THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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The Fatal Dower

—OR—

THE DESTRUCTION OF A PROUD SPIRIT.

Lord Lisle could not understand how or why this young girl made her way so quickly into his heart. She had not the regal beauty of his child. She seemed all soul. Her fair, sdiritual face charmed him inexpressibly. Her voice had a strange power over him ; it struck him like the sound of long-forgotten music. There was something about her that seemed strangely familiar.

"It must be from Rita's description that I know you so well, Daisy," he said one day. "I feel as though we were renewing an old acquaintance instead of forming a new one."

She won upon him strangely. It was perfect rest to be with her ; little failings, little fits of impatience or irritability seemed to die out, ashamed in her presence. She had a calm, brave soul. The breath of worldliness had never ruffled it ; passion or pride had never marred its purity.

Lord Lisle liked to be with her ; he liked to watch the fair features bent over books and pictures. He enjoyed talking to her ; her noble thoughts and eloquent words filled him with wonder and delight.

Rita saw all this, but it did not pain her. There was no danger in it. Lord Lisle was perfectly welcome to love Daisy, provided no suspicion of the truth ever entered his mind ; and it never did.

In every respect the two girls were on a perfect equality. Privately, Rita managed to exercise a little authority over her sister ; and Daisy yielded with sweet, smiling grace. She was too happy for any small troubles to annoy her. She had never thought that life could be so pleasant and so bright. She loved Lord Lisle, perhaps more than she had ever loved anyone else. No mean thought of jealousy or envy ever came to her. All the luxury and grandeur that surrounded her belonged to Rita and Rita's father ; she was grateful for her own share of it, and envied no other.

She thought often of the great contrast between her past life and the present. She never forgot the kindly, homely mother who had striven to do her best. At first she avoided all mention of Queen's Lynne and the faithful, honest woman she believed to have been her mother.

But as time wore on, and Lord Lisle began to find his greatest pleasure in sitting with Daisy, he himself was the first to mention the familiar names.

"You talk to me of Italy," he said one day to Daisy, "but never of England. Tell me something of Queen's Lynne and your mother. Why do you avoid all mention of them ?"

"I thought it pained you," she replied, gently.

"Why should it ?" said Lord Lisle, with some wonder. "I hope some day to see the place where my daughter spent so many peaceful years. I hope to see the grave of the generous woman who was a second mother to her."

"Rita must have been oversensitive," thought Daisy ; and the subject passed from her mind.

Daisy cared little for the pretty, coquettish countess ; Rita spent whole days together with her. She had no longer the least fear ; she laughed at the foolish doubts that had disturbed her before Daisy came. Her secret was safe; none knew it but the dead, and they tell no tales.

Daisy and Lord Lisle were thrown much together. Philosophers may say what they will, but there is a strong and mysterious attraction between father and child. Nature speaks in a voice that cannot be mistaken. Even to himself Lord Lisle never owned it, never even knew it, but it was certain, of the two girls he loved Daisy the better.

There were tones in her voice that thrilled the very depths of his heart. She had some little actions and gestures so like those of his dead wife that they gave him a strange pang ; but he never connected the two, never realized the resemblance in voice or gesture. Strange to say, he never even observed the likeness between Daisy and the beautiful picture of Lady Sybilla Lisle.

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, Lord Lisle said : "Rita, I have made an engagement for you this morning, and Daisy will accompany us."

"Is it anything nice, papa ?" asked Rita. "I half promised Countess Guardi I would drive out with her."

"She will release you this once," said Lord Lisle ; and Rita never thought of opposing his will, although an engagement with her father and sister had no great charm for her.

"Shall we drive or walk ?" she inquired again.

"We will walk," said Lord Lisle. "I am going to Signor Cardi's studio ; he has been painting a picture for me, and I should like you to see it. I thought of asking him to paint another—Daisy and yourself together."

"We might quarrel," said Rita, with a smile, "if we were always in one frame."

Signor Cardi was delighted to see the two beautiful English girls of whom every one was talking. There were no other visitors at the studio, and Rita resigned herself to what she considered a dull morning.

