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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. 5. $1 per annum. OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903. CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Poverty of Position

Or, Violet Beaton's Contempt For Titles.

CHAPTER XXX.

Miss Marr obeyed the summons promptly, though she wondered greatly why Violet Beaton had telegraphed in so sudden and peremptory a manner for her.

Mrs. Carstone received her, and the two looked at each other curiously.

"I am Mrs. Carstone," said the millionaire's wife—"Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," she added, with a faint hope that the glories of that most ancient place had reached the aristocratic ears of the lady before her.

But no gleam of recognition came into her proud face.

"It is I who telegraphed to you, Miss Marr," she continued. "The poor lady is dying, and her one wish was to see you."

"Dying ?" cried the heiress, startled from her usual calm. You do not mean to tell me that Violet Beaton is dying ?"

"I fear so. The doctor says it is a matter of hours ; and I am sure she has sent for you because she wishes to leave the little child with you."

"The child ! What do you mean?" cried Miss Marr.

"I speak of the child whose birth is to cost its mother's life. Miss Marr, there can be no more secrets now. Do you know who Violet Beaton is ?"

"She is Violet Beaton, I presume. I know nothing more about her."

"She is Lady Ryvers !" cried Mrs. Carstone, with a burst of tears. "It is useless to keep her secret any longer. Lord Ryvers must know of the death of his wife and the birth of his son."

"Lady Ryvers !" cried the heiress. "Lady Ryvers ! Do you mean that she is the wife of Randolph, Lord Ryvers ?"

"I do. And the friends of Lord Ryvers have driven her to her death !"

But Miss Marr could not believe what she had heard.

"Pardon me," she said, "you are wrong. Violet Beaton has been living with a relative of mine. That is how I know her ; that is why she has sent for me."

"I assure you, Miss Marr, that the young lady dying up-stairs is Violet Beaton, who married Lord Ryvers. I have known her and her history for some time. It was with me she took refuge when she left Ryverswell."

"And who," cried the heiress, sinking pale and trembling upon the sofa, "did you say you are ?"

"I am Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," repeated the millionaire's wife.

A sudden gleam of recollection came to Miss Marr ; she had heard the name often enough.

"Your husband is the millionaire who bought Ingleshaw ?" she said.

And, in spite of the sorrow hanging over them, Mrs. Carstone's face was a picture of complacency as she answered, "Yes."

But the heiress could hardly comprehend the other intelligence, that Violet Beaton was Lady Ryvers, the unhappy young wife who had left her husband.

"I have known and loved her," continued Mrs. Carstone, "ever since we met abroad. She came to me in her distress and despair when she left her husband ; or rather I met her by accident, and took her home with me. She would not remain, she would work for herself ; and a friend of mine found her an engagement with a Mrs. Ingram of Queen's Elm."

"That is my grandmother. I met her there ; I spent some weeks there with her." Suddenly Miss Marr remembered all that she had confided in her, how she had told her the story of her great love for Randolph, and how she intended to win him for herself, if she could. She stood dismayed, bewildered, tortured by the recollection. How little she had dreamed that she was speaking to Randolph's wife ! She clasped her hands with a bitter cry.

"If she dies," she said, "it is I who have killed her ! But I did not know—oh, Heaven, I did not know !"

"I should say that Lady Ryvers has killed her," remarked Mrs. Carstone.

"It is too horrible !" said the heiress. "And you say there is a little child born to-day ?"

"Yes—a lovely little boy."

"Heir of Ryverswell !" said Miss Marr. "You must send for Lord Ryvers at once."

"It is useless," replied Mrs. Carstone ; "his wife has sent for him twice, and he has refused to come."

"I will not believe it !" cried the heiress. "If ever a man worshiped a woman, Lord Ryvers worshiped his wife. From the time she left home, he shut himself up, and no one has seen him since. He would have given the world to find her ; but she told him she would never return. He would have flown to her if he had thought she would even speak to him."

"I was with her when she wrote and posted the letters."

"Then there has been foul play," declared Miss Marr, "for I know that Lord Ryvers has never received one word from his wife since she left him. And you say she is dying ?" Tears filled her eyes. "Let me see her," she said, "there is no time to be lost."

She grew pale as she entered the room and saw the beautiful, colorless face of Violet and the tiny head of the resting babe. She was so true a woman that at the sight tears filled her eyes. With gentle steps she went up to the young wife and knelt down by the bedside.

"Violet," she said, "do you know me ? I am Gwendoline Marr."

