

# Vote for Local Option on January 6, Next.

# MILLBROOK ANTIMONY MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 19, No. 31, \$1 per annum.

MILLBROOK ONT. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907.

C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

## A Terrible Temptation

OR, THE FAMILY RING

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

His thoughts were brought back to the present by Hope's voice.

"You have promised to take care of me?"

She spoke breathlessly, surprise and awe the predominant notes in her voice.

"Incredibly and terror spreading slowly over her face. 'Oh! I don't think you will like it at all, you wouldn't like a girl like me in your house.'"

The naive words first amused him, then gave him a shock of dismay, and finally brought him a fresh realization of the serious results of his promise to Mrs. James.

"You wouldn't like a girl like me in your house," Hope's words repeated themselves in his brain with maddening iteration.

Not he certainly would not like any sort of girl in his house, his comfortable bachelor establishment, even his mother only ventured to come by invitation, and where he had no intention of introducing any woman, until a day came in a dim and very distant future, when he should find some immaculate, wealthy and charming lady to be his wife.

This untidy, unkempt girl in his house, no indeed he would certainly not like it. Her coming was impossible, of course—at least—he did not suppose that any question of her doing so would ever arise; why should it?

His meditations ended with great abruptness, and he looked nervously again at the dark untidy head near the level of his shoulder.

"We shall have to consider the question of your future," he said, with a sudden accession of nervousness, "and until it can be decided I suppose—you could stay on here?"

He was again struck forcibly by the dreary reformerism of the girl, and a recollection of the dirty, slatternly landlady brought with it an odd feeling of compunction, stifled by the further remembrance that the girl must be accustomed both to the house and its mistress.

"Yes—I can stay here," she said in answer to his question, "there isn't anywhere else for me to go, is there? We have lived here for a year, mother and I."

It isn't as nice a lodging as we used to live in before, but we just had to bear it; but—shall I always have to live alone?" A look of dread flashed over her face. "I bore it for six weeks, because mother had to go to the hospital—but—oh! I can't go on living alone, indeed I can't!"

She clutched desperately at his arm, and the tears welled up into her eyes again, and rolled slowly down her frightened white face.

Anderson could scarcely suppress a smile. He reflected that the girl must be absurdly young, and he concluded, if she really supposed he intended her to live in a lodging-house by herself, and though his own mind was filled more and more with dismay as the problem of her future loomed before him in increasingly gigantic proportions, he could not but strive at the moment to reassure her.

"You shall not be left here long," he said kindly, "and certainly you will not have to live alone. I will go into the whole question more fully to-morrow, when I shall come to see you again. Meanwhile—" He looked at her more helplessly than he had ever looked at anything in his whole vigorous, energetic existence. He had favored himself that he was well able to face any contingencies, but the contingency that now had to be dealt with was disconcerting to him to a degree of which he was almost ashamed.

To leave this girl alone with her great grief in a desolate lodging-house, with no woman to comfort her excepting an uncomprehending-looking landlady, seemed little short of brutal; and yet, what could he do with her if he took her away at once from her present quarters?

If level-headedness was one of Miles Anderson's characteristics, his quietism certainly was not, and having already been carried away by an impulse only a few hours previously, he was not inclined to act impulsively for the second time. Otherwise, it crossed his mind more than once whether he would not then and there carry off this poor little slabby girl in his brougham, and take her home with him.

But whereas beside Mrs. James' deathbed, no time had been allowed him for such reflection or for drawing back from a generous offer, here and now common sense and what he called the saner side of his mind, asserted themselves, and he saw with clearness the utter impossibility of taking a girl of eighteen into the establishment of a bachelor of thirty-two.

"Neither can I take her to my mother's," first against the girl for being grown up and not the child he had imagined; secondly against the dead woman who had, he vaguely recalled, forced his hand; lastly against himself for having yielded to an impulse and promised to undertake what seemed likely to be a task of no lightness.

"I will come back to you to-morrow," he repeated, after a long pause, during which these thoughts ran through his brain, "and then—we will see."

It was sufficiently vague, but the strength stamped upon his features im-

pressed the girl more than did his actual words with a feeling of trust in his power to help her.

