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## FOILED IN THE ATTEMPT

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

At length, after the lady had been confined more than four weeks at Duck Island, Woodsey came to her one afternoon, as she sat upon the rocks in front of the grotto, and inquired:

"Have you changed your mind? Do you wish to negotiate with me?"

"No," she answered.

"Then I shall have to deal with the governor. And as his grief at your death is now about ripe, I propose to see him forthwith. In fact, I shall start for Cleveland tonight."

"All right, sir."

The dark face of Woodsey became still darker at the scorn with which Mrs. Ward replied to him.

"Of course," he resumed, "you will give me a line to the governor, telling him that you are still alive and well, and giving him an idea of the nature of my business."

"Of course I shall do nothing of the kind, sir."

"What! you won't tell him that you are alive?"

"No, sir! I won't write a line of any sort. You may convince my husband in any way you can. But it is my belief that you will find him a hard man to deal with."

Woodsey contemplated her long and earnestly, with ill-concealed rage.

"I had counted upon a line from you," he declared, "but of course I can get along without it."

"Shall you take me along with you?"

"No, you will remain here."

"But will this be safe! The season of navigation has fully opened since you brought me here, and we've lately seen numerous steamers and sailing vessels passing in the distance."

"True, we have seen them," returned Woodsey, "but you would not be able to attract their attention, even if you were to be turned loose on the island."

"Then you will leave me here?"

"I will, madam. There is just a possibility that some hunter or fisher may come this way, but my men can take care of them."

"You don't suppose Ben Stobie will turn up here and release me, do you?" she inquired, smiling scornfully.

"No, I don't," he replied. "The fact is, he has been hunted out of this vicinity by the Lake Patrol and would not dare return to it."

He reflected a few moments with deep scheming malignancy, and then added:

"As you have suggested, I may have some difficulty in dealing with your husband."

"You may, indeed!"

"I will accordingly be prepared for it. Three days is a fair allowance of time for my trip to Cleveland, one day will suffice for my business with the governor, and three days will suffice for my return. To these seven days I will add three others, to cover any possible delays or accidents, and thus provide for ten days of absence."

"Very well, sir. You will provide for ten days of absence. This is another way of saying, I suppose, that I may expect you back at the end of that time?"

"Yes, certainly, that is implied, but what I was getting at is this. As I may have difficulty with your husband, it will be well for me to guard against it under any circumstances whatever. And as it is now time to be off, I must shut you up in your prison, which will perhaps prove your tomb."

He lost no time in walling her in, and in less than five minutes thereafter he was standing down the lake in his little sloop, on his way to Cleveland, to negotiate with the governor, her husband.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As Tillie Ward drifted onward in her birch-bark canoe, the silence and darkness of the great watery wilderness deepened more and more around her. Her frame was weakened by long sleeplessness and fatigue, and the plashing of the waves and the murmur of the winds sound-

ed in her ears like a lullaby. Her eyelids began to droop wearily, and she grew strangely sleepy.

Depositing her paddle in the bottom of the canoe, she knelt in the unsteady, trembling craft and prayed to be kept safely during the night. And then, wrapping one of her scarlet blankets closely around her, and pillowing her head upon the other, she deposited herself beside her paddle, and was soon sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion.

It was broad day when she awoke and she started up abruptly, bewildered for a moment as to her whereabouts, the sun shining brightly on the waters around her. The wind was blowing from the northwest, having changed in the night, and in the distance Tillie saw a white sail gleaming in the sunshine.

For a moment her heart seemed to stand still in terror. She fancied the strange vessel must be in pursuit of her. But, watching it more closely, she saw that it was standing up toward the Straits, and that it was too far away to have detected her presence.

Yet she watched the sail a while with a strange fascination, until it had grown less and less, and almost disappeared on its course.

Then, with a long breath of relief, her thoughts came back to herself.

"How tired I am!" she murmured, throwing off her Indian blanket, and putting on her hat to shade her face. "I am still sleepy too. The first thing to be done is to have breakfast."

She leaned over the canoe and lathed her face and hands in the water. This refreshed her greatly.

Her breakfast was simple enough, consisting of a few crackers, a bit of cheese, and some dried beef, with a drink of the lake water.

Her watch had run down, she having neglected to wind it. She proceeded to wind it, with a sense of companionship in the cheerful ticking, and set it by the sun.

