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 XXV.

Dr. Weald looked considerably astonished when he saw his young patient. He was a man of great experience and kindly heart. He had three fair young daughters of his own, and he thought of them as he looked at the delicate, exquisite, unconscious face.

"What name did you say ?" he inquired of the housekeeper who took him to the young lady's room.

"Miss Beaton," she replied.

"Miss Beaton ?" repeated the doctor, with some emphasis.

"Yes, sir ; she is quite a young lady—unmarried."

"Then there is a mystery," sighed the doctor, as he proceeded to examine his patient. "It is nothing to be alarmed at—it is only a long swoon," he said to the housekeeper, who, at the sight of the white, silent face, had cried out that she was dead. "A few simple remedies, and she will be all right."

He sent for all he required. The housekeeper assisted him and Violet soon showed some signs of consciousness ; but there was a puzzled look about the doctor's face as he bent over her, an anxious look in his eyes.

"There," he cried, when the blue wondering eyes opened—"that is better ; that is right !"

He thought Violet, as she sat up, the loveliest girl he had ever seen. The golden hair had fallen over her shoulders, and on her beautiful face was the pathetic wonder of a child.

"Have I been dead and come back to life ?" she asked in a strangely startled voice.

"No," replied the doctor ; "it has not been quite so bad as that."

"Where have I been ?" she said. "It seems to me as though I fell and died."

"There is no coming back from death," answered Dr. Weald, solemnly. "You have had a very long and very exhausting fainting fit. You must be very quiet, and try to gain your strength."

A fainting fit. It must have been a curious one. A soft languor seemed to overcome her, and she sank back again on the pillows.

"You will soon be well," he added cheerfully.

But the expression of his face was at variance with his words. He seemed ill at ease. He bent over his beautiful young patient, and then, after a few words, walked away hurriedly. He stood for a few minutes looking from the window, then returned to her.

He wandered away again. He, the man of wide experience, of great and varied knowledge, a man who had never made a mistake, stood now confused and embarrassed, not knowing what to say to this girl whose eyes sought his face so anxiously.

"Doctor," she said, in a low, weak voice, "am I going to die ?"

"I see no reason for thinking so," he replied.

"For a long time now" said Violet, "I have felt that I am going to die. Are you quite sure ?"

"Quite sure, humanly speaking," he replied.

"Then I must be very ill. It is long since I have felt well and strong. Why do you look at me so ?"

With an impatient hand she pushed aside the thick waves of golden hair. The soft eyes looked piteously into his.

"Are you quite yourself ?" he asked. "Can you hear and follow my questions ? Can you answer them?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Poor child !" he said to himself; and once more he thought of his fair young daughters at home.

Why, even when seated by her side, did he pause and hesitate, why in his heart beg from Heaven that he might make no mistake, that his skill might not fail or his wisdom err ?

He seemed strangely reluctant, but at last raised her white hand and looked at it earnestly—the left hand. Laying it down again gently, he said, slowly :

"You wear no wedding-ring."

Her startled face betrayed her, and told her that she understood. At his next words she shrunk back with a faint despairing cry. When he spoke again, she covered her face with her hands, and he heard her moan, "What shall I do ? What can I do ?"

"If you will trust me," he said, "I will help you."

"I cannot," she gasped. "There is nothing left for me but to die."

"You will not die," said the doctor. "Take heart. There is nothing so dreadful but that time and patience will help and overcome it."

"Is it really true ?" she asked. "It cannot be. I am going to die, and you tell me this to bewilder me. It cannot be true !"

"It is most undoubtedly true," said the doctor.

"How blind and mad and foolish I have been !" she cried.

"I am right," said the doctor, looking at her with penetrating eyes. "No one could be deceived in a face like yours. I am right in my thoughts. You have worn a wedding-ring, and in a fit of either anger or jealousy you have removed it."

She looked at the white thin hand on which no wedding-ring shone.

"You are right," she replied. "I have annulled my own marriage."

He looked down on her with a kindly smile.

"My poor child," he said, pityingly, "what vain words ! You say you have annulled it, while Heaven has confirmed it more strongly than ever. Can you trust me ?"