"I hope you will be pleased with the picture," said Signor Cardi to Lord Lisle. "Of course a copy does not allow of much inspiration ; but I have done my best."

Daisy wondered at the emotion in Lord Lisle's face as the artist took the covering from a large picture and held it up before them.

Lord Lisle uttered no word. He gazed for some minutes in deep silence. His dead wife's sweet countenance shone out from the canvas living and breathing. The artist had succeeded well ; the eyes were full of tender, vivid intelligence, the lips half parted with a smile.

"It is her very self," he said at length. Turning to Rita, he continued : "Margaret, come here, dear child; look well on this face ; it shines now among the angels. This is your mother—my beloved wife."

She came forward and looked with curious eyes at the picture. For once her self-possession abandoned her ; she knew not what to say—false words seemed out of place just then.

"I suppose you have no remembrance of her," said Lord Lisle, wistfully.

"No," said the clear, cold voice—"none whatever. I was too young when she left me to remember her face."

Lord Lisle turned to say something to Daisy, and was startled at her appearance. She was gazing at the picture, her hands tightly clasped. Her face had grown white, even to the lips, and an expression of hope, fear, and bewilderment was in her wondering eyes.

"What is it, Daisy ?" asked Lord Lisle, feelingly.

"I do not know," she replied, confusedly ; "but it seems to me I have seen that face some time ; and surely those eyes have smiled at me !"

"You have seen one whose features resemble these ?" said Lord Lisle, gently.

"No, that is not it," said Daisy, persistently, yet with the same appearance of struggling to regain some lost memory. "Ah, now I recollect ! Years ago I used to dream of a lady with just such eyes and lips who came to me in my sleep."

Rita listened in silent terror. She tried to speak, but the words died away in a harsh murmur.

"The young lady is imaginative," said the artist.

"No," said Daisy, in a tone of quiet conviction. "Years ago I often saw that face. Do not laugh at me, Lord Lisle, but it seems to me now those eyes are looking at me, and the lips going to speak."

Lord Lisle was startled.

"You are nervous," he said, gently. "The warm sun has tired you. Come away from the picture. You will laugh at these ideas to-morrow."

Did the dead ever speak ? Her secret was known to no one living. Could the dead reveal it ? Would those pictured lips denounce her, and make known her hidden crime ? These thoughts rushed like avenging furies through Rita's mind.

She was slightly reassured by Lord Lisle's calm, unsuspicious look. At length she said : "Why, Daisy, that is an old fashion of yours, thinking about dreams. You have startled me in that way before."

The words were skillfully chosen. Lord Lisle's face cleared.

"You have a highly nervous temperament, Daisy," he said, gravely. "You must not indulge in such fancies."

The danger was over, and Rita breathed again. But Daisy could not so easily forget the impression made upon her mind. The picture came home, and was hung in the grand salon. She spent many hours before it wondering why that face had seemed to haunt her—wondering what was the secret trembling on the lips and shading the clear eyes.

Philip wrote at length to announce his coming. Rita heard the tidings, and prepared herself for the final struggle. She resolved to win him, come what might.

There was nothing Lord Lisle enjoyed so much as hearing Daisy sing in the beautiful Italian gloaming. When the world was all fair and tranquil, the water rippling in the bay, and the flowers sleeping in the sun, she would sing to him for hours together. He never forgot those tranquil, pleasant hours. Through the long vine-clad windows the soft summer breeze came in mild and warm. The birds sung and the flowers bloomed. The pure, rich voice found its way to the very depth of his heart. She sung simple love songs—where truth and honor always prevailed over everything else—and old-fashioned English ballads. Daisy's singing was like herself, as free from affectation and as simply pure.

One evening Rita had gone with the Countess Guardi to a ball at the Dalgarin Palace. Lord Lisle has declined the invitation, Daisy did not care for it, and Mrs. Marche remained with them.

"You must give me a treat, Daisy, this evening," said Lors Lisle. "Sing some of my favorite sings."

When dinner was over, and Rita, magnificently dressed, had driven away, she sat down to the piano. She knew exactly what Lord Lisle liked. They were in the grand salon where the pictures hung. As Lord Lisle listened to the sweet, tender music, and looked upon his wife's face, it seemed to him that words and song both came from her.

