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.

CHAPTER XVII.

Brightly the London season opened. Lord Lisle went to the family mansion in Grosvenor Square. Mrs. Wyverne took a beautiful house in Hyde Park, and went there with Daisy and Rita. Mrs. Marche had left them. The three ladies were very happy together. Daisy was the sunbeam ; her sweet, unselfish disposition, her gentle patience and interest in others never seemed to fail. She listened to Rita's egotistical conversation, and never wearied. She was Mrs. Wyverne's confidante ; and Philip, Lord Lisle, despite his promise, thought the day dark that passed without one glimpse of her.

Yet Daisy had her trials. Before Lord Lisle's illness and death she had, in some vague, dreamy way, begun to think that Philip cared very much for her. He never seemed to forget her ; he had talked to her more than to any one else ; his face wore a different look when she was near him ; and once—she had never forgotten the day—after singing to him for some time, he caught her hand and kissed it.

"Daisy," he said, "I hope your voice will be the last sound I shall hear on earth."

She was not vain, but many little thingr had happened which made her think that Philip loved her. He had not said so in words, but his eyes had told some passionate love tales. Modest and gentle, she had treasured these things in her own heart. Daisy was not one to love unsought ; there was a quiet dignity hidden under her affectionate manner and graceful, winning way. She was capable of loving deeply as her sister, but in a different way. Rita would have schemed, planned, and manoeuvered to win the one she loved. Daisy would have buried her secret and remained true to it all her life.

Vague, happy thoughts of what might be came to her—sweet, girlish dreams, in which Philip took the greatest share. They were never of rank or position—never of grandeur or riches—but of him.

On the night of the late lord's death she stood by when the engagement was announced, and heard the words—"Rita is to be Philip's wife." In her pure humility, she felt no surprise. After all, it was right and natural that Philip should prefer his beautiful cousin to one so lowly as herself. So the pretty dream-was dispelled—the bright, vague hopes that had thrilled her heart were buried. If she suffered, no one knew it. She listened to Rita's plans for the time when she should be Lady Philip Lisle, and wondered at what she thought her own vain folly.

The sun shone brightly one May morning. London was unusually gay. The tall trees in the park were green and full of leaves ; the birds sung in the branches ; crowds of gayly dressed people filled the wide streets. There was a subdued murmur in the air—the roll of carriages, the sharp ring of horses' f.et, the pealing of church bells, and the bands of music in the squares.

In a superbly furnished drawing-room Mrs. Wyverne sat or. that May morning with Miss Lisle. It was the day after the presentation, and the two ladies were discussing the triumph she had won. Every one agreed that no such debutante had been seen for years; the beautiful southern face, the dark, lustrous eyes and profusion of black hair were rare among the daughters of England. Even royal lips had spoken in praise of her magnificent loveliness.

The gay world followed its leaders; before the day came to an end Miss Lisle was established the belle of the season. Her triumph exceeded her fondest—nay, most sanguine dreams.

On the following morning the breakfast table was half covered with cards—invitations for balls, soirees, and parties. Daisy laughed, and a flush of gratified vanity crimsoned Rita's face.

"I told you so, my dear," was Mrs. Wyverne's comment. "I wish your father had lived to see this day ; he would have been proud of it."

Among other invitations was one from Lady Carlyon—the queen par excellence of the fashionable world. She was one of the prettiest and most fashionable women in London, and at the same time so exclusive that to belong to her set, to have the entree to her house, was a stamp and seal of superiority.

Lady Carlyon always gave a ball directly after the Drawing-room. It was a gleaning of beauty, fashion, and talent. She had procured an introduction to Mrs. Wyverne and Miss Lisle, foreseeing, with her usual shrewdness, that a new star had arisen on the great world.

Rita held the pretty card of invitation in her hand when Lord Lisle entered the room. He smiled at the quantity of notes.

