Thou dost not know me?"

"Son! Tomaso!" cried the traveler. He seized him by the shoulders with trembling hands, and scanned eagerly his face.

"Tomaso!" and his voice was shrill with feeling, "Tomaso at last!"

They had not met for many months and years—two at least; the father, absent at a distant court, serving where chance had led him, for fame and fortune; the son, growing from boyhood into man in distant Florence.

Since Verona fell, Tomaso had mourned his father as dead, and he, in his turn, had wandered far, searching for the pair who had started out to find him.

With stifled sobs of joy, Tomaso clung about his father's neck, and was clasped to him in frenzied pleasure.

"They said thou were dead, father," broke out the youth at last. "I never thought to see thy face again."

"I thought the same of thee, my son," returned Ligozzi tenderly. "I have been searching for traces of thee long and wearily. I thought thou must have perished on thy long journey, having found out Verona had fallen. But is this Vittore?"

He drew to him paternally the boy who, so far, had watched the scene with wide-eyed curiosity.

"And now, what art thou doing—and where staying?"

As if he feared to lose him, Tomaso held his father tightly by the sleeve, over which the bridle had been slipped, and Vittore clinging to the other hand, they drew him forward between them to the place from which they had come.

"I am glad thou art not dead," said Vittore; "Tomaso grieved for thee sorely, and so did I."

Tomaso laughed happily. "Grieve! Ay, did we! But now we can rejoice."

Ligozzi followed without further question, too full of joy for speech, and taking so much pleasure in that it was his son who spoke as for the moment not to heed too keenly what he said.

But when Tomaso, beginning boy-fashion, with the last, and not the first, came to mention of the Visconti's blow, Ligozzi roused to fury.

"Methought I saw a scar across thy face," he said, "yet in this light, I could not see too well. It is only one more wrong to set against the Visconti's name, one deed the more to be avenged."

Tomaso took the clenched hand and covered it with kisses.

"I can forgive him now," he said, "since thou wert not slain when Verona fell."

"'Twas no fault of the Visconti's that any living soul escaped," returned his father. "Still, go on with thy tale, Tomaso; who is this Francisco, that thou nam'st so oft?"

Tomaso, eager and suddenly light of heart, told all he knew, and ere his recital ended they had reached the open, and found everything as they had left it. The horses safe, nothing seemingly disturbed.

"Francisco will be pleased at a helper such as thou, father," said Tomaso proudly; "thou wilt be of more service in his venture than the German Count."

"And when this Francisco returns presently, the plan is that we set forth at once for Ferrara," asked Ligozzi.

"And meanwhile rest, father, and I will bring thee food. We have already eaten."

"I too, my son," answered Ligozzi; but he seated himself on one of the rough wooden stools and watched Tomaso affectionately, as he brought the poor horn lantern from the wall. He lit and set it on the table, where it cast a straggling and wretched light.

"Francisco is surely over long," he said; "suppose the soldiers think to search again on their way home from some outlying district?"

"Then there will be another fight," said Vittore. "But Francisco will get the best of it."

Ligozzi laughed.

"I owe this Francisco much," he said; "he must be a brave man, and his care saved you both. From Verona, didst thou say?"

"From Verona, father. He said he knew thee, thy name; he is di Coidra; he knew thee, he has said, and the Della Scala also?"

At Della Scala's name Ligozzi's eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled when he spoke.

"I at least knew Della Scala well," he said, "and loved him, too." He paused. "Next to thee, Tomaso," he continued sadly, "his memory has filled my heart during these weary weeks. I hoped, hope against hope, he might have escaped even as I did, but there comes no sign he lives."

"Then thou didst not see him perish?" asked Tomaso softly.

