

THE OMEMEE MERCUR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE COORSELS AS ITERS SEE US."

OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1903.

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LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VIII.

They were all in bed when I got back that night; but as I passed the door of Annie's room, I fancied I heard the sound of sobbing. I knocked softly, but she made no answer; so I concluded that I must have been mistaken, and that she was asleep.

The next morning she attended at breakfast as usual. She looked a little pale, and now and then glanced uneasily and rather questioningly at me. When I rose to go, she put her hand on my arm and said: "Hugh, dear Hugh, I have been out before this morning. I have seen the young master."

I suppose my face darkened ominously, for she hurriedly continued: "I don't want to get angry—indeed, you must not, for the best. I was afraid, after what happened last night, that he would dismiss you; and he would have done it, but I have interceded, and now all will be as it was before."

"You have interceded for me?" I said. "Then you were wrong, Annie; if he wishes to dismiss me, let him. I have other means of earning my bread."

For answer to this Annie employed a stronger medium than words—she cried.

"You promise," she said, "to go on just the same as usual, and to take no notice of what occurred last night?"

"I will promise," I said, "if you can show me the good of it."

"The good of it will depend upon whether or not you care anything about me," she replied. "Just think, Hugh, if you two quarrel again, and you are dismissed, everybody will know why it all came about—and my mother and father too. Ah, Hugh, dear Hugh, for my sake!"

She folded her little hands over my arm, and looked up into my face like a supplicating child.

"All right, Annie," I said; "don't worry yourself, little woman, I won't do a thing that will injure you."

For a couple of days or so the master kept away, and things went on as usual; but on the fourth day he strolled down, he talked a good deal to John, but never addressed one word to me.

How long this state of things might have lasted, it is impossible to say, but it was most unexpectedly and suddenly changed.

One day my aunt, having a little shopping to do, and seeing perhaps for a day's outing, determined to go to Falmouth. She started off in the morning in John Rudd's wagon, and left my cousin to keep house.

Now, it had seemed to me that Annie had looked particularly dull that morning; so, toward afternoon, I determined to take an hour, and to hurry back to the cottage to see how she was getting on.

As I drew near to the cottage door, I was astonished to hear voices—the one loud and angry, the other soft and pleading. When I entered the kitchen, my amazement increased tenfold.

An elderly lady—none other, indeed, than old Mrs. Redruth, George Redruth's widowed mother—was standing in the middle of the room, while my cousin Annie, crying bitterly, was actually on her knees before her.

Amazed at her presence there, I entered unceremoniously; but both were so intent upon themselves that they were actually unaware of my approach.

The old woman was speaking.

"Your tears don't deceive me,"

she said, "I am not a man and a fool. I am a mother, and I know when danger threatens my child, and I say that you are doing your best to entangle my son. But take care! George Redruth shall not be sacrificed; sooner than that, I will ruin you—do you hear?—ruin you!"

"Oh, my lady!" sobbed Annie. "Will you listen?"

"No," she returned. "I will not. Listen you—when every word you utter must be a lie! I have seen you with my son. Cease to follow him, or I will expose you before every soul in the village!"

She turned to leave the cottage, and came face to face with me. She paused abruptly, opened her lips, as if about to speak; then she changed her mind, and without uttering a word, passed out.

"For myself, I had been too much stupefied to say a word, and I stood now, like a great bear, looking at my cousin, who, sobbing piteously, had sunk into a chair."

"Annie," I said, "Annie, my dear, let there be an end to this. Give me the right to protect you from all this trouble that has come upon you lately. Hugh my wife."

"Your wife, Hugh?" she said.

"Your wife!" I answered, "my wife—that is, if you care for me enough, my dear!"

"Ah, Hugh, dear Hugh!" she sobbed. "You are the kindest and best man in all the world, and it is your kindness which makes you ask me this now, for you don't love me, Hugh."

Her words cut me to the heart, for I felt their truth.

"Perhaps," I said, "I don't romance as some young fellows might, but I shall make as good a husband, I have always been fond of you, Annie, ever since that night, years ago, when I first came here and you gave me a welcome. We have ever been excellent friends, haven't we?—and now tell me if we shall be more than friends?"

"No, Hugh; be what you have always been—my own dear brother."

"Is it because you think I don't care for you, Annie?"