"Lady Carlyon !" he said, in answer to some remark of Mrs. Wyverne's. "Wherever else you may go, or whatever else you may forego, you must go there. She is the most exclusive woman in London, and gives the best balls. One meets all the best people there. If you make an effective appearance at Lady Carlyon's, Rita, your success in society is certain. When is the ball ?"

"On Thursday night," she replied.

"You should go to Madame Durand's at once," he said."I called to ask if you would go to the opera this evening."

Daisy raised her head suddenly at this question, and Philip caught a wistful glance of the violet eyes.

"You would like it ?" he said, gently.

"Better than anything in the world," she said. "I know all the music of 'Trovatore,' but I never heard it sung."

"We wilr go this evening," said Mrs. Wyverne, good-naturedly. "Of course you will join us, Philip ?"

"I intended doing myself that pleasure," he replied, with a smile.

"Why should he not have that one gleam of happiness ?" he asked himself. "The time must inevitably come when Daisy would leave them ; sooner or later some happy man would discover the full value of this fair pearl, and win it for himself. Surely, from a lifetime of sacrifice, he might snatch one hour's brightness, and sit by Daisy's side and look in her pure, sweet face without any wrong."

Lord Lisle was proud of the ladies her escorted. Rita wore a superb dress of sheeny, gleaming white and gold ; rich rubies flashed from the coils of dark hair and shone upon her neck and arms. Daisy looked fresh and fair as a spring morning ; her dress of white lace had no ornament save the pretty violet that looped it up. Purple violets nestled in the ripples of golden hair. She carried a bouquet of the same sweet flowers in her hands. In personal beauty she was inferior to Rita, but Rita lacked the graceful patrician manner that characterized her sister.

Philip was charmed beyond all prudence. He sat by the side of the woman he promised to marry, looking at the girl he so fervently loved.

Mrs. Wyverne's box was the great center of attraction that evening. No one was so captivated by Rita as Captain Darcy. He was introduced to her by Lord Lisle as one of his friends, and at the first glance of her eyes fell a victim to their light—fell, without any hope or chance of recovery, fathoms deep in love.

Philip looked on with quiet amusement. Ah, if it could only be so ! If Rita were free and he were free ! If he might woo that fair, gentle girl for his wife, life would recover its lost charm. It was too late for such dreams. The die was cast—his honor was pledged. Let his heart ache ever so much, he must marry Margaret Lisle.

But for this one evening he yielded himself to the charm. Captain Darcy rushed on to his fate, lingering by Rita, while Philip talked to Daisy.

How fair and pure she was ! The delicate bloom in her face, that deepened at his every word ; the tender radiance of those clear eyes ; the perfume of the violets she carried had some secret, subtle charm for him. For many long months afterward that same perfume struck him with a deep sense of pain.

It must end. Lord Lisle left Daisy with a deep sigh, and a shadow on his bright face. Mrs. Wyverne heard the sigh and saw the look, but she misunderstood both.

She pitied Philip, and thought him jealous of Captain Darcy. Until the opera ended she sat making up her mind that on this very evening she would speak to him, as she had long intended to do.

"Call to-morrow morning, Philip," she said, as Lord Lisle left them. "I want to see you particularly."

Going home that evening Philip made some excellent resolutions. He loved Daisy. How could he help it ? But he would not break his promise. For the future he would avoid her ; her presence had a fascination for him that no words could describe. From this evening he would avoid her, and keep his honor intact.

Mrs. Wyverne received Lord Lisle in her own room, giving order that she was at home to no one else.

"Philip," she said, "be seated. I shall detain you some time. What I have to say is important. Have you decided when your marriage with Rita is to take place ?"

The question came to him like a sharp blow ; for a moment it unnerved him.

"I have not thought about it yet," he said. "There is no immediate hurry, I suppose ?"

"No," she replied. "But your engagement should be made known. It will save many disappointments and much mortification. That poor Captain Darcy fell quite in love last night with Rita."

"She did not seem to reciprocate it," he said, with a smile.

"No," replied Mrs. Wyverne ;"Rita sees, hears, and cares for no other but yourself."