"No," she replied—"not here in this house, where I begin to believe the hand of Heaven has brought me. Of all places in the world, my lips are most tightly sealed here."

"Still you are sure of the fact that you are legally, formally, and validly married ?" he asked

"I am the more sure of it," she answered, "because my—my husband's mother hated me, and tried to set my marriage aside. When I knew that, I said to myself, that I would annul my own marriage ; and I have done so."

A faint smile played round the doctor's lips.

"When the tide of a restless sea is set floating," he said, "no human power can stop it ; yet it would be easier to stem such a tide than to set aside or break the sacred tie of marriage when once it has been formed."

She listened with beating heart and white, trembling lips.

"Then why," she said, "should they try to set it aside ?"

"They could not. Child, do you think that men can undo the work of Heaven ? You see the proof of the utter futility of the idea. You thought to yourself that you would annul your own marriage, while Heaven has confirmed it. I am an old man, with daughters young and fair as you. I do not wish to pry into your secrets, nor do I ask your confidence. I thank Heaven for you that you have a right to wear a wedding-ring. For your own sake I counsel you most strongly to put it on at once ; and I advise you to go down upon your knees and ask pardon from Heaven for having arrogated to yourself so much power. for having thought it possible that you could dissolve or annul your marriage. Then seek your husband, and ask him to take you back. I give you this advice from the depths of an honest heart."

But she fell to moaning that it was all too late, that she had left him forever, had bidden him an eternal farewell.

"Child," said the doctor, steadily, "why did you leave your husband ? What did he do ? Was he untrue to you ? Did he give his love, his cares, his attention to any one else ?"

"No," she replied, earnestly ; "his fault was that he loved me too much. He—he deceived me in order to marry me, and my heart was sore and heavy on account of that deceit."

"Did that deceit hurt you in any way, remembering that all is fair in love and war ?"

"It did not hurt me," she replied. "The secret he kept from me was with respect to his wealth and position."

"And you resented it ?" interrupted the doctor.

"I did—greatly. Then his mother hated me, and tried to make out that our marriage was not valid. Oh, what am I saying ? In this house least of all, I should not have spoken. But you will not betray me, you will never say one word ?"

"Seek your husband, child. If it be wounded love that stands between you, vanquish it ; if it be wounded pride, trample it under foot ; let nothing stand between your husband and you."

"You do not know !" she cried, wringing her hands.

"I may not know the details of your story," he said, impressively. "A different set of circumstances surrounds every individual, but grand and immortal truths never change. Take my advice. Seek your husband, seek a reconciliation with him !"

No ; she would not be treated with scorn by his proud mother ; she would not return to the husband who had known his mother's intentions, yet had not told her of them. And yet the newly-awakened love cried out that all this was less than nothing compared with the bliss of being with him again.

"I am tortured," she said.

"I know it ; I read it in your face. Do right, child—never mind the result ; do right, come what may. Now I must leave you. You are still very weak and ill ; be careful, and keep quiet. Calm your mind, your soul, your conscience, and all will be well. I shall drive over again this evening to see you."

"And are you quite sure that it is true ?" she repeated.

"I am quite sure," he replied. "I will keep your secret ; but I am quite sure. When I return this evening, we will talk over what will be the best for you to do ; until then, good-bye."

But the doctor never saw the face of his beautiful patient again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dr. Weald saw the housekeeper. He assured her that there was nothing to fear ; the young lady wanted rest and nourishment. He would return in the evening and see how she was. He sent a message to Mrs. Ingram to say that there was no need for anxiety ; but he went home with a grave face and a sad heart. Who was she, this beautiful, winsome, helpless girl ? How had she drifted into the old-fashioned mansion of Queen's Elm ? She was not related to the Ingram family. He knew every member of it ; he had attended them for many years. He could not understand why she had said that she must not speak in that house above all others. She was no relative, no friend, simply the companion whom every one knew Mrs. Ingram had engaged to amuse and attend her.

