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## A Terrible Temptation

OR, THE FAMILY RING

CHAPTER XIII.

"I never knew there was anything so perfectly lovely in all the world." Hope stood in the middle of a daintily furnished bedroom, looking first around the room itself, then out of the wide opened window with eyes that shone like two stars. Lady Dimsdale stood beside her watching the girl's eager animated face with a smile that was full of tenderness.

"I want you to be very happy with us," she said, "and try and forget all your miseries. I have so often longed to have a girl in the house again. I have never had a girl here since—"

A long sigh finished the sentence, and Hope drew nearer to her, looking at her wistfully.

"Did you once—" she began, and broke off, struck dumb by the anguish that lay in Lady Dimsdale's soft eyes.

"Yes, dear," the elder lady's voice was very quiet, though trembled— "I had a girl once—lost her; it was a long time ago, a very long time ago; and now—I want you to be happy with me."

"Happy with you?" Hope timidly searched Lady Dimsdale's beautiful white hand. "Why—I've never felt so happy—since—mummy died; and I never in all my life had a room like this."

Her eyes again wandered round the room, with its rose colored paper, its bright chintz curtains, its air of daintily comfort and prettiness.

"And the view from it," she went on excitedly; "I never thought I should look out of my window and see anything so lovely, not even when—"

She pulled herself up hurriedly and glanced nervously at Lady Dimsdale, but the latter was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to observe the girl's sudden embarrassment.

"I believe autumn is very nearly the loveliest time of the year," Hope continued, going to the open window and leaning far out.

"Spring is my favorite time," Lady Dimsdale answered, "but perhaps it is natural that old people should love spring best, with its promise of new life, new hope. For the young who have everything before them, autumn seems less sad than it must to us."

The two women, the one with all life to look back upon, the other still on its threshold, stood silently for a while looking across the garden, where the daffodils flamed in the bed on the lawn, and the shruberies were alight with stately snowflakes, to the park beyond in which every tree made a separate blaze of glory.

The pale yellow of the elms, the peaches' orange, the golden brightness of the chestnuts, all mingled in a superb scheme of color that was enhanced by the misty background of a blue sky.

"Then you think you will be happy here?" Lady Dimsdale spoke again after that long pause, her eyes scanning the girl's face wistfully.

"Happy? I don't think that if I lived for weeks I could ever put into words how happy I am now! The six weeks I spent at the Radford's seem already like a bad dream."

Lady Dimsdale had exerted all her diplomacy to bring about Hope's move from the doctor's house to her own, and it says much for her infinite tact, that the transfer was effected without leaving any bitterness in Mrs. Radford's mind, or making of her even a temporary enemy.

Sir James and his nephew looked on with unfeigned amusement whilst Lady Dimsdale carried out her delicate tactics, and Mrs. Radford to this day has never discovered how it was done, and with what carefully thought out designs, her children's governess was converted into Lady Dimsdale's companion.

When Hope first found herself an inmate of Prettow Hall, and masquerading there, as she had masqueraded at the Radford's, under the name of Mary Smith, she was assailed by innumerable pang of conscience, which refused for a time to be stifled.

Was she right, could she be right in allowing Lady Dimsdale to think of her as something quite different from what she really was? What would that gentle lady say if she discovered that the girl she was befriending was really a married woman, who had run away from her husband in a fit of temper? Hope's naturally truthful nature revolted from the deceit she was practicing, yet her courage invariably failed her when she thought of confessing everything.

She felt that she could never bear to see those kind eyes clouded by disappointment, nor to watch the fading of the smile she had learned to love; she dared not face the possibility of having the doors of her beautiful Eden shut behind her for ever.

And so, after a struggle, to Hope's credit be it stated, a long struggle, she finally turned a heedless ear to conscience, and stifled its voice entirely.

"After all," she said to herself, "what does it matter whether they know me by the name of Smith or Anderson? I shall never go back to Miles again, as long as I live; he would not let me back even if I wished, and I don't think I should ever wish to. What difference can it make to Lady Dimsdale whether she knows my real name or not?"

