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C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Price of Dishonor ;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd.)

From the street below rose a great uproar; there was some panic among the people; the country folk were pressing through the gates, and sword behind them—Vincenzo was on the march! Wild, frightened screams, and the hurrying of feet, rose to the gloomy room, and Vincenzo sprang up; he wished his father had not left him, he wished he were not alone.

At last Ippolito entered, quietly, closing in behind him. He held a missal in his hand, and a parchment, as he laid them on the table, Vincenzo noticed the last was sealed with a seal of Verona, the ladder of the Scaligeri.

"Mastino!" he whispered.

"Mastino is dead," said d'Este, in a calm voice, and he crumpled the parchment in his hand.

On it was written: "I have betrayed you for Isotta's life," and it was signed with the proudest name in Lombardy—"Mastino Orzorio della Scala."

"That shall not destroy the glory of Vincenzo's death," thought d'Este sternly, and he flung it from him, into the room beyond, among the powder—something only fit to be consumed.

The castle within was built largely of wood, and Vincenzo, looking into the darkness with a painful eagerness, watched the powder laid carefully along the walls, extending in a long train to tanks of oil, while fire boughs, dry and leafless, lay scattered thickly. d'Este had not been taken unprepared. Vincenzo's flesh stirred and shrank; he remembered snatching a bat once from a camp fire, and how the pain to his hurt hand had tortured him.

"This a fearful death!" he murmured.

Ippolito turned a drawn face towards him.

"What didst thou say, my son?"

"Naught, father," answered Vincenzo bravely, though his heart was beating hot and thick. "Naught, save that that cannot fail us."

"No, Vincenzo; the wind blows eastwards across the town," said d'Este, with a calmness that was almost brutal. "There will be none for Visconti to take back to Milan."

"We shall light the sky bravely to-night," said Vincenzo, and bit his lip to keep it steady.

His father's dark face lit with a sudden proud smile that transfigured it.

Some scouts say Visconti sends men to treat with us, Vincenzo—will us—d'Este!—will be what he never reckoned on: the flames blowing from the walls shall be our flags of truce!"

The streets, the whole town, were in a panic. The wild terror of the whole country-side had found its voice inside the gates of Novara; there were six hundred men to defend the walls—and God! how Visconti-sacked a town!

d'Este took the crucifix from the wall and laid it on the table. Under it burnt a candle, and he moved that too, standing it beside him, as he took his seat opposite his son.

Behind him was the open door, in front the symbol of his religion—both meaning one thing, that the crucifix lying there badly on the rough wood table told more plainly even than the powder kegs.

Vincenzo's eyes were on the missal, but not his thoughts; his ears on the strain for that sound he set his teeth in readiness to hear—the call to the gates.

In the silence of the chamber, the noises from the street sounded distinct, painfully distinct—screams and cries. Poor souls! so near eternity, and fighting over a handful of goods! Presently all noises died away into faint murmuring—or had he lost his power to hear? Then all at once it came—the beat of the drums, the summons to the walls! Louder, louder, wild, inspiring, the beat of the drums; and Vincenzo's heart bore them company.

They rose to their feet, the two d'Estes, and clasped hands across the table, the crucifix between them.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said Ippolito, and raised the pale, flaming candle.

"Amen," said Vincenzo, kissing the missal with cold lips.

The drums beat wildly, intoxicatingly, then suddenly stopped.

d'Este pushed back his chair; for a moment there was perfect stillness, then he laid the candle to the powder. "And Vincenzo d'Este was on his knees in the path of sunlight, its glory full on his beautiful, returned face."

CHAPTER XXXII.

He who was once the great Lord of Verona and a proud and stainless knight stood without Brescia, awaiting the price of his dishonor. It was mid-day, of a swooning heat,

and great purple clouds lay heavily about the horizon, with a sombreness that foretold a storm.

Mastino della Scala stood alone on a group of rocks scattered upon the plain, that sent his tall figure up against the deep sky, erect and motionless.

All that was left of his army was behind him in the chestnut wood; half had been betrayed, half had been cut to pieces rather than yield.

