THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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The Poverty of Position

Or, Violet Beaton's Contempt For Titles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The reign of King Frost had begun ; silvery fringes hung from the trees and hedges. The robin redbreasts outside the windows were waiting to be fed, and Miss Marr stood watching them. She had read her letters, and there was a look of determination on her face, when Violet, looking very pale and ill, came into the room. The heiress uttered a little cry of dismay when she saw her.

"Miss Beaton, you are really ill, I am sure !" she exclaimed. "You should see a doctor. You have not been well for some time."

And in her heart Violet knew it was true.

"I have been making up my mind to a vigorous course of action," continued Miss Marr—"most vigorous. Are you well enough to listen ?"

"Yes," said Violet ; but her heart contracted with a sudden sense of coming evil.

"I have had a long letter from the dowager Lady Ryvers this morning," said Miss Marr, "and she begs me to go to see her. She wants me to spend Christmas with them. I think I shall go. I have an object in going," she continued. "I shall make a most desperate effort."

"In what direction ?" asked Violet. She tried to smile as she spoke, but her lips were white and trembling.

"I shall try to reconcile mother and son," replied the heiress. "I am quite sure that they are both unhappy ; they must be ; they have never been at variance in their lives before. The dowager seems perfectly wretched ; she says that life has lost all its charm for her, and that she misses her son more than words can tell, and she begs me to come, so that together we may contrive to bring about a different state of things."

No comment came from Violet. A "different state of things" must mean something that would affect her.

"I wish," said Miss Marr, thoughtfully, "that I could find that foolish young wife of his, and bring about a general reconciliation. That is impossible," she added, with a sigh ; "but I think I shall be able to do something."

"Will Lord Ryvers be there ?" asked Violet.

"I shall take a bold step, and ask him to meet me there."

"Will he come, do you think ?" asked Violet.

"I hope so. He said he would not look upon his mother's face again until he found his wife, but I shall try my best to induce him to come."

"What can you do with him there? What is the use of it ?"

"If I can only reconcile mother and son, it will be something," said Miss Marr. "Of course in the marriage question I cannot interfere ; but I love the dowager Lady Ryvers and I do not like to think of her as unhappy. I think I shall go to Athelstone to-day, Miss Beaton. The only regret I have is not leaving you in better health."

"I shall soon be well, I hope," said Violet.

But there was a wistful, frightened look in her eyes that startled Miss Marr. She took Violet's hand in her own.

"Miss Beaton," she said, gently, "are you in trouble ? You have been so kind, so full of sympathy for me ; you have listened so patiently to all my long stories. If you have any trouble of your own, tell it now to me."

"I have no trouble in which any human being can help me," Violet declared. "I have a trouble known only to Heaven."

Ah, what a tangled web of fate she held in her hands ! It seemed to Violet in that moment that Miss Marr was the only person who could help her ; yet, if the beautiful heiress knew that she was Lord Ryvers' wife, she would probably detest her.

"We shall have a brilliant Christmas, no doubt," said Miss Marr. "The dowager Lady Ryvers is not one of those who parade their sorrows before the world. I do hope Lord Ryvers will come. Bad as things are, there is no use in mother and son quarreling and keeping apart, both wretched."

"No," replied Violet ; "there is no sense in that."

"I shall go to-day," repeated Miss Marr. "I have been some time with grandmamma. She will be quite happy with you. But, my dear Miss Beaton, are you quite sure I can do nothing to help you ? You have been a good friend to me ; I should like to help you, if it be possible. I wish I were leaving you with more color in your face, with a light in your eyes. I shall think of you with great anxiety."

She could not understand the look, half wistful, half tearful, of Violet's eyes, for she had no key to what was passing in her mind.

"I never make many protestations," continued the heiress ; "but I do say this to you, Miss Beaton, that I like you better than any woman I ever met. There is a charm of originality about you."

"You make me very happy by saying so," answered Violet. In her heart there was a wild cry of wonder as to whether she would like her if she knew who she was.

"Come with me to my room," said Miss Marr—"I like to superintend my own packing. I will finish what I was about to say, though. Let me make a compact of friendship, Miss Beaton. Let us be friends always."