"Ah, no," she replied. "Don't think it is that. So much the better for you, dear, that you don't love me; for even if it were otherwise, we two could never be man and wife."

I looked into her eyes, and I thought I read their meaning. Annie did not care for me; her heart was with another man, and that man far above her.

As my thought travels back to that time, I reproach myself again and again for my own blindness.

CHAPTER IX.

But after this I watched Annie a good deal, and I soon discovered she had a great and growing trouble on her mind. She was restless and ill at ease, and once or twice while I observed her quietly, I saw tears suddenly start to her eyes.

One afternoon, about three days after our former interview, I was standing at the mouth of the mine thinking things, when I was startled by the sudden appearance of my aunt. She looked pale; rather alarmed; but ready to become very angry.

"Hugh!" she said, "where be Annie?"

I shook my head and said, "I don't know!"

"The fact is, sir," I said, "there is some villain at the bottom of it, and we want to find out who that villain is."

"And so you come to me! Really, I don't see the force of all this, and I have more important matters to detain me!"

He opened the door, and we, seeing that further conversation would be useless, left the room and the house.

Nothing more could be done that night, so we all went to bed, but I frequently heard my uncle walking with measured step up and down his room, and in the gray of the morning he came out to the kitchen to kindle a fire.

I looked at him, and scarcely knew him; his face was white and lined like that of an old man.

I spoke to him of Annie, and told of a plan I had made to follow her and bring her back; but he sadly shook his head.

"Now, lad," said he, "his best

don't know!" the rising anger entirely disappeared, and her face grew paler.

"But you've seen her to-day?" she continued.

"No," I said. "When I left this morning you were all absent."

At this my aunt fairly broke down, and moaned between her sobs. "Oh, Hugh! she's gone, gone!"

Having told her tale, my aunt looked at me, hoping that I might be able to say her name for her child were unfounded. I could not; the utmost I could do was to counsel silence, and to try to buoy her up with hope. This I did.

"It may be all right, aunt," I said; "therefore it will be much better to keep our fears to ourselves. Don't say anything to my uncle; there will be time enough to do that when our last hope is gone."

About five o'clock, my uncle came up from the mine, and I proposed that we should knock off work for the day, and stroll home together.

My aunt was moving about preparing tea, and she was alone.

"My uncle, as we sat down to our meal."

"She be gawn out!"

"Beant she coming in to tea?"

The answer was conclusive, and the meal went on; my uncle eating heartily, while I was scarcely able to sip my cup of tea. When the meal was over, my uncle, according to his usual custom, went to his seat beside the fire, and lit his pipe. He had been smoking for an hour or more, when a scene occurred which I cannot recall without pain even now. All signs of the meal had been cleared away, and my aunt, with her trembling hand, was about to lift down her work-basket from its shelf, when a knock came to the kitchen door; and then the door was opened, and in came John Rudd.

He had a parcel for my aunt, which he delivered; he chatted for a few minutes, then he prepared to go.

"Say, missus," said he, "what be Miss Annie gawn to?"

My uncle looked up curiously; my aunt's cheeks grew as white as new-fallen snow.

"What be she gawn to?" she repeated, helplessly.

"Iss!" continued Rudd. "I seen her this mornin'! Falmouth, she were in a mighty hurry and didn't see me. She were down on the jatty, and she went aboard the steamer for Parntown."

Rudd paused, thunderstruck at the effect of his words.

"What be all this about my Aunt?" he cried. "Spak, some an' we'll see."

My aunt continued to sob, John Rudd stared in a mystified manner at one and all.

"There's nothing to alarm anybody," I said; "it's all right."

But my uncle hardly seemed to hear me.

"If that be aught wrong 'my little woman," he cried, "tell me, I ain't a child to be petted, nor a body to be kept in the dark. Speak, tell me what 'tis all about!"

So we told him all we knew, and, putting this and that together, he gathered at least one idea—that his child had, for some reason or other, voluntarily left her home.

But when John Rudd was gone, and we were left to ourselves, I looked at my uncle and aunt, both so changed within the last few hours, and told them my suspicions of George Redruth. To my surprise they were received with blank amazement, then within indignation. I felt convinced of it, however, in my own mind; and, in order to make sure, I determined to go up to the master's house and ascertain the truth.