"How fast I am drifting before the wind," she thought, marking her course. "I must be going towards the Georgian Bay. I shall reach one of the islands between the bay and the lake if this wind holds."

She seized her paddle and for a while plied it busily, but, feeling unequal to the exertion, she deposited it again in the canoe, and lay down and went to sleep.

She slept most of the day, waking but once or twice, and the little canoe sped onward with the favor of wind and current, bearing her swiftly to her unknown destination.

When she again awoke herself, refreshed and strengthened, and wakeful, night had come again. The stars were glowing in the sky. The wind still blew strong, but had shifted to the west. Sitting up, the fugitive ate her evening meal. Her dazed feeling had gone from her brain, and she was again clear-headed, but the pressure on her heart seemed to have increased its weight. She was strong and resolute, however, in her determination to hide herself from all the world, and a strange eagerness came over her to reach her future refuge.

She took up her paddle and helped her canoe on its course, continuing to follow the direction of the wind. The night deepened, but the girl continued wakeful. She paddled a good deal by fits and starts, making fair progress.

She had no means of ascertaining her exact whereabouts, but had a sufficient idea of it to feel sure that a new day would bring her a view of land.

With the morning, however, the wind had changed, coming from the northwest, and she experienced a fear that she would be driven to the southward of her intended destination.

These fears increased as the breeze continued to freshen and the canoe scudded away before it as if inspired with her own fears of pursuit.

About nine o'clock she suddenly saw a shadowy and indistinct line to the northwest, which she believed to be one of the southeastern extremities of Grand Manitoulin, and in an instant she was all excitement.

"If I am right," she said, "I shall soon see land directly ahead of me, and—Sure enough! there it is."

For an hour or two she sped on, now helping herself with the paddle, and now merely drifting, and at the end of that time she found herself abreast of a shore which seemed to be large enough to form a portion of a continent.

Her disappointment was great, her constant thought having been of a small island.

She began to dread arriving, but

it would have been useless to attempt to battle with both wind and current, and she resigned herself to the guiding hand of destiny.

The shore grew plainer, showing itself as a rocky and precipitous coast, the surface of which was densely wooded.

In the midst of this bold and steep bluff, an opening at last presented itself—a small bay, shut in on either side by tall cliffs, and having a low pebbly beach.

No spot more secluded than the head of this bay could have been imagined. Behind it, at some distance, arose a steep and wooded hill.

"It looks desolate enough hereabouts," thought Tillie. "Surely no one can live in such a wild and lonely region."

She was fated to solve the question for herself. The winds and waves drove her canoe directly towards the small land-locked bay, and presently she was swept in between the two bluffs into the calmer waters within.

The fugitive started at the scene that met her gaze, and uttered a cry of astonishment.

Before her, encircled by hills, and in their shadow and that of the bluffs, lay a little clearing.

It spread out for many acres, green and pleasant, and was fenced into pastures, meadows, and grain-fields, all of them having a thrifty, prosperous look.

In one pasture there were a few sheep, and in another several head of cattle. Wheat and corn were waving elsewhere in the fresh lake breeze.

But that which caught Tillie's eye first and held it longest was a little cabin on the shore of the bay, set in the midst of a sunny little garden.

The cabin was small, built of logs in a picturesque fashion, with a little wing projecting from the main part. The latter was steeply roofed, and the roof extended several feet beyond the dwelling, forming a deep and shaded veranda. Between the cabin and the shore lay a small patch of green grass intersected by beaten paths, which were bordered by rows of old-fashioned, sweet-scented flowers.

At a little distance from the dwelling, on the shore of the bay, was a boat-house. Its door was open, and Tillie saw within it a couple of Indian canoes, one larger than the other, and both like her own, made of birch bark drawn over a frame of white cedar.

Tillie noticed all these features as the current swept her on towards the shore, and then her gaze reverted to the cabin.

There was a bench on the veranda, and two large old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chairs with arms and tall back.

In one of these chairs, somewhat back in the shadow, sat a young girl, who was evidently asleep, and by this time the current had brought the canoe near the beach, and a few vigorous strokes of her paddle enabled her to land, springing ashore lightly, she drew her canoe out of the water, and made her way up the path towards the cabin.

As she mounted the log steps of the veranda, the sleeping girl awoke, and sprang up, looking at the young fugitive with an intense surprise and curiosity, and Tillie returned her glances with interest.