He was so deeply lost in thought, Daisy wrapped in her own music, that neither of them heard the door open nor saw Philip Lisle enter the room.

He stood silently looking on the pretty scene so suggestive of home comfort and happiness. His eyes lingered on the sweet face of the young girl, so spiritual, so tender and fair ; the evening sunbeams seemed to kiss her golden hair. The clear, rich voice filled the room with music sweeter than any he had ever heard.

"I must have tired you, Lord Lisle," she said at last, rising and crossing the room.

"No," he said ; "I should never tire of that music, Daisy. I have a strange feeling upon me to-night ; something tells me I shall soon see that dear face again."

"Who is nervous now ?" asked the young girl, with a smile.

"Not I," he replied. "While you were singing the 'Land o' the Leal' a solemn kind of rest came over me. I shall see her soon, Daisy ; my heart tells me so. My life has not been a very happy one. I shall understand its sorrows better when I have seen her again."

Before Daisy had time to reply, some one came up to Lord Lisle's chair—a strong, kindly hand grasped his.

"Why, uncle," said a cheery, genial voice, "I never heard you speak so nobly before. I came in five minutes ago ; but the music bound me with a magic spell."

Lord Lisle started up and greeted his nephew warmly.

"I am glad you have returned, Philip," he said. "Now let me introduce you to my other daughter, Daisy—Rita's foster sister."

He bowed respectfully, and she drooped her shy eyes as he looked admiringly at her.

Almost before she had raised them again Philip Lisle had said to himself this was the girl he would win for his wife, if it were possible to do so. That was his ideal—the face, the figure, the voice he had imagined and hoped some time to meet.

"Rita is away," said Lord Lisle. "She has gone with your old friend, Countess Guardi, to a ball. Would you like to join them, Philip, or remain with us ?"

"Can you seriously ask such a question ?" said Philip. "I ask nothing better in life than to stay here. I have many adventures to tell you, uncle. I have been among 'strange islands in glittering seas' ; do not send me into exile on the very night of my return."

Lord Lisle sighed. He wished Philip had shown more anxiety to be with Rita—Rita, who had wept so passionately over the love she bore him.

(To Be Continued.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

No other people eat so much butter as the British. Thirteen pounds is the yearly portion of every man, woman and child of the country. An average Russian gets two pounds in the same period.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Builds Blood, Creates Nerve Force, Increases Flesh and Weight, and Makes Weak, Sickly People Strong and Well.

The day of sarsaparillas, sulphur and cream of tartar, and salts as spring medicine has gone by. People are beginning to listen to the advice of their physicians and to build up their systems by the use of such preparations as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The strong point in favor of this great food cure is the fact that it actually creates new, rich life-sustaining blood, and builds up the system gradually and naturally. For this reason it is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can possibly obtain, and its results are permanently beneficial.

The tired languid feelings that tell of low vitality and an exhausted condition of the system soon disappear before the vitalizing, upbuilding influence of this great restorative. It conquers disease by filling the system with health, energy and vigour.

Mrs. S. Thompson, 240 Munro Street, Toronto, Ont., states:—I was very much run down in health, and whenever I exerted myself more than usual I had severe attacks of splitting headache, and was very nervous, so much so that I could not rest well at nights. After using Dr. Chase's Nerve food I found that my nerves were steadier, I could rest and sleep better than I have for a long time, and was entirely free from headaches. I can speak very highly of this preparation for nervous trouble.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has the endorsement of the best people in the land—physicians and laymen alike. It is bound to benefit anyone who uses it, because it is composed of the most potent restoratives of nature. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE LATE DR. TALMAGE

Memorial Sermon by His Son, Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage.

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

A despatch from Chicago says:—On Sunday morning in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church the Rev. Frank Talmage, D.D., delivered a sermon in which he paid a touching and timely tribute to his late distinguished father. The text was 1. Kings xix. 20, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father."