Some few—the lowest dregs of his camp, the men who cared not where or when they drew their swords, so they had food and drink—remained, to try their luck with him, now no better than one of themselves. Through all the miseries of that weary week his gallant band of Veronese, some two hundred, had stood by him, watching the others ambushed, attacked, surrounded, and destroyed, hearing of the fields before that fell, were smiling scornfully at talk of treachery, accepting without question Mastino's silence. Was he not the son of Can' Gran' della Scala, and his name one with honor the proudest name in Lombardy, the proudest badge in Italy, the ladder of the Scaligeri!

So had they stayed with scorn at thoughts of betrayal whispered among the baser residue, until that morning when he had summoned their leaders and told them, with a strange calmness, he had sold them, Verona and Veronese, for his wife's release—sold Lombardy for Isotta d'Este.

Then leaving them, standing silent and bewildered, Della Scala mounted to these rocks to await his wife—alone. His eyes were on the fields before him; he hardly noticed a slight figure that crept timidly to his feet—Tommaso.

"My lord!"—the boy's voice faltered—"The Duchess hath started safely; I saw her mount her litter with glad eyes; they bade me hasten forward and tell thee so."

"Ah!"

Della Scala stepped on to a higher rock and shaded his eyes with his hand. His arm his shield, across the boss the ladder, the ladder on which the Scaligeri had climbed so high, and from which they had fallen—to this!

Tommaso glanced up the sombre figure standing alone above him. Mastino wore no mantle, and the golden circlet was gone from his helmet. Mastino della Scala was no longer Duke of Verona.

A gallop of horses broke the summer quiet, and spears gleamed through the ruddy chestnuts behind them. The Veronese, thought Tommaso, the Veronese soldiers!

Della Scala neither turned his head nor moved, but stood there with his shield hanging on his arm, his sword hand listless by his side.

Tommaso was right. The riders on them, his was in armor, and bore close to theirs. As he swept up he drew the dagger at his waist and hurled it full on Mastino's shield.

"That for me!" he cried. "That and my scorn, Della Scala!"

But Mastino was prepared; he stood erect and did not flinch.

Another rode by; bending his face close to him, he spat at him; both battered their daggers on his shield, those daggers mounted with arrows that they carried as his soldiers. One tore from his neck the collar Mastino had hung there, and flung it at his feet with curses.

"Traitor, where is Ligozzi?" cried one, and Della Scala took a step back with a cry wrung from him; but the man was gone, and the face of another Veronese was looking into his with utter loathing. Without a pause they dashed by, each hurling his dagger, and many some order or sign of Mastino's friendship, full upon that shield that hung on Della Scala's arm.

"That to cheer thee in thy shame!"

"That to make a necklet for Isotta d'Este!"

"This from me who would have died for thee!"

"Stop! in the name of heaven, stop!" shrieked Tommaso.

They took no heed of him, in their mad fury did not even see the boy. But to Tommaso it was most terrible that Della Scala made no movement to defend himself; his calm face was awful. "Stop!" Tommaso shrieked again. "Stop!"

How many more, how many more! How many times more that

CRUSHED BY A CAR.

Messrs. Williams and Hughill Seriously Injured.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: While standing on a trestle leading to the open-heart furnace at the plant of the Algoma Steel Company on Thursday morning, Messrs. D. J. Williams and Archie Hughill were struck by a car shunted from the furnace and seriously injured. Both men were taken to the hospital, and it is feared Williams will not recover. Mr. Williams is superintendent of the open-heart furnace, and Mr. Hughill is chief chemist for the company. They were engaged in conversation and did not see the car approaching, and were pinned against the girders. Mr. Hughill sustained very serious injuries to the left side, and Mr. Williams was injured about the chest. Messrs. Hughill and Williams are among the most popular business men in the Canadian Soo.

GARY BARRETT HANGED.

Convict Protested His Innocence to the Last.

A despatch from Edmonton, Alberta, says: Protesting his innocence to the last, and declaring that he had killed Deputy Warden Stedman of Alberta Penitentiary, formerly of Toronto, in self-defence, Gary R. Barrett was hanged on Wednesday morning in the corridor of the prison. The drop being sprung, it required fifteen minutes before the doctors pronounced him dead, as the noise had slipped. Death was due to strangulation, and not a broken neck. His son, who was not permitted to be present at the execution, was given the body, which will be taken to Butte, Montana, for burial. The condemned man showed the utmost unconcern, save that he objected to the oration he wished to deliver being cut short.