The moment my uncle heard of my determination he resolved to accompany me. On asking for the master, we were shown into the library; five minutes later the young man himself walked into the room.

The sight of him deprived me utterly of the power of speech; my uncle looked at me reproachfully, and was silent too.

"Tell!" he said, glancing at us pleasantly, "was evening in an after-dinner mood—is there anything I can do for either of you?"

"Master Jarge," said my uncle, earnestly, "we'm in trouble, sir; in sore trouble."

"Indeed! Is sorry to hear it." "I knaved you'd be sorry, sir," continued my uncle, "though 'tain't no affair of yours, God knows; but my daughter, sir, my little Annie, she be run'd away!"

"What?" he exclaimed. "Run away from home? do you mean?"

"But why come to me? What can I do?"

"Naught, you can't do naught at all," said my uncle, "that's just it."

"The fact is, sir," I said, "there is some villain at the bottom of it, and we want to find out who that villain is."

"And so you come to me! Really, I don't see the force of all this, and I have more important matters to detain me!"

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FAULTS OF A NEIGHBOR

Many People Consider Themselves Messengers of Evil.

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

A despatch from Chicago says:—
Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached the following text:—
"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."

There is great excitement in the Davidic encampment. A sentinel down the valley, coming nearer, he calls out with panting voice, "Tidings, my lord—tidings for the new king!" From the different tents the swartly limbed soldiers, who were resting from the conquests over the Amalekites, swarm forth. They lead the new arrival to the young commander. There he prostrates himself upon the ground. He announces that Saul has been defeated and has been slain. The conqueror, the conqueror of the mighty Philistine, Goliath. What was the result? Did David tell his followers to exult over the fall of the king? Did he say to his companions in arms: "Good news for Saul! His defeat serv'd him right. Divine justice has avenged my wrongs. He had no business to try to kill me to satisfy his jealousy. He should not have tried to enter. He should not have tried to do an apostate and defied the divine power which had anointed him king of Israel?" No! David had the silver tongue of speech. No, he sang sweeter than this sweet singer of Israel. But David had the golden lips of gospel silence. He lifted his hand in warning. He practically said this: "Do not exult over your fallen king. Do not address his faults to the world lest the unchristianly physician be rejoiced. Do not sneer at God's ointment. Let his faults be buried in his tomb. Only remember and talk about his good qualities. Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon." And now, one and all might be as charitable in our comments upon those who have sinned and wronged us as David was with Saul. Would that we were all as good as well as David, and that we were all as good as well as David, and that we were all as good as well as David.

THE GOLDEN LIPS OF SILENCE.
The golden lips of gospel silence never banquet upon carrion. We know that a beautiful physique has to draw its strength from clean provender. If a piece of meat is decomposed and microscopically diseased, it will make unclean any body into which it is absorbed. What is true in reference to the physical is also true in reference to the mind and the spirit. If we allow our thoughts to feed upon what is depraved in other men's characters, then our thoughts will themselves become depraved. If we allow our lips to revel in uttering the scandals and describing the weaknesses and the sins of our neighbors or friends or enemies, then our own tongues will become defiled.

This law—that what we let our minds feed upon decides what our minds are to be—is irrevocable and all powerful. It is so far-reaching in its results, that Jesus, in the gospel of Matthew, declares that he who condemn us not only for our evil actions, but also for our evil thoughts. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old, Thou shalt not commit adultery. I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. We are to be condemned not only for what we say and do, but also for what we think.

"Oh, no," says some hearer. "That is not square. A man should not be condemned for what he thinks. The thought action of the brain is absolutely involuntary. We think in spite of ourselves. We sin only when we carry out our evil desires of our souls. We do not sin necessarily when we think evil." Ah, my brother, you are mistaken. A man can indirectly govern his thoughts, as he can directly govern his actions. If a man allows his

left alone; she went off her own free will, and maybe some day she'll come back; and till she does, I'll wait, we'll wait!"

"I felt he was right; it was better to wait."

Several days after that sad night, a letter came from Annie; it bore the London post-mark, and ran as follows:—

"My Dear Parents,—Do not grieve about me, for I am quite well and in want of nothing. Do not attempt to find me; it would be useless; but I shall soon come back with God's blessing, and then you will learn why I left without a word. I am sorry, so sorry, for my trouble I have given you, and I hope you will forgive me, for the sake of the happy days that are gone away. Your loving daughter, ANNIE."