But in spite of this lengthy debate with herself, Hope did not really believe in her own argument, instinctively she knew that she was wrong to

make your hair look as it ought to look."

After this Hope willingly enough submitted to put herself into Manners' hands, and sat down before the glass, to watch in speechless admiration the transfiguring of her own head under the skilful fingers of the clever maid.

Manners took a true artist's pride and pleasure in pulling out the curling hair, in arranging its tiny tendrils on the girl's white forehead, in making of the whole a soft dusky frame for the small eager face.

Though loosely piled in graceful disorder, there was, as Hope's eyes plainly saw, no trace of untidiness about her coiffure; even the most fastidious person could not tell her hair was in a mess!

Manners mildly but firmly declined to go even when her hair dressing task was finished, she insisted upon helping the girl into the soft silk dress which Hope looked at with eyes of reverent awe!

"There now, miss," the maid exclaimed when all was finally adjusted, giving a final shake to the graceful clinging folds, and holding a candle in position that Hope might see herself fully in the long glass; "there now! Nobody would know you."

"Oh!" was all that Hope found herself able to say for fully a minute, whilst her eyes travelled up and down her own reflection, from the crown of her small well-coiffured head to the hem of the dainty garment that clung to her lissome young figure.

It folds hid all its angularities, its rich deep color suited well with the soft dusky tint of her hair, made her skin look white and clear, and gave added brightness to her eyes that already shone brilliantly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed again, "I—oh! Manners, I don't believe it is me at all. I think—I am too grand, aren't I? Ought to go down looking like this?"

"Well, miss, I shouldn't say as her ladyship would have sent the dress and asked you to look your very best. I shouldn't say as she would; and her ladyship wished me to say she would be glad if you would go in the little library before dinner for her to see how the dress does."

"I didn't think any body in the world could ever be so kind," the girl said softly, tears coming to her eyes, "and I don't know how to say thank you enough to you, Manners, for having made me look so—so different."

The maid's rather prim face relaxed into quite a tremulous smile, as Hope seized her hands and wrung them impulsively.

"Lor bless you, miss," was all she could say, but her voice shook as she said it, and Hope understood.

Gathering her soft dress about her, still with reverent fingers as though she were half afraid, she ran quickly down the wide staircase, and into a small room, which, opening out of the great library of the house, had been given the name of the little library.

It was a small cosy apartment, used chiefly by Sir James as a smoking room and by his nephew as a study, and excepting Lady Dimsdale occasionally sat there and read, Hope had seldom been in the room at all.

It was furnished simply, but very comfortably, with a sofa, a few big armchairs, a bureau, and an occasional table or two. Every table in the room bore a goodly burden of magazines and newspapers, and the low bookshelves that ran round the walls were filled with the lighter literature of the house, as opposed to the more solid works stored in the big library beyond the closed folding doors.

The walls were hung with family portraits, and on an easel in the corner stood a beautiful water color sketch of a corner of the park, of that very corner with its dell of daffodils in which Hope had first met Arthur Dimsdale.

Finding the room empty, and thinking that Lady Dimsdale would doubtless join her, Hope crossed to the fireplace and picked up a book from a small table beside a big armchair.

She had not outgrown her childish habit of becoming buried in whatever she was reading, and so absorbed did she become in the book, one in which she was already deeply interested, that she was quite unconscious of the opening of the door, and of the man's figure that stood motionless on the threshold, his eyes looking from the graceful figure on the bench to the pictured lady overhead, and back again, a strange expression on his face.

Since the day he had first met Hope, sitting in the frame of green bushes against the background of golden and white flowers, with flushed face and ruffled hair, he had often found himself pondering on the likeness he had seen between this girl and some unknown woman. That likeness had invariably eluded him, his brain had refused to trace it, and his ill-dressed, shock-haired girl who had come to the Hall as his aunt's companion he had almost failed to discover that fleeting likeness.