Which information would have been pleasant enough had Philip been of the same mind.

"It should be known at once ; and I think, unless you see any obstacle, that the marriage should take place at the end of the season. Any longer delay would be useless."

Ah ! useless, indeed ! No delay could avert his fate. Let the blow fall quickly.

"Whenever you wish, madame," he said, wearily.

She looked up in wonder at his tone.

"Your own wish must dictate to you," she said, "not mine. I merely advise the autumn. Do you think that time will suit ?"

"I see no objection to it," said Philip.

"Then you had better speak to Rita about it. She is not in now, but if you like to call this evening we shall all be pleased to see you."

"I have an engagement this evening," he replied. "I shall meet you all at Lady Carlyon's to-morrow evening, and I will mention it to her then."

As Philip closed the door behind him, thankful the interview was ended, Mrs. Wyverne sighed deeply.

"I cannot understand them," she said—"these men of the present day. What an unfortunate love affair my poor son's was ; and here is Philip—he talks of love and marriage far more coolly than he would of a new picture ! I cannot understand it. Surely the ancient spirit of chivalry must have died away."

As Lord Lisle was leaving the house he met Daisy just coming in from the garden. Her hands were full of pretty flowers ; she herself looked like their queen.

"What is the matter, Lord Lisle?" she asked, looking at his sad, tired face. "Have you heard bad news ?"

"No, Daisy," he replied, taking the flowers from her hands and clasping the little fingers in his own. "Help me to be very brave. I have sorrow to bear ; tell me how to bear it."

"Bravely !" she said, her face glowing with light—"bravely, as great men and great heroes do !"

"I am no hero," he said, sadly.

"Any man is a hero who bears a sorrow in silence and well," Daisy continued—"and there are many such in the world."

"I will try to be one of them," he said. "Daisy, say 'God bless you.' "

She repeated the words, and he left her wondering what had saddened and wearied him on that bright May morning, when every one else looked happy and gay.

(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

IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

A judge had a wealthy brother who, for a long time took a commanding position in the business interests of one of the big manufacturing towns. While the judge was seated on the bench of the court one day in the town where the brother's business was, the latter appeared, and in his bluff, fraternal way, said: "How are you, John ? I have been summoned to act as grand juror."

Said the Judge—"When I am on the bench I am addressed as 'Your Lordship.' "

"Don't be a silly fool, John," said the business man.

"Fine Mr. Turner $100," said the Judge, and he was forthwith fined.

A WORKER.

Stranger—"What do you do all day here ?"

Native—"Watch the tide come in."

Stranger—"But when you're not doing that ?"

Native—"Watch t' tide goin' out."

The world's electrical industries are valued to-day at $1,500,000,000.

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY.

Opportunity to Live Content With Small Means.

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

A despatch from Chicago says:—Rev Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text:—Mark viii, 36, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A most magnificent text, especially easy of interpretation at the present time. This is pre-eminently a commercial age. Everywhere man is struggling after the mighty dollar. Capital strives to beat down every obstacle, that its rivers of gold may grow into oceans. Prove to a man who has money that by a certain investment he can make more money, and there is no trouble to persuade him to invest. Why does a real estate speculator buy land? To make money. When examining a piece of property, he says to himself: "If I buy, shall I be able to sell at an advanced price? Is this suburban region going to be built up? Will the electric cars come out here? Shall the future residents have easy access to the city? Shall I be able to make enough out of my bargain to warrant the output of cutting this farm up into streets and building lots—enough to pay my taxes in the meantime?" The merchantman's chief thought is to decrease his expenses and thereby increase his profits. To have the maximum of returns for the minimum of output he sends his buyers to Europe. There they can buy the cheapest. He has wires strung round the store so he can dispense with his cash girls. He pays promptly for his goods to avail himself of the discount. To woo more trade he has his delivery wagons stationed in the neighboring towns. His customers are thus accommodated. They do not have to carry their bundles home.