There was a faint stir of the white eyelids. It seemed that by a desperate effort she was trying to bring herself back to life.

"She wants to speak to me," said the heiress, piteously. "Can you do nothing for her ?"

The doctor came forward with a spoonful of strong cordial. Then the white eyelids opened.

"You sent for me, Violet. What can I do for you ?"

"I want to give you this," she said, opening her arms that her friend might see her little child. "You are one of the noblest women in the world. Will you take him for me ?" Then with one white, weak hand she drew the dark, beautiful face down to her own. "You know my story," she whispered faintly ; "who know who I am. It seems to me almost that I have come back from the dead to see you. You know now that I am Randolph's wife ?"

"Yes ; I know. Will you forgive me all the pain I have caused you ? If I had known that you were Randolph's wife, I should never have spoken of him."

"I know, but you love him still."

"I shall love him forever," was the low reply.

"And you will marry him after I am dead ? Every one will forget me, and you will be happy together. I give you my little son—he will be Randolph's heir ; you will love him and cherish him and care for him as if he were your own ?"

"I promise," answered Miss Marr.

"How strange," said Violet, "that you should have both my husband and my son ! You will love him ? Do not tell him about me ; let him think you are his mother. And tell Randolph I should like to be laid to rest in the old church-yard at St. Byno's. Mine has been a short, troubled life."

"Violet," said her friend, "would you not like to see your husband ?"

"He would not come to me. I sent to him twice ; he would not come."

"I am sure he would come to see you and his little son if he knew. Would you like to see him ?"

Oh, the rapture of love and of longing in the pale face !

"I believe," she whispered faintly, "that if I saw him I should not die. I should live in spite of myself."

"Then you shall see him," her friend declared. "I will go and bring him to you. Doctor," she said, hastily, "I am sure that Lady Ryvers is better ; give me just one gleam of hope." The doctor looked up when he heard the rank and name of his patient. "Give me one gleam of hope," she repeated.

"The best that I can say is that Lady Ryvers is no worse and that every hour she lives adds to her chance of living," he answered, gravely.

Miss Marr bent over the pale face.

"Violet," she said, "try to live. Try to think that Randolph is coming and wants to see you."

"Randolph will marry you ; you are best suited for him ; they all love you. I am content to die. Oh, dear friend, love my son !"

And then the pallor deepened, the white eyelids fell.

"Is she dead ?" cried the heiress, in great alarm.

"No ; she is only exhausted," replied the doctor.

Then, kissing the cold brow, Miss Marr stole softly out of the sick-room, and, hastening at once to the telegraph office, despatched the following message :

"From Miss Marr, railway station, Weston-on-Sea, Kent, to Lord Ryvers, Athol House, Mayfair, London.—Come here at once ; your wife, Violet, is dying, and wishes to see you. I will be at the station to meet you."

What wonder, consternation, and bewilderment that telegram caused Lord Ryvers ! That Violet, his beautiful, willful young wife, should be dying, seemed to him impossible. And why should Miss Marr be with her ? Violet was dying—Violet, whom he had found in the woods of St. Byno's—Violet, for whom he had given up the whole world, who had been so brightly happy with him, who had overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches and left him ! Violet was dying ; and Miss Marr, the beautiful woman whom every one had wished him to marry, was with her !

Weston-on-Sea was not very far. He had reached the railway station, and stood with Miss Marr's hand fast clasped in his, before he realized what had happened and where he was.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As they drove hurriedly from the railway station to the house, Miss Marr told Lord Ryvers all that had happened.

"And Violet was with you," he cried—"really and truly with you ? How strange ! It must have been the very hand of Heaven."

"I believe it was," said Miss Marr quietly.

And then she told him of the birth of his little son. He was astonished and bewildered. All he could say was :

"My poor Violet ! Pray Heaven that we may find her living ! If I could but look in her face once more and tell her how much I love her."

She was living, and her life hung upon a thread. The question was whether his sudden appearance would snap that thread.

"She told me she should live if she saw you, and I believe it," said Miss Marr.

There was another surprise for Lord Ryvers when he saw Mrs. Carstone and heard her story, how she had helped and befriended his hapless young wife.

"But you," he said, reproachfully—"you should have sent to me. You knew how well I loved her."

But Mrs. Carstone had her own defence. Of what use was it for her to interfere when he had sent no answer to his wife's urgent prayer ? Then he heard the story of the letters, and for the first time it struck him how negligent he had been—that he ought to have taken precautions. But he never thought that Violet would write. The letters must have gone to Ryverswell and fallen into his mother's hands. He told himself that if his wife died his mother would be the cause.