"Come early, won't you?" she said, lifting her tear-stained face to his, and clinging to him with the abandonment of a child; "it frightens me to think of being alone—now mummy has gone away—it frightens me, oh, please come early, and please promise to let me see mummy again—before—before—"

The tears rained down her face again, but by a great effort she held back her sobs. The touch of her clinging hands made Anderson feel more than ever that he had to be unwise and gentle, and seated her on the sofa.

"I will come back early, I promise," he said; "you shall see your mother again now I want you to try not to cry any more, but to promise me something."

"Yes—what is it?"

"I want you to have some supper and then to drink some medicine I mean to send you, and go straight to bed. I will speak to your landlady before I go and tell her to take care of you, but I must go now."

She looked at him wistfully; his grave, almost stern manner subdued her strangely, whilst his strength in some odd way afforded her a sort of comfort.

Undisciplined herself, she was inclined to cling instinctively to the firm character of the man who had spent his life in self-discipline and self-restraint, and she promised, meekly enough, to do his bidding.

He left her still sitting on the sofa, and summoning the voluble landlady from the kitchen regions interviewed her in the passage, and gave her many strict injunctions as to the care that was to be taken of her lodger.

"Which is the air of a very grand gentleman," Mrs. Brooks said to Hope, a few minutes later, "moves in the best circles I should say, as a man with 'im what you don't meet with every day, and I'm sure I'd be glad to be taken care of by you."

"I'm sure he is very big and grand; oh! I think he will be kind to me!"

CHAPTER III.

Miles Anderson, so his less fortunate colleagues were wont to declare with a laugh half envious, half admiring, was "a confoundedly lucky" man; appointments for which he sought were given him, the good things of this world dropped at his feet ready to be picked up, fortune had always smiled upon him, at least so said the men among whom her smiles had rested less freely.

And yet, as a matter of fact, luck had played a very small part in the long line of circumstances by which Anderson's feet had been set in the pathway that leads to success.

That was a man who declared that there is no such thing as luck in this world, and no such person as a lucky man, but that the successful are they who know how to use their opportunities.

Miles Anderson had known very well indeed, how and when and where to use his opportunities, and the result had placed him at a comparatively early age in the forefront of the medical world, with his future assured, and a successful career a certainty.

An inveterate worker, a keen scientist, as well as a practical student, with a mind that concentrated itself wholly and absolutely upon the action of the moment, he had pushed his way and force of will, through a world of indifference, and by sheer doggedness and force of will, he had won his way to the front.

From the moment when he first entered the hospital, a square jawed, strong featured boy of seventeen, the whole aim of his life had been to succeed, and he had put away from him every other thought and object. With- out having precisely hardened his nature in the process, he had contrived to cover a naturally kindly and even sensitive heart with a stern and almost callous crust, through which few people ever penetrated to the real man, or ever knew there was another man there.

A life of singular independence, due to the early death of his father, had made of him a man before his time; and his knowledge of his mother had not indeed him, even as a boy, either to lean on her for strength or go to her for sympathy.

He had early learnt to be entirely self-supporting, and to stand firmly without support on his own two feet, and in consequence, now that he was more than thirty-two years old, he rolled over his head, he was more than ever disinclined either to seek for sympathy or advice.

Many people, in fact the generality of people, regarded him as a hard man; only to his patients did he soften or unbend, and then solely to those who were really in need of comfort or help. For the hysterical, the fanatical, the neurotic, he had neither patience nor tenderness, and from this class of person he received a character, which he hardly quite deserved, for abruptness, hardness, even cruelty.

His attitude towards women, as a

sex, was somewhat contemptuous. His mother, as an example of womanhood, had not inspired him with either respect or devotion, although he measured other women by what he knew of her, with the exception of his women patients, upon whom he looked as a class apart, saying to a friend—a sick woman is abnormal. I should not more think of looking upon her as an ordinary rational being than I should consider a child rational!"

For the only other women with whom he came into close contact, the sisters of the hospital wards in which his work lay, he had respect and sympathy, and these women were consistently maintained that the work was not fitted for a lady, and that no gently born and nurtured woman should undertake it.

