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## HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was all in the morning papers. A paragraph headed "Escape of a Convict from Chatham" told also of his recapture.

Meggitt saw it in The Times at breakfast.

He had reason to be very dejected as he went down that morning to the bank, and the news which greeted him on arrival did not serve to reassure him.

Directly he entered the parlor the cashier came in.

"I am glad to see you sir; in fact, I was waiting for you anxiously. Something very unpleasant has occurred. Two of our bills for large amounts have been protested by Rothschilds."

"I will step round to New Court myself, and see what this means," said Meggitt easily.

But Meggitt's assurance was only skin-deep; he had but too good reason to know that this was only the first of many similar bills. The credit of the bank had been already impugned, and its real condition was becoming known to the great leaders of the financial world. The crowd would soon take up the cry, and it would probably be impossible to make head against the storm.

"What should he do? was the first thought. To go altogether? No, it is premature," he said. "By waiting a day or two I may be able to lay my hands on a good round sum, sufficient, perhaps, to last me till I can make a new start at the other end of the world."

Cupidity got the better of caution, and Meggitt decided to go back to the bank.

He had been away fully half-an-hour, but in the interval a crowd had collected round his doors.

"What is it?" asked Meggitt, as he pushed his way excitedly through the throng.

"A run on the bank," said some one, as he passed out.

Meggitt took in the situation at a glance, and passed on into the parlor, where the cashier again joined him.

"How long will it last?" asked Meggitt.

"Certainly not beyond the day," answered the cashier.

Then Mr. Waldo arrived, and decided to draw upon reserves. Meggitt went, and on his return from the Bank of England Mr. Waldo asked, in so many words,

"What amount have you brought? It should be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Meggitt flushed crimson, and stammered out:

"Not so much, sir. The reserve is only seventy-nine thousand pounds."

"Impossible! It cannot have been reduced. I shall require explanation; the very fullest," said the old banker, sternly.

The run still continued.

"We must appeal to our friends. I had many; surely some will help us now in our sore distress," said Mr. Waldo.

But Mr. Waldo found little encouragement and less support. At last he was forced in on him, by that Meggitt, a dishonest, unscrupulous, and avaricious man, who played fast and loose with the truth.

"I should like to see you return," said Meggitt.

But he asked for five o'clock of what did arrive, and Meggitt, finding evidence against him.

The run on the bank continued, and Mr. Waldo, seeing that his old clients had securities deposited in the bank, they were not to be hurried.

Once more he hastened to the bank, and there he learned that the cashier had fled, and that the bank was a complete failure.

It was a terrible blow, and he was left with nothing but a few hours' wages.

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"I want you," said the police officer; "I have a warrant."

"Where are you going to take me to?" asked Meggitt, surrendering on the spot, and in a complete state of collapse.

"Vine Street lock-up for to-night, and to-morrow the Mansion House and Clerkenwell."

That day after Meggitt's arrest was a busy one for Daunt. Following Faskie's advice he went first to Saville Row and had a long talk with Mr. Lijearth. Thence he went to the Home Office, and saw the same high personage that he had interviewed before.

"Well, I don't deny that you have a strong case, Sir Richard, but still many of your facts have got to be proved; what do you want us to do?"

"I think Mr. Surtees ought to be released conditionally."

"That's out of the question; a sentence of penal servitude cannot be set aside in that easy fashion. But I tell you what I will do; the man shall be brought up to Millbank. He ought to be close at hand in case you want to consult him."

Daunt thanked the great personage and withdrew. Then he hastened to Victoria, and took the first train to Chatham.

"You bring good news," said Josephine, directly she saw him. He had gone straight to her.

"The very best. Your father will be released within a month; I can almost promise you that. Nothing can be settled finally till after Meggitt's trial. Meanwhile, Josephine, you must be preparing to welcome him home."

"Where am I to go?"

"Back to the old home, of course. I have arranged it all. The tenant will vacate at once, and you must go and keep house for Bob until your father returns, and then we will be married from there."

Josephine could not speak—her heart was too full; but she found a few words at last, spoken in a soft low whisper as her head lay against his breast.

"Yes, Richard, if you will take me. But I am not worthy. You are too good, too—"

Daunt silenced her in the readiest way a lover can.

After many fond adieux Daunt tore himself away. Snatching a hurried dinner he travelled on to Dover, and took the night mail to Paris.

Daunt paid an early visit to the Prefecture next day, and explained to M. Acme the last service he required.