My aunt read the letter aloud, then my uncle took it from her, looked at it for a long time, and finally, without a word, placed it on the fire—watching it till it was consumed. After that, for a long time to come, he never spoke of Annie again; but he drooped daily, like a man under the weight of some mortal pain.

(To Be Continued.)

eye only to see pure pictures and to read good books, his ear to hear only what is good and true in reference to his fellow men; if a man allows his tongue to repeat only that which is generous and loving and gentle—that man's mind and spirit will become true and good. If his mind becomes pure, then his thoughts and his desires will become pure, as well as his actions.

REACHING FOR LOFTY IDEALS.
The golden lips of gospel silence are often just as important for the spiritual development as the silver tongue of speech. Joseph Addison gave a description of his feelings when listening to a masterpiece rendered by a noted orchestra. He said that he was not so much impressed with the great tidal waves of sound which dashed themselves against his eardrums as the waves of the mighty deep in midwinter with the volume of mingled sounds, as when the voice of the organ seemed to blend with the voices of the terrestrials, as he was impressed with the deep silence which ensued when the orchestra leader lifted his baton in the midst of the piece and commanded his musicians to halt. "Although," he wrote, "this short interval of silence had more music in it than any short space of time before or after it." The most eloquent passages of our spiritual development may often be found when we press the golden lips of gospel silence against our neighbor's faults, when we are dumb and say nothing, absolutely nothing.

SCANDALS. PUBLISH THEM—SILENCE.
The golden lips of gospel silence should remain closed because, as a rule, it is not necessary to emphasize scandals. Scandals are always loud voiced. They publish themselves. As I speak some one sitting in a pew has been saying to himself: "Is it not right to denounce other people's faults? Shall we not warn our friends against these sins? Shall we not point out these sins as well as their virtues? Did not Paul write to Timothy, 'enjoining him to rebuke as well as to exhort, to reprove as well as to preach the word?' Yes, that is true; but not when a man sins he does not have a very great lack of reprovers and rebuffers, while there is generally a great scarcity of encouragers and encouragers when he does right."

A clean heart instinctively finds some good in every man's nature. A honeysuckle always scents the flower. It is the firely of the night who loves to light up the lantern and to hunt for the creeping vermin in the quagmire and in the disease breeding recesses of the miasmatic swamp. An old and yet a very suggestive story goes thus: One day a wagon was driven up a country road in front of a Pennsylvania farm-house. The driver had all his children and goods and chattels in his vehicle. He was moving and wanted to find a new home. He called out to a Quaker farmer sitting upon the porch: "Stranger, what kind of people live in the next town?—I mean in that town which is just over the hill? I want to settle there."

"Well, friend," answered the Quaker farmer, "they are the best kind of people that live in the place where I live. They leave in the place from whence they came?" "Oh," replied the stranger, "they were the meanest people on earth. They are the kind of people that I want to get away from. They would cheat you and cut your throat. I never could get to like them. That is the reason I am leaving and trying to find a new home."

"Friend," answered the old Quaker farmer, "they will find the same kind of people living in the next town." Next day another emigrant drove up to the same house.

"Friend," answered the Quaker farmer, "they will find the same kind of people living in the next town where they came."

SPEAK ONLY OF THE GOOD.
Like the old Quaker farmer, I would declare that each of us can find good in all men or bad in all men just in proportion as his own heart is good or bad. And if we have any good in our own makeup it is very important that we have the "silver tongue of speech" in order to talk about other people's virtues. Let others, if they will, advertise the errors; we will only speak about the good.

The golden lips of gospel silence never foolishly whisper sinful tales into the ears of wrongdoers by which they shall try to justify their own sins. A good example is infectious, and a bad one is contagious. Zealots have trained sheep, which, for a small consideration, they let out to the sheep drovers to lead their flocks of sheep across the bridges which span the rivers or the ravines. When the sheep, which are being driven to market, come up to these

bridges, they are frightened and will not go over. Then these trained sheep come to the head of the flock and lead the way. When the untrained sheep see that some of their number can cross the bridge, with a steady rush they follow after their leaders. There are scores and hundreds of thousands of men and women who want to do wrong. When they hear of the shortcomings of their fellow men, they say to themselves: "Well, if So-and-so can do it, I can do it, I guess we can. If So-and-so can safely cross the rickety bridge spanning the river of death, I guess we can also trust ourselves upon the swinging span. Here goes!" "Tinder is not more apt to take fire," once wrote Phillips Brooks, "nor was it the least impression of the seal on paper, or ink than youth is to follow the examples." "When the abbot throws the dice," goes an old legend, "the whole convent will gamble also."