TO INCREASE THE PROFITS

and decrease expenses the large corporations are being formed. There are the steel trust, the oil trust, the tin can trust, the sugar trust, the tobacco trust, the coal trust, the flour trust, the meat trust. A trust is primarily formed to regulate the selling prices; but secondarily, a trust is formed to lessen the cost of production.

Thirty or forty men in the same line of business come together. They say to each other: "What is the good of trying to financially cut each other's throats? Why not have a community of interests? Instead of having many different offices we can have one big central office. Instead of having thirty or forty different presidents and secretaries and treasurers and cashiers and superintendents and general managers we can have each department under a single head. If we are in the brick business, we can have the brick yard which is nearest to the site of the proposed building make the bricks and thus save expense of cartage. The tie which binds the leaders of a great corporation is not one of sentiment, but one of profit. Christ, in my text, talks to his brothers as though they were a collection of business men. He practically says: "Before you settle the question of your eternal destiny I want you to enter into some gospel mathematics. I want you to put down upon a piece of paper all the riches of the world. Place there the value of the gold of countless mines and of the cattle on a thousand hills. Place there the value of the palaces of kings and queens. The value of the great commercial interests of the world. Put all these values down. Add the figures up. Then from that aggregation of numbers subtract the value of your immortal soul and behold what you have left."

MATHEMATICS CANNOT LIE.

Two and two always make four. Ten times ten make 100. Twelve divided by four always gives three. Five from five leaves nothing. Come, let us try to solve the greatest of all problems. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Satan comes to a man who in all probability will not live over five or ten or perhaps twenty years, and he says: "My friend, you give me a mortgage on your eternal soul, to be foreclosed at your death, and I will give you a life interest in the world. I will give you more food than you can eat, more clothing than you can wear, more houses than you can live in, more money than you can spend, and at your earthly demise I will not care for your money or your stocks, but I will only demand and take your immortal soul." Come now, let us reason together. Are you, an immortal man, with a soul which shall live on through the coming ages, with a soul that shall stand by the cradle of unborn millenniums, with a soul that shall yet witness this earth gasp and die of old age, to enter into such a contract? Read the simple statement of the proposed agreement. Ask yourself this momentous question: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and exercise the common sense God has given you.

Great worldly possessions do not necessarily imply a life interest in happiness. Indeed we believe those in the ordinary walks of life have

BETTER POSSIBILITIES

for happiness than those in the higher walks. The more influential one becomes the greater his responsibilities and anxieties.

What was the happiest time of your life? You are now a great merchant or lawyer or physician or governor or senator. Is this your supremely happy moment? "No," you answer, "the happiest time of my life is not found in the present, but in the past. Now I have riches, a city mansion and a country home. These results of financial success do not bring to me peace of mind and contentment. The happiest time of my life was when a poor young man I lived on a small salary. Though my wages were not large, I yet had enough to marry on. I won a true, good, noble wife. We started out in two small rooms. The babies came one by one. The small salary was somehow able to stretch enough to furnish food and clothing for all. We always had enough to eat. Our garments could defy any cold. Never were a pair of birds happier hatching out their eggs in a dovecot than my wife and I in our little nest. But now, instead of working as a mechanic ten hours per day, I am planning most of the time. I am afraid the men will strike and the whole plant will stand idle. My poor brain, tired from overwork, will not let me sleep at night. I am worried because I fear that if I should die my children could not straighten out the estate. They might lose everything." Indeed, there is but little pleasure in being rich and owning more houses

THAN YOU CAN LIVE IN.