There was a mystery. He could not make it out. Only one thing was plain to him, and that was that she must be persuaded to go back to her husband. He thought to himself, with an indulgent smile, that she was most probably a spoiled child who had run away from home in some sudden pique, and was hiding under the disguise of a lady's companion. He had come across one or two romances in the course of his professional career ; this was another, with certainly the fairest heroine man ever dreamed of. The good doctor promised himself that he would go back to her that evening, that he would persuade her to trust him, to tell him her story, to let him act for her. He was deeply interested in her, as is nature of man to be deeply interested in a beautiful woman ; he would not rest until he saw her happy and reconciled to her husband. He felt grieved for her, there in her loneliness, with no friend or companion, no one in whom to trust or confide.

"But I will make it all right this evening," he said to himself.

While Violet, left to herself, went almost mad from excess of emotion. The doctor had left a sleeping draught, which he said was to be given to her at once ; but all the sedatives ever thought or dreamed of would not have brought rest to her. Was it joy or despair ? Was it pleasure or pain ? Was it wonder ? Was it regret ? She sprang from the bed. The faintness and the languor had disappeared under the stimulus of what she had heard ; a burning fever seemed to course through her veins ; yet her face was white and her hands were cold as death ; her eyes were aflame, her lips quivering. She knealt first with a frantic cry to Heaven ; then she rose with a wail of pain, and paced the room.

"What shall I do ? What must I do ?" was the burden of her cry. Then a feverish longing to go away seized her. "I cannot stay here," she said ; "I must go away."

Then a fresh longing came to her; it was to lie down on the pretty white bed and never open her eyes again.

For the news the doctor had told her was startling enough. In a few months she would be the mother of a little child, and she did not know whether to rejoice or to grieve. If she had been living at peace and in union with her husband, her happiness would have been without bounds or limit ; but she had left him, and had annulled her own marriage. If it should please Heaven to bless her with a little son, he would be Baron Ryvers of Ryverswell. How could she persist in hating the aristocracy when, if Heaven did send her a son, he would be an aristocrat ?

(To Be Continued.)

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Cold Settles On the Kidneys

Hence the Backaches, Rheumatic Pains and Lumbago—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Prompt to Relieve and of Lasting Benefit.

It is not only the lungs that suffer during the cold, damp seasons. The kidneys are almost equally susceptible to sudden changes of temperature, and many a serious case of kidney disease has its beginning with a cold, which settles on the kidneys.

Persons working out of doors are most likely to be victims of such troubles and suffer from backaches, lumbago, rheumatism and crippled, aching limbs, but anyone is liable to sit in a draught or expose his back to a current of cold air.

Cold settling on the kidneys causes congestion, a clogging of these filtering organs and consequent derangement of the whole digestive and excretory systems. The liver fails to work, the bowels become constipated and the stomach gets upset.

Because of their direct and combined action on these organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are of most prompt and most lasting benefit for such derangements. They are positive in their effects and are backed by the experience and integrity of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author.

Mr. Wm. Boyne, of 19 McGee St., Toronto, says: "I was afflicted severely with kidney disease, stone in the bladder, incontinence, deposits in the urine, severe pains in the back, and strains over the loins. I was so bad that I had to get up two or three times in the night and could then only make water with great pain.

"Though long a sufferer and unable to work, I was confined to my bed for three weeks, and during that time thought I could not possibly endure greater misery. It was then that I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is with gratitude that I say that they have freed me of all these symptoms, and made me a well man."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE EVILS OF JEALOUSY

It Is Nothing More Nor Less Than a Fatal Monomania.

(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 vi. 34, "Jealousy is the rage of a man."