"You are a rich heiress, and I a poor paid companion. Is it possible do you think ?" asked Violet gravely.

"We are both women," cried Miss Marr, "and we care much for each other ! Why do you hesitate in giving me that promise ?" She looked not only surprised, but hurt.

Violet laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"I do promise," she said, "to be your most loyal and faithful friend, so far as our different circumstances will permit. I wonder if you will ever repent having asked me this ?"

"No," said the heiress, kissing the pale sweet face so wistfully raised to her own. "I am sure I never shall. What a fanciful girl you are !"

"No, it is not fancy. I know all your life ; you have told it all to me. I know your secret—your love-story ; and you know nothing of me—less than nothing. I too have a story ; you have not heard it. I have a secret—you do not know it." Her eyes were full of tears ; her face quivered with emotion.

"I do not wish to know it," said Miss Marr. "I love you for your beautiful face, which charms me, for your independence and originality, for your noble ideas and the harmony I find in your character, tastes and sentiments. Most of all," she added, with a smile, "I think that I love you because I have trusted you."

"That is very likely," answered Violet simply. "You will find me faithful and loyal ; but I am afraid I can never be of any use to you."

"I am the best judge of that," said her companion. "You have been of the greatest use to me, as you express it. How patiently you have listened to all my love-troubles !"

"They interested me," replied Violet. "I should like to add one thing more. If ever, in the future, you should hear anything of me that surprises or displeases you, you will remember it was the knowledge of what is in my own heart which made me hesitate to promise what you asked me."

"My dear, one need look no further than your face," said the heiress, laughing ; "your whole soul shines there ; and it is a very honest soul, loyal, sweet, and pure. Now that we are friends, I shall write to you and tell you how my mission fares. Come with me now."

The two women who could never be thoroughly happy because of each other, went to Miss Marr's room, where the onerous business of packing was to be performed.

Miss Marr had been gone nearly a week when she wrote to Violet for the first time, saying how much she missed her, that she found herself continually thinking of her. She said that the dowager Lady Ryvers was not well, and seemed in great trouble over her son, and that Monica had lost much of her singular brightness; and she added, "You will be pleased to hear that I have written to Lord Ryvers, telling him how changed I find his mother, and that I have some reason to believe he will join us at Athelstone."

When she read that, the love that had been long dormant in Violet's heart burst into sudden, vigorous, passionate life. There was no more hesitation, no more wonder. She had not loved Randolph, when they wandered in the woods of St. Eyno's or lingered on the banks of the Rhine, with the same love he gave to her ; but now, seeing him with the eyes of another woman, knowing how much another woman loved him, the new feeling came to her with a great, almost terrible shock.

She loved him at last—at last. The sudden thrill of passion that seemed to pass over her, the sudden knowledge of her own heart and all that was hidden there, awed her.

This was love—this hidden fire, this burning pulse of pleasure and pain, this mad, bitter, jealousy, this passionate longing for the loved one's presence, this thirst for his love. Nothing like this had entered her soul before.

She could have laughed in utter scorn as she thought of the feeling she had mistaken, the novelty, the glamour that she had believed to be love. There was as much difference between the affection she had for her husband at first and the love she felt now as there was between the feeble ray of a taper and the vivid light of the sun. This love absorbed everything else. If she had been with him now, she would have chosen death rather than leave him.

She loved him at last with the passionate love that he had tried so long and so vainly to win. And with this new comprehension of love there came to her a more perfect understanding. She realized the wide difference that lay between her affection for her husband and his for her ; she seemed to know all that he must have suffered when she left him. She stretched out her hands with a little helpless cry, "Oh Randolph, if I had known !"

And now this other woman who loved him so well, and who would have been so well content to be his wife, would be able to lavish all her love upon him, would be able perhaps to win him from his melancholy, to cheer him and brighten him, perhaps even to make him forget her.

She could picture the beautiful dark face, with its light of passionate love. Could any man resist it, much less any man whose heart ached with the coldness and indifference of another woman ?

"I must try to forget that she is with him," said Violet to herself. "If I think of that, I shall go mad!"