With quiet tread he entered the sick-room. Death was not present, yet seemed very near. The beautiful face had grown even more colorless, the nerveless arms had almost relaxed their hold.

"Violet," says Miss Marr, bending over her, "can you hear me ?"

But there was no answer. Again she spoke, but it was with the same result.

"I am afraid we are too late," she said. "Speak to her yourself."

Then he came forward and looked upon her, his wife, his darling, his only love, lying there so still and pale, with their little son in her arms. He did not look at the child, his eyes were riveted on her face. This was his Violet, whom he had found where "June's palace was paved with gold." A bitter cry, the cry of a strong man in despair, came from his lips as he fell upon his knees by her side.

At the sound Violet opened her eyes. It had pierced her heart, and stirred what little life was there.

"Violet," he cried—"oh, my darling, speak to me, look at me !"

A faint color rushed to her face, a faint light came into the shadowed eyes, the white lips smiled.

"Violet, my darling, my dear wife !" he cried. "Oh, thank Heaven that I see those dear eyes once again ! Violet, say 'welcome !' "

"Welcome !" she responded, faintly.

And then he heard her whisper something about the baby. He stooped and kissed the tiny face.

"My little son !" he said. "May Heaven bless and keep my little son ! Violet, you must get better. You must live for my sake."

She drew his head down to her face and whispered in his ear :

"It will be better, much better for me to die ; then you can marry Miss Marr, and you will all be happy. I should be only in the way, and she will be kind to my baby."

"If you die, Violet, I shall die," he said. "There will be neither love nor marriage for me. I want not Miss Marr, or another, but you, sweet, only you. Live for me, Violet !"

"You did not come when I sent," she whispered.

"I never received the letters ; I never heard of them until to-day."

And then it seemed to her as though the sting of death had been removed.

"I should have come at once. I should not have delayed one moment," he said. "Oh, Violet, live for me !"

Her eyes closed, and her head dropped upon his breast ; she fell into a deep, sweet slumber, and those round her watched in anxious expectation. Over the face of the doctor came an expression of relief ; Mrs. Carstone breathed more freely.

"If Lady Ryvers should recover," she said to Miss Marr, "it is you who will have saved her life by bringing her husband to her."

Once the little child stirred ; and the nurse took it away ; but Violet still slept.

"It is almost miraculous," said the doctor ; "I believe she will live."

How long she lay in that deep, dreamless sleep, her husband's arm round her, her head pillowed on his breast, Violet never knew. When at last she woke, it was to find his handsome face bent over her with undying love shining in his eyes.

Still for many hours her life hung upon a thread, a thread so slight that the least jar might have snapped it, and during that time Randolph never left her, neither did Miss Marr, inch by inch they helped to fight the grim battle for her. It seemed as though they wrestled with Death and disputed his ground. Then came faint flashes of life, a smile, a gleam of light in the eyes, a whispered word, a request for the baby. Gradually the deathlike languor left the young mother, and life came back. Through it all she clung to Randolph. If he were absent a short time, she relapsed ; she seemed to live only in his presence.

At last came the day when the doctor declared that there was no more danger, and that with good nursing his patient would soon recover.

Lord Ryvers was at a loss how to express his gratitude to Mrs. Carstone.

"You will be the dearest friend that my wife and I have," he said to her.

(To Be Continued.)

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There is probably no ailment which leads to such dreadfully painful and fatal diseases as derangement of the kidneys, and consequently the good which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills do in checking kidney disorders and preventing dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, etc., can never be estimated. Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton Co., N.B., writes :—"My wife was a great sufferer from kidney disease for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, was gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains and her ankles would swell up so that we were afraid of dropsy. We had a book of Dr. Chase's in the house, and reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief soon came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

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

A CARPING ELDER BROTHER

Ready to Take Every Advantage Over His Fellow Men.

(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: Luke xv, 28, "And he was angry."