Affection's most sacred form of salutation is a kiss. We bow to an acquaintance, we shake hands with a friend, but we press the lip against the lip of one whom we love. This statement is especially true when applied to Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was about to leave home and go forth into the great wide world. Elisha was summoned to carry on the work of Elijah. Already the horses were being harnessed to the chariot of fire for the old prophet's famous journey from earthly struggle to heavenly triumph. His successor, starting out on his arduous task, desires first to imprint on his father's face the kiss of farewell.

The salutation of the kiss is even more sacred when used by one who is standing by the open casket of a father whose eloquent tongue has often spoken the golden words of the gospel to countless throngs — who with a pen guided by a spirit sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, has every week proclaimed the divine message to millions upon millions of readers who were wearied with sin and heavy with trouble. My father's work for nearly twenty years has been the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide great multitudes through the dark wilderness of earth toward the brightness of

THE PROMISED LAND.

Many pens are writing eulogies upon the lifework of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Perhaps a few words may be welcome from his son. I speak as one having authority. For over twenty years I was his constant companion. When he was at home, I rarely left his study until after the midnight hour. Twice with him I visited the European cities. Once we circled the globe. Together we sailed forth from the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Side by side we have seen the light at the entrance of New York harbor beckon us into the Narrows, welcome to us as was the Star of Bethlehem to the three astrologers wandering over the sea of sand. But no more will we have sweet companionship. The world becomes instantly changed to the son who is compelled to let his parent sleep among the flowers and who bears a summons to more strenuous service. Before I start forth anew for my life's work I would, with filial emotion, ask a moment for the tribute of personal affection as Elisha spake to Elijah in reference to Shaphat: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father. Then I will follow thee."

My father was the most original and yet the most natural man I ever knew. Original in the sense that he always did everything in a way different from anyone else. He wrote differently, he lectured differently, he preached differently. If two persons stood before him at the nuptial altar, his marriage ceremony was unique. It was impossible to compare him to anyone else. The mold used for the formation of his character was a special one. There has never been another like unto it since he lay in his humble cradle in the

BOUND BROOK FARMHOUSE.

Yet my father was natural in the sense that he never strove to be original and different from every one else. It was in his personality that he was different. He was the same in the home as in the pulpit, on the street as upon the lecture platform. He was the same original and yet natural character when writing to one of his children as he was when penning an article for the press. He uttered the message which was given to him as naturally and yet with the dissimilarity that characterizes the notes of the birds of the forest. As the brown winged thrush lifts his treble note when he is awakened by the rising sun, as a goldfinch chirrups when hopping between the garden rows, as a Baltimore oriole sings when he swings backward and forward upon the tree branch which overhangs the brook, each bird is melodious in his own way, yet each singing a different song. He was so different from other men that for many years the American pulpit could not understand him. Under the scrutinizing eye of the theological critic there could be found no heretical flaw in his sermons. When he arose to preach, a solemn stillness like the expectant hush of the coming judgment day silenced his auditors. Every eye was focused upon that tall, straight form and broad, massive brow. Each ear was alert to catch the first word which fell from those wondering lips. But though the buildings in which he preached in our own and other lands were always crowded to hear him, though great multitudes were brought to decision for Christ under his preaching in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where he passed the most active years of his life's ministry, yet for years he was a misunderstood man.

WITH ONE WAVE OF HIS HAND

he swept away all the cobwebs which had accumulated around the traditional methods of sermonic oratory. With his mighty original personality he broke the shackles of ecclesiastical slavery. He proved to the world that the ministers of the twentieth century could plead with sinners to come to Christ with the energy and enthusiasm and intensity with which the lawyer could plead for the life of a defendant falsely charged with murder. He proved to the religious world that it was not so important what kind of a white linen operating gown the gospel surgeon wore as it was that the nerve of the operator be firm and the hand steady that held the keen, sacred blade with which he cut out the cancer of sin. He dispensed with the ministerial gown and hurled from the church the old fashioned pulpit, but he still clung to the old truths. He spoke the gospel message in its simplicity. Because the story was so simply told it was told with originality.

