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THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

VOL. X. NO. 4. $1 per annum. OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1903. CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Poverty of Position

Or, Violet Beaton's Contempt For Titles.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Two days had passed, and no answer had come to Violet's letter. It was the third day now, and the young wife's heart misgave her. Within three days, she and Mrs. Carstone had argued, a letter must reach any part of England. In the first flush of sanguine hope she had felt quite sure that the moment Randolph read her letter he would hasten to her. She had expected him every hour, every minute; every footstep on the stairs, every hand on the handle of the door, she had believed to be his. She had started a hundred times each day, her face flushing, her heart beating fast, a faint cry on her lips, which turned always into a wail of disappointment.

It was the end of the third day. He would not come now; he was not in such a great hurry to see her, after all. And no wonder, she owned to herself in sorrowful honesty—no wonder, after all her caprices and the scornful fashion in which she had treated his love. Once a terrible disappointment happened to her. A hansom dashed up to the grand entrance, and some one sprang from it in hot haste—some one who looked up at the windows of the hotel as though he expected to see a beloved face there. For one moment her heart stood still. It was surely he—surely Randolph—come at last. But, as the face and figure drew nearer, they were strange to her. It was not Randolph. A horrible sense of dismay came to her—a horrible fear. What should she do if he never came and never wrote? That was impossible; he must write. In all their little misunderstandings he had ever been the first to yield. A smile, a glance, a word from her had always brought him to her feet. Was it likely that he could or would withstand such words as she had written—"Let us be friends!"

The dawn of the fourth day found her trembling between hope and despair. On the fifth day Mrs. Carstone's kindly heart failed her when she looked at the white worn face.

"My dear," she said, "you must not look so. Try to regain some of your indifference, some of your carelessness, your face is becoming quite drawn and haggard."

And Violet, clasping the friendly hands in her own, cried, in a voice that was pitiful to hear:

"I do not think my husband will answer my letter!"

Mrs. Carstone tried to comfort her with all the gentle soothing women use to each other in their hour of distress. It was possible, she urged, that the letter had not reached him. There was plenty of time yet. She must be patient, and, above all, she must remember how precious her life was.

On the sixth day Violet shut herself up in her room. She had resolved on sending another letter. This should be not a friendly invitation, but a passionate appeal to him to come to her. She would not ask him to be friends, but she would tell him how passionately she had learned to love him. She would not break her news to him; but she would beg him to forgive her for the old love's sake.

"Think of me," she wrote, "not as the proud, injured, haughty wife who bade you farewell, careless of your love and careless of your pain, but as the girl whom you wooed in the woods of St. Byno's. In those days, I frankly own, love was new to me, and I did not love you as you deserved; now it is different. Come back to me, Randolph, come back to me, darling, for I have learned at last to love you with my whole heart and soul, just as you loved me at first. And, beloved, I shall wait here six days—six days. If, at the end of that time, I have not heard from you, I shall know that you will never either write to me or come to see me again, and life will be all over with me. But you will come, beloved, you will come! My heart longs for you. You will take me in your arms and kiss me, and lay my head upon your breast!"

She wrote the letter on her knees; she covered it with burning tears and passionate kisses. Then she carried it herself to the post. She put it into the letter-box, and, as it dropped from her fingers, turned to Mrs. Carstone with a smile more sad than any sigh.

"That will bring me either life or death," she said.

"It will be life, my dear," returned Mrs. Carstone. "No man who loved his wife could turn a deaf ear to such prayers as yours. You have promised to wait here six days. Let us spend those six days more sensibly than we have the last. Let us spend them in shopping. Have you money, my dear?"

And the answer was "Plenty," with a dreary sigh.

"You will want it all," said Mrs. Carstone, delighted to think how easily she could make up any little deficiency of that kind. "After writing that letter, you must rest to-day, and to-morrow we will go out shopping. Have you any idea what we shall buy?"

"No," replied Violet; but there was a flush on her face and a shy, sweet light in her eyes as she answered.