When the man of the text gains a life interest in the world by losing his own soul, he unkennels and unleashes the bloodhounds of his lower passions. He enters into a contact with Satan the same as he would sign a promissory note to his creditor. As a merchant there comes to him a questionable proposition. He knows that if he yields great profit will accrue. He knows that if he does what this questionable proposition demands he must practice deceit. He lies awake two or three nights trying to decide whether or no he will be dishonest. At last, in the midnight hour, he yields. He practically calls Satan into his bedroom. While lighting the gas he says : "Now, Satan, I am resolved to be dishonest. I intend to be a Shylock and demand the full pound of flesh nearest Antonio's heart. Give me success, and I am willing to sell you my soul." When a man comes to such a decision as that, he naturally lets loose the lower part of his nature. As a merchant he becomes a mere money making machine. As a lawyer who seeks political preferment he becomes an Aaron Burr.

Now, while there is nothing in this world that can be compared in value to an immortal soul, my text does not imply that if a man gives his soul to Christ he shall have nothing but poverty and humiliation, the poorhouse and a potter's field. The Bible refutes that idea. In the thirty-seventh Psalm we read, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." The same God who cares for the sparrow and who numbers the hairs of our head will not let his children want. The Divine Father will always see.

IF WE DO OUR DUTY,

that we have enough to eat and to drink, enough to wear and a place where we can sleep. Every one who gives his soul to Christ will be able to sing Channing's symphony. He will have, at least, an opportunity to live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich ; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly ; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open hearts ; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, grow up through the common. Could happiness demand any greater opportunity to exist than these opportunities which are given by God to all his children who obey him ? I would that we all might go back more contented to our everyday duties of life, no matter what these duties may be. Whether they are in the store, the office, the pulpit, the parlor, the nursery or the kitchen it matters not. I would that we would all go the more cheerfully, because the harder our lot in life the nearer these troubles can bring us to God. When we are friendless and poor and helpless, then God is always ready to pour out the measureless wealth of his affections upon us, his suffering children.

A NOTED LONDON PREACHER

was delivering his sermon in an open field. Upon the outskirts of the audience there halted the carriage of a famous family. Lady Anne Erskine (for that was the name of the occupant) became an absorbed listener. Suddenly the minister turned and, facing this aristocratic beauty, began to sell her soul, as though she was on the auction block and he was the auctioneer. "My brethren," exclaimed the preacher, "I am now going to hold an auction sale, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale, but the lady is the principal and the only object that I wish to dispose of at the present time. There are three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world. Well, and what will you give for her ? I will give riches, honor, pleasure. That will not do. She is worth more than that, for she will live when riches, honors and pleasures of the world have passed away. You cannot have her. The next bidder is the devil. Well, and what will you give for her ? I will give all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. That will not do, for she will continue to exist, when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the rising sun. You cannot have her. But list and hear the voice of another bidder, and who is that ? Why the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, what will you give for her ? I will give grace here and glory hereafter, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away. These three bidders still contend for the possession of souls—your soul, my soul and the soul of every one that cometh into the world. One bid or the other we must accept. The choice must be made. The decision rests with you. May God help every one of us to decide aright, for what shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? "

HERMOINE SHIRT WAIST.

An elaborately designed shirt-waist made over a fitted lining, has an exquisitely shaped yoke, tucks down the front and a fitted strap about the neck. The woman who desires to have considerable work on her shirt-waist cannot do better than to follow the Hermoine design, and the pattern is eminently adapted to any of the light woolen fabrics and also to silk.

Quantities of material required.—Thirty-two and thirty-four bust measure will require four and one-half yards of silk twenty inches wide. Thirty-six bust measure will require four and three-quarter yards of silk twenty inches wide. Thirty-eight and forty bust measure will require five and one-fourth yards of silk twenty inches wide.

PAINTING THE CEREMONY.

Difficulties Which Beset Artists at Their Work.

The coronation of King Edward VII. is to be painted by the American artist, Mr. E. A. Abbey. He will doubtless do full justice to the scene ; and he will probably find his path freed from many of the difficulties which beset his famous predecessor in such work, the English artist, W. P. Frith.

Mr. Frith, by command of the Queen, painted a picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. It was a huge canvas ten feet long crowded with figures, each of which was a portrait, and each of which must be not only a likeness, but correctly costumed in every detail, even to miniature orders, stars and crosses.