That there were possibilities of beauty in the girl he had vaguely realized, there was a distinct fascination in her naive and simplicity he more than recognized—he took a certain amused pleasure in saying something which would make her eyes gleam, or bring a flash of color to her face; but she could ever have looked lovely, really and actually lovely, he could never have believed—until now.

The soft light of the shaded lamps fell on her downcast head, and its crown of dark hair, that to the ignorant masculine eye seemed transformed into something quite new and unlike itself.

Her richness of coloring gave new color to her face, it outlined all the grace and delicacy of her form which ill-cut clothes had skilfully concealed, and Dimsdale's artistic soul noted at once the shapeliness of her small head, and how well it was set on her round white neck.

(To be Continued.)

## LEADING MARKETS

**BREADSTUFFS.**  
Toronto, March 24.—Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 northern, \$1.21; No. 2 northern, \$1.18; feed wheat, 67½¢; No. 2 feed, 61½¢.  
Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, 93¢ outside; No. 3 red, 82½¢; No. 2 mixed, 91½¢; goose, 90¢ to 91¢.  
Corn—Firm; No. 3 yellow American, 72¢ to 73¢; Toronto freight; No. 3 mixed, 1¢ less.  
Barley—No. 2, from 60¢ to 70¢, according to quality.  
Peas—No. 2, 86¢ outside.  
Rye—No. 2, 86¢.  
Buckwheat—No. 2, 67¢.  
Oats—No. 2 white, 50¢ outside, 52½¢ on track Toronto; No. 2 mixed, 48¢ outside.  
Flour—Manitoba patents, special brands, 86¢; seconds, 85.40; strong bakers, 85.50; winter wheat patents, 83.50.  
Bran—Full cars, 82¢ to 82½, bags included, outside.  
Shorts—Scarce, 82¢ to 84¢.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**  
Poultry—Very quiet.  
Young turkeys, extra choice, 15¢ to 17¢.  
Young geese, extra choice, 12¢ to 14¢.  
Young ducks, extra choice, 9¢ to 11¢.  
Chickens, choice, 13¢ to 14¢.  
Old fowl, 8¢ to 10¢.  
Inferior chickens and fowls, 5¢ to 7¢.  
Butter—Receipts are improving.  
Creamery, prints, 31¢ to 32¢.  
Do solids, 30¢ to 31¢.  
Dairy prints, 25¢ to 27¢.  
Do large rolls, 24¢ to 25¢.  
Do solids, 23¢ to 24¢.  
Inferior, 22¢ to 23¢.  
Eggs—New-laid 21¢ to 22¢; limed, 19¢ to 20¢.  
Honey—Strained steady at 11¢ to 12¢ per pound for 60-pound pails and 12¢ to 13¢ for 5 to 10-pound pails. Combs \$1.75 to \$2.30 per dozen.  
Cheese—13½¢ to 14¢ for large and 14¢ to 14½¢ for twos, in job lots here.  
Beans—\$1.70 to \$1.75 for primes and \$1.80 to \$1.85 for hand-picked.  
Bald Straw—\$9 to \$10 per ton on track here.  
Baled Hay—Timothy is quoted at \$16 to \$17 in car lots on track here.  
Potatoes—Ontario, 90¢ to 95¢; Delaware, 95¢ in car lots on track here.

**PROVISIONS.**  
Pork—Short cut, \$21 to \$21.50 per barrel; mess, \$17.50 to \$18.  
Lard—Tierces, 11½¢; tubs, 11½¢; pails, 11½¢.  
Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 9½¢ to 10¢ for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 12½¢ to 13¢; large, 11½¢ to 12¢; backs, 16¢ to 16½¢; shoulders, 9½¢ to 10¢; rolls, 9½¢ to 10¢; breakfast bacon, 14¢ to 15¢; green meats out of pickle, 1¢ less than smoked.