And it seemed very likely, during the next few days, that she would go mad. By night and by day the flame of jealousy grew fiercer and stronger. She dared not write to Miss Marr while she was at Athelstone, lest her handwriting should be recognized. Not that it was at all likely ; but there was a remote possibility of it. Yet she would have given the world to know whether Lord Ryvers had acceded to Miss Marr's request and gone to his mother.

Her thoughts never left them. She could think of nothing else. She who had been so slow to love suffered all the torments of jealousy. She was always picturing her husband and Miss Marr together. All day long she followed them in spirit. She knew that the heiress was too noble, too high-spirited, too proud to make any display of her affection ; but she knew also that nothing she did would keep the love from shining in her face, and he must see it.

There came to her a deeper sense of what she had lost—not in wealth or position, but in the love of a good man and his devotion to her. She cried aloud in her anguish ; there was none to hear or to answer. She was like one having a vast treasure to dispose of, and knowing not what to do with it. Only one thing seemed quite plain to her, and it was this—that she could not bear the torture of knowing that this other woman loved her husband, and that he would be constantly with her.

She fell upon her knees, with a cry to Heaven for mercy and pity ; she buried her face in her hands while she wept aloud. If she could but undo it all ! If she could but go back to the days when she was with Randolph at Ryverswell, she would not mind now what she suffered from the pride and rancor of his mother. She could bear anything to be back again in the shelter of those strong loving arms ; but that shelter would be hers no more.

She wept until it seemed to her that the fountain of her tears was dry, that she could pray and weep no more. Oh for one minute in which to lay her head on Randolph's breast and sob out all her sorrow there ! A strange languor was stealing over her, a strange faintness that was like death, yet lacked its pain. She tried to rise from her knees and cry for help, but it was useless. Gradually the moon, the blue sky, the distant river, all faded from her view ; in their place came a black mist which seemed to infold her ; all human sound died from her ears. She heard no longer the fall of the river, the murmur of the wind, the tapping of the ivy against the glass ; there was a rush as of a roaring sea in her ears. The beautiful eyes lost their light, the face its color. Again she tried to cry out, but the faint gasp for breath died on her lips ; then she fell with her face to the ground, helpless, motionless.

So she lay until the maid came in and found her, until strong, loving hands laid her upon the bed. Mrs. Ingram sent in haste for the doctor; but neither the mistress of Queen's Elm, nor her maids, nor the doctor nor even the patient herself, had the faintest idea of the strange news which he had to tell.

(To Be Continued.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

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Easy to Let A Cold Run On.

Until It Develops Into Pneumonia or Consumption—Easy to Cure a Cold if You Use

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

It is easy to let a cold run on. You may say with others that you always let a cold take care of itself. There is a danger of following this plan once too often. At this season of the year the lungs seem to be unusually susceptible to disease, and before you suspect it pneumonia or consumption has seated itself in your system. It is possible you have tried the cough mixtures which druggists offer to their customers. These may do well enough for slight colds, tickling in the throat, but they are powerless in the presence of serious disease.

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Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, states :—"My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

Don't take anything said to be "just as good." There is no throat and lung medicine just as good as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Remember this when buying, and insist on having Dr. Chase's ; 25 cents a bottle. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

INSPIRES RIGHT LIVING

Rev. Frank Talmage in the Role of a Gospel Prophet.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Proverbs 9, 11, "The years of thy life shall be increased."

I am going to be a gospel prophet this morning. I am not only going to tell you that this new year is to be the best year of your life, but it is also going to be a precursor of many other useful years. I am going to say to you, as Solomon said of old, that on account of this coming year consecrated to God your earthly longevity shall be lengthened. "The years of thy life shall be increased."