Some of his sitters that should have been would not sit ; others could not ; others would not wear or lend their valuable robes and jewels.

One royal lady, the Duchess of Brabant, made a curious stipulation. She could not remain in England for her portrait—which necessarily occupied a prominent place—to be painted ; but the artist was at least determined, if he could not have her, to have her gown, which was a magnificent moire antique of an unusual and beautiful shade of purple. She was reluctant, and it was finally lent only at the personal intercession of Queen Victoria—and then with the understanding that the painter should neither smoke nor drink beer in its presence.

Although much puzzled, he willingly agreed, and kept his word. Afterward he learned that she had before lent dresses to Belgian portrait-painters of beerier and smokier habit than the neat English, and feared a repetition of the disastrous result.

Most of the royalties, Mr. Frith testifies, were good and agreeable sitters, although naturally the lively little child-princes and princesses gave some trouble. The men generally sat more patiently than the women. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, was a model sitter ; but as much could not be said of his lovely bride. She was charming, but would not keep still.

"You must scold her," said the prince, when the artist appealed to him in despair ; but he had to do the scolding himself, with the result that she first pouted delightfully, then laughed, and then kept, if not still, at least stiller.

Queen Alexandra will doubtless hold as prominent a place in Mr. Abbey's picture as she did in Mr. Frith's. She is still a charming model, and many years of the discipline of high position may well have made her a patient one.

Between June and September last year 140 tourists reached the summit of Mont Blanc.

The earth weighs 5,852 trillions of tons. This number contains 24 noughts.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, May 13.—Wheat—The offerings are light, and bids of 76c for red and white failed to draw sellers to-day at outside points; holders are asking 77c east and middle freights. Goose is steady at 70c for No. 2 f. o.b. vessel east and 66½ to 67c for cars east. Spring is dull at 75c for No. 2 east. Manitoba rather easier; No. 1 Northern sold to-day at 85 to 85½c grinding in transit. No. 1 hard is quoted at 88 to 88½c and No. 2 Northern at 82 to 82½c grinding in transit.

Flour—The market is steady; 90 per cent. patents were bought to-day at equal to $2.85 in buyers' bags middle freights. Choice brands are held 15 to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $3.85 to $4.20 for cars of Hungarian patents, at $3.60 to $3.90 for strong bakers', bags included, on the track, Toronto.

Millfeed—Is steady at $19 to $19.50 for cars of shorts and $16 for bran in bulk middle freights. Manitoba millfeed is firmer at $22 for cars of shorts and $20 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—Is quiet at 53c for No. 1, 52c for No. 2, 50c for No. 3 extra, and 49c for No. 3 east and middle freights, and 1c more at lake ports.

Rye—Is scarce and firm at 57 to 58c east and middle freights.

Corn—Is steady at 60 to 60½c for Canada yellow west.

Oats—Are steady at 43c bid east for No. 2 white and 43½c asked. They are quoted at 42 to 42½c middle freights.

Oatmeal—Is steady at $4.50 for cars of bags and $4.65 for barrels on the track, Toronto, and 25c more for broken lots.

Peas—Are steady at 80c for No. 2 east and 78½c to 79c west.

PROVISIONS.

Packers are very generally of the opinion that the present prices for hog products are too low, and that there is every likelihood that an advance will occur before the end of the week.

Pork—Canada short cut, $22; heavy mess, $21; clear shoulder mess, $18.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long, clear bacon, tons and cases, 10 to 10½c; breakfast bacon, 14c, hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 14c to 15c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces, 11¼c, tubs 11½c and pails 11¾c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The demand for creameries is strong but may be expected to lessen in proportion to the increased offerings of choice fresh-made dairies. The latter are offering more freely every day and will be on the market in liberal supply before long. This will alter the relative prices and weaken the demand for creameries.