Who was the prodigal's elder brother? "I know who he is," answers some one. "I see him almost every day of my life. He is the honest, upright son who stays at home and gets no credit for being good; he is the respectable plodder of the family who does most of the hard work in the office, in the store and on the farm and then has the extreme pleasure of seeing all the young girls run after his dissolute younger brother merely because that brother is driving fast horses and sowing his 'wild oats.' The elder brother is the son who is always sober and yet receives he not one extra dollar from his parents as a reward, while the drunken son of the family is continually receiving extra money to get his clothes out of pawn, so that he may have another start in life. The elder is the 'good boy' upon whom the mother depends to help give his sisters new dresses for the winter parties, yet he never has a party given for him. He never had a fatted calf killed that he might entertain his friends, though for years he has cared for the cattle by day and has seen that they were properly milked at night. He is the 'good boy' who never had a fine ring put on his finger. The folks laughed at his horny fingers, which were knotted from handling the plow and wielding the hoe and the ax. His feet were never measured for dancing slippers because his sandals were always soiled and dirt begrimed. He was always working in the fields. The drunkards, the profligates, the midnight carousers, the libertines and the associates of lewd companions are the ones who, when they reform, have the smiles and the dancing parties given to them, not the elder brothers who have never done any wrong."

TWO KINDS OF FAULTS.

But neither of the brothers is portrayed as an example. Both were bad, though in different ways. We easily see the faults of the younger brother; they were open and scandalous; but the faults of the elder brother, being decorously covered up by dutiful conduct, are not so easily recognized. In estimating character on God's lines we have to ask not only what a man has done, but what he is. Meanness and unbrotherliness and cruelty in the heart deface a man's character as indelibly as open iniquity. They make men, as Christ said, like "whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." Therefore I place my chief emphasis upon the sinful life of the elder brother, to show that the so-called respectable sins of self righteousness are of all sins the most to be dreaded and that it is the duty of the preacher to warn his hearers against them.

The elder brother is the modern Pharisee, who thanks God that he is not as other men. He complacently looks upon the drunkard and the social outcast and the pauper and says to his friends: "Just look at me. I never had any more advantages than those people have had. I was of a highstrung, impetuous nature, yet I never would let my evil desires get the better of me. I have never been drunk. I have never run up a bill I was unable to pay. I never was a frequenter of the clubs, nor a convivial associate of midnight carousers. Indeed, to be frank with you, I have just about as good opinion of my moral attainments as Prince Bismarck had of his skill in statesmanship. When some one asked the Iron Chancellor who he thought was the brainiest statesman in all Europe, Bismarck replied: 'Modesty forbids my stating who is the brainiest, because then I might have to mention my own name. But I am perfectly willing to state that Benjamin Disraeli is without doubt the second ablest statesman in all Europe.' Other saints," remarks the pharisaical elder brother, "may be my equal in moral attainments, but I am sure there is no superior in all the world to my humble self."

A DEFECT IN CHARACTER.

Elder brothers, you have no ground for pride if the restraint that has kept you from prodigality is itself a defect of character. It is true that you have not gone off as a prodigal into a far country. You have not given a midnight banquet and started your young friends on the path to a drunkard's grave by teaching them how to bury their lips in the red poison of the wine cup. You have been too stingy for that; you may have been so mean and stingy that that there is no fear that you would drink a glass of wine or smoke a cigar unless some one else paid for it. It is not principle that saves some men from going to destruction by the broad highway of dissoluteness, but penuriousness. They hold on to every dollar they have and are too stingy to spend a cent. They keep their money as long as they can and never give a cent to a friend unless they make that friend give them a first class security and pay full interest. But, my so called respectable and upright pharisaical friend, though you are not a prodigal, you may be a usurer, an extortioner and a slanderer. You may be a robber of the poor widow's mite and a contemptible tyrant in your dealings with your debtors and your employes. You may be a peddler of evil reports and a murderer of your neighbor's reputation. You may be one of those keen, cold automatons without one drop of human kindness in your heart. You may be so merciless in your dealings with mankind that you will not stop for one moment to consider the sad causes which led your friends into sin or into financial difficulty. And, elder brother, if your faults are meanness and avarice, though you may have never violated the criminal code of your state, you are at heart a sinful monster, a financial tyrant; you are at heart a merciless calumniator. God despises your unrepented sins just as much as he despises the sins of the prodigal in the far country.

A DESPICABLE SPIRIT.

The elder brother thinks that his Divine Father's house is not big enough to hold two sons. He feels that if his brother is allowed to come back the returning prodigal will crowd him out of some room which rightfully belongs to him. He says to himself: "There is that drunken loafer of a boy. He has taken his one-half of the property; give part of my rightful inheritance now he is coming back to eat up part of my half. I know that father is so kind-hearted that he will to this lazy spendthrift, this boon companion of dissolute characters. If he has spent his all, then let him starve. That is just what he deserves. He has no right coming back, to be a vampire upon my property." So the selfish elder brothers in many of our large churches refuse to let the prodigals come among them and will not allow them to be received as equals in their Father's house. They seem to think that the advent of the poor and outcast means their own social extinction and their spiritual debasement.