ONLY HIS FATHER LEFT.

Man Returns to Find Whole Family Wiped Out in Two Years.

A despatch from Ottawa says: After two years' absence in the woods of northern Quebec, remote from all news of the outside world, Joseph St. Armour, of Notre Dame de Salabutte, on his return home this week found to welcome him only his father, left alone in a family of nine. Not until he reached the site of the home he had left two years ago did the son learn of the landslide that occurred at the village a year ago last April, which wiped out half the place, and swept five members of his family to death. Two others had also passed away during his absence, without a word of the tragedy reaching him in the north.

SUBMARINE SUNK.

British Vessel Cut Down by Steamer and Crew Perish.

A despatch from London says: A wireless message received at Portsmouth states that submarine torpedo-boat C 11 was in collision late on Wednesday night with the cargo steamer Edgystone, near Lowestoft, and was sunk. Of the crew of 16 men, only three were saved. It is understood that the men of C 11 had no chance to escape, being inside the submarine, and went to the bottom with it.

CREAM OF TARTAR PURE.

80 Per Cent. of Samples Taken in Canada Unadulterated.

A despatch from Ottawa says: A bulletin issued on Wednesday by the Inland Revenue Department shows from a large number of samples analyzed by the department that about 80 per cent. of the cream tartars on sale throughout Canada are pure.

QUAKE VISITS GREECE.

Many People Said to Have Perished in Elis Province.

A despatch from Athens, Greece, says: An earthquake has occurred in the Province of Elis, the capital of which is Pyrofos. Several villages were destroyed, and many people perished. The material loss is heavy.

CANADA.

Senator Perley died suddenly at Wolsely, Sask., on Thursday.

The London Canadian Club has started to raise a Tecumseh memorial fund.

Rev. Mr. Regnell, a Kenora minister, was sent to jail for a year for forging a receipt.

The Michigan Central Railway has ordered seven new engines to be built at Montreal.

The fine on moving picture men at Montreal who keep open on Sundays has been raised to one hundred dollars.

A Montreal firm of architects are preparing plans for the new University of Saskatchewan buildings at Saskatoon. Accommodation for 2,000 students will be provided.

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, July 20.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 cent. patents; \$9.40 to \$9.55 to-day in buyers' sacks outside for export, and \$9.50 to \$9.75 on track, Toronto. Manitoba flour is firm; first patents, \$6.20 to \$6.40 on track, Toronto; second patents, \$5.75 to \$5.90, and strong bakers' \$5.50 to \$5.70 on track, Toronto.

Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 Northern \$1.37 1/2, Georgian Bay ports; No. 2 at \$1.35 1/2, and No. 3 at \$1.34.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.25 outside.

Barley—Good barley quoted at 60 to 62c outside.

Oats—No. 2 Ontario white, 55 to 56 1/2c on track, Toronto, and at 53 1/2 to 54c outside. No. 2 Western Canada oats, 57c and No. 3, 56c, Bay ports.

Peas—Prices purely nominal.

Rye—No. 2 74 to 75c outside.

Buckwheat—No. 2, 70c outside.

Corn—No. 2 American yellow, 50 1/2 to 51c on track, Toronto. Canadian yellow, 76 to 77c on track, Toronto.

Brans—\$19.50 to \$20 for Ontario bran outside in bulk. Manitoba, \$22 in sacks, Toronto freights; shorts, \$24, Toronto freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Prime, \$2.20 to \$2.25, and hand-picked, \$2.40 to \$2.45 per bushel.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$12 to \$12.50 a ton on track here, and lower grades, \$8.50 to \$10.

Straw—\$7 to \$7.50 on track.

Potatoes—Small lots of old, 75c to 90c, and new \$3 to \$3.25 per barrel, on track.

Poultry—Chickens, yearlings, dressed, 12 to 13c per pound; fowl, 9 to 10c; turkeys, 14 to 16c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound prints, 19 to 20c; tubs and large rolls, 18 to 19c; inferior, 15 to 16c; creamery, 24 to 25c, and separator, 19 to 20c per lb.