My great expectations for your spiritual welfare and your consecration of the new year are not only founded upon my own faith, but also upon the faith of an earnest band of scores and scores of praying men and women who are loyally seeking your good. This band is composed of your friends and your loved ones It is an all conquering band which shall soon, aye, I think to-day, capture your soul for Jesus Christ. We have read what Garibaldi did for Italian freedom. What had he to offer his followers? Nothing but hunger and pains and wounds and exile. But above all these privations Garibaldi lifted the standard of liberty, and the young men flocked to his side by the hundreds and the thousands. It may not be an easy task to capture your sinful heart for Christ. But the gospel prize is so great that the earnest band of workers surrounding me, like the Italian patriots, are willing to go through any privations if they can only bring you a repentant sinner to the foot of the cross.

Now, as a gospel transformation is soon to take place in your life, I am going to tell to-day some of the new resolves by which this opening year is

TO INSPIRE YQUR LIFE.

I am about to tell you here and now how you are going to forget those things that are behind and reach forth unto those things that are before and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

The psalmist tells us that God keeps the tears of his loved ones in a bottle. Last week God lifted one of the parental tears which were shed over your cradle. He placed the sparkling treasure upon the white wing of an angel of mercy and cried, "Go, angel, and drop that tear upon that young man's head and anoint him with the Spirit's power." Last night God sent another white winged messenger with another tear out of his bottle, shed by your father on the day you joined the church. One white winged angel after another did as they were told. They all dropped those parental tears upon your head and heart. Discouraged man, to-day wearied of the sinful world, as you sit there with the tears running down your cheeks, you think they are your tears. They are not. They are the tears of your dead and redeemed father and mother, which God has long been preserving in his sacred bottle. They are the tears of joy which your father and mother are now shedding in heaven, because the white winged angels have already flown to the Celestial City to announce to them that their boy is now ready to cast himself upon the love of Jesus and be saved. Oh, to-day the sacred band of Christian worshipers about me can hardly keep from clapping their hands in joy.

"Mother was not fond of society. She was a homebody. She lived mostly for father and us children." Well, my brother, if your mother was a homebody and lived mostly for her children, do you not see that if you refused to repent, refused to consecrate your life to the cross, refused to be a good man and live a pure life, that your sinful acts would be damning back a great part of her prayers and the good results of her life? When your mother died, you gathered up all the kind, sympathetic letters which were written to you about her past kindnesses. You also had the officiating minister write down his funeral address. Then you had those letters and that address all printed and bound together into a booklet, which you called,

"MY MOTHER'S MEMORIAL."

But, man, the mightiest and most triumphant memorial you could ever make of your mother's life is your own life consecrated to the service of Jesus. She put her blood and her life into your life. So, man, this ought to be a happy year for you. It ought to be happy because by your own consecration to the service of the Lord Jesus you are here and now ready to let your mother's prayers echo and re-echo and resound in your prayers. Her good deeds will find a true continuance in your good deeds. Her Christ shall be earlier be worshiped with a sweeter look because he is also now her boy's Christ.

The holy endeavor to fulfill the past pledges which you have made to God shall be another desire inspiring you during this ensuing happy new year. All your past days have not been bright and happy days. The meadow larks do not sing when they hear the merciless growl of the destroying cyclone. The red roses of June do not like to rest their blushing cheeks against a January snowbank. You may have welcomed the many congratulations which your friends showered upon you in your younger days of triumphs. But you have also had your defeats and heartaches and disappointments. You have also had your days when you lay upon a bed of sickness. You have had days when your life was hanging by a slender thread, ready to be snapped by death at any moment. Your wife and mother nursing you at the time did not think that you fully realized how sick you were. You did. You knew it by the anxious way the doctor watched. You knew by the care the nurses took in giving the proper medicines at the exact time. Then—oh, then in that dark hour you felt as did the poor fellow whom I buried some weeks ago. One Saturday he was at work in seemingly full health. The next Monday he lay upon the operating table as a last resort for his life. After the operation they told him

HE HAD TO DIE.

He looked up in a pathetic way and said : "I do not want to die. I am afraid to die. Oh, do not let me die !" What did you do in that hour of your dangerous sickness ?