He was a genius ,but he developed every one of his ten talents by the hardest kind of mental and physical application. No labor for him was too full of drudgery. Morning, noon and night found him in his study. He took physical exercise not for pleasure, but to fit himself for the pulpit. He lived not to eat, but he ate so that he could live. He placed his standard very high, and into every sermon he put his best thought. He used to say to me: "Frank, do not make the mistake of many literary men. They say to themselves, I will save that thought and put it into another speech or article. Give to the world

THE BEST YOU HAVE.

Crowd everything in that strengthens an argument, but always strive for quality and not for quantity." When a theological student, I wanted to occupy for some weeks the pulpit of a small country church. He uttered his protest, saying, "You ought to spend at least three months upon your first sermon, writing upon it from six to ten hours a day." What a testimony is this to his own careful work, coming from the cold lips which are now closed in the casket. What a homiletic lecture it is for the young ministers, for the young lawyers and budding statesmen who maintain that the oratorical art is a divine gift which has no need for struggling upon the rough mountain side of drudgery. What a clarion note it is, summoning all men and women to do their best under all conditions. The lesson is as powerful for the merchant of ten talents as for the clerk of two talents. To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

There is, however, a warning that comes from my father's intense application to work which deserves the attention of all those who are bending their physical, mental and spiritual energies to accomplish something in life's struggle. About twenty-five years ago the first danger signal was lifted when insomnia, like a hideous spectre, sat at the foot of his bed and refused to let him sleep. Night after night he would be up four and five times walking the floor. After awhile the children became used to it. We would greet him at breakfast, saying, "Father, how did you sleep ?" and when he answered, "Not very well," he would look so fresh and vigorous that we, too, were deceived, and we would hope that he had slept better than he thought he did. But he could not be induced to spare himself. He over-estimated his reserve of strength. My father ought to have lived with that magnificent body at least fifteen years longer. Had he economized his strength the best years of his life might have been those last fifteen years.

HE DIED FROM OVERWORK.

Domestic bereavement fell upon him, and people who saw only his outward cheerfulness had no conception how deeply the iron had entered his soul. When my father was dying he continually talked about the boy who had been his pride, his eldest son, who is now sleeping by his side as he once sat at his feet. He was a noble lad, a brilliant young lawyer. We carried him out one cold winter day and laid him away to rest under a soft quilt of snow. My father went back to his work. He said, "I dare not lay it down even for an hour lest the effort to take it up again should be too great for me." He took up his cross in the same cheerful, hopeful spirit as before, though the wound in his heart never healed. He always carried a scar which was cut by the gravedigger's spade. Yes, he had his troubles, but he always maintained a brave heart and made the most out of life by being cheerful.

My father's best sermon was the daily life which he lived in his own home. I bear my testimony to the fact that from my boyhood until the time that I entered my own parsonage and was ordained by him for my own pulpit I had before me the example and upon me the sweet influence of a Christian home. There never was in America a happier or more prayerful home than that of which he was the head. The children idolized him. The example he set before them was that of a consecrated Christian gentleman always anxious to do what Christ would have him do. There was no bitterness in the nursery. From him we learned how to forget as well as to forgive. Among all the men I have known in various walks of life I never knew a human being who was like him in the characteristic that he could never bear a grudge against any one. An enemy might do everything in his power to destroy him, but my father never struck back. If he could, he would not only forgive, but he would go any distance to

SERVE AED HELP AN ENEMY.

It was because my father's sermons were the products of a Spirit filled life that the millions were able to find comfort in him. Whenever he would take a lecture trip the people would crowd about him by the thousands, uttering such greetings as "I read your sermon upon 'Recognition of Friends in Heaven' to my mother when she was dying;" "I read this or that when I was in a certain trouble, and the sermon brought light to my soul." Let no hearer or reader of this sermon think for one instant that my father's work was a man made work. My father's work was a divinely inspired work. He was called as certainly to do his work as Paul and Peter and John were called to do theirs. He was inspired by prayer and communion with God, and just as certainly may we in our work be inspired if we plead for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Would you go with me into the death chamber ? His passing away was as he himself would have had it if his own wish had been consulted. He practically died in the harness. One Sunday he was preaching in Mexico, the next on his deathbed. For five long weeks he lingered, but God mercifully benumbed the worn-out and tired brain. He suffered not at all. He awoke long enough to recognize and at times call for his wife and children. But conversation was an impossibility between him and the members of his family during the weary days and nights he was sick. We were all there ; all except those of the family who had preceded him to the other side and who were waiting to give him a welcome. We repeated the old verse so often spoken by his own lips :

When round my dying bed assemble
those I love.