Even Sister Grace had not been able to shake his prejudice and in their frequent arguments on the subject, he was always wont to end up by saying: "You are the exception, and you simply prove the rule," which, as the sister retorted, was simply begging the question entirely.

During his drive home towards on September afternoon, after he had left Hope James, his thoughts naturally ran on the strange chain of events which had filled the hours since he entered St. Paul's Hospital at two o'clock.

A odd irritation, with a prevailing sentiment in his mind. Few things disturbed him more than to find himself thrown into intimate and what he called sentimental relations with his patients or their belongings; he preferred to play the part of the doctor, and then vanish from the stage of their lives; with his professional interest in them all other interest ceased, and it chafed him now to feel that he was being thrust, whether he would or no, into the very midst of another human being's life, and what was infinitely worse, that he had actually been made responsible for that other human being; she would be henceforth his care, his special charge.

When his thoughts had travelled thus far, he sighed impatiently, glanced from the window, and, seeing in that neighborhood he was, pulled the check-string, and ordered the coachman to stop at 500, Cavendish Square.

"I'll just put the question to Manders," he said, "and he has a sound judgment, and I'll see what he has to say, though naturally I shall have to decide for myself in the end."

Anderson was aware, as all strong characters must always be aware, that the judgment and advice of others, however valuable they may be, must in the end be overridden by one's own judgment; no man can ever truly make up another man's mind for him, and the other man possess any strength of character at all. And Anderson was eminently a strong man, and knew it.

Mr. Manders was at home, and Anderson was at once ushered into his consulting room, where he found the well-known young surgeon lying back in his chair, smoking in his pipe, and in his mouth, and on his face an expression of beatific satisfaction in being able to enjoy half an hour of well-earned rest.

The two men had been friends since their student days, in spite of, or because of, the difference in their natures. Not that Manders was any way lacking in strength, but his character was of a more elastic and pliable make than Anderson's, and he viewed life and humanity with more hopeful kindness than his friend.

"My dear fellow," he said, as Miles entered, "what an unexpected and pleasant surprise. I've half an hour's lunch interval, come and gossip it out with me."

"I wish I could. I have come on business—at least I want your advice."

"My advice? God Lord, is the world coming to an end? You want my advice, old chap. Have a whiskey and soda to clear your brain and help you to see the true proportions of things again."

Anderson smiled absently.

"Your brain's all right, and I want your honest opinion. I've got myself into a hole, a sort of hole, and I want you to help me out. Why on earth do things happen suddenly and take one unawares?"

"The big things of life usually do come suddenly; it helps to break the monotony. I rather like it myself."

"I wonder how you would like to find yourself saddled with a girl of eighteen, as your son and especial charge?" Anderson said dryly, "what should you do with a sudden big thing of that description?"

"Marry her, my dear fellow," was the prompt reply, "marry her at once, and mould her into the kind of wife I've always fancied."

His cherry blue eyes looked smilingly into Miles' face, upon which surprise, not unmingled with dismay, was the most marked expression.

"Marry her?"

"Well—why not, if she is passably good looking, and fairly well-bred, and perfectly wealthy?"

"She is the daughter of a hospital patient!" Manders interpolated a long whistle of surprise, "but not quite an ordinary patient. She was obviously a lady who has come down in the world. James was her name, Mrs. James."

"Hum! non-committal sort of name; a widow I presume?"

"A widow, so she told me, and as she was dying I had no reason to doubt her word. She further confessed that she had married beneath her rank, and that she was leaving a daughter without any means of support, and practically at the world's mercy."

"You discovered nothing about her people. Follow them up anything for this girl? Who are they?"

"My dear fellow, I know no more than you do. I went straight from the woman's death-bed to the wretched lodging-house, where the daughter is living. I found a shabby, untidy girl who looked younger than she is—who went into hysterics and nearly flew at me because I had not summoned her to her mother's bedside—and now—"

"I established a new record for a six hours trial, covering 233 miles in that time and maintaining the unprecedented speed of 35.363 knots."

erson gave a short laugh; "do I deserve no pity?"