What did you do in that hour of trouble, when you knew that no human aid could rescue you ? Did you not practically say at that time, "Oh, God, if you will make me well and come to my rescue I will give up all my life to thee and thy service ?" Yes, sinful man, God made you well, God rescued you. Have you kept your pledges to him ? Have you given up your sinful heart to be purged from its past sins ? These broken vows are to-day driving into your bleeding, repentant heart the sharp, keen dagger of remorse. As a man of honor and character, by the grace of God, you to-day are going to be true to these past pledges. I feel it. I know it. I can see a new and holy purpose making your cheeks flush and your eyes flash with a consecrated enthusiasm. You would not break a pledge with any man to whom you gave your word. Your boast heretofore has always been that your word is as good as your bond. Neither will you to-day, oh, man, continue longer to break those old promises you made to God.

The joy of a self sacrificing Christian life does not appeal to the average unconsecrated man. He says to himself, "What is the good of sacrificing for other people ? They never appreciate it. My doctrine is to look after number one and let number two look after himself. The world will always ride a willing horse to death. Then the only obsequies that willing horse will ever get is a scavenger's cart for a hearse and a glue factory for a crematory. No, no, no. The beauties of self sacrificing do not appeal to me. The more I have the more people respect me. The less I have the less they respect me. The more I am willing to serve others the more my motives will be misjudged, and I will be misrepresented."

But though I made that deduction many years ago I have now entirely changed my mind. The willing men of the churches are

ALWAYS THE HAPPY MEN.

The self sacrificing men are always the rich men spiritually. They are not the selfish men. They are not those who will grab and keep all that they can. The Dead Sea is bitter and acrid and saline and repulsive merely because it has no outlet and only inlets, while the waters of the mountain brook laugh and gurgle and sing merely because it lets all its waters run towards the sea. Who do you think was happier, Herod, bloody Herod, loathsome in mind and spirit, or Paul, who had given up his whole life to Jesus ? Herod, with jewels on his fingers, or the apostolic tentmaker, with his hands greasy with rope-making ? Who do you think to-day is happier, the woman who is only living for social conquest or the Salvation Army girl, going with a loaf of bread in one hand and a Bible in the other hand to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ into the slums ? Yes, my repentant friend, the ensuing year is to be a happy year for you. It is to be a year when you shall quaff a chalice filled with the sweetest nectar. You shall drink hereafter out of the golden goblet filled by those whose sorrows you have alleviated and whose sobs you have turned into songs of eternal rapture.

Each January we all make fresh resolutions. Some years ago I preached a sermon called "New Year's Resolutions." I made up that sermon from the answers I received from friends whom I met. Every one I would accost with the same sentence, "What is your New Year's resolution ?" Some would say this, some that and some the other thing. But many answered me thus : "I have not got any. I have made so many New Year's resolutions in the past and broken them that I do not intend to make any more." But I did not then and do not now believe they were telling the truth. I do not believe there is a man or woman or child who does not make

SOME NEW RESOLUTION.

But the trouble is after you have made your New Year's resolutions you go out in your own strength and try to battle with your old temptations, and then you are flung again and again. But, my brother, this year is going to be a different year from all others. You know your weaknesses and failures. You know you cannot win a spiritual success in your own strength. Therefore you are ready to conscientiously ask God to help you in the struggle of life. He will do it. Yes, he will give you the divine strength which will never, never fail. Cling to him, my brother. Cling to him as Jacob wrestled with the angel in prayer, and he will bless you and never let you fall.

Brother and sister in Christ, the work before the church is stupendous. This gospel battle is to be no child's play. We have welcomed you into our ranks by the name of Jesus. Now close up the ranks. Now kneel, and make one earnest, new gospel campaign. Now, are intense prayer before we start on our? you ready ? Forward in the name of our Captain ! Forward against the citadel of sin ! Forward for the redemption of our loved ones ! Forward to capture Chicago for Christ! Forward, march ! Forward, march !

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain. Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Jan. 13.—Wheat—The market is firmer. No. 2 white and red are quoted at 67½ to 68c low freights. No. 1 spring quoted at 68½c on Midland. No. 2 goose quoted at 65c on Midland. Manitoba wheat steady; No. 1 hard dull at 87c grinding in transit, and No. 1 Northern at 85c g.i.t. No. 1 hard, 84c North Bay, all rail, and No. 1 Northern, 82½c North Bay, all rail.