"Such marvels," said Mrs. Carstone—"such dainty marvels of lace and embroidery—little pretty things that will make your heart beat with joy! And do you know for whom they will be?"

"Oh, happy me!" sighed Violet, even as she smiled. "In spite of all my trouble, thrice happy me!"

"Thrice happy every good woman to whom Heaven sends the gift of a little child!" said Mrs. Carstone, with tears in her eyes. "You will have no time for watching at the windows for the postman: the next six days must be spent in making provision for the future Lord Ryvers.

So during the next six days the beautiful face regained some of its color and some of its calm; for Violet was taken out of herself by this new and keen delight, and Mrs. Carstone was just as pleased.

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.

Violet roused herself from this new and engrossed occupation to ask where her husband was. No letter had yet arrived; until the end of the sixth day Mrs. Carstone would not have the question discussed.

"He will come or write," she said. "It is not likely that, loving you as he does, he will refuse. If he did not intend to come, he would at least write and say so."

The fifth, sixth, seventh day came without news or letter, and then they knew they must look the cruel fact straight in the face.

"He will neither write nor come now," said Violet, with the calm of despair. "I cannot deceive myself or buoy myself up with false hopes any longer; he will not come."

"No," replied Mrs. Carstone; "I have been mistaken; he will not come."

The dainty purchases were all packed. There was no more shopping; they could remain no longer at the hotel.

"In ten days more," said Mrs. Carstone, regretfully, "I must leave you. My husband and son return from abroad, and I must join them. Will you come home with me?"

"No. I thank you with all my heart, but I could not do that. Think for me—I cannot think for myself; find some place for me where I can die."

"Die! What nonsense, my dear! Why should you die? 'Hope on, hope ever.' Let me think what it is best that I should do for you."

She thought for some time, while Violet knelt by her side with a white, despairing face. Suddenly Mrs. Carstone looked up.

"I know the very thing!" she cried. "I have an endless array of poor relatives, and my husband is very generous to them all. I have a cousin, Miss Mary Marston, by name, who lives in a pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea. I will take you there, and you shall stay with her until we can see more clearly what better we can do. You must do your best to gain health and strength. I can come there to see you very often."

"You are so good to me!" sobbed Violet, with a sudden burst of tears.

So it was arranged. Nothing better could be done; and, on the day following, the two ladies left the Great Northern Hotel and went to the pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea.

Miss Marston received them with open arms; and Mrs. Carstone told what she thought necessary of Violet's history. Miss Marston promised to take the greatest care of the beautiful young lady. And there, within sound of the restless sea, Violet lived for many weeks. She never guessed the truth, that the letters sent to Ryverswell had fallen into the hands of the dowager, who, feeling sure that Violet would write at some time or other, had ordered all letters sent to Ryverswell to be forwarded to Athelstone. Her son had been too wretched, too indifferent, to give any directions with regard to his letters; he did not expect any from Violet. The dowager opened both letters, read and burned them—then thanked Heaven that the danger was past, and hoped that the girl's word would come true, and that she would soon die.

One morning, Miss Marston, going into her lodger's room, found her lying with her face to the ground and a newspaper crushed in her cold, white hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The fair sweet month of May, bringing its own fair crown of hawthorn—the fairest May that for many years had blessed the land. It came with smile of sun and song of birds and sweetest bloom of flowers. Over the land lay a veil of tender green, the sea shimmered beneath the glorious sun.

To one heart the sunlight, the songs, and the flowers brought no joy, no happiness, no hope, nothing but the chill of despair. For the long weeks had passed without bringing to Violet any intelligence of or from her husband. Mrs. Carstone had been several times to see her, and found her on each visit looking paler, more languid, and more ill, each time more hopeless.

"I shall never see him again," was the burden of her cry. "I must not blame him. It was all my fault. When I had his love, I did not value it; now that I have lost it, I am dying for it. It is strange, loving me so dearly, that he should not have sent me one word."

"Do you think it possible that he may never have received the letters?" asked her friend.