A dear old family friend uttered a sweet prayer. That was all. We watched and waited until his mortal life was lifted into the heavenly life. There were a few tears, a few callings of goodby. He slipped away so quietly we could not tell when he was gone. He was asleep. The tired heart ceased to beat. The old sweet restful look came back to the loving face. We laid him away for a little while in the family plot in beautiful Greenwood. As I lifted my hand over the open grave to pronounce the benediction, I said to myself, "So may we all live and labor, that when our work is done we may go to our rest in the full conviction that when we awake it will be like this glorified spirit in the likeness of his Lord."

ALL WELL SATISFIED.

Two men were ushered into the private office of Abraham Levy, the lawyer, the other day, and stood in silence before him. "Well ?" said Mr. Levy.

"You ask him," said one of the men in a hoarse whisper.

"Wait a minute," said the other ; "maybe he'll guess it."

"Come, come, gentlemen, my time is valuable," interrupted Mr. Levy.

"We are twin brothers," chorused the two, "and we thought you'd have guessed it."

Mr. Levy looked anxiously at the door, at the same time glancing furtively at the two men, and continued in a faint voice : "Is that all ?"

"No," continued one of the strange pair, "we wish to ask you a question. Our father died a short time ago. We were his only children. He left a paper in which he said that his oldest son was to have all his property, but neither of us is the oldest, so what are we going to do ?"

"How much did your father leave?" asked Mr. Levy.

"Five dollars and twenty-five cents," chorused the two men.

"Divide it," answered the lawyer.

"But what is your fee for this advice ?" asked one of them.

"Five dollars," replied Mr. Levy.

The two men produced the fee and paid it over, saying at the same time that Mr. Levy had relieved them of a great mental burden. Then they left the office beaming.

KENIAN ETON JACKET.

This Eton jacket is one of the smartest designs of the new season. It will develop in any material from cardinal red broadcloth to black silk and will look attractively natty made of white broadcloth. The lines are somewhat equestrian in their severity, but the woman with the good straight, tapering figure will find the style particularly becoming to her.

Quantities of material required: 32 and 34 bust measure will require one and three-fourths yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-fourth yard of velvet cut on the bias to face the collar and cuffs.

36 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide and one-fourth yard of velvet.

38 and 40 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-third yard of velvet. Two buttons.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, April 29.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 82c bid spot North Bay, and No. 2 Northern 80c bid N. B., without sales. Ontario 38-lb red winter offered at 74c outside, with 72½c bid, and 73c bid middle freights. No. 2 white, 73c bid C.P.R. east, 73c bid on Midland, and 73c bid on Trunk west, with sellers at 74c. No. 2 mixed offered at 74c middle freight, with 73c bid, and 73½c bid for 8,000 bushels on Midland. No. 2 goose offered at 68c middle freight, now shipped to St. John, without bids.

Barley—No. 3 offered at 50c middle freight on Pacific, without bids.

Peas—No. 2 white sold at 79c high freights for one car.

Oats—No. 2 white, 40½c bid in buyers' sacks, low freight to New York, and 41½c bid east, with sellers at 41½c middle freight, now shipped to Montreal. White Manitoba feed, 45c bid North Bay. No. 3 Ontario white offered at 40½c middle freight. No. 2 mixed, 42½c bid, Toronto; they offered at 40c high freights, while 40c was bid middle freights.

Corn—A car of No. 2 yellow sold at 58c west, and the market closed with 57½c bid; No. 2 mixed, 57c bid west.

Rye—No. 2 offered at 57c middle freight, now shipped to Portland, and 56½c was bid middle freight on Pacific.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Dried Apples—The market is dull, with small lots selling at 5¼ to 5½c. Evaporated, 10 to 10½c.