What does rage signify? Righteous indignation? A calm, dispassionate arraignment or castigation? A denunciation, judiciously planned and yet overwhelmingly and scathingly delivered, as when Edmund Burke exposed the misdeeds of Warren Hastings in the famous trial at Westminster? A rebuke such as Jesus gave to the Pharisees, who had dragged a poor, helpless, friendless, sinful woman to his feet, when he turned and said to the accusers, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her?" Is rage merely a blind remonstrance, an earnest and yet gentle expostulation, a hortatory admonition, a Christian reprimand given with the holy desire to save and redeem the person who has sinned or unintentionally done wrong? Oh, no! Rage is not a well composed censure. Rage is unbridled fury; rage is a fierce, wild, all consuming, fiery passion burning at the heart and mind; rage is a demon stabbing at the vitals of all true love; rage is a Satanic iconoclast shattering every sacred shrine of the intellect; rage is an insanity, a derangement of moral sensibilities. It is an unreasonable and unreasoning frenzy, glorying in absurd hallucinations. Rage's throneroom is a madhouse; rage's courtiers are the inhabitants of a chamber of horrors; rage's only music is the echoing shrieks and sobs of the eternally lost and of the destroyed who can never die.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Maddening jealousy would destroy every successful rival who might stand in its way. It is the evil spirit which made Saul's eyes flash fire when he gripped a javelin and hurled it at David's head, merely because the maidens of his kingdom had greeted the returning warriors with the song, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." It is the spirit which made the French generals betray the shepherd girl, Joan of Arc, into the hands of the English, so that she should be burned at the stake in the streets of Rouen merely because she had won victories they could never have achieved. It is the spirit which made the Spanish courtiers compel Columbus to die in obscurity and sent Sir Walter Raleigh to the block. It is the evil spirit which made Charles H. Spurgeon and Rowland Hill hated by some of the London ministers of their day and which made Harvey and Jenner and James Y. Simpson encounter their greatest opposition from jealous men of their own profession. It is the spirit which made Voltaire denounce Baculard d'Arnaud and which sent the bullet of Aaron Burr straight through the heart of Alexander Hamilton. Jealousy in the heart produces strange hallucinations in its victims. The jealous man feels that the success of another is in some way a robbery of himself. The jealous politician will not support the nominee of his party, because he wanted the nomination himself; the jealous surgeon cannot rejoice that another surgeon has cured a cripple if he has never performed the operation himself; the jealous minister cannot rejoice at hearing that another church is crowded if his own is empty; the jealous woman cannot bear to hear praises of the beauty of another woman.

Thus no sooner does any man or woman win success in any department of life than many jealous, unsuccessful rivals become beside themselves with rage. As a monomaniac may be rational on every subject but one, so the jealous man may be fair and just on every question, but be absolutely insane and unjust when the works and lives of his successful rivals are discussed. If you are a jealous man, you will turn upon them all your batteries of scorn and denunciation. You will magnify their faults and gloat over their imperfections, you will loathe them with an unutterable loathing, and when, on account of your unjust criticisms, you may have overthrown a successful rival, you, as a jealous man, will join in the pandemonium of a demoniacal joy in which all the evil spirits of the inferno join in the chorus. You will gleefully clap your hands and shout: "Aha, we have destroyed him! We have destroyed the man who has dared to stand in our way!"

THE SUREST WAY TO SUCCESS.

That the philosophy of the Golden Rule is sound and that men help themselves by helping instead of being jealous of others is illustrated in the life of Dwight L. Moody. What made Mr. Moody in some respects the greatest religious one man power in the last century? His speaking ability? Oh, yes! I believe he was one of the most convincing of spiritual orators, but I also believe that there were others of his time just as great, if not greater. His organizing ability? Oh, yes! I believe he would have been a master at the head of a political campaign or a a merchant or even as a military chieftain; but, though D. L. Moody may have been a great organizer, I believe there were others of his time just as great, if not greater. His great big heart, into which he could gather all his loved ones? Oh, yes; Mr. Moody had an affectionate nature! But there are thousands of men who love their families just as much as Mr. Moody loved his loved ones; but though many men may have excelled him in individual characteristic, in one respect I believe he was the peer, if not the king, of them all. I do not believe Mr. Moody had one infinitesimal particle of jealousy in his makeup. Instead of trying to focus all the attention of the religious world upon himself he spent most of his life in pushing other religious workers to the front. The bigger the man the more anxious Mr. Moody was to call public attention to him. He brought across the water Henry Drummond and John McNeill and F. B. Meyer and G. H. C. McGregor and Campbell-Morgan and many others. He invited to his own platforms the mightiest religious workers of his generation. He placed them by his side as he said: "Brother in Christ, win a mighty gospel victory. I am praying for you. The bigger success you have the happier I will be."

WHY MOODY SUCCEEDED.