"Some, perhaps, but not so much as the girl who has lost her mother."

"The girl who has lost her mother," said the girl who was most needed, who is, from your account, badly equipped to face life, and who has no one to look to for help except that hard-hearted and cynical being—Miles Anderson."

Saying this, Manders rose, and touched his friend's shoulder with a touch that belied the words.

"Yes, that's all very well," Miles answered, rising also, and standing against the mantel-piece, his arm resting upon it. "But the question is, what am I to do with this girl who has been so rashly undertaken to look after? That poor woman was so anxious and worried over it all, she couldn't even die in peace; she was so haunted by the thought of her daughter that I should have to be responsible for her child. You see, Manders, I imagined I should literally find a child, instead of which—"

"You found a grown up young woman. I'm very sorry for you, old man. I don't doubt whether it is altogether a grateful or amusing task to act as a guardian to a girl. My advice to you is this. Look up her relations; she is sure to know something about them. Then you find them, hand her over to their care, and let them do as they like. Otherwise—well, otherwise I really don't see what is left for you but to put her into a convent or to marry her. And now I must be off. I wish I could have given you more 'reflections,' Anderson's conversation, with an attempt at lightness he was very far from feeling, "and the idea of hunting up the girl's relations is a good one. I will go on that tack first, or no, into the very midst of another human being's life, and what was infinitely worse, that he had actually been made responsible for that other human being; she would be henceforth his care, his special charge."

When his thoughts had travelled thus far, he sighed impatiently, glanced from the window, and, seeing in that neighborhood he was, pulled the check-string, and ordered the coachman to stop at 500, Cavendish Square.

"I'll just put the question to Manders," he said, "and he has a sound judgment, and I'll see what he has to say, though naturally I shall have to decide for myself in the end."

Anderson was aware, as all strong characters must always be aware, that the judgment and advice of others, however valuable they may be, must in the end be overridden by one's own judgment; no man can ever truly make up another man's mind for him, and the other man possess any strength of character at all. And Anderson was eminently a strong man, and knew it.

Mr. Manders was at home, and Anderson was at once ushered into his consulting room, where he found the well-known young surgeon lying back in his chair, smoking in his pipe, and in his mouth, and on his face an expression of beatific satisfaction in being able to enjoy half an hour of well-earned rest.

The two men had been friends since their student days, in spite of, or because of, the difference in their natures. Not that Manders was any way lacking in strength, but his character was of a more elastic and pliable make than Anderson's, and he viewed life and humanity with more hopeful kindness than his friend.

"My dear fellow," he said, as Miles entered, "what an unexpected and pleasant surprise. I've half an hour's lunch interval, come and gossip it out with me."

"I wish I could. I have come on business—at least I want your advice."

"My advice? God Lord, is the world coming to an end? You want my advice, old chap. Have a whiskey and soda to clear your brain and help you to see the true proportions of things again."

Anderson smiled absently.

"Your brain's all right, and I want your honest opinion. I've got myself into a hole, a sort of hole, and I want you to help me out. Why on earth do things happen suddenly and take one unawares?"

"The big things of life usually do come suddenly; it helps to break the monotony. I rather like it myself."

"I wonder how you would like to find yourself saddled with a girl of eighteen, as your son and especial charge?" Anderson said dryly, "what should you do with a sudden big thing of that description?"

"Marry her, my dear fellow," was the prompt reply, "marry her at once, and mould her into the kind of wife I've always fancied."

His cherry blue eyes looked smilingly into Miles' face, upon which surprise, not unmingled with dismay, was the most marked expression.

"Marry her?"

"Well—why not, if she is passably good looking, and fairly well-bred, and perfectly wealthy?"

"She is the daughter of a hospital patient!" Manders interpolated a long whistle of surprise, "but not quite an ordinary patient. She was obviously a lady who has come down in the world. James was her name, Mrs. James."

"Hum! non-committal sort of name; a widow I presume?"

"A widow, so she told me, and as she was dying I had no reason to doubt her word. She further confessed that she had married beneath her rank, and that she was leaving a daughter without any means of support, and practically at the world's mercy."