Where can the despicable, pharisaical spirit of the elder brother be found more conspicuous than in some of your modern Sunday school classes? "Oh," say the well dressed young girls of that class, "you are not going to put that poor girl in our class. Why, it will ruin the whole class! You can't expect the daughters of millionaires to associate with sewing girls even in a Sunday school." Where can you find a more despicable, pharisaical spirit than in the missionary life of some of our large city churches? There are many large and wealthy churches that are supporting missions in the foul slums of the city, yet whose members would not for one instant allow the poor to sit in their own pews or kneel at their communion tables. And, mark you, this pharisaical spirit of old is not only found among the rich, but also among the poor.

THE TWO SONS.

The elder brother never longs to satisfy the divine cravings of his father's love. I have no sympathy with some of the excuses that are made for that prodigal son. I have no sympathy with those who declare that young men are led astray into the far country of sin because they have generous impulses and abnormal affections and therefore cannot say no to the tempter. That prodigal was an ingrate, every way you take him. He was a selfish, contemptible, dissolute rake. No man is large hearted who will take a friend to a saloon or open a bottle of wine at a club when in order to do it he makes his own children go hungry and dress in rags. No generous hearted young man will go into the far country of sin and recklessly squander his money when at the same time he knows that his old father is weeping at home, with his eyes a fountain of tears, but, though that younger son was a selfish, despicable character, the elder was just as despicable. When the elder brother heard the music which signaled the parental joy over the repentant prodigal's return ; when he saw the eyes of his father glistening with love and his cheeks flushing with a holy thankfulness, he would have rejoiced for his father's sake if he had not been selfish and would not have tried to stab the old man to the heart. Did he not say in effect : "Yes, we shall drive that dissolute debauchee back to his swine trough. Then we can have the pleasure of seeing father again restlessly pacing the floor through the long, weary hours of the night." Did he not want to hear that dear, old, gentle, forgiving father again moan over his wayward boy as David mourned over his dead son Absalom ?

If that elder brother had been the right kind of a son, he would have seen what joy came into the father's heart at the return of his repentant son. He would have immediately said : "What difference does money make if I can only make father happy ? Away with the question of dollars and cents if my brother's return is only a true return." So every Christian to-day, if he is the right kind of a Christian, does not think about the social condition of his repentant fellow man. He immediately says, when the publican bows at the mercy seat : "Oh, the look of triumphant love which is upon my divine Father's face. Oh, the celestial music which in great tidal waves of sound is rolling through the golden boulevards of the New Jerusalem. Oh, the angelic voices in heaven which are everywhere shouting the glad tidings : 'The prodigal has returned to his Father's house !' " There ought to be joy on earth as well as joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. There ought to be the same joy which the good shepherd felt when he found his sheep that was lost ; the same joy which the once frantic wife experienced when she recovered the lost piece of silver, which was part of her wedding dowry.

THE LACK OF FAITH.

The elder brother's conduct also shows a lack of faith in his father. He refuses to believe that his Divine Father's love is powerful enough to change a sinner into a saint. Infidelity often intrenches itself in the pew and behind the church pulpit. Some church members, and some ministers of the gospel, are only theorizing when they profess to believe that Jesus Christ can pardon sin. They profess to believe that Christ can transform the seven deviled Marys into the Marys who are willing to sit at his feet and worship, but these skeptical elder brothers go forth into the great, wide, sinful world and by their practical behavior scatter their ideal spiritual theories to the four winds.

When the reformed drunkard comes home, they cry out : "What is the good of letting that unprincipled loafer into the house ? He is just like other drunkards. He is only repenting for a little while so that he may get some money out of us and go forth on another spree. Drive him out at once. Let him go to the poorhouse, where he belongs." When the young girl who has led a dissolute life wants to lead a pure life, instead of finding the willing arms of forgiveness held out to her by her elder sisters she finds only the shut doors of a contemptuous rebuke. Why ? Because the cynical elder sisters do not believe that a prodigal woman with a black past can ever, even by divine power, be changed into a sainted woman with a spotless future. The criminal has served his penitentiary term and is liberated from the stone cell. Is the great world at large ready to forgive him and receive him back into honorable employment if he repents? Oh, no ! The elder brothers and elder sisters are so bitter against the ex-convicts that many a repentant one has deliberately returned to his crimes because he could earn a living in no other way.

THE FATHER'S FORGIVENESS.