What was the inevitable result? When Mr. Moody tried to advance these Christian workers, whom some people might have called his rivals, he advanced himself into the hearts of sinful men and women as well as into the chief human leadership of the Christian world. Many contemporaries may have excelled him in individual and particular gifts, but in mighty, masterful leadership, in the fame and eminence which will cause his name to go down through the coming centuries as a Christian worker, in his influence upon the men of his day, Mr. Moody stood head and shoulders above all the Christian workers of his time. He won this enviable position because he did not have a particle of jealousy in his makeup. He won it because he tried to help his rivals instead of to destroy them. No man ever successfully built a temple of fame upon the ruined foundations of a good man's life. The javelin of jealous hate has a poisoned handle which is more deadly than its venomous tip. It will more surely destroy the life of a man who attempts to hurl it than the life of the rival against whom it is thrown.

Maddening jealousy will make its sinful victim turn upon his best friends. Many pathetic scenes are daily witnessed in the insane asylums of the land; but, to me, the patients who are to be pitied the most are not the driveling epileptics or the men and women whose minds have crumbled into such ruin that they can sit hour after hour making doll dresses or with glassy eyes vacantly staring for days at a time at some crack in the wall. I believe the insane patients who should be pitied the most are those whose diseased minds make them think that their wives or husbands or parents or children or brothers and sisters have been untrue to them. I pity the young girl who has gone mad because she was jilted the night before her wedding and who sits by the window continually denouncing the recreant lover and the woman for whom he broke his vows. I pity that old gray haired mother who for twenty years has been denouncing her only son because she thinks he wants to poison her for her money. I pity that insane wife who will never allow her husband to enter her room because she thinks he has been false to her. Ah, these are the insane patients who are to be pitied ! Never did John Fox in his famous "Book of Martyrs" depict more excruciating agonies than some of these poor insane wretches daily suffer, who brood over the idea that their friends have been turned into enemies.

Maddening jealousy, often baseless, is the cause of innumerable domestic and social infelicities, causing misery alike to its victim and its object. It makes the wife suspect the husband of wrongdoing. It makes the husband impugn the motives and actions of his wife. It is the cause of most of the quarrels of lovers, which have wrecked the happiness of many lives for time and eternity. It lashes Othello into a frenzy until the murderous fingers are clutching at the throat of his innocent wife and the suicidal knife has made an end of the swarthy Moor. It was the cause of the horrors in the last earthly days of Ivan the Terrible, who in a fit of jealousy with an iron staff crushed in the skull of his eldest born and favorite child. It is the heaving, destructive earthquake which has rocked to ruins thousands of family altars. It has shattered many a domestic wall under the ceaseless bombardment of tempestuous denunciation and the irresistible flood of remorseful tears.

A CAUSELESS FRENZY.

The saddest part of these insane afflictions, where men and women will sometimes turn upon their best friends and brood over the idea that they are untrue, is that often their frenzied surmises are without any legitimate cause. They may only be the strange hallucinations of a diseased intellect. Their loved ones may be doing everything in their power for their sick minds ; they may take them to the most expensive of asylums and have for them the best of physicians and nurses ; they may continually visit them and have their rooms filled with flowers and have carriages always at their disposal. These friends may stint themselves and lavish their money in every possible way for the comfort of their weak minded relations, yet these insane patients can never be persuaded that their friends are faithful to them. Though husbands and wives and children may be doing everything that can be done for their happiness, yet they will keep on in their upbraidings and fault findings and denunciations until at last they will drive those who are nearest and dearest to them from their sides. No impression will cause a husband to despise a wife quicker than the belief that she distrusts him and will not credit what he says ; no knowledge on earth will send a young woman to destruction sooner than the thought that the man she married has dropped the role of a lover for that of a sneaking detective. Continual fault finding and false accusations and frenzied distrust and venomous sneers and multitudinous reproaches and sulky broodings always defeat their own ends with our loved ones as jealousy also defeats its own aim in our treacherous dealings with our hated rivals. The rattlesnake's fang is a poor receptacle in which to store the honey of an orange blossom.