Hops—Trade is quiet, with prices steady at 13c; yearlings, 8c.

Honey—The market is dull at 9½ to 10c for strained; combs, $1.15 to $2.25 per dozen.

Maple syrup—Market quiet, with prices unchanged. Pure (new make) imperial gallons, 90 to 95c; old, as to quality, 75 to 80c. Sugar, 9c.

Beans—The market is dull. Prices, $1 to $1.15 per bushel, as to quality. Handpicked, $1.25 to $1.30.

Hay, baled—The market is firm, with fair demand. Timothy, $10.50 to $10.75, on track for No. 1.

Straw—The market is quiet. Car lots on track quoted at $5 to $5.50; the latter for No. 1.

Poultry—Receipts are small. We quote:—Fresh killed turkeys, 13 to 15c per lb; chickens, 75c to $1. Ducks, 95c to $1. Geese, 8 to 10c per lb.

Potatoes—The market is firm, with car lots quoted at 67 to 70c per bag, on track, and small lots at 80c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The receipts are fair, and prices generally are steady. We quote:—Choice 1-lb rolls, 18 to 19c; choice large rolls, 17 to 18c; second grades, rolls and tubs, 17 to 18c; low grades, 12c. Creamery prints in fair supply at 22 to 22½c; solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—The market is steady, with a good demand. Prices unchanged at 12½c per dozen.

Cheese—Market is firm; finest September, 12c; under grades, 10½c to 11c; new, 11½c.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged. Hog products in fair demand, and firm. We quote: Bacon, long clear, 10c in ton and case lots. Mess pork, $21; do., short cut, $22

Smoked Meats—Hams, 13c; breakfast bacon, 14c; rolls, 11c; backs, 14 to 14½c; and shoulders, 10½c.

Lard—The market is unchanged, with good demand. We quote:—Tierces, 11 to 11½c; tubs, 11½c; pails, 11¾c; compound, 9 to 9¾c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, April 29. — Wheat—Higher; No. 1 Northern, 77c; No. 2 do, 76½c; July, 78½c. Rye—Steady, No. 1, 60c. Barley—Firm; No. 2, 70c; sample, 60 to 69½c. Corn—July, 65¾c.

Minneapolis, April 29.—Wheat closed—May, 75¾c; July, 77¼c; on track, No. 1 hard, 79¾c; No. 1 Northern, 76¾c; No. 2 Northern, 75¾c. Higher; first patents, $4.10 to $4.20; second do, $3.95 to $4.05; first clears, $3; second clears, $2.25 to $2.35. Bran—In bulk, $14 to $14.50.

Duluth, April 29.—Wheat closed—Cash, No. 1 hard, 79¾c; No. 1 Northern, 76¾c; No. 2 Northern, 74½c; May, 76¾c; July, 77¾c; Manitoba, No 1 Northern, cash, 75¾c; May, 75¾c; No. 2 Northern, 73½c. Oats—46½c. Corn—64c.

Buffalo, April 29.—Flour—Firmer. Wheat—Spring easy; No. 1 Northern, carloads, 81½c. Corn—Unsettled; No. 2 white, 50½c; No. 3 do., 50c; No. 2 mixed, 47½c asked; barley, 68 to 69c spot. Rye—No offerings.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the market to-day there was a lighter local enquiry, because the butchers say their customers will not pay the enhanced prices.

Good to choice shipping cattle was worth from 5 to 6c per pound; for a few extra prime selections from 15 to 25c more per cwt was paid.

For good to choice butcher cattle prices range from 4½ to 5½c per pound; for picked lots from 10 to 15c more per cwt was realized, but 5½c was the practically top price for good butcher stuff.

A large proportion of to-day's receipts were composed of stockers, which are worth from $3.15 to $3.50 per cwt.

Calves are selling cheap, at from $2 to $5 each for common to good, and up to $8 each for choice. Really good veal calves are wanted.

There is no change in other grades.

"Small stuff" is not quotably changed.

Spring lambs are worth from $2 to $5 each.