Creamery prints... ... ...22c to 23c	
do solids... ... ...20c to 21c	
Dairy lb rolls, choice ...16c to 17c	
do large rolls, choice...16c to 17c	
do medium... ... .14c to 15c	
do low grade... ... .10c to 12c	

Eggs—Prices are well maintained at 13c. The offerings are large, but there is an excellent demand.

Potatoes—Offerings continue light, but the large demand from the United States has fallen off slightly. Prices, however, are steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at 85c. Potatoes out of store are quoted at 90c to $1.

Poultry—There are only small receipts and the demand is light. Prices are steady at 60 to 90c for chickens; turkeys are steady at 11 to 12c for old "toms" and 13 to 14c for fresh killed hens.

Baled Hay—The demand is strong and offerings are liberal. The market is steady at $10.50 for No. 1 timothy on track here.

Baled Straw—Demand is light with fair offerings, at $5 on track here.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, May 13.—Flour — Firm. Wheat—Spring dull; No. 1 Northern, carloads, 78⅞c; winter, No. 2 red, 89c asked to arrive. Corn—Lower; No. 2 yellow, 66¾c; No. 3 do. 66¼c; No. 2 corn, 66c; No. 3 do, 65c. Oats—Quiet and weak; No. 2 white, 48½c; No. 3 do. 47¾c; No. 2 mixed, 45½c; No. 3 do, 45c through billed. Barley—Nothing doing. Rye—No. 1, 63½c. Canal freights—Steady.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, May 13.—At the Western Cattle yards to-day the receipts were 59 carloads of live stock, including 1,050 cattle, 500 hogs, 123 sheep and lambs, 126 calves and a few milch cows. There was no quotable change for good cattle, but the poorer grades were slow of sale and weaker, while all round there was an easier feeling. Good to choice export cattle were steady at from 5¾ to 6¼c per lb; light stuff sold at from 4½ to 5¼c per lb. The best butcher cattle are steady and unchanged, but there was a lighter demand, and prices were easier for anything but the best cattle.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt... ...$5.00	$6.25	
Do light 4.50	4.75	
Butcher, choice... ... ... 5.00	5.50	
Butcher, ord. to good. 4.00	4.50	
Stockers, per cwt... .... 3.00	4.00	
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt... 3.75	4.50	
Yearlings, per cwt..... 5.00	5.50	
Spring lambs, each 2.00	5.00	
Bucks, per cwt... ... . 2.75	3.50	
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each... ... ...25.00	50.00	
Calves, each... ... ... 2.00	10.00	
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt... 6.50	7.00	
Light hogs, per cwt... 6.50	6.75	
Heavy hogs, per cwt... 6.50	6.75	
Sows per cwt... ... ... 3.50	4.00	
Stags, per cwt... ... ... 0.00	2.00	

Old People's Favorite.

A Medicine that Invigorates the Kidneys and Liver, Takes Away the Pains and Aches, and Regulates the Action of the Bodily Organs---Strong Recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Brown as stated in his letter below, is similar to that of scores of men and women who feel old age creeping in upon them. The kidneys grow weak and inactive, the back aches, there are deposits in the urine, and pain and smarting in passing water. The legs swell, and there come pains and aches not unlike rheumatism.

Under such circumstances old people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for relief and cure, and are not disappointed. They have learned by repeated trial that they can depend on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills every time, and consequently they have become known as the old people's favorite medicine.

Mr. John Brown, 66 Nelson street, Ottawa, Ont., states :—"I am getting up in years, and having been a hard worker all my life, I am beginning to fail. For some time past I have thought there was something wrong with my kidneys. I seemed to bloat up, was very short of breath, and feared heart disease, although I was told there was nothing wrong with my heart. I got so bad that I had to do something.

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I began using them, and by the time I had used up the first box I felt considerably improved. I continued using this medicine, and to-day feel ten years younger. I am strong and hearty, and do not suffer from my former ailments. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills an excellent medicine for old people."

There are people in nearly every town, village, and country side road who have proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Ask your friends or neighbors about them. One pill a dose ; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.