The young girl of the cabin looked about her own age, seventeen. But she looked younger than her years, despite the fact that there was an unsightly hump on her girlish shoulders. But for her deformity she would have been tall and slender.

Her face caused one to forget her deformity. It was a wild, dark, elfin face, lighted up with great, stormy, scornful eyes, blacker than the darkest night—a small childish face mirroring the soul of a woman.

"Who are you?" asked this strange girl, stepping towards the newcomer. "Where do you come from?"

"I come from the lake yonder," replied Tillie, pointing to the water with its tossing white caps. "The wind has driven me here. May I come in and rest?"

A pitying look answered her.

"Sit down," invited the deformed girl gently, drawing up one of the chairs. "My name is Floss Beevil. (To be Continued.)"

### THREW MAN OVERBOARD.

Heartless Action of Mate of the Steamer Standard.

A despatch from Kenora says: During an altercation on Monday afternoon on board the steamer Standard, a work boat of Sutton & McArthur, a Swedish foreman in their employ threw overboard a young Scotchman named Robert McKay. All means were taken to rescue him, but without avail, and during the excitement that followed the Swede disappeared. A search for the Swede has been instituted.

Nova Scotia is sending the Princess of Wales a mink coat with fur trimmings and with buttons of 24-karat gold worth about \$8,000.

Brook-ile boys teased an old man named Kenlyle until he picked up a stone and struck George Whaley in the face, inflicting an injury that will disfigure him for life.

### LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Aug. 4.—Ontario Wheat—Old fall wheat quoted at 83c to 84c; new at 81c to 82c.

Manitoba Wheat—Quotations at Georgian Bay ports: No. 1 northern, \$1.10½; No. 2 northern, \$1.07½; No. 3 northern, \$1.06½.

Barley—No. 2, 58c to 60c, outside; No. 3X, 56c to 57c.

Bran—Quoted at \$16 to \$18 per ton in bulk, outside; in bags, \$9 more.

Corn—No. 3 yellow, nominal at 85c, Toronto freights; kiln-dried, 82c to 83c.

Oats—Ontario No. 2 white, nominal, 44c to 46c outside; Manitoba, No. 2, 48c, lake ports; No. 3, 46c; rejects, 45c.

Shorts—\$20 to \$21 in bulk outside; in bags, \$2 more.

Flour—Manitoba, first patents, \$6; seconds, \$5.40; strong bakers' \$5.30; Ontario winter wheat patents, \$3.20 to \$3.30.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Receipts are still large and still the market keeps strong. Creamery, prints . . . . . 23c to 25c do solids . . . . . 23c to 24c Dairy prints, choice . . . . . 23c to 24c do ordinary . . . . . 21c to 22c Dairy, tubs . . . . . 21c to 22c Inferior . . . . . 17c to 18c

Cheese—12½c and 13c for large and 13c to 13½c for twins.

Eggs—Prices are easier at 20c to 21c.

Beans—Prices are \$2 to \$2.10 for prime and \$2.10 to \$2.20 for hand-picked.

Potatoes—Ontarios, 90c to \$1.15 per bushel; Americans, \$3.35 to \$3.60 per barrel in car lots on track here.

PROVISION MARKET.

Pork—Short cut, \$23.50 per barrel; mess, \$19 to \$19.50.

Lard—Tierces, 12c; tubs, 12½c; pigs, 12½c.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 11½c to 11¾c; tcons and cases; hams, medium and light, 14½c to 15c; hams, large, 12½c to 13c; backs, 17½c to 18c; shoulders, 10c to 10½c; rolls, 10½c to 11c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 15½c; green meats, out of pickle, 15c less than smoked.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Aug. 4.—Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$6.10 to \$6.20; second patents, \$5.50 to \$5.70; winter wheat patents, \$5 to \$5.50; straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; in bags, \$1.95 to \$2.10, extra, \$1.50 to \$1.70.

Rolls Oats—\$2.50 in bags of 90 pounds.

Oats—No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 47c; rejected, 46c.

Cornmeal—\$1.85 to \$1.95 per bag.

Millfeed—Ontario bran, in bags, \$20.50 to \$21.50; shorts, \$23 to \$24; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$22 to \$23; shorts, \$24 to \$25.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, \$22½; half barrels, \$11.50; clear fat backs, \$23; dry salt long clear backs, 11c; barrels plate beef, \$17.50; half barrels do, \$9; compound lard, 3½c to 9½c; pure lard, 12½c to 13c; kams, 12½c to 14c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; live, \$6.85 to \$7.