The other day a person asked me what I considered the most beautiful sentence in the parable. This was my answer : "It is not to be found in the good father's dealings with the younger, but with the elder son. When the servant came in and told the good father that his elder boy was acting unfilially and unbrotherly, the father did not lose his patience. He did not send a peremptory command to his elder son to come to him at once, as he had a right to do, but, as a servant, he left the banquet hall. He went out into the darkness of the night and placed his arm gently about his sinful elder son's neck, as he answered in a pleading, yearning voice, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." That is as much as to say : 'My boy, my dear boy, I am not trying to do you any injustice. I shall not take away any of your inheritance. All that I have is yours. What I long for is for the love and the purity of my children. I want my two boys to be always by my side. Come, my child ; come back to your father's love. Come back into the old homestead which I have prepared for you.' " Oh, that answer to me is beautiful ! That answer is the sweetest, gentlest, most loving and yet most pleading rebuke ever spoken by the lips of any of the characters of the Bible. That is a Christ love pleading for you and for me to come into the Father's house and nestle as a lamb in his bosom.

But, after all, the most impressive part of the elder brother's history is the abrupt way in which the parable ends. There is no doubt the younger son was forgiven. No doubt the repentant prodigal was able to enjoy the rest and the home pleasures of the father's house. But how about that cynical, self satisfied and complaining elder brother ? Did he ask forgiveness of his father? Did he go into the banquet where the feast was being celebrated ? I do not know. I cannot tell. The parable ends with the earnest plea of the father. We must take the rest as we will. Personally I have my doubts about the salvation of that elder brother. It is sometimes far easier for the sinner down in the slums to come to Christ than for the rich son living in a luxurious palace. A London missionary was one night called up to go to a dying girl. This wayward child at the time was living in a dissolute house. When the missionary entered the room, he found a sinful sister holding in her arms the head of the dying girl, and she was saying : "Jennie, it is all right. Put your love and trust in Jesus. He died for just such sinful girls as we are. Jennie, put your faith in Jesus Christ." Yes, we can all feel that Christ died for the prodigal son, but it is awfully hard for some of the sinful elder brothers and sisters to feel that it was necessary for Jesus Christ to die for them and their sins. My elder brother in sin, are you going to stay out of your Father's house ? Are you going to refuse to put your faith in Christ and come into the marriage banquet of the Lamb ?

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Feb. 10.—Wheat—The market is firmer, with demand good. No. 2 red and white sold at 71 to 71½c middle freight. No. 1 spring nominal at 72c on Midland and No. 2 goose, at 67c on Midland. Manitoba wheat firmer; No. 1 hard 89c all rail, grinding in transit ; No. 1 Northern, 87½c all rail, grinding in transit ; No. 1 hard, 88½c North Bay, No. 1 Northern, 87c North Bay.

Oats—The market is firmer, with sales of No. 2 white at 32c middle freight, and of No. 1 at 33c east.

Buckwheat—Market dull, with prices nominal at 46 to 47c at outside points.

Barley—Business quiet, and prices firm ; No. 3 extra, 47c middle freights ; and No. 3 at 43c middle freights.

Peas—The market is steady at 71 to 72c high freights, for No. 1.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents sold to-day at $2.70 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 firm; No. 1 patents, $4.40, and seconds, $4.10. Strong bakers', $3.90 to $4, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed—Bran, $16 to $16.50 in bulk here ; shorts, $18.00. At outside points bran is quoted at $15.50 and shorts at $17.50. Manitoba bran in sacks, $19, and shorts at $21 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Trade is dull, with supplies fair. 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 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—The market is firm, under continued light supplies. We quote :—Fresh killed, dry picked turkeys, 14 to 15c; geese, 9 to 10c per lb; ducks, 85c to $1.25; chickens (young), 75c to $1.25; old hens, 60 to 70c per pair; frozen and held stock, 2 to 3c per lb less than above quotations.

Potatoes—Market is unsettled, with offerings large. Car lots quoted at $1 a bag on track, and small lots at $1.15 to $1.20.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are steady, with car lots of Western selling at $7.50 to $7.65, and Northern at $7.75. Cured meats steady, with demand fair. We quote :—Bacon, long clear, 10½ to 10¾c in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, $21.50 to $22; do short cut, $22.50 to $23.

Smoked hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11¾ 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.

"My daughter has earned a big commission, but I suppose she can't collect it." "How did she earn it ?" "Since she began her singing lessons every neighbor in the street has bought a bicycle."