"On that fearful night on which Verona fell," answered Ligozzi, "Della Scala himself defended the gates, fighting like a lion. But he was betrayed, Tomaso, by a dastard in his pay, and the Visconti's soldiers poured in through the breach, secretly, and seized the palace, the Duke unwitting till it was too late and the palace flaming. I had to carry him the news; may I never have to do the like again. The palace was a sheet of fire, the Duchess was within, and the Visconti's soldiers swarming. The Prince rushed like a madman through the streets, a little group of us behind him. Too late! The Duchess was too great a prize, the mercenaries had lost no time, and she was gone. A tale had reached the Duke while he still struck about him frantically that Gian Visconti himself had led the onset, and was still within the palace, and with his prisoner. But it was a trap, Tomaso, set by a traitor, Della Scala, rushing where the pikeman pointed, was led beneath a burning gateway. He crashed in, I was behind the Duke; a beam struck down a ploughman among the dead, but some of us heard me and brought me back to life; of Della Scala they knew nothing." He paused, and hid his eyes a moment in his hands.

"Thou didst care greatly?" said Tomaso, after a painful silence.

"He was a noble prince," replied his father. "I owe him everything; he made a friend of me, and I ever found him brave and generous, as strong as gentle, and most honorable—and he loved the Duchess, ay, he loved her. The Duchess still lives, a prisoner in Milan, but Della Scala—"

He sighed deeply, and rose as if to put from him the memory of the tragedy.

"But to return to thy deliverer," he said, "one Francisco di Coidra,

thou say'st; he claims I know him. What manner of a man is he?"

As he spoke he moved with Tomaso to the door, and looked out into the dark. What kept Francisco and the Count?

"He is tall and strong," replied Tomaso, "with thick brown hair and heavy eyes; a handsome face, I think it, father, stern and sad. He is worn—as if from sickness. The Count thinks him better than he gives out; I know not."

Ligozzi was silent; his figure alone was visible.

"Seeing the case is as thou say'st, Tomaso," he remarked at last, "every moment of delay is dangerous, and thy friend is long."

Tomaso stepped into the open, and, to ease his impatience, brought forward the horses.

"I think they come," he cried joyfully in another moment. "It seems a dream, father, that thou shouldst be here to meet Francisco."

Ligozzi was still strangely silent. He drew back within the doorway. Hurried footsteps were heard, the crackling of fallen boughs, the swish of the flowering grass. Ligozzi saw a tall figure looming towards them through the dusk, a slither on beside him.

Tomaso, from where he stood, eager and excited by the horses, cried out to them. Ligozzi, still further back, bent down to Vittore, who stood beside him, seen by the dim light of the horn lantern, his face was strangely agitated.

"Has this Francisco half-closed eyes, and a ready, pleasant smile?" he asked.

Vittore looked up in surprise. "He has such eyes," he answered. "I have not ever seen him smile like that. Thou didst know him then, my uncle?"

"Yes," Ligozzi answered brokenly. "I think—I remember him—at Della Scala's court."

But here Tomaso, calling on him, re-entered the hut, followed by Francisco, whose stately presence seemed to make the mean place smaller still.

"My father," said the boy joyfully; "my father, saved from the taking of Verona, and come a long way in search of us!"

Francisco fell back, uttering a stifled exclamation; the anger cleared from his brow. He looked keenly at the figure in the shadow.

"Ligozzi!" he exclaimed, with shining eyes. "Ligozzi lives!"

"It was a miracle, was it not?" said Tomaso eagerly. "He has come to join us. He owes thee thanks, Messer Francisco, as do we."

And all this time his father had not spoken. Tomaso wondered at it, and now, when Ligozzi came forward shrinking, Francisco raised his hand as if to keep him back, or warn him, or restrain.

"No thanks are needed," he said quickly. "I am Francisco di Coidra, from Verona, and ever ready to serve those whom Visconti hates!"

Ligozzi stood bare-headed, as if dazed.

Francisco spoke again, with meaning. "Thy travel hath consumed thee, sir," he said; "thou thinkest thou art still at the Duke of Verona's court, that thou standest thus humble!"

At this Ligozzi roused himself. "Tomaso has told me—" he began. But again Francisco stopped him.

"We must to horse!" he cried. "To horse! Too much time has already been shamelessly wasted," and he strode out, motioning them to follow.

(To be continued.)

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. 26.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 cent. patents quoted at \$3.70 to \$3.75 to-day in buyers' sacks outside for export. Manitoba flour, first patents, \$5.80 on track; Toronto, second patents, \$5.30; and strong bakers', \$5.10 to \$5.20.