"Fanchette? Yes, she is here, we have kept our eye on her as you wished, and now you want her to speak out? Is that it, mon cher Sir Daunt? we may persuade her, I think, and he touched a hand-bell.

"Have this mandat taken to the Rue du Bac," he said to his huissier. "I wish to see the person named in it at once—here."

Presently Fanchette, smart and coquettish as ever, was ushered in.

She started at seeing Daunt seated there, and looked from him to the chief.

"There is nothing to fear, Madame Poirat, the chief consulted a paper and said to him—'Poirat, yes, your assistance is needed in London which will be heard in London. The prisoners are Meggitt and Joseph Devas, and Lantimachee.'

"Nothing! I shall say nothing," replied Fanchette, doggedly.

"On further consideration, you will."

"You say anything in readiness to appear," put in Daunt.

"Eh, Monsieur. Justice is sought. Madame Poirat would not look much like it."

Madame Poirat won't, dit Patata, dit Lantimachee.

"I am sure."

"I have no doubt after that."

"As a witness at the trial, you will be prosecuted on the charge of conspiracy."

"I have no doubt after that."

"I have no doubt after that."

Sir Silas licked his lips and went to Meggitt tooth and nail.

"I shall show and prove in evidence," said Sir Silas, having freely lubricated his lips, preparatory to a great effort. "I shall show how the prisoner, making use of information he had received, procured the appointment within the precincts of Mr. Waldo's house of a creature devoted to his own interests, who was employed as personal attendant to Mrs. Waldo, and having the run of the private apartments. This person was found by the other prisoners, Devas, between whom and Meggitt a close alliance had been formed. By the instrumentality of this woman—a clever and unscrupulous Frenchwoman—a false key to the strong room was obtained. She is here, and she will tell herself how it was done."

At this statement a gleam of baleful light flashed from Leon's dark eyes.

"Having thus obtained access, at will and secretly, to the strong room, it was easy to abstract any number of securities and valuables. But at this point simple robbery was not their object. They were playing a far deeper game; they were conspiring to bring the whole resources of the bank under their control. For this purpose it was essential to get the cashier out of the way, the honest and unsuspecting superior, who could have soon detected and put an end to any foul play. This they accomplished in a cruel and unscrupulous manner, with a result well known to your lordship and to others in this court."

"I shall be able to show you how they smuggled into Mr. Surtees possession some of the stolen bonds, and thus gave strength and color to the grievous accusation under which the poor man succumbed. I will prove to you that Meggitt had access at will to the cashier's drawers and boxes, that he had false keys to all of them—"

"Sensation in court."

"That he abstracted from one of them an old contract for the purchase of certain Portuguese stocks, a contract which Mr. Surtees naturally could not produce at his trial, and the existence of which he had, unfortunately forgotten. By this means Mr. Surtees was prevented from proving that he had long possessed securities similar to those which I have done to the first, and I think the chief, victim of these vile machinations. An innocent man, my lord and gentlemen of the jury—an innocent, a much-wronged and deeply-suffering man—cries aloud from the depths of the gloomy prison-cell, in which the crafty knavery of these villains consigned him—his cries aloud, I say, for restitution, revindication, rehabilitation, and redress. Mercy, and justice—pardon, apology and compensation—must be dealt out promptly and without stint to that grievously ill-used man."

"It is not difficult to trace the further proceedings of this precious pair. Fortune, or rather misfortune, them. A very lax court seems to have been exercised over the new cashier, one partner, now deceased, was a dilettante and a virtuoso, who had practically withdrawn from affairs. The other, through sickness, was unable to keep this Meggitt in his place; and it is impossible to withhold some sympathy from Mr. Waldo, whose neglect and over-confidence dated only from his own inability to attend closely to business. Thus Meggitt soon got his head. One of his first acts was to introduce to the bank, as a most eligible and valuable client, this friend and confederate, the man who, clothed in the garb of shame, stands there by his side, the man who, assuming a fictitious title and all the airs of a nobleman, was at that very moment a convict on ticket-of-leave."

"What follows is told in the books of the bank; they will be produced in court, and they will lay bare the vast and intricate frauds conceived by these consummate rogues, the boldness with which they were carried out, and all the clever shifts and artful contrivances by which they were concealed almost to the last. It will be shown you how the chief conspirator misappropriated and made away with the property of the bank, with its own funds, and with the securities entrusted to his care."