**MONTREAL MARKETS.**  
Montreal, March 24.—The flour market is fairly active. Choice spring wheat patents, 86.10; seconds, 85.50 to 86.00; winter wheat patents, 85.30; straight rollers, 84.75 to 85; do., in bags, 82.25 to 82.35; extra, 81.80 to 81.90.  
An active demand prevails for cheese on the local market. September westerns are selling at 13¢ for white and 13½¢ for colored. September easterns, 13½¢ for white and 13½¢ for colored. There is a strong demand for butter. Grass goods are selling at 28¢ to 29¢. Current receipts at 28¢ to 29¢. There is a little firmer tone to the local egg market. Canadian fresh are selling at 22¢ to 26¢. American fresh at 23½¢ to 24¢.  
Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, \$21; half-barrels, \$10.75; clear fat back, \$22 to \$23; long cut heavy mess, \$20; half-barrels, \$10.50; dry salt long clear backs, 10½¢; barrels plate beef, \$13.50 to \$15; half-barrels do., \$7.25 to \$7.75; barrels heavy mess beef, \$10 to \$11; half-barrels do., \$5.50 to \$6; corn-pound lard, 8½¢ to 9¢; pure lard, 11½¢ to 11¾¢; kettle rendered, 11½¢ to 12¢; hams, 12¢ to 13½¢, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14¢ to 15¢; Windsor bacon, 14½¢ to 15½¢; fresh killed about 700, dressed hogs, 88 to 88.25; live, 85.50 to 86.  
Manitoba Bran, 82¢ to 84.50; shorts, 82.50; Ontario bran, 82.50 to 82.75; middlings, 82¢ to 82.75; shorts, 82.50 to 82.60 per ton, including bags, pure grass moultrie, 84¢ to 85¢, and milled grades, 82.5 to 84.  
Rolled oats, 82.75; corn, \$1.60 to \$1.70 per bag.

**BUFFALO MARKET.**  
Buffalo, March 24.—Wheat closed—Spring firm; No. 1 northern, \$1.07½; No. 2 red, 99¢; winter steady, 91½¢; Higher; No. 3 yellow, 71¢. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 58½¢; No. 2 mixed, 55¢. Barley—92¢ to \$1.03. Rye—No. 1 or track, 90¢.

**NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.**  
New York, March 24.—Spot steady; No. 2 red, \$1.01½ elevator; No. 2 red, \$1.02½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern, Du-luth, \$1.14½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, \$1.12½ f.o.b. afloat.

**LIVE STOCK MARKET.**  
Toronto, March 24.—A few good exporters were offered, some of which brought as high as \$5.25, and a few loads of heavy bulls sold at \$3.80 to \$4.25.  
The best butchers' cattle all sold off first, as the demand for them was keenest. The proportion of cows was about 25 per cent. The trading firm was abandoned, and the bride, partially bruised, is under the care of a physician.

**FARMERS IN GOOD SHAPE.**  
Very Few Applications in Manitoba for Seed Grain.  
A despatch from Winnipeg says: Less than fifteen applications by municipalities have been made to the Provincial Government for seed grain. The farmers are in good shape, and the seed is plentiful.

## ONTARIO BUDGET SUMMARIZED.

This Year's Estimated Receipts Amount to Over \$9,000,000.

Last year's surplus, \$6,600,000. Receipts for the year just closed were \$8,320,419, and expenditures \$7,714,245. Estimated receipts for 1908, including cash balances on hand, are \$9,505,856. Estimated expenditure for the year 1908 is \$7,501,875.

During the past three years the surpluses have amounted to \$1,656,174. If the Government had not extended credit to lumbermen the surplus would have been \$1,106,000.

Of the estimated expenditure \$800,000 is for special work.

Receipts from the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway amounted to \$853,000, of which the province received \$235,000, which was applied on the English loan. This year, it is estimated, the province will receive \$300,000.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Rd. will be completed to connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific at Cochrane, Ont., by Sept. 15.

The Provincial Government will float a loan in England in the Autumn.