Wheat—Manitoba wheat, \$1.09 to \$1.09 1/2 for No. 1 Northern, at \$1.05 to \$1.05 1/2 for No. 2 Northern, and at \$1.04 for No. 3 Northern. Georgian Bay ports. No. 1 Northern, at \$1.13 1/2 to \$1.14, all rail, and No. 2 Northern at \$1.10 1/2 to \$1.11, all rail.

Oats—Ontario No. 3 white at 30 1/2 to 40c outside, and at 42 to 42 1/2c on track; Toronto; No. 2 Western Canada oats at 45c, lake ports, and No. 1 feed, 42c, lake ports.

Rye—No. 2 quoted at 69 to 70c outside.

Barley—No. 2 barley quoted at 56 to 57c outside; No. 3 extra at 54 to 55c, and No. 3 at 52 to 53c.

Buckwheat—56 to 56 1/2c outside.

Peas—No. 2 quoted at 85 to 87c outside.

in bulk outside. Shorts quoted at \$21 to \$22 in bulk outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

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

Beans—Prime, \$1.85 to \$1.90, and hand-picked, \$1.95 to \$2 per bush.

Honey—Combs, \$2.25 to \$2.75 per dozen, and strained, 10 1/2 to 11c per pound.

Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at \$11 per ton on track here, and No. 2 at \$8.

Straw—\$7 to \$7.50 on track.

Potatoes—Ontario 60 to 62 1/2c per bag.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 11 to 13c per pound; fowl, 9 to 10c; ducks, 11 to 13c; geese, 11 to 12c; turkeys, 17 to 18c per pound.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound prints, 24 to 25c; tubs and large rolls, 22 to 23c; inferior, 20 to 21c. Creamery rolls, 27 to 28c, and solids, 25 to 26 1/2c.

Eggs—Case lots of cold storage, 25 to 26c per dozen; pickled, 24 to 25c, and new laid are quoted at 35c per dozen.

Cheese—Large cheese, 13 1/2c 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 to \$23.

Hams—Light to medium, 13 1/2 to 14c; do., heavy, 12 1/2c; rolls, 10 1/2 to 11c; shoulders, 10 to 10 1/2c; backs, 16 to 16 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 14 1/2 to 15c.

Lard—Tierces, 12 1/2c; tubs, 12 1/2c; pails, 13c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Jan. 26.—Peas—No. 2, 24 to 26c. Oats—Canadian Western No. 2, 47c; extra No. 1 feed, 46 1/2c; No. 1 feed, 45 1/2c; Ontario No. 2 white, 45 1/2c; Ontario No. 3, 44 1/2c; Ontario No. 4, 43 1/2c; No. 2 barley, 63 to 64 1/2c; Manitoba feed barley, 55 1/2 to 56c; buckwheat, 55 1/2 to 56c.

Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$5.00 to \$5.90; Manitoba Spring wheat patents, seconds, \$5.10 to \$5.40; Manitoba strong bakers', \$4.60 to \$5.20; Winter wheat patents, \$5 to \$5.25; straight rollers, \$4.60 to \$4.70; do., in bags, \$2.15 to \$2.25; extras, in bags, \$1.75 to \$1.85.

Feed—Manitoba bran, \$21 to \$22; Manitoba shorts, \$24; Ontario bran \$21 to \$21.50; shorts, \$24 to \$24.50; middlings, \$24.50 to \$25; pure grain moullis, \$25 to \$26; mixed moullis, \$25 to \$27. Cheese—Finest western, 12 1/2 to 12 3/4c; eastern, 12 to 12 1/2c. Butter—Finest creamery, 26 1/2 to 27c; fresh receipts, 25 1/2 to 26c. Eggs—New laid eggs, 35 to 40c; selected stock, 28 to 29c; No. 1 stock, 25 to 26c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Jan. 26.—Wheat—Spring, steady; No. 1 Northern, carloads, store, \$1.14 1/2; Winter, firmer; No. 2 red, \$1.10; No. 2 extra red, \$1.08 1/2; No. 2 white, \$1.08; No. 2 mixed, \$1.09. Corn—Higher; No. 3 yellow, 63 1/2 to 64c; No. 4 yellow, 63 to 63 1/2c; No. 4, 62 1/2 to 63c; No. 3 white, 66 1/2c; No. 2 red, on track, 80 1/2c.