"Some of these were found in his possession, some in that of his confederate; others, to a large extent, have been sold to cover defalcations; and the brokers, through whom and by what the swindler went into the witness-box and swear that they acted under instructions from Meggitt. It is not strange that the bank should break after being thus pillaged and plundered right and left; and that there should be at this moment somewhere, but entirely unaccounted for, a sum of nearly two hundred thousand pounds, which has passed out of the assets of the bank into the keeping of one or other of both these prisoners at the bar."

"It is not necessary to follow Sir Silas Standaloff further. The learned counsel was tedious, though eloquent, and his speech lasted several hours. But when he sat down and his junior began to call the witnesses, it was felt that neither of the prisoners had the ghost of a chance."

Fanchette's evidence was especially damaging, although Leon's evil eye was upon her throughout. She spoke out openly and confessed all she knew. She had come from Paris on purpose to take service with Mrs. Waldo. She had watched her opportunity, and entered Mr. Waldo's dressing-room one morning while he was at his bath, and had taken the impression of the key. This she had done more than once under the prisoner Leon, or Devas's, instructions. She had watched her opportunity for conviction, and the verdict of guilty came as a matter of course. In passing sentence he drew a distinction between the crimes of the two prisoners.

"You," he said, addressing Meggitt, "are the most culpable. Although you are an innocent man, you have been suffering severely but unmerited punishment. I feel it my duty to mark my sense of the enormity of the crimes you have committed by an exemplary sentence; and I do therefore direct that you be kept in penal servitude for twenty years."

"As for you, Devas, an habitual criminal, who knows already the interior of many goals, imprisonment, I fear, no terrors. But it was you, I believe, who originated this vast scheme of fraud, and it was to you that the admiring and honorable confederate succumbed. I shall therefore treat you to your deserts, and now sentence you to penal servitude for fifteen years."

Thus ended the second great case in which Waldo's bank was concerned.

But there was a sequel to the trial. Later that same day a neat brougham drove up to the door of Millbank prison. Sir Richard Daunt alighted from it; he was admitted, and ushered into the presence of the governor, to whom he handed a letter from the Home Secretary.

In less than half an hour Mr. Surtees, appeared, and taking Sir Richard's arm, walked out from the prison a free man.

Josephine, who was in the brougham, waiting, fell into her father's arms, and the two were driven rapidly home to Chiswick.

To be Continued.

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To be Continued.

## KIND OF FAITH WE NEED.

### And Then Our Earthly Experiences Are Our Discipline and Our Preparation.

Ye believe in God, believe also in me.—St. John, xiv, 1.

What is absolutely essential in religion, so far as doctrine is concerned, is very little and very simple. The Church has for a long time had a strange notion that in order to be saved a man must believe a long list of dogmas, whereas the only condition imposed by the Christ is that a man shall have a heart and a life full of love which lifts some one's burden whenever the chance occurs, and seek the strength to do it from Him who is Father to all alike.

There is this difference between what is called "a body of doctrine" and a spiritual principle, namely, that not everybody can either understand or accept the doctrine, while no man is so unlettered or so obtuse that he will refuse to see the light because he is in doubt about it. The road to heaven is not a tangled maze of statement about Christ or God, but a straight and open path from the trusting human heart to the immortal life, a path in which the little child and the philosopher may go hand in hand, and their way with equal pleasure and profit.

You need corner stones if you erect a building, and for a like reason you need certain beliefs if you make for yourself a character. Faith in a God who will never desert you stands first, however, or it will give way in the time of emergency. You begin well when you begin with that, and you begin ill if you begin in any other fashion.

I have a queer suspicion that the general faith in the ability or willingness of God to see us safely through all earthly experiences is clouded by more or less doubt. It is a matter which we keep to ourselves, but deep down in the heart is a wonder whether this beautiful doctrine which we call religion can be relied upon as a safety net, as the sea captain relies on his compass in a storm. Hence the despair which we find when death comes into the house, and hence our weakness when a bold and insolent temptation convinces us that we are not thoroughly convinced as to our own safety in God is there and does help us when we cry, we have a doubt which seizes us like a sudden throb of agony.

That is not religion; it is only a simulation of it. It is a staff of willow, not a staff of oak. It serves

in good weather, but in the tempest it fails us. When Davy invented his wire gauze lamp as a protection against the explosive fire damp in mines the workmen looked at it and shook their heads. It was too simple to be worth much. But Davy had faith in his lamp. He lighted the candle, went into the bowels of the earth, sought the spot where fire-damp lay in ambush and exposed himself to the danger. He had not only a theory but a conviction. He would trust his life to it. No test could be too severe. He felt absolutely safe with that lantern in his hand.