"No; had there been any mistake in the address, they would have been returned to me. It is that he will not come; I have tried him too far. It is best perhaps as it is. I shall die, and he will be free to marry the girl his mother has chosen for him."

And Mrs. Carstone this time had no cheering words. She agreed with Violet that he had lost patience and cared no more for his wife. She was terribly anxious concerning Violet, for the girl had clung to her with kisses and tears, imploring her not to tell anyone, either friend or foe, where she was, threatening that, if she did so, she would go where no one could follow her or find her; and Mrs. Carstone knew that she would keep her word, so that to neither husband nor son could she say one word.

"I am sure I shall die," Violet would say to her quite calmly, her woeful eyes looking over the restful sea; "and then they will all be happy. I shall be out of the way, and no more trouble to them."

"But what if you do not die?" asks Mrs. Carstone, anxious to rouse her.

"You are a good woman," said Violet, "and Heaven hears the prayers of such. Pray for me that I may die!"

As she spoke she wrung her hands with a gesture of despair. She had given up hope. Once or twice she thought she would go home to Aunt Alice, and ask to die near the bonny woods of St. Byno's, where Randolph had first met her. As her strength decreased a terrible languor came over her. Her brain and mind were ever employed. In imagination she was always with Miss Marr and her husband. She was sure that they were together. The dowager's influence had prevailed; Randolph had learned to look upon her coldly, and almost forgotten her. Oh, welcome death that would take her from such a troubled life!

One morning she felt strangely ill and weak. She went down to her pretty little parlor, where breakfast was prepared for her. Lately a craving for news had possessed her, and she had ordered two or three fashionable journals, hoping to see her husband's name mentioned, hoping to find out where Miss Marr was. This morning she was rewarded, for one little item of fashionable news ran thus:

"The Earl and Countess of Princethorpe have been entertaining a large and select party of guests at Princethorpe Manor. Amongst the visitors were Lord and Lady Kintall, Miss Marr, Colonel Morton, and many others."

"Miss Marr,"—"Princethorpe Manor." She wrote the words down, not knowing why, but in obedience to some unaccountable instinct. Presently she came to a paragraph that seemed to her her death warrant.

"We understand that proceedings have been taken by the members of a noble and powerful family to set aside the marriage of the head of the house, under the plea that it was contracted while the young nobleman was a minor. The case is likely before long to occupy the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe."

It so happened that the paragraph referred to the marriage of the young Marquis of Conmara, who had eloped with his mother's waiting-maid, and not to Randolph, Lord Ryvers. But to Violet's jealous heart it seemed as though every word was meant for him and for her. This was why her husband had not answered her letters or been to see her. He must be a consenting party to it, or it could not be done. They would annul her marriage, after all; yet she would be the mother of the heir of Ryverswell. Randolph would marry Miss Marr. There come to her disordered mind a vision; she saw her husband standing before the altar with the heiress, as he had stood with her, his fair and handsome face bent over her.

"He is mine, he is mine!" cried Violet; and then she fell with her face to the ground.

Miss Marston found her so, and her first proceeding was to telegraph for Mrs. Carstone, and her next to send for a doctor.

It was barely noon when Mrs. Carstone arrived.

"Tell me the worst!" she cried, when she saw Miss Marston's pale face.

"I found her lying in the room this morning, with her face to the ground, and the doctor fears the worst."

Pale and trembling, Mrs. Carstone sank into the nearest chair.

"Let me see the doctor," she said, "before I see her."

But he only confirmed Miss Marston's words. Then Mrs. Carstone went up to Violet. A white face framed in golden hair lay upon the pillow, two beautiful eyes, shadowed with pain, looked at her wistfully as she entered, a white hand, thin and fragile, beckoned her.

"Ask him," she said, "if I shall see my baby before I die."

"You will not die, Violet," answered Mrs. Carstone; but none of the old hope shone in her face.