Minneapolis, Jan. 26.—Wheat—May, \$1.06 1/2; July, \$1.08 1/2; No. 1 hard, \$1.11 to \$1.11 1/2; No. 1 Northern, \$1.10 1/2; No. 2 Northern, \$1.08 1/2 to \$1.08 3/4; No. 3 Northern, \$1.04 1/2 to \$1.05 1/2. Bran—\$19.00 to \$19.50. Flour—First patents, \$4.05; second patents, \$3.25 to \$3.45; first clears, \$4 to \$4.10; second clears, \$2.95 to \$3.05.

Milwaukee, Jan. 26.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.12; No. 2 Northern, \$1.10; May, \$1.07 1/2 to \$1.07 3/4 asked. Rye—No. 1, 77 1/2c. Corn—May, 61 1/2c asked. Barley—Standard, 66c; samples, 61 1/2 to 65c; No. 3, 61 1/2 to 63c; No. 4, 61 to 62c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Jan. 26.—Exporters—Good demand for choice bulls and steers. Butchers—Best quality and heavy cattle in strong demand at firm prices. All others down. Milch cows in active demand, but common not wanted. Calves—Steady at last week's prices. Sheep and lambs—Market steady at lower prices. Hogs—Steady and unchanged. Stockers—Good demand and market steady to firmer at \$3 to \$3.75; good heavy feeders, \$4 to \$4.25; short-keep, \$4.50 to \$4.60.

NURSE'S GOOD LUCK.

Miss Ethel Gillies Left a Fortune by a Grateful Patient.

A despatch from Chatham says: A report has been received here to the effect that Miss Ethel Gillies has been left a fortune of \$200,000 by a patient whom she nursed through a fatal illness. It is stated that the young lady was pursuing her calling in one of the large American hospitals when a man thought to be suffering with a fatal sickness was brought to the hospital. Through the weeks in which the man hovered on the verge of death the young lady did all that was possible to alleviate his sufferings. The end finally came, and then it was found that the man had been possessed of considerable means. He had no close relations, the story goes, and left the greater part of his fortune of \$200,000 to the young lady who had been kind to him.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

Building prospects at Winnipeg this year are exceedingly good.

The civil servants at Ottawa have received an increase of \$150 each. The total output of Ontario mines in 1907 aggregated in value \$25,000,000.

Hyde Park Public School, near London, Ont., has been closed on account of an outbreak of diphtheria.

Joint stock companies incorporated in Ontario in 1907 and 1908 have an aggregate capitalization of \$600,000,000.

Mrs. J. O. Filteau was burned to death at Quebec in a fire that destroyed the Beland building, on Thursday.

The Ontario Government is considering the question of extending the T. & N. O. Railway from Charlton to Elk Lake.

The Attorney-General has addressed a strong letter to Police Magistrates in regard to law enforcement against disorderly houses.

A C. P. R. express was wrecked near Andover, N. B., on Thursday. The express, mail and baggage cars were burned. The mails were saved.

Oliver Pepin was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for assaulting a jeweller's store at Montreal and attempting to rob the store.

Mrs. Eccles Lennox is suing the C. P. R. for damages for the death of her husband, who was murdered in the company's yard at Winnipeg.

Negotiations between the city and the street railway at Winnipeg have been broken off, and the Council will go ahead with the municipal power plant.

A plumber named Royal was suffocated while working in the Cote des Neiges College at Montreal, on Thursday. His torch exploded, and he could not get out.

Over five hundred loaves of bread were seized in a Jewish bakery at Winnipeg, for being short in weight. The proprietor offered a bribe of \$100 to the officials, and will have to answer in court.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London unemployed had a clash with the police in Berkeley Square on Thursday.

UNITED STATES.

Two men were drowned in one foot of water near Plattsburg, N.Y. A Long Island girl swallowed half a paper of pins, so that she would not have to go to school.