That is the kind of faith we want if our lives are to become heroic. And when we are possessed of it we have something else besides. Faith in God produces faith that our earthly experiences are our discipline and our preparation. The moment you see God in your Fatherly duty becomes not only clear and distinct, but easy. Alone you can bear but little, but with the infinite reservoir of power and love to draw from you are equal to whatever your position may be. If God is with you then the angels who do His bidding will be your companions. You become one of the great family and will be consciously helped by unseen hands over the rough places. And this consciousness will grow clearer as your faith increases, until in the end there will be only a thin veil between you and the other world. You will live in the friendship of the departed as you live in that of the dear ones in your household. The Christ realized this, but we are yet dull of hearing and dim of sight.

Immortality will become not a vague hope or even a reasonable belief, but a demonstrable certainty, and you will live in the two worlds at the same time. Your last hour will find you with a smile on your lips and a great gladness in your heart. You will eagerly step out of a tired body to be welcomed by those who await your coming.

That is the kind of religion which men long for, and which they will have when they wake up from this half belief and this make believe to a realization of the glorious truth. It is Christ's religion, and it is our own fault if we do not make it ours.

George H. Hepworth.

## IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

### HOW OUR FOREFATHERS LIVED A CENTURY AGO.

#### Crude Implements and Household Appliances.—The Light of Other Days.

If you would know how your great-grandfather prepared the daily meals, and how your great-grandfather ploughed the fields and pursued the industrial arts long ago, you have only to visit the Normal School at Toronto, where a most interesting collection of household effects, farm implements and tools, used during the early part of the nineteenth century and the latter part of the eighteenth century, are on exhibition. You cannot help but smile at the clumsy apparatus which in those days were the acme of civilization and manufacture. "How on earth could they manage the stoves, such funny excuses for kitchen ware?" you will ask yourself as you look at the

#### BIG IRON FIREPLACE

with its fire-irons, spiders, squat, looking pots, a long-handled strainer. But our dear old grandmothers managed very well, and took as much pride in their hearth and ponderous pots as our mothers of to-day take pride in polished ranges and spotless granite-ware. And the stoves they managed the bread they baked are the stoves they broiled tasted just as good, if not better, than the boasts of the best restaurants of to-day.

Poor old great-grandfather! Imagine him turning the long furrows with that

#### IMPROVED PLOUGHSHARE,

(imported from Pennsylvania in 1816), while he shouted orders to the slow-going oxen which were shod with those queer little iron things which were the plough-share, and which were as much a curiosity to us as a resurrected mammoth. And yet had we lived during the early part of the last century such a common article of furniture would quite escape our notice.

We turn on a gas jet or an incandescent light, unconsciously as if such had been the custom from time immemorial. Those big brass candle sticks standing beside the spinning wheel we consider little less than a joke. And the snuffers! What a queer pair of

#### SNUB-NOSED SCISSORS

they are with that box-like arrangement on the blades to clip the burning wick. But it was by the light of such insignificant sticks of light that Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer and many other great writers wrote lines which have long outlasted the customs and articles of the times in which they were brought to life.

Fish oil lamps! Coal oil sounds ancient enough, but fish oil! Can it be possible that such a material was used to cast the light of our days? It is quite possible and these days are not so long ago either. Even yet some of our "way-back" railway coaches are illuminated with sperm oil, stick stuff, with a heat-candle, and small, stable lanterns with candles, awkward, three-sided, and we have often read of and seen in old prints, are now classed with the "Ancient History" exhibit.

#### STRIKING A LIGHT.

"Got a match?" This is a question which a man hears almost every day in the week. Yes, and replied to by giving up a few lucifers with as little concern as if he were throwing away a toothpick. But go back a hundred years and see what would happen when you said, "Give us a light!" Perhaps the person so addressed would draw an ugly-looking pistol from his pocket and turn it point blank upon you, as he coolly pulled the trigger. He need not be a highwayman; indeed, the more peaceable and obliging individual he is, the more likely will he be to draw his gun. "How is this?" Well it's easily explained if you cordently examine the pistol he carries. First of all you will discover that

#### IT HAS NO BARREL.

while its one chamber is only a little box affair containing a piece of punk. When you pull the trigger it strikes a piece of flint, a spark from which ignites the punk, and then after much blowing a flame may be obtained. That is what it meant to strike a light in the olden times. Then there was the little steel affair, itself called "strike-light," which you struck upon a piece of flint and obtained a spark, from as in the case of the pistol, from as in the case of the pistol.