Eggs—Selected stock, 23c; No. 1, 20c and No. 2, 16c per dozen.

Cheese—Westerns are quoted at 12c to 12½c and easterns at 11½c to 11¾c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Aug. 4.—Spring wheat—Firm; No. 1 Northern, earloads, store, \$1.17½; Winter firmer. Corn—Lower; No. 3 yellow, 82c; No. 4 yellow, 81c; No. 3 corn, 80c; No. 4 corn, 79c; No. 3 white, 84c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 white, 62c; No. 3 white, 61c; No. 4 white, 60c. Barley—Feed to making, 60 to 62c.

New York, Aug. 4.—Spot steady; No. 2 red, 93½c to \$1 elevator; No. 2, \$1.00; f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.22½; f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, \$1.01½; f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Aug. 4.—Some lots exporters' cattle were on sale. A load brought \$5.30 per cwt. The range was \$5 to \$5.30 for good, and \$4.80 to \$5 per cwt. for light ones. The price for choice butchers' cattle was around \$5 per cwt. The general quotations were:—Good loads of butchers' cattle, \$4.50 to \$4.90; medium, \$3.75 to \$4.35; ordinary, \$2.50 to \$3.50; cows, choice, \$3.50 to \$4.25; cows, common, \$2 to \$3 per cwt. Cannors sold at \$1 to \$2 per cwt.

Stockers were worth \$3 to \$3.75 per cwt. Light loads sold at \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt.

Export ewes were firm at \$3.75 to \$4 per cwt. Lambs were quoted at 5 to 6c per pound.

Select hogs were still quoted at \$6.90 per cwt., fed and watered. Lights and fats were worth \$6.50 per cwt.

Hamilton Board of Health want milk dealers to place their names on bottles, and be responsible for the contents.

### CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

Lord Roberts will go as far west as Banff.

Woodstock ratepayers defeated the bill to provide funds for a new school.

R. S. Price, a farmer of Otonabec township, is a cousin of Lord Roberts.

Fred Howe, a clerk in Hamilton City Hall, was fined \$1 for loitering on the sidewalk.

A. H. Pridy was arrested at Winnipeg for robbing the mails. He was a postoffice employe.

Lindsay council has authorized a \$10,000 issue of debentures to purchase an ozone filtration plant.

J. A. O'Brien, arrested at Montreal on Thursday, pleaded guilty to robbing the Canadian Express Company.

Isaac Scigliano, the Italian, wanted at Sault Ste Marie for the murder of a fellow-countryman, was arrested in Michigan and brought back.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A British board will inquire into the methods of preserving meat.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is reported to be in a very grave condition.

The House of Lords has passed the old-age pensions bill, with a number of amendments.

Mr. Lloyd-George blames the expenditure on armament for Germany's distrust of Britain.

Three hundred British members of Parliament are pledged to the removal of the cattle embargo.

The delegates attending the Universal Peace Congress in London were welcomed by the King and Queen.

Sir Edward Grey warmly repudiates the idea that Britain's foreign policy is aimed at the isolation of Germany.

To prevent further friction with Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Percy Scott has been appointed to a new command.

The British Admiralty has exonerated both Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott in connection with the signal incident.

UNITED STATES.

North Dakota is to erect a monument to Theodore Roosevelt.

A negro charged with assaulting a white woman was burned at the stake by a mob in the public square at Greenville, Texas.

GENERAL.

Turkish Moslems are now strongly pro-British.

W. K. Vanderbilt's stepson was killed in a motor car accident in France.

The German military authorities intend to have a fleet of 30 dirigible war balloons.

A Chinese vessel foundered in a typhoon near Clanton and 300 persons were drowned.

Gen. von der Goltz, of the German army, will reorganize the Turkish army.

Clark Kennedy, the Englishman who was captured by Moorish brigands, has been released.

CANADA'S MISSION.

To Cement Britain's Friendship With United States.

A despatch from London says: The Daily Telegraph says the Quebec battlefields will be hallowed ground, consecrated forever to the genius of Canadian nationality within the empire, which will one day play a great part in the world's affairs. The highest mission of Canada is to stand between Britain and the United States, holding each by the hand.