Not long afterwards came the terrible struggle between life and death. More than once they had bent forward, believing she was dead; but suddenly arose on the calm summer air a little cry, a faint, feeble, wailing cry, the sound of which brought a faint color to the white, beautiful face. Mrs. Carstone had never shed such tears in her life as those she shed when they placed the little heir of Ryverswell in her arms.

A faint whisper came from the white lips.

"Shall I see my baby before I die?"

"Can you not save her?" cried Mrs. Carstone. "It seems so horrible that she should die now!"

"Heaven may save her—I cannot," replied the doctor, more moved than he cared to show.

"How long have I to live?" asked the weak voice. "Days or hours?"

"Hours, I fear," was the grave reply.

And then they placed the tiny child in the failing arms that clasped him with such unutterable love.

Violet did not think much of her husband in that hour of desperation and pain—only of the child, the little child she must leave.

"Can you not save me? Help me to live!" she gasped, with white lips.

It was—so the doctor said—merely a matter of hours. Who would take care of her child? She thought of Miss Marr, the noblest woman she knew in the world. Ah, yes! She should die more at peace, happier, if she knew that her child was with Miss Marr.

With difficulty she made Mrs. Carstone understand that she was to telegraph to Princethorpe Manor.

"Say that Violet Beaton wants her, and begs her to come at once. Shall I live," she asked, wistfully, "until she comes?"

"We will do our best for you," said the doctor; but he had no hope.

(To Be Continued.)

Bronchial Colds and Chest Pains

Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds Yield Promptly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in preference to any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. Of these the most important one is the fact that it has been tested for years and absolutely proven its right to first position.

Nearly everybody knows of the remarkable value of turpentine and linseed as remedial agents. They have been so combined with half a dozen other ingredients in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as to form a most thoroughly effective and at the same time pleasant medicine.

As is frequently the case with an unusually successful article, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is imitated. There are now hosts of preparations with names similar to this, and some even go so far as to imitate the bottle and wrapper. It therefore becomes necessary for you to be very careful when buying. Insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the wrapper.

We know that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not disappoint you, because it has stood the test of time, and the sales, which are at least triple that of any similar preparation, are steadily increasing year by year.

As a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, throat troubles, and severe cough and colds, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has a reputation which cannot be stolen by the cheap and oft injurious cough mixtures which are offered in place of it by some dealers.

Even the consumptive, who has reached the latter stages of his insidious disease, finds ease and comfort in the use of this preparation, while it is impossible to estimate the countless number of less severe cases which it has actually cured. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

LEPROSY IN FRANCE.

Special Hospital to Be Erected For Its Treatment.

The revelation that leprosy exists in France to such an extent as to call for the erection of a special hospital has caused quite a scare in Paris. It appears that there are nearly a score of cases under treatment in the St. Louis Hospital, and the Municipal Council has been asked to vote 25,000 francs for the erection of a special pavilion, so as to isolate them from the other patients.

It appears, however, that leprosy is not a contagious disease and that the other patients run no risk of infection. The doctor in charge of the hospital, however, fears that the lepers may be attacked by tuberculosis, to which they are peculiarly subject. As cases of tuberculosis are treated in the same ward, he thinks it better to erect a special pavilion for the lepers. This declaration as to the non-contagiousness of leprosy will come as a surprise to most people, as it is a popular belief that the disease is contagious in the highest degree. As, however, there is not the slightest grounds to doubt these declarations of men of the eminence of Dr. Allopean and his aids, the Parisians need not fear the outbreak of an epidemic of leprosy.

He—"You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man?" She—"Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay, and stay, and stay, just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out."

THE LOVING PHYSICIAN

A Career of Usefulness Is Open to the Men Who Study Medicine

(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: Colossians iv. 14, "Luke, the beloved physician."

Have you ever explored the east side of New York city — that is, where the Bowery is situated? There many poor live. There the masses are huddled together in tenements. It is the home of hundreds of thousands of men and women who every winter are fighting the two man-eating bloodhounds, cold and hunger, which are snarling and snapping at them like famished wolves.