So much for lights, unless we just touch upon the most primitive of all lamps, half a clam shell filled with oil, with a rush for a wick.

#### CLEARED HIS DOUBTS.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful Highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had only fired one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun, wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him, until he fell down half insensible. The Highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled back home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts whether the man can perform his duty or not.

## THE MARKETS

### Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Feb. 4.—Wheat—Market was firmer to-day, with more enquiry. Fifty-eight D., white and red, quoted at 74 to 75c, middle freight. No. 1 spring at 72c east, and No. 1 goose at 67½c east.

Manitoba hard, nominal at 75c. Superior, No. 1 Northern sold at 83c. North Bay, and 84c Sarnia; No. 2 Northern quoted at 81c Sarnia.

Oats—The market is quiet, with demand a little better. No. 2 white are quoted at 40 to 41c, middle freight.

The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. No. 2 quoted at 80c west, and at 81c middle freight.

Corn—The market is quiet, but the feeling is better. Canadian yellow quoted at 56c west, and mixed at 55½c west.

Barley—Market quiet and steady; No. 1 quoted at 56c, and No. 2 at 53c; No. 3 extra at 51c, and No. 3 at 50c, middle freight.

Rye—The market is quiet, and prices are nominal at 55 to 55½c, middle freight.

Buckwheat—Demand limited and prices nominal at 54c middle freight.

Flour—The market is quiet. Ninety per cent., in buyers' bags, nominal at \$1.85 to \$2.90, middle freight. Locally and for Lower Province trade choice straight rollers, in wood, are \$3.20 to \$3.25. Manitoba flour steady, with Hungarian \$4.10 to \$4.30, and strong bakers' at \$3.50, Toronto freight.

Outrinal—Market unchanged. Car lots, on track, \$5.25 in bags, and \$5.40 in wood. Broken lots, 25c per lb extra.

Milfeed—Bran is unchanged at \$18 outside. Shorts, \$20 outside. Manitoba bran, \$20, and shorts \$22, Toronto freights, including sacks.

PRODUCE.

Potatoes—The demand for potatoes is limited, and prices easy. Cars are quoted at 60 to 63c per bag, on track here, and the jobbing price, 75c.

Dried Apples—Market is dull. Choice are worth 6c per lb. Evaporated sold at 9 to 10c.

Hops—Business quiet, with prices steady at 13c yearlings, 8c.

Honey—The market is steady at 9½ to 10c. For strained, Combs, \$1.50 to \$2.25 per dozen.

Beans—The market is quiet, with fair offerings. Prime mediums, \$1.35 to \$1.40; hand-picked, \$1.55 to \$1.60.

Cranberries—Market unchanged, with stocks small. Cape Cod at \$9.50 to \$10 per bbl.

Hay, baled—The market is steady, with good demand. Timothy quoted at \$9.75 to \$10 on track for No. 1, and \$8 to \$8.50 for No. 2.

Straw—The market is quiet and firm. Car lots on track will bring \$5.75 to \$6.

Poultry—Market unchanged. Turkeys, 9½ to 10½c per lb; frozen, scalded, and half-fatted stock, sold from 8 to 9c. Geese, dry-picked, 8 to 8½c. Ducks, 60 to 90c. Chickens young, 50 to 75c; old, 35 to 50c.

#### THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is quiet, with choice grades firm. Inferior butter is hard to sell. We quote: Selected dairy tubs, 17 to 17½c; choice large rolls, 16 to 17c; finest 1-lb rolls, 18 to 19c; inferior qualities, 11 to 12½c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c; solds, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—The market is quiet. Strictly fresh, 27 to 28c, held fresh, 28 to 22c; cold storage, 20c; lined 18 to 20c.

Cheese—Market is steady. We quote:—Finest September, 10½ to 11c; seconds, 9½ to 10c.

#### HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged, with car lots quoted at \$7.75. Hog products steady. We quote:—Bacon, long clears, sells at 10½ to 13½c, in ton and case lots. Mess pork, \$21; do, short cut, \$21.50 to \$22.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13c; back-fast bacon, 14c; rolls, 11c; backs, 14c, and shoulders, 10½c.

Lard—The market is unchanged. We quote:—Tierces, 11c; tubs, 11½c; pails, 11½c.

#### UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Feb. 4.—Flour—Steady; fair demand. Wheat—Nothing doing. Corn—