Fathers and mothers and older men and women, I would not for a moment cast a slur on your past usefulness or belittle the respect which the world ought to show to gray hairs ; but, honestly and frankly, do you not feel that the young folks ought to have their first lessons of magnanimity from you ? When your time comes to go, would you not rather that your sons and daughters should weep about your dying bed and feel that they have lost a dear, helpful friend than that they shall be glad that you are dying, because you are holding with a selfish grip to all that you have ? My aged friend, you should not only be willing to live, but you should also be willing to let live. Every old merchant should try to help the young merchant. Every old physician should be ready to lend his medical books to the young physician and speak a good word for him in the neighborhood. Every old lawyer should be willing to give his advice to the young lawyer, and every old minister to encourage the young minister. Ye older men, you should not only be proud of the fact that you have made a success, but you should also be proud of the fact that you have helped some younger man to climb the difficult heights from which you are now able calmly to look down upon the thousands struggling in ascent far beneath.

SIN IS THE CHIEF CAUSE.

But maddening jealousy has a direct personal cause. All insanities are the result of some organic or functional disorder. Sometimes insanity may be caused by a fall or a blow. Part of the skull may be crushed in, and a piece of the bone will be found, by postmortem examination, to be pressing on the brain. Sometimes insanity is the result of overtaxed nerves ; sometimes the disease is inherited from ancestral causes ; so maddening jealousy has a direct cause. That spiritual diagnosis can be spelled in the one fearful word of three letters.. Its only cause is "sin." The same kind of sin which to-day fills our jails and reformatory institutions and lifts the hangman's noose is the fiendish, maddening evil against which, in his day, King Solomon lifted his voice in protest.

Now, my brother, as the insanity of jealousy is caused by sin, will you not come to that Christ who is willing and able to take this sin out of your life ? In the Bible we read that Christ was and is able to make the evil passions come out of a man. So great was and is Christ's divine power in this respect that Luke tells us there was a man afflicted not only with one, but with a legion or four thousand, devils. This man was so goaded by this demoniac possession that, though he was bound in fetters of chains, he would snap them as easily as a lion might brush aside a spider's web. He was so distracted that in his frenzy he would tear off all his clothes. But when Jesus spoke the word of deliverance the man who was once insane immediately became clothed and in his right mind. If Christ could do all that for the insane man of old, will you not let Jesus cure you also of the awful insanity of jealousy ? Oh, my sinful friend, you have hated men and despised men and found fault with men long enough ! Will you not, here and now, by Christ's help, learn to love men and try to help men instead of trying to destroy them ?

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Jan. 20.—Wheat—May, 78⅞c; July, 76⅞c; on track, No. 1 hard, 76⅞c; No. 1 Northern, 75⅞c; No. 2 Northern, 74⅛c.

Toledo, Jan. 20.—Wheat—Firm ; cash and January, 78c; May, 81⅜c. Corn—Dull, firm; January, 46c ; May, 44⅝c. Oats—Dull, firm ; January, 36c; May, 36⅜c. Rye—No. 2, 53c. Seed—Dull, steady; January, $6.97½; March, $7.07½; prime timothy, $1.90; prime alsike, $8.35.

Milwaukee, Jan. 20.—Wheat—Higher ; No. 1 Northern, 78c ; No. 2 Northern, 76 to 77c; May, 76⅞c sellers. Rye—Firmer ; No. 1, 51½ to 52c. Barley—Firmer; No. 2, 67c ; sample, 47 to 56c.

Duluth, Jan. 20.—Wheat—Cash, No 1 hard, 75½; No. 1 Northern, 74½c ; No. 2 Northern, 72⅝c; May 77½c ; July, 77⅝c. Oats—May, 35c.

HIGH COMPENSATION.

A widow whose husband was killed in the terrible railway accident in the New York tunnel, sued the company for damages, and was awarded $105,000, which is said to be the highest compensation ever paid for the loss of a husband.

All cruelty springs from hardheartedness and weakness. — Seneca.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Jan. 20.—Wheat—The market is steady, with demand moderate. No. 2 white and red winter sold at 69c 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 85c all rail, grinding in transit, and No. 1 Northern at 83½c all rail, g.i.t. No. 1 hard quoted at 84½c, North Bay, and No. 1 Northern, at 83c North Bay.