But though the east side of New York city may be the home of the poor and, in many places, of the social outcast, yet in 1896 there was seen upon the streets a most remarkable funeral. That day 15,000 human hearts were aching. At least 800 men were walking in line behind that hearse. There were sixty pallbearers, every one of whom to more or less extent was indebted for his health or life to the man whose body was then sleeping in the casket. "Who is this man about to be buried," asked an eyewitness, "a king or warrior, a statesman, an orator, a governor, a city official?" No. He was a plain, simple physician. He was a Dr. Aronson, who had given up his whole life to work among the poor. He not only cared for the sick body but also for the sick soul. He had inherited a small fortune from his father, and when he entered the homes of the destitute he would leave here a little and there a little along with his prescriptions. While he lay sick hundreds and thousands of poor people whom he had befriended came to inquire at his door. They knelt by hundreds in the street about his house, praying to God to restore to them their good physician. When he was dead, with their own hands the poor carried him out to

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

Dr. Aronson was only a beautiful type of Luke, "the beloved physician." Paul would never have written so tenderly about him unless Dr. Luke had been that kind of a man. In imagination I can see Paul coming to his room at night and saying: "Where is Luke? Where is Dr. Luke?" Then some one would answer, "Paul, after you had finished preaching to that great audience this evening and Luke had closed the service with prayer, some one told Dr. Luke about an old Christian saint who was sick and could not get out to the service. Then Dr. Luke immediately said, 'Why, I will go at once and see her.' So he took along his medicine bag in one hand and his Bible in the other. He told me to tell you not to sit up for him. He did not know when he could get back." "Yes, yes," half disappointedly answers the missionary; "that is just like Dr. Luke. I never seem to be able to have him at all for myself. He is always calling upon some one that is poor and sick and in trouble. My, how tired he must get!" Then some morning I see Paul wake up. He looks over to the other side of the room, where a bed is all mussed up and yet without an occupant. "Well," says Paul, "I guess Luke is off again on one of his calls. I do hope he will be back in time to take ship for Corinth. We certainly must sail today." Then in imagination I see the companion of Paul running down to the wharf just before the gangplank is drawn in. He has been employing every moment of the time to visit the sick room, to give a last prescription and to offer a last prayer, and as he rushes up to the ship I can see scores and scores of men and women whom he has helped reach forth their hands as they cry: "Goodby, Dr. Luke! Goodby! Goodby! May God bless and keep and reward you for what you have done for us! Goodby! Goodby!" Then I can see good old Dr. Luke turn and say: "Goodby, my dear Christian friends! May Christ, the Divine Physician, heal your diseased physical bodies and your sin diseased souls! Farewell until we meet in heaven!"

PHYSICIAN'S OPPORTUNITIES.

But as I go on showing to you young medical students the golden opportunities of future usefulness which the consecrated, ten talent doctor can wield I must here and now halt. I must stop long enough to show you that great opportunities for good always imply great opportunities for evil. Some two years ago I attended one of the Rush medical classes and heard there a farewell address given to the graduating class by Prof. D. R. Brower, a distinguished specialist on nervous diseases. It was a brutally frank and direct address in many ways. Its blunt statements again and again evoked derisive laughter through the raised tiers of seats filled with students. But as I went home I said to myself: "Dr. Brower is right. An honest, skillful physician is one of the noblest works of God, but an unprincipled physician is one of the most despicable, loathsome and cowardly recreants who ever breathed the breath of life." When the hand beneficient in healing is devoted to undermining the purity of society, it is like the soft and velvety paw of the leopard, which covers a terrible and merciless claw. Oh, young man about to enter the noble medical profession, I beg of you not to prove false to your trust! I beg of you when you enter the home of a man who surrenders into your care the life and the safety of his children that you never prove untrue by advice or action to the trust reposed in you!

No matter how brilliant an unprincipled doctor may be, no Christian man or woman can afford or has any right to employ him as a family physician. I once heard of a reformed drunkard who was supposed to be dying. The physician by his bedside said, "The only medicine which can cure you is alcohol." Then the wife, who sat near and had lived through the horrors of being a drunkard's wife, turned to the physician and said: "Doctor, if the only medicine which can save him is alcohol, then I refuse to let him live. Yes, let him die sober rather than live drunk."