The times pays the highest tribute to the success of the Terecentenary. It says Canada has only to be true to herself and to her great traditions to create a community second to none on the earth.

A PASTOR DROWNED.

Baptist Minister of Beamsville Was Attending Picnic.

A despatch from Beamsville, Ont., says: Rev. G. B. Brown, pastor of the Baptist church here, was drowned on Thursday afternoon at Jordan Harbor, while attending the Sunday school picnic of the Baptist church. Mr. Bert McEnteer was swimming just ahead of Mr. Brown, when the latter called for assistance, saying he was tired. McEnteer turned and went to Mr. Brown's aid, but his hand was on his shoulder. He was being drawn to shore when he suddenly drawing Mr. McEnteer with him to the surface, but was unable to render assistance. Deceased was 52 years of age, being born at Beamsville in 1856.

## THREE TRACKMEN KILLED

Fourth Man Seriously Injured in Accident Near Fort William.

A despatch from Fort William says: Rounding a curve at full speed on the new double track at Osco, train No. 2 on Thursday morning plowed its way through an extra gang of sixty who had stepped on to a west-bound freight train. Three men are dead as the result of the mix-up and another now lies in the McKellar Hospital at the point of death. All four are members of the local coal dock section and all four have relatives living here. Wasyo Cushekewicz, Russian, 21 years, single; John Luchezky, Russian, 29 years, married; Diemetor Wyshnowski, Austrian, 21 years, single; injured—John Cushekewicz.

Strango to say the three killed and the one injured were all that were touched by the express, and this appears to be almost miraculous considering the speed of the train and the manner in which the men were jammed up on the track. From the time the engine rounded the curve it was right in the centre of the group of men, one could only move a few feet, yet all but four managed in some manner or other to scramble off the track.

Engineer Robinson, who was in charge of the engine, did not see the men until he was right on them. He immediately threw on the emergency and stopped in two train lengths, which was very fast work considering the speed of the train.

Of the three who were killed, Cushekewicz and Luchezky were dead when picked up, while Wyshnowski died on the train on the way to the hospital.

## CROPS NOT QUITE SO HEAVY

Conditions at the End of July Are Not So Rosy.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Crop conditions at the end of July are perhaps not quite so rosy as many expected them to be. In spite of all the rain that fell in June, and which made many people worry for fear that the country was getting too much, there is a very general complaint of want of rain, and this has undoubtedly lessened the average yield, to what percentage only the thrashing machines can tell. Careful reading of the reports shows that while the harvest will be much earlier than last year, it will not be a very early harvest, for although on light land consider-

able wheat will be cut on and about August 10, there will not be much general cutting until the week of August 15 to 20, which is all the way from a week to ten days later than either the year 1906 or 1905. Taking the country from end to end, however, conditions are decidedly better for reaping, without damage, an average crop, so far as yield is concerned, and much more than an average crop for quality.

An average crop, on the acreage now in, means at least very considerably over a hundred million bushels, though how much over, it is difficult to say.

### PLAGUE SWEEPS RUSSIA.

Condition of Towns Opens Way for Cholera Harvest.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The cholera that has made its appearance in Russia this year is most virulent. Out of 12 cases in Tauris there have been 11 deaths. According to investigations made by Deputy Von Anrep, who is a distinguished medical authority, the sanitary conditions in the Volga towns are horrible. The absence of a sewerage system and water works puts the inhabitants at the mercy of the epidemic, and the cholera will reap a full harvest.

### A FATAL SHOCK AT QUEBEC

Percy Daniels Comes in Contact With Live Wire.

A despatch from Quebec says: While installing a motor in a cold-storage warehouse on Wednesday Mr. Percy Daniels received a shock from a live wire, as a result of which he died an hour later. Deceased was well known in Toronto, where some years ago he worked for the General Electric Company. He was a nephew of Mr. H. B. Angus, director of the Bank of Montreal, an Englishman by birth, about 30 years of age, and unmarried.

### G. T. PACIFIC OPENED.

The First Train From Winnipeg to Battle River.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: A new epoch in transportation in the west was marked on Thursday morning, when the first train pulled out for the west over the G. T. P.

## SWALLOWED A FATAL DOSE

Losses in Stock Market Cause Suicide of Montreal Broker.

A despatch from Montreal says: hotel, where he found Gray lying on his bed unconscious. An ambulance was summoned, and he was speedily conveyed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where everything was done to save his life, but death ensued this morning.