Oats—The market is firm, with sales of No. 2 white at 31c middle freight, and at 30½c west.

Peas—The market is quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 72 to 73c high freights.

Barley—The market is quiet, with No 3 extra quoted at 45 to 46c middle freights, and No. 3 at 42c middle freight.

Corn—Market steady. No. 2 new Canadian, 45½c west ; No. 3 new American yellow nominal at 52c on track here, and No. 3 mixed at 51c here.

Rye—The market is quiet and firm at 49 to 50c for No. 2 outside.

Buckwheat—The market continues quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 51c east.

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 ; 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 bring $1.65 to $1.75 per bush, and hand-picked $1.90 to $2.

Dried apples—Market quiet, with prices unchanged at 4 to 4½c per lb, and evaporated at 6½ to 7c.

Honey—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Strained, 8 to 8½c per lb, and comb, $1.25 to $1.65.

Hay, baled—The market is quiet, with a good deal of poor stuff offering. Choice timothy, $10 to $10.25 on track, and mixed, $8 to $8.50.

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 bush for Canadian.

Poultry—The market for boxed lots is dull, with offerings small. Chickens, old, 45 to 55c per pair, and young, 60 to 70c; live, 40 to 50c. Ducks, dressed, 70 to 85c per pair. Geese 7 to 9c per lb; turkeys, 10 to 12½c per lb for young.

Potatoes—The market is firm with offerings small. Cars quoted at $1 to $1.05 per bag on track, and small lots job at $1.20 to $1.25.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market was quiet today, with prices unchanged. We quote :—Finest 1-lb rolls, 19 to 20c; selected dairy tubs, 17 to 18c ; choice large rolls, 17½ to 18½c; secondary grades (rolls and tubs), 15 to 16c; bakers,' 13 to 14c; creamery prints, 23 to 23½c; solids, 20 to 21½c.

Eggs—Market quiet. We quote :—Strictly new laid, 25 to 28c; cold storage (selected), 19 to 20c ; seconds, 14 to 15c; limed, 16 to 17c.

Cheese—The market ruled steady. We quote :—Finest Septembers, 13c; seconds, 12¾ to 12½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are firm, with carloads quoted at $7.60 to $7.75. Cured meats are steady, with demand fair. We quote :—Bacon, long clear, 10¾ to 11c in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, $21.50 to $22 ; 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.

Grain—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat 72c; No. 1 Northern, 70c in store, Fort William, December; peas, 72½c high freights; oats, No. 2, in store here, 35 to 35½c, 30¼ to 30½c high freights; rye, 49½c east; buckwheat, 50c east. Flour—Manitoba patents, $4.20; strong bakers', $3.90; Ontario straight rollers at $3.65; in bags, $1.70 to $1.75; patents, $3.70 to $4.10. Rolled oats—Millers' prices, $2 in bags, and $4.15 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran, $17.50 to $18; shorts, $20, bags included ; Ontario bran in bulk, $17.50; shorts in bulk, $19. Beans—Demand limited at $1.85 in cars on track. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $24 to $25; short cut back, $23.50 to $24; compound refined lard, 8½ to 9¼c. Pure Canadian lard 11c ; finest lard, 12c to 12½c ; hams, 13 to 14c ; bacon, 14 to 15c; dressed hogs, $8.25; fresh killed abattoir, $9 per 100 lbs. Eggs—Fancy, 24 to 25c ; candled stock, 20 to 20½c; Montreal limed, 17½ to 18c. Honey—White clover, in sections, 12 to 13c per section; in 10-lb tins, 8 to 9c ; in bulk, 7½ to 8c ; dark, 2c lower. Poultry—Turkeys, 14½c per lb. ; seconds, 12 to 13c per lb.; ducks, 11 to 12c; young chickens, 11 to 12c ; fowls, 9c per lb.; geese, 8 to 8½c. Cheese—Ontario, 13 to 13¼c; for Townships, 13c. Butter -- Fancy Townships creamery, 22½c; fine creamery, 21½c ; dairy butter, 18c ; Western Ontario rolls, 18½ to 19c.