Eleven foreigners, stupid from liquor taken at a wedding, were burned to death at Goodtown, Pa. Both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature passed the Prohibition act over the Governor's veto on Wednesday.

Two thousand residents of Bellevue, a suburb of Pittsburg, Pa., are ill from drinking water with sewage in it.

The Waterways Treaty between Canada and the United States has been favorably reported to the United States Senate.

President Roosevelt has asked that action on the anti-Japanese bills now before the California Legislature be delayed.

Governor Deneen of Illinois, in his message to the State Assembly, urged the completion of a lakes-to-gulf deep waterway.

Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, the three American labor leaders, have declared that they will ask no pardon in connection with their recent conviction.

Frank H. Bell of Toronto has entered an action in the Probate Court at Boston to break the will of his mother, who, thinking him dead, had left her property to others.

GENERAL.

Half a million suicides yearly are said to be due to the use of opium. New Zealand licensed victuallers have decided to employ no barmaids in their establishments henceforth.

A wide-spread plot, having for its aim the overthrow of the constitution, has been discovered in Turkey.

The South African Union convention has solved all the problems set before it with the exception of the choice of a capital.

The Young Australian party has issued a manifesto demanding that Australian citizens shall own, control and rule the Commonwealth.

MURDERER WAS HANGED.

George Johnson Went Calmly to the Scaffold at Kenora.

A despatch from Kenora says: George E. Johnson, the 24-year-old murderer of Mrs. Charles Ackerman, was hanged on Wednesday morning. He went to death calmly. He was a hired man at the Ackerman home and suddenly appeared to go insane. He killed the woman with a hatchet, but claimed later not to have known what he was doing.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Governor-General Read the Speech From the Throne in Senate Chamber.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The formal opening of Parliament took place on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and was attended by the customary ceremonial: the arrival of His Excellency the Governor-General and party from Government House attended by a mounted military escort; the presence of a guard of honor from the Governor-General's Fort Guard, the firing of a salute from Nepean Point battery, and a brilliant assembly in the Senate Chamber, where the speech from the throne was read by His Excellency Earl Grey, outlining the seasonal programme of Government business.

TEXT OF THE SPEECH.

In welcoming you to the performance of your duties at the first session of a new Parliament, I desire to acknowledge, with devout thankfulness, the abundant harvest with which divine Providence has again blessed us.

The Quebec Tercentenary festivities in July, which were honored by the gracious presence of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, as representing His Majesty, marked an epoch in the history of the Dominion.

The generous support given to this national celebration by the Federal Parliament and Provincial Legislatures, and by the peoples of Canada, of the other Dominions, and of the United Kingdom, emphasized the community of sympathy which binds the various parts of the British Empire to each other, and to the throne and person of His Majesty the King. The presence of representatives from the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, and from the great and friendly republics of France and the United States, with the ships of war of the three nations, served not only to add lustre to the occasion, but to provide an assurance of increasing amity and peace.

U. S. TREATY READY.

I have much pleasure in announcing that a treaty relating to the great lakes and other international waterways has been agreed upon between His Majesty and the Government of the United States of America, and is now awaiting ratification. Both countries are to be congratulated on having arrived at an amicable settlement, which I trust will remove during the lifetime of the treaty many vexed questions from the field of controversy. The treaty and papers relating thereto will be laid before you in due course.

ASSISTANCE TO SICILY.

The appalling calamity which has befallen Sicily and Southern Italy, and caused a total destruction of life and property absolutely unprecedented and unequalled in the long series of historic disasters, has induced my Government to offer assistance.

DEPRESSION CALLS FOR CAUTION.

A little more than a year ago, the whole civilized world entered into a period of commercial, industrial and financial depression, which may not yet have completely spent its force; signs there are, however, that it is gradually passing away. While it is hardly disputable that owing to the abundance and elasticity of her resources Canada has suffered less than other nations, this depression has seriously affected our trade, producing an appreciable shrinkage in the public revenue, and calling for exceptional caution in the administration of our national affairs.

PART OF G. T. P. WORKING.

The rapid