Oats—The market is dull, with prices easy. No. 2 white is quoted at 30 to 30½c low freights to New York.

Peas—The market is quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 72 to 72½ high freights.

Barley—The market is quiet, with No. 2 extra quoted at 45c middle freight and No. 3 at 42c middle freight.

Corn—Market steady. No. 2 new Canadian, 46c bid west; No. 3 new American yellow nominal at 52c on track, Toronto.

Rye—No. 2 is nominal at 49c middle, and at 48½c west.

Buckwheat—No. 2 is quoted at 50c middle freight.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are dull at $2.65 to $2.67 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands, for domestic trade, quoted at $3.25 to $3.35 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. Hungarian patents, $4.10 to $4.20, delivered on track, Toronto, bags included, and Manitoba strong bakers', $3.80 to $3.90.

Millfeed—Bran, $15 in bulk here, and shorts at $17. At outside points bran is quoted at $14.50, and shorts at $16.50. Manitoba bran in sacks, $17, and shorts at $19 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Trade is quiet at unchanged prices. Medium brings $1.65 to $1.75 per bush, and hand-picked $1.90 to $2.

Dried apples—Market quiet, with prices unchanged at $4½ per lb, and evaporated at 7 to 7½c.

Honey—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Strained, 8 to 8½c per lb., and comb, $1.50 to $1.75.

Hay, baled—The market is firm, with offerings limited. Car lots worth $9.50 to $10 on track, the latter for No. 1.

Straw—The market is quiet, with car lots on track quoted at $5.50 to $6.25 a ton.

Onions—The market is steady at 40 to 45c per bushel for Canadian.

Poultry—The market for boxed lots continues quiet. Chickens, old, 45 to 55c per pair, and young, 60 to 75c; live, 40 to 50c. Ducks, dressed, 70 to 85c per pair. Geese, 7 to 8c per lb; turkeys, 11 to 12½c per lb for young.

Potatoes—The market is steady, with offerings increasing. Cars sell at $1 per bag on track, and small lots job at $1.25.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Receipts are fair, and the demand good for choice grades. We quote :—Finest 1-lb rolls, 19 to 20c; selected dairy, tubs, 17 to 18c ; choice large rolls, 18 to 19c; secondary grades, rolls and tubs, 15 to 16c; bakers, 13 to 14c; creamery prints, 23 to 24c; do., solids, 20 to 22c.

Eggs—Trade quiet. Strictly new laid, 28 to 30c per dozen; fresh, 18 to 20c; seconds, 14 to 15c.

Cheese—Market continues firm, with good demand. We quote :—Finest September, 13 to 13¼c; seconds, 12 to 12½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are firmer, with carloads quoted at $7.50 to $7.55. Cured meats are firm, with demand fair. We quote :—Bacon, long clear, 10¾ to 11c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, $21 to $21.50; do., short cut, $22.50 to $23.

Smoked hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11½ to 12c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14½c.

Lard—Market quiet, with prices unchanged. We quote :—Tierces, 11c ; tubs, 11¼c; pails, 11½c; compound, 8¾ to 10c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Jan. 13.—Grain—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 70c; No. 1 Northern, 68c in store, Fort William, December ; peas, 72½ to 73c high freights; No. 2 oats, in store here, 35 to 35½c, 30c high freights; rye, 49½ to 50c east; buckwheat, 50c east, in store. Flour—Manitoba patents, $4.20; strong bakers', $3.90; Ontario straight rollers, $3.50 to $3.65; in bags, $1.70 to $1.75; patents, $3.70 to $4.10. Rolled oats—Millers' prices to jobbers, $2 in bags, and $4.15 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran, $17.50 to $18; shorts, $20, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, $16.50 to $17.50, shorts, in bulk, $19. Beans—Quotations are nominal at $2 in cars, on track. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $24 to $25; short cut backs, $23.50 to $24; light short cut, $23.50 to $24; compound refined lard, 8½ to 9¼c; pure Canadian lard, 11c; finest, 12 to 12½c ; hams, 13 to 14c; bacon, 14 to 15c ; dressed hogs, $7.50 to $7.55 ; fresh killed abattoir, $8.75 per 100 lbs. Eggs—Selected, 28c; candled stock, 20 to 20½c; Montreal limed, 17½c ; straight receipts, 18½ to 19c; No. 2, 16½c. Honey—Best clover, in sections, 11 to 12c per section; in 10-lb tins, 9½ to 10c; in bulk, 8c. Poultry—Turkeys, 13c per lb; ducks, 10 to 12c; young chickens, 11 to 12c ; fowls, 8½c per lb. Cheese—Ontario, 13c; Townships, 12¾c. Butter—Fancy Townships creamery, 23c ; fine creamery, 22c; Ontario creamery, 21c; dairy, 17c for selections ; Western Ontario rolls, 18c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Jan. 13.—Wheat—May, 74¼ to 74¼c; on track, hard, 74¼c; No. 1 Northern, 73¾c; No. 2 Northern, 72¾c.