Eggs—Case lots, 20 to 21c per doz. Cheese—Large cheese, old, 14c per lb., and twins, 14c. New quoted at 12 1/2c for large, and at 12 1/2c for twins.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon, long clear, 13 1/2 to 13 3/4c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$23 to \$25; short cut, \$22.50 to \$26.

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

lard—Tierces, 14 1/2c; tubs, 14 1/2c; pails, 14 1/2c.

BUSINESS IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 20.—Oats—No. 2 Canadian Western, 59c; No. 1 extra feed 58 1/2c; No. 1 feed, 58 1/2c; No. 2 Canadian Western, 58c. Barley—No. 2, 72c to 74c; Manitoba feed barley, 67 1/2 to 70c. Buckwheat—69 1/2 to 70c. Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$6.30; do., seconds, \$5.80; winter wheat patents, \$6.75; Manitoba strong bakers', \$5.60; straight rollers, \$6.50 to \$6.60; do., in bags, \$3.15 to \$3.20; extras, in bags, \$2.80 to \$2.90. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$22; Manitoba shorts, \$24; pure grain mouille, \$33 to \$35; mixed, \$28 to \$30. Cheese—11 1/2 to 12c for westerns; 11 1/2 to 11 3/4c for easterns. Butter 21 1/2c for pound lots, and 22 to 22 1/2c in a jobbing way. Eggs—Selected stock 23c; straight 18 1/2 to 19c per dozen.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Chicago, July 20.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 Northern, \$1.38 to \$1.42; No. 2 Northern, \$1.34 to \$1.38; No. 2 Spring, \$1.29. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 74c; No. 3, 73 1/2c; No. 4, 70 to 71 1/2c. Oats—No. 2 white, 55 1/2c; No. 3 white, 54 1/2c; No. 4 white, 49 to 50 1/2c; standard, 54c.

Minneapolis, July 20.—Wheat—July, \$1.32 1/2; Sept., \$1.13 to \$1.13 1/2; Dec., \$1.10 1/2 to \$1.10 1/4; cash No. 1 hard, \$1.35 to \$1.36; No. 1 Northern, \$1.34 to \$1.35; No. 2 Northern, \$1.32 to \$1.33; No. 3 Northern, \$1.30 to \$1.31. Bran—In bulk, 100 lbs. sacks, \$21. Flour—First patents, \$6.20 to \$6.30; second patents, \$6.10 to \$6.20; seconds, \$5.15 to \$5.25; thirds, \$3.75 to \$3.85.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Montreal, July 20.—Prime beefs sold at from 5 1/2c, to near 6c per lb.; pretty good animals at 4 to 5 1/2c, and common stock 2 1/2 to 3 1/2c per lb.; milch cows from \$25 to \$50 each. Calves \$2.50 to \$3 each, or 3 1/2 to 6c per lb. Sheep 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c per pound; lambs \$4 to \$5.50 each. Good lots of fat hogs sold at 8 1/2 to 8 3/4c per lb.

Toronto, July 20.—Sheep and lambs—Ewes slightly firmer; market steady. Butcher—Medium and common cattle, lower

ESCAPE OF TWO CONVICTS

Prisoners Made Sudden Dash and Got Away From the Edmonton Penitentiary.

A despatch from Edmonton, Alberta, says: A daring and successful escape was made on Wednesday by two convicts at Edmonton Penitentiary. The men are John C. Atkinson, undergoing a five-year sentence, and Jack Johnson, a negro who assaulted the guard some months ago, and who has an indefinite sentence of about six years of imprisonment to serve. The men are thought to be hiding in the bush, which lies several miles north and east of the prison yards. The manner of their escape indicates the daring of the two men, and the apparent carelessness of several guards who were stationed on sentry duty on the fence and armed with Ross rifles and repeating revolvers. Atkinson and Johnson were working on the excavation for the new cell block, to the rear of the present building, and near the centre of the prison yard. Other convicts were at the other end of the excavation, and scattered in various directions throughout the yard. Atkinson and Johnson, however, were alone wheeling clay from the excavation, which was about four feet deep. Suddenly they seized a long plank, on which were cleats, which was used for running their wheelbarrows up to the surface. With this they ran to the east end of the fence, about eight feet distant, and placing it against the wall, were soon up and over, taking cover in the brush.