**SCHOOL PANIC IN PRUSSIA.**  
Ten of the Little Ones Trampled Into Unconsciousness.  
A despatch from Karlsruhe, Prussia, says: During a fire drill in this city school on Thursday afternoon there was a stampede among the children, which resulted in ten little ones being trampled by their comrades until they were unconscious. No lives were lost, but one of the exits doors was inadvertently left locked. With the warning bell, the children of the sixth class started for this door. They found it shut against them and their further progress barred. The children behind did not know what was the matter, and pressed so fiercely upon those ahead of them that their comrades against the door were trampled unconscious underfoot. The accident would have been more serious had not some passers-by heard the cries of the children and come to the rescue. They managed to get the doors open and put an end to the panic. The unconscious children were restored by local doctors and taken to their homes.

**NAVIGATION TO OPEN EARLY.**  
Experienced Shipping Men Expect Ocean Vessels in Month.  
A despatch from Montreal says: Present indications point to the fact that 1908 will be counted amongst the early Springs, and marked down on the calendar as a red-letter year by shipping men and navigators along the St. Lawrence. It is predicted that, with fairly good weather conditions, the first ocean boat will steam into the harbor of Montreal about the 15th of next month. These conclusions are not without foundation, according to experienced waterfront men. In so far as the month of February was an exceptionally cold month, no ice bridge formed at Cape Rouge for the first time in many years, and the river is now open up as far as Batiscan. This means that as soon as the heavy ice in Lake St. Peter moves out, which it is thought will be earlier than usual, there will be no obstruction to prevent ships from coming in.

**DECREASE IN DEATH RATE.**  
Ontario Board of Health Gives Vital Statistics for February.  
A despatch from Toronto says: The total number of deaths from all causes in February, according to the monthly bulletin of the Ontario Board of Health, was 2,610, in a population of 2,101,200, a death rate of 14.9 in 1,000. In the same month last year there were 2,760, according to returns, covering a population of 2,128,320, a death rate of 15 in 1,000.  
The deaths from contagious diseases were—

Smallpox	112
Scarlet Fever	406
Diphtheria	21
Measles	183
Whooping Cough	30
Typhoid Fever	73
Consumption	184
	1,201
	270

**RICE FRIGHTENED HORSES.**  
Nearly Cost the Bride Her Life at Wollcott, N. Y.  
A despatch from Rochester, N. Y., says: "A quantity of rice thrown by an energetic guest at the wedding of Miss Fannie Palmer and Gifford Livingston of Fairhaven, N. Y., held here on Wednesday, nearly cost the bride her life. Many friends of the pair united after the ceremony in the usual custom of throwing old shoes and rice at the newly-wedded couple, just as they were driving away from the bride's home. Rice frightened the horses; they started to run, the carriage was overturned, and the bride, pinned beneath it, was dragged twenty-feet before the groom, who held on to the reins, stopped the team. The wedding trip was abandoned, and the bride, partially bruised, is under the care of a physician."

**TWO YEARS FOR CHIEF CLERK.**  
W. A. Hunt Deprived of C. N. R. With Forged Pay Checks.  
A despatch from Winnipeg says: W. A. Hunt, formerly chief clerk in the C. N. R. accounting department, on Thursday was sent to the penitentiary for two years for defrauding the company through forged pay checks. His confederates escaped with light sentences.

**STARTED TWO BIG FIRES.**  
Stormont Youth Wanted to Stifle Competition and Drudgery in Father's Store.  
A despatch from Cornwall says: The sensation of the week in Stormont County is the confession of Philip K. Low, the 20-year-old son of J. W. Low, merchant of Finch, that he was privy to the big conflagration in Finch village on May 14, of last year, and that he had helped along the big fire of the previous day. The two fires nearly wiped out a busy village at the junction of the O. and N. Y. and C. P. Railways, and between them consumed a loss of over \$85,000.  
Low, who is now in the penitentiary, was charged with the burning of the threatened buildings, but they were to burn out one of the rivals of his father. On the following day he started in his father's store, and the more serious conflagration two and nearly wiped Finch map. The reason he gave for the act of incendiarism was that he was tired of the drudgery of the store.