Everywhere we find that when a great man does wrong his evil conduct is taken as an example, or rather as an excuse, for hundreds and thousands of similar sins.

THE ARTIST'S MASTERPIECE.
Never give any man a chance by the recital of some of his sins. Turn his face for one instant from purity and right. When Leonardo da Vinci finished his great painting of the "Last Supper," he made a cup which was the only and the central and the most important part of that picture. Whatever draws away the eyes of the beholder from that must be blotted out. And so whatever draws away the thoughts and the desires of our purity and love must be blotted out. And mark you, my brother, in a hundred cases out of a hundred a man who is a man after hearing the rehearsal of a scandal or a sin as he was before. There may be exceptions. By illustration, one may have the right of warning flashed before their eyes. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a man's spiritual life is developed better by hearing of the virtues and self sacrifices and Christian purities of his fellow men, by wallowing in the mud of scandal and of sin.

This harsh criticism which we may utter against our neighbors always has a bad reaction on the effect upon those who make it. Therefore if you want to have a great influence for good it is very essential for us, for the most part, to talk only about the virtues and the good qualities of those with whom we come in contact.

THE FOLLY OF SAMSON.
Blind Samson tumbled down the Dagon temple upon the heads of the 3,000 Philistines. But when Samson destroyed the enemies of his people he also destroyed himself. So suggestive are the lessons of this story that we attempt to contribute to our own destruction.

The golden lips of gospel silence never intentionally speak a harsh word against a sinful neighbor. Why? Their own knowledge that in the sight of God he is a sinner and that as a lost sheep he has erred and strayed from the divine pasturage. The better a Christian is, the more he realizes the enormity of his own sins, the more inclined he is to be less harsh upon the sins of others. When Paul first had his blind eyes opened by the good Ananias, he was so moved by the extent to which he was able to see that he was filled with his own faults. He wrote, "I am the least of the apostles." Then Paul went on in his spiritual growth. He saw his past blacker and blacker in the eyes of God. Then he wrote, "Unto the meek and lowly Jesus Christ, who has loved me, who has given himself for me, who has made himself a ransom for all, that he might purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

When we hear people harshly criticized, may we in the name of Christ, say nothing or only, if necessary, speak up in their behalf as Christ would have us speak. May we learn this lesson not by standing before the picture of an earthly hero, but by the tomb of a martyred Lord.

MUST WORK TO LIVE.
After working seven days a week for thirty-eight years, George W. Sears, of Baltimore, decided to retire. So ill did leisure make him that he has been told by his doctor he must resume work or die.

It was evening time in one of the London hospitals, and the nurse on duty in the children's ward was giving the little ones their last meal for the day. All save one were peacefully waiting their turn to be served, the one in question being a little rosy-cheeked convalescent, who was calling lustily for her portion. "Aren't you just a little impatient. Don't you have a little more to eat?" asked the kindly nurse, with a tinge of correction in her tone. "No, I'm not!" retorted Dorothy, promptly. "I'm a little she-patient!"

Wytke—Browne is very economical. "Black"—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an ax and hasn't any, instead of buying one, will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew."

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, April 7.—Wheat—The market continues quiet. No. 2 red winter and white quoted at 63c middle freight, and at 68c east. No. 2 spring nominal at 62c. No. 1 Manitoba wheat steady. No. 1 hard, 86c grinding in transit; No. 1 northern, 85c all rail, grinding in transit; No. 1 hard, 86c North Bay; No. 1 Northern, 84c North Bay; lake ports, and No. 1 Northern at 78c f.o.b., lake ports.

Oats—Market is dull, with prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 20c high freight, and at 29c middle freight. Barley—Trade is quiet, with No. 3 extra quoted at 45c middle freight, and No. 3 at 43c middle freight. 45c west, and 47c east. Corn—Market quiet and prices easy. Canadian feed corn quoted at 41 to 42c west, and at 45c here. No. 3 American yellow, at 47c on track Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 46c.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents unchanged at \$2.65 middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.20 to \$3.35 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. No. 1 patents, \$4.10, and seconds, \$3.80. Strong bakers, \$3.70 to \$3.80, bags included, Toronto.