MEDICINE'S CHIEF TRIUMPHS.

But the purpose of the medical profession is not only to make the sick well, but also to prevent the well from getting sick. We are all ready to agree that the chief duty of the good lawyer is to keep his clients out of court. Why should we not be ready to confess that the chief purpose of the doctor is to keep his patients as long as possible out of the hospital and the sick room?

That the chief triumphs of the medical profession have been won during the last century in the prevention of disease rather than in the cure there is no doubt. How have the great plagues which used to sweep over Europe been halted? By the power of the sword? No. By the power of the bacteriologist's microscope and the physician's pen.

Why is the longevity of the human race being increased year by year? Because people do not work as hard as they used to work? Oh, no. An average man to-day goes through more hard work and nerve exhaustion and excitement in a week than his grandfather did in a whole year. The longevity of the human race is increasing in spite of the strenuous life we lead. It is increasing because the doctor, year by year, is telling us how to eat, how to dress and in what kind of houses we should live.

Young men about to enter the medical profession, you are soon to be one of the great band of teachers of physical hygiene. Can you not be a leader in spiritual hygiene also? Your calling opens for you the door of many homes. It not only opens for you the front door, but also the closet door, in which hang the bleached bones of a family skeleton. You are to be the recipient of the heart's secrets as no one else in the community. You will have your finger upon the pulse of a community and will ultimately know whether it beats sinfully fast or sinfully slow. Will you not say the right gospel word to that young man who is doing what he ought not to do? Will you not speak a warning word to that wife, that mother, that child, who may be drifting into sin? They will gladly take Christian advice from you, which perhaps they would not take from a minister. They may say, "A minister is merely working for his salary," but they will know that you are disinterested in speaking the name of the Lord Jesus. In Christ's name will you not try to prevent sin as well as to cure sin after it has already come?

But, though you may declare that since you have entered the medical school you have not lived a Christian life, yet there are still two or three

TREMENDOUS FACTS

that, I think, may work a change in you, two or three facts by which I believe, you are going to be redeemed for Christ and confess him and live for him as a Christian physician. In the first place, I know that you came from a Christian home. It is a wonderful truth to tell that nearly all the men who enter the medical or legal or ministerial profession come from Christian homes. As soon as a father and mother become converted their chief desire seems to be to give their boys a liberal education, so that they can make the most out of their lives for Christ. Thus, young man, no matter where you go or what you do, you can never get away from the many parental prayers which have been offered in your behalf. They are always tugging and pulling you toward a better life. They are pulling your heartstrings now toward Christ.

In the next place, you are not a homeopath in a spiritual sense. You may be a disciple of Hahnemann, as many of you are, but in a spiritual sense you are not. In the realm of the higher life you do not believe similia similibus curantur, that "like cures like." You do not believe that "sin cures sin." Oh, no. You know and you feel only the blood of Jesus, the Saviour, can make you as spotless as the driven snow. So, now, I feel that the purer and holier life is dawning upon you. I feel that all the good and the true in you is leading you on to fully consecrate yourself to the Master's service. We have often heard how brave the surgeons have been in battle. President Roosevelt declared that there never was a braver set of men than the doctors who belonged to the rough riders. At San Juan hill, upon their backs, they carried the wounded to the rear, while the Spanish sharpshooters were firing at them from among the trees. That was brave. That was heroic. But to-day I want you to be just as brave and true. I here and now want you, in order to insure your future Christian usefulness as a family physician, to surrender your whole life to the service of Jesus Christ. You will do it, will you not?

BE LIKE DR. LUKE.