Milwaukee, Jan. 13.—Wheat—Firmer; No. 1 Northern, 76 to 76½c ; No. 2 Northern, 74½ to 75½c; May, 75½ to 75¾c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 51c. Barley—Firm; standard, 60c ; sample, 40 to 55½c. Corn—May, 43¾c.

Duluth, Jan. 13.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 75¾c; No. 1 Northern, 72¾c; No. 2 Northern, 70¾c; May, 75¾c. Oats—May, 34c.

Buffalo, Jan. 13.—Flour—Quiet, steady. Wheat—Nothing doing. Corn—Steady; No. 2 yellow, 53c; No. 2 corn, 51c. Oats—Stronger; No. 2 white, 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 35½c. Barley—49 to 52c. Rye—No. 1 in store, 57c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Jan. 13. — Under the influence of light receipts a stronger tone pervaded at the Western cattle market, export cattle gaining considerable strength. Hogs advanced 12½c also. Veal calves of good stock continue scarce, and in brisk demand. The milch cow market was steady, and a few sales were transacted therein.

Sheep and calves were steady. The arrivals were 54 cars, consisting of 667 cattle, 554 sheep, 1,460 hogs, and 19 calves.

Cattle.		
Export cattle	$4.50	$5.40
Do., light	4.25	4.75
Butcher cattle, choice	3.75	4.50
Do., ordinary to good	3.25	3.50
Stockers, per cwt	2.50	3.25
Sheep and Lambs.		
Export ewes, per cwt	3.25	3.40
Lambs, per cwt	3.75	4.50
Bucks, per cwt	2.50	2.75
Culled sheep, each	2.00	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each	30.00	50.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt	5.87½	6.12½
Light hogs, per cwt	5.75	5.87½
Heavy hogs, per cwt	5.62½	5.87½
Sows, per cwt	4.50	5.00
Stags, per cwt	2.00	2.50

THE OLD ROCKER.

Should Keep Its Place for Kindly Service Done.

The rocking chair by the sitting-room window could tell many a story of life and death, if it would speak. Grandmother sat in it sixty years ago, when, with a pretense of being absorbed in her book, she watched for the moon-shadow of her young lover to fall across the window. When they were married and came to live in the old house, the first baby was laid in the rocking chair for his first nap — before the cradle had been brought down from the attic.

In later years mother sat in its supporting embrace for many an hour while a feverish or tired child found comfort in her arms and in the gentle motion of the swaying chair. When father was tired with the long day's work, he drew it to the fire, and half in dream counted his blessings as wife and children clustered about him.

There came a time when, in the blank middle of the night, a bereaved wife sank into the old chair, and smothered her sobs in the cushion so often pressed by the dear head now to be lifted nevermore.

So the chair has seen funeral and wedding, mourning and merrymaking —and through them all it has kept a half-human care for the men and women and children whom it has held, and to whom it has brought relief and rest.

New fashions in chairs abound. Morris chairs and reclining chairs and Turkish chairs with patent springs flaunt their merits in shop and newspaper advertisements. But the old rocker ought to keep its place—a place of honor for kindly service done, and of trust [illegible] which it still promises.