FINDS HER LOVER DEAD.

Toronto Girl Goes to Wisconsin to Wed.

A despatch from Sheboygan, Wis., says: After a long journey from Toronto, Ontario, Miss Maggie Bloomer has arrived in Sheboygan only to find her intended husband, Harry Cleveland, dead. The wedding was to have taken place on Wednesday. Mr. Cleveland had made all necessary arrangements for his wedding, had secured a house, and was selecting furniture. He was about fifty-three years of age, and had been previously married, and had come from Toronto about a year and a half ago. He was employed to do special work at the Badger State Tanning Company plant, but had not been working since Memorial Day. Before that time he had begun to make arrangements for his wedding, and had sent Miss Bloomer \$35 to come to Sheboygan. Miss Bloomer is in the city without funds or friends, and is preparing to return to Toronto. Cleveland had several hundred dollars in a bank here, but nothing can be done in settling his affairs until the relatives are heard from.

EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

United States Schools Will Fight Tuberculosis.

A despatch from New York says: On the basis of recent investigations, the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis declared, in a statement issued on Wednesday, that the United States is paying annually \$7,500,000 for the education of children who will die of tuberculosis before they reach the age of eighteen. There are nearly 1,000,000 school children in the country to-day who will die of this disease before they are of age, the statement continued. To offset this yearly waste, the children are being educated about the dangers of tuberculosis and the methods to be taken for its prevention, and during the school year just closed over 3,500,000 of the 17,000,000 school children in the United States, the society states, have received such training.

CALLS MILKMAN ASSASSIN.

Montreal Recorder's Opinion of Man Who Sells Impure Milk.

A despatch from Montreal says: "You're an assassin, that's what you are," declared Recorder Dupuis from the Bench on Wednesday morning to J. Altimus, a Longue Point milk-dealer, who was, for the fourth time, convicted of selling diluted milk that contained very little that was nourishing and was otherwise unfit for consumption. "A man who will sell milk that for use by little children, is nothing but an assassin," continued the Recorder, in the course of a severe lecture to the accused and several other milkmen, who were arrested on a charge of selling milk below the standard and otherwise unfit for use.

AFTER THE BANK ROBBERS.

Bank of Nova Scotia Robbers Believed to be Up Rainy River.

A despatch from Rainy River says: Detectives have got track of the men believed to be the bandits who robbed the bank of Nova Scotia here some time ago, up at Oak Island, near the head of Rainy River. A strong posse, headed by Pinkerton men, has gone out.

BATTLE NEAR PITTSBURG

Strikers Attack Vessel and Rifles Used at the Pressed Steel Company's Works.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Penn., says: Wednesday was a day of most fearful rioting at the mills of the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKee's Rocks, six miles beyond Pittsburg. At least one hundred persons were injured in gun battles, by thrown rocks and clubs, and at midnight one thousand angry strikers were grouped around the works, each with a half brick or a gun.

Eight persons were so seriously injured in the clashes that they could not be hurried away by their friends. Three of those injured badly in the Ohio Valley Hospital cannot speak English, and their names cannot be learned.

Late Wednesday evening the Steel Queen, a steamer owned by the Pressed Steel Company, and supposedly filled with strike-breakers, attempted to enter the mill yards from the Ohio River through a water gate and was fired on by three hundred strikers on the river bank. Those on the Steel Queen returned the fire promptly, and

probably a hundred shots were fired before the boat turned about and ran for the opposite shore of the Ohio River.

The Pressed Steel Car Company is now in close communication with the authorities at Washington, asking that something be done at once, because the Steel Queen was plying on United States waters at the time the strikers opened fire on her. At least half a dozen of the strikers appeared to have been hit by bullets from the Steel Queen's marksmen, but it is not known whether any on the vessel was hit or not. The Steel Car Company declares none of their men were injured.

Dr. Davidson of the Ohio Valley Hospital says that he dressed the wounds of nineteen seriously injured persons on Wednesday, whose names he did not glean, and each of whom declined to remain in the hospital. In addition to this, scores were attended to by other physicians in the hospital, while the physicians in town have been busy since noon binding up wounds.