"You discovered nothing about her people. Follow them up anything for this girl? Who are they?"

"My dear fellow, I know no more than you do. I went straight from the woman's death-bed to the wretched lodging-house, where the daughter is living. I found a shabby, untidy girl who looked younger than she is—who went into hysterics and nearly flew at me because I had not summoned her to her mother's bedside—and now—"

"I established a new record for a six hours trial, covering 233 miles in that time and maintaining the unprecedented speed of 35.363 knots."

## THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

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

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Flour—Ontario wheat 50 per cent. patents are quoted at \$3.60 in buyers' stacks outside for export. Manitoba flour unchanged in patents, \$5; second patents, \$5.30, and strong bakers', \$5.20.

Wheat—Manitoba grades were irregular 40-day No. 1 Northern quoted at \$1.12, lake ports, and No. 3 Northern at \$1.09, lake ports.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white and red quoted at 94 to 95¢ outside, and No. 2 mixed at 93 to 94¢ outside.

Oats—No. 2 white on track, Toronto, quoted at 47¢, and outside at 43¢ to 44¢.

Corn—No. 3 American yellow is quoted at 44¢, No. 2 Northern at 43¢, No. 1 mixed at 70¢, Toronto American corn, 65 to 63¢, Toronto.

Hay—No. 2 is quoted at 78 to 80¢ outside.

Butter—Market dull and unchanged at 60¢ outside.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 68 to 70¢ outside; No. 3 extra at 65 to 66¢ outside; No. 4 at 63 to 64¢ outside.

Brain—\$19 to \$20 in bulk outside. Shorts are quoted at \$22 outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Winter apples, \$2.50 to \$3.25 per barrel.

Beans—Prime, \$1.65 to \$1.70, and hand-picked, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

Honey—12 to 13¢ per lb. strained, and at \$1.75 to \$2.50 for combs.

Hay—No. 1 Timothy, quoted at \$17 to \$17.50 here in car lots.

Straw—\$9.50 to \$10.50 a ton on track here.

Poultry—Car lots are quoted at 12 to 13¢ per lb. on track.

Ducks—Turkeys, dressed, 10 to 12¢ per lb. for choice; chickens, alive, 4 to 6¢ per lb.; dressed, 7 to 9¢; ducks, dressed, 8 to 9¢ per lb. for choice, dressed, 8 to 9¢.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound prints, 24 to 25¢, and large rolls, 22 to 23¢; do. inferior, 20 to 21¢. Creamery rates at 28 to 29¢, and solids at 25 to 26¢.

Eggs—Cold storage are quoted at 22¢ and upwards.

Cheese—13 1/2 to 13 3/4 in a jobbing way.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon, long clear, 10 to 10 1/2¢ per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$18 to \$19; short cut, \$22 to \$23.

Hams—Light to medium, 11 1/2 to 15¢; do. heavy, 12 1/2 to 15¢; 10 1/2 to 15¢; shoulders, 10¢; backs, 10 to 10 1/2¢; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2¢.

Lard—Tubs, 11 1/2¢; tubs, 12¢; pigs, 12 1/2¢.

BUSINESS IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—Grain—A weak feeling continues to prevail in the local situation; car lots of Ontario No. 2 white are offering at 51¢; No. 3 at 49¢, No. 4 at 48¢, and rejected at 46¢ per bushel, ex mill.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, \$8.10 to \$8.50; straight rollers, \$5 to \$5.25; do. bag, \$2.35 to \$2.50; and Feed-Manitoba brand, \$3.20; shorts, \$25; Ontario brand, \$22.50 to \$24; middings, \$25 to \$26; shorts, \$23 to \$24 per cask, including bags; milled meal, \$2 to \$3; and pure grain meal, \$3.40 to \$3.60 per ton.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, \$22 to \$23; half barrels, \$17.75 to \$18.25; clear fat back, \$23.50 to \$24.50; cut leafy mess, \$21 to \$23; half barrels do., \$10.50 to \$11.25; dry salt long clear lard, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2¢; barrels do., \$12.50 to \$13; hams, \$14 to \$15; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2 to 15¢; Windsor-bacon, 14 1/2 to 15¢; fresh killed autumn dressed hogs, \$8.50 to \$8.75; alive, \$7.75 to \$8; butter—September, 28 to 29¢; fresh receipts, 26 to 27¢; dairy, 24 to 25¢; Cheese—Western September, nominal; late fall makes, 12 1/2 to 13¢.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

St. Louis, Dec. 24.—Wheat—Cash, \$1.01; December, \$1; May, \$1.04 1/2; July, 90¢.