And so, young physician, as you are now ready to consecrate your life to the Saviour I am going to tell you about a beautiful scene which perhaps may happen in your life and death. I hope the death scene may happen many years from now. Some day in the dim future, let us hope when your life's work is drawing to a close, there will be great excitement in some village or in one of the neighborhoods of a great city. Everywhere the word will be whispered: "Have you heard the news? Have you heard the news? The doctor, the good old family doctor, is very sick." Then the news will be printed in the village or the city newspapers that the good doctor, the family doctor, is dead. Then in your family home there will be assembled a tearful gathering. The young men and the young women there will not only remember that you welcomed them into the world, but also to tell how you put your gentle hand of remonstrance upon their shoulders when they were about to drift away into sin. Then the older folks will tell how you prayed with them when they lost their first babies. And the minister will tell how your presence was always the strongest spiritual re-enforcement in the church. And the poor families will tell how you not only paid for the medicines out of your own pocket, but also how you got your friends to help out their winter need with clothing and food and coal. And while these weeping friends are telling of your good works, as the weeping widows did about the corpse of Dorcas, there will be heard a flutter of wings. Then the same messenger which carried up your soul—your redeemed soul—to the white throne of God will return. And the same voice which spake when the white dove hovered over the Christ standing in the Jordan will speak then. And then all the weeping friends will recall the divine commendation, "I was sick, and ye visited me." Oh, my young friends, will you not here and now consecrate your life to the cross? By the grace of God will you not be a Christian family physician? Be a good Dr. Aronson or a good Dr. Luke.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Feb. 3. — Wheat — The market is lower. Sales of No. 2 red and white at 70½c middle freights. No. 1 spring quoted at 71c on Midland, and No. 2 goose at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat easier, No. 1 hard, 88c all rail, grinding in transit; No. 1 Northern, 86½c all rail, grinding in transit; No. 1 hard, 87½c North Bay, and No. 1 Northern, 86c North Bay.

Rye — Market quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 49 to 50c middle freights.

Peas — The market rules steady, with No. 2 white quoted at 73c outside.

Barley — The market is firm, with No. 3 extra quoted at 47c middle freight, and No. 3 at 43 to 44c middle freight.

Corn — The market for Canadian is easier, with No. 2 yellow quoted at 44 to 44½c west, and No. 2 mixed at 43½c west.

Buckwheat — Market dull, with prices nominal at 47 to 48c at outside points.

Flour — Ninety per cent. patents are quiet, quoted at $2.70 middle freight, in buyers' sacks for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at $3.25 to $3.35 in bbls. Manitoba flour firm; No. 1 patents, $4.40, and seconds, $4.10. Strong bakers', $4, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed — Bran, $16 in bulk here; shorts at $17.50. At outside points bran is quoted at $15.50, and shorts at $17.50. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $18, and shorts at $20 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans — Trade is dull, with supplies fair. Medium bring $1.65 to $1.75 per bushel, 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 unchanged. 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 a ton.

Maple Syrup — Five gallon cans, $1 per gal; one-gallon cans, $1.10, and half-gallon, 60c.

Onions — The market is dull at 40c per bushel for Canadian.

Poultry — Market firm. Demand good for finest fresh killed dry-picked stock. Chickens, 12 to 14c per lb. and old 60 to 70c per pair. Ducks, 12 to 14c per lb. Turkeys, fresh, 13 to 14c per lb. Geese, 9 to 11c per lb.

Potatoes — Market is unchanged, with offerings fair. Cars of Canadian on track here quoted at $1, and American $1.05 per bag. Jobbing lots, $1.20 to $1.25.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter — Trade is fairly active, with prices generally unchanged. We quote—Finest 1-lb rolls, 18 to 20c; selected dairy, tubs, 17c; choice large rolls, 18 to 18½c; secondary grades (rolls and tubs), 15 to 16c; creamery prints, 23 to 23½c; do., solids, 20½ to 22c.

Eggs — The market is easier. We quote—Strictly new laid, 23c; cold storage, selected, 15 to 17c; ordinary, 14 to 15c; seconds, and smalls, 12 to 13c.

Cheese — Market steady. We quote—Finest September, 13¼ to 13½c; seconds, 12½ to 12¾c.