Milled—Bran unchanged at \$17 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$14.50 to \$17, and shorts at \$18. Manitoba, \$14.50 to \$15, and \$20, and shorts at \$21 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans—Trade is quiet. Medium, \$1.65 to \$1.75 per bush, and hand-picked, \$1.90 to \$2. Dried apples—Trade inactive, with prices nominal at 3c per lb.; evaporated, 6 to 6 1/2c.

Potatoes—Market is quiet, with prices unchanged. Strained sells at 8 to 8 1/2c per lb., and comb at \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Hay, baled—Market is quiet at unchanged prices. Choice timothy, \$9.50 to \$10 on track, and mixed at \$8.50.

Straw—Market is quiet for car lots on track at \$5.50 to \$6 a ton. Maple syrup—Market is quiet, with receipts small. Wine gallons sell at \$5 to \$9c, and Imperial gallons at \$1.10.

Potatoes—Market is steady, with fair offerings. Car lots are quoted at \$1 to \$1.05 a bag, and small lots at \$1.20 to \$1.25.

Dairy—Market is quiet and prices unchanged. We quote:—Dry picked, fresh killed, turkeys, 17 to 18c per lb.; ducks, \$1 to \$1.20 per pair; chickens (young) 85c to \$1; old hens, 50 to 70c per pair.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market continues quiet, with prices of choice grades firm. Inferior stuff in good supply. We quote as follows:—Fresh, large rolls, 17 to 18c; 1-lb. prints, 18 to 19c; poorer grades (rolls and tubs), 14 to 16c; creamery prints, 21 to 23c; solids (fresh made), 19 to 20c; held, 18c.

Eggs—Receipts are fair, and the demand good. Sales at 11 1/2 to 12c per dozen.

CHEESE—MARKET FIRM.

Finest, 13 1/2 to 14c; twins, 14c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are nominal. Cured meats are unchanged, with a good demand. We quote:—Bacon, clear, 10 to 10 1/2c; corn and case lots, Pork—Mess, \$21 to \$21.50; do., short cut, \$22.50 to \$23. Smoked meats—Hams, 13 to 13 1/2c; rolls, 11c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 14 to 14 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14 1/2c.

Lard—The market is very firm. We quote:—Tierces, 10 1/2c; tubs, 11c; pails, 11c; compound, 8 1/2 to 10c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, April 7.—Grain—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 74c; No. 1 Northern, 72c; March delivery, No. 1 hard, 74c; No. 1 Northern, 70c; extra, May delivery, peas, 69c; high freights, oats, No. 2 in store here, 36 1/2 to 37c; rye, 51c east. For buckwheat, 48 1/2 to 49c east. For 2 May delivery, 48 1/2 to 49c east. No. 2 rye, 50c; buckwheat, 56 to 57c; peas, 81c. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$1.20; seconds, \$1.00; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.65; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; patents at \$3.70 to \$4.10. Rolled oats—Mills' prices, \$2 bags and sacks, \$4.15 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bar, \$19 to \$20; shorts, \$21 to \$22; bags, \$23; Ontario bar in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50; shorts, in bulk, \$20 to \$21. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$24 to \$25; short cut back, \$23.50 to \$24; light short cut, \$23 to \$24; compound refined lard, 8 1/2 to 9c; finest lard, 11 to 11 1/2c; pure Canadian lard, 10 1/2 to 11c; finest lard, 11 to 11 1/2c; ham, 12 1/2 to 13c; bacon, 14 to 15c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$9 to \$9.25.

Honey—White clover, in sections, 12c per section; in 10-lb. tins, 8c. In Ontario, 13 to 13 1/2c; townships, 13c. Doroxy, 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, April 7.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring dull. No. 1 hard, 82c; No. 1 Northern, 80c; winter nominal. Corn—Firm. No. 3 yellow, 46c; No. 2 white, 46c; Oats—Quiet. No. 2 white, 40c; No. 2 mixed, 38c. Barley—Western, 55c; prime Ohio, 53c. Rye—No. 2 quoted at 58c.