Milwaukee, Dec. 24.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.14 to \$1.12; No. 2 Northern, \$1.08 1/2 to \$1.07; May, \$1.04 1/2 asked.

Five-Higher; No. 1 80 1/2 to 81¢. Ontario Standard, \$2 to 53¢. Corn—No. 3, 58 to 60¢; May, 58 1/2¢ bid.

Duluth, Dec. 24.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, \$1.08 1/2; No. 2 Northern, \$1.07 1/2; No. 2 Northern, \$1.04 1/2; December, \$1.04 1/2; May, \$1.11 1/2.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Good shipping bulls were easier to get than at previous markets. Weights of 1,200 to 2,000 pounds find a ready sale at \$3.25 to \$4.

Good to choice steers sold from \$4.25 to \$4.60, with medium to good at \$3.50 to \$4.25; common to medium, \$2.25 to \$3.00. Choice cows were firm at \$3.25 to \$4, the latter price being paid for a small bunch weighing over 1,300 pounds. Common rough cows sold from \$1.50 to \$2. Canners were unchanged, the bulk of them being cleaned up at \$1 to \$1.25.

Choice stockers, \$2.60 to \$3.50; common and light stockers, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Choice milch cows were quoted at \$40 to \$45, medium, \$25 to \$35. A bunch of black-springers bid at \$10.

A very small run of calves was recorded. Prices ranged from 3 to 6¢ per lb., or an average of about 87¢ per head.

Sheep were steady, expert ewes selling at \$3.75 to \$4.25, with bucks and culls at \$3 to \$3.50. Lambs were offered freely, and the market had a slower tone. Prices ranged from \$4.50 to \$5.50.

There was a fairly good run of hogs, and prices did not advance, on early week levels, \$5.60 being the top figure bid.

GIVEN AWAY.

Anna—"They say I have my mother's mouth and nose."

Hannah—"Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em."

## ONE QUARTER ARE INFECTED

### Terrible Ravages of Bovine Tuberculosis in New York.

A despatch from Ithaca, N.Y., says: A startling revelation of the terrible prevalence of bovine tuberculosis in New York State and an exposure of the utter insufficiency of the means now furnished by the Legislature for the control of this disease has just been made before the Tompkins County Medical Society by Dr. V. A. Moore, bacteriologist of Cornell University and the foremost expert in his line in the United States. Dr. Moore stated that of 1,066 cows tested by Dean Law of the Cornell veterinary college 16 per cent. had the disease. The official reports of the State in 1904 showed that of 2,417 animals tested 16 per cent. had the disease. The State tests for the period of 1904-6, included 3,688 animals, of which 22 per cent. were infected. Dr. Moore reached the conclusion that disease milk cows in this State 40,000 are infected with tuberculosis. This, he said, would be a surprise even to cattle-men.

### TWO COBALT ACCIDENTS.

Joseph Tesniere Found Dead at Bottom of Shaft.

A despatch from Cobalt says: Joseph Tesniere, aged about 30 years, a Frenchman with a married sister in Montreal, was found dead at the bottom of the four shaft at a depth of 152 feet on Tuesday. Deceased was working in the drift at the 80-foot level. Having left work with his companions he returned to secure a pair of mitts before ascending, and nothing more was seen of him alive.

Wednesday morning Supt. Leyson of the Townsville mine and J. McKnight, a young Scotchman met with a blasting accident. McKnight was seriously injured about the head and was removed to the Red Cross Hospital. Both eyes are said to be lost, and the doctors have no hopes of saving his life. S