## POINTS FROM THE BUDGET

Hon. W. S. Fielding Says It Is Time for Caution and Courage.

The decrease in the net debt amounting to \$3,371,117.

The cost of the Transcontinental to date has been \$8,163,978.

Actual cash surplus of \$16,427,167 reported for nine months.

Tariff is not perfect, but if it is too soon to make any changes.

The revenue for the closing fiscal year is estimated at \$96,500,000.

We are just emerging from a period of world-wide financial stringency.

Owing to change in system the fiscal period this time covered only nine months.

A reduction in the debt has been made only in six years since Confederation.

Imports have increased nearly \$45,000,000, and exports decreased about \$5,000,000.

On the part of the Government it is a time for caution and yet a time for courage.

There are alterations in the excise duties on tobacco, but not for purposes of revenue.

In 1891 the net debt per head of population was \$49.08; in 1897, \$50.87; in 1906, \$42.84.

We must not fail to push forward the great enterprise of the Transcontinental Railway.

For the present year the revenue is estimated at \$90,000,000 and the expenditure at \$12,500,000.

The Post-Office Department showed a revenue of \$5,661,728, and expenditure of \$3,979,557, a surplus of \$1,682,171.

Rates of interest on 7 per cent. bonds on the \$10,000,000 advanced for the western crops last year, the total exports for eleven months in 1906 were \$266,876,001. For the corresponding months of the present year they were \$261,434,521.

The total imports for eleven months of 1906 were \$368,761,306; for the corresponding period of the present year they were \$341,175,065.

The Intercolonial Railway revenue was \$6,284,251, showing a surplus of \$218,079. On the P. E. I. Railway there is a deficit of \$67,713.

Mr. Fielding thought the House was content with a budget speech not so long as formerly, and therefore occupied only an hour and a half.

Need for greater elasticity in the currency laws by extending the powers of the bank with respect to the issue of their currency at crop movement periods.

He estimated that the revenue would amount to \$96,500,000, and the amount chargeable to consolidated fund to \$77,500,000. If these expectations were realized the year would close with a surplus of \$19,000,000, a larger surplus than in any previous year.

**THE TEMERAIRE TYPE.**  
The New Warships are Infinitely Superior to Dreadnoughts.  
A despatch from London says: Speaking in the House of Lords on Wednesday evening, Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, defended the policy of the Government in refraining temporarily from laying down a large number of battleships, and said that the construction of battleships just now partook largely of the nature of an experiment. Great Britain's three vessels of the Temeraire type, he declared, were infinitely superior to the Dreadnought type, and the three vessels of the St. Vincent type would be an improvement on the Temeraire type. In the spring of 1911 Great Britain would have three squadrons of four ships each of the St. Vincent type. No power in the world would be able to assemble such a fleet of first-class battleships. Lord Tweedmouth declared, and he could almost say that a combination of all the powers of the world would not be able to put an equal squadron in the sea.

**A CHINAMAN SHOT.**  
Stranger Demands Laundry That Left Elsewhere.  
A despatch from Montreal says: Lee, a Chinese laundryman, was shot in the head on Friday night, near the corner of the late Roy street. Two men who produced a ticket, which was another laundryman's, helped to comply with the man's demand for his laundry. He shot the other man, and escaped.

**IN WINNIPEG.**  
Success of Great City on Transportation.  
A despatch from Ottawa says: The question of the number of volunteers to be assembled at Quebec, the last week in July, Sir Frederick Borden said the desire of the Government was to place as many as 35,000 volunteers in the Ancient Canadian. The only difficulty in the way is the matter of transportation, and the Government has put it up to the railway companies that the country will expect them on this particular occasion, to be equal to the emergency.

**UP TO YOU.**  
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