THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

VOL. X. NO. 24. $1 per annum. OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1903. CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thus it was that poor Annie returned to her home and was received once again as a member of the little circle at St. Gurlott's. But things were sadly changed for her, poor child; and sometimes, as I watched her patient endurance, my heart rose in revolt, and I blamed myself for having been the means of bringing her home again.

True, my uncle was glad to see her, and treated her with uniform kindness; indeed, he was never happy unless she was before him, and Annie, noting this, was untiring in her devotion to him. But with my aunt it was another matter. She, who was usually the kindest of women, now became a domestic tyrant, and practiced toward her daughter a species of cruelty, which in another person she would have been the first to denounce. She never let poor Annie rest, but reproached her unceasingly about the troubles she had brought about, the change she had wrought in her poor father, and the happiness of the little home; and she never failed to remind her that it was not until she had been deserted by her unknown lover, that she had decided to return and administer consolation to those whose hearts she had broken.

All this Annie bore without a murmur. "It was only her due," she said; "her mother was right; she had destroyed all the happiness. Nevertheless, it was hard for her to bear, and I very often saw her with traces of tears upon her cheek.

But when people have poverty before them, they cannot afford to exaggerate sentimental troubles, and I soon came to the conclusion that the best way to help Annie was to help myself—to obtain a situation, in fact; and thus, by contributing a weekly allowance, to give things a big complexion at home. As all hope of obtaining employment in St. Gurlott's was out of the question, I turned my attention to other quarters. After many heart-rendering disappointments and endless correspondence, I obtained a situation as overseer of a copper mine in Devon.

The situation was a suitable one in every way, and promised to be lucrative. I was to leave home and begin operations in a fortnight.

I was in the midst of my preparations, half happy in the thought of being able to inhabit a part of the globe where my misfortunes could not find me out, when I one day heard a piece of news which killed at one blow all my hopes of the future, and made my life mere Dead Sea fruit.

A report spread over the village that George Redruth was about to be married forwith to Madeline Graham.

How or through whom the report originated, no one could tell; but its truth was admitted on every hand.

The news stunned me at first, then it drove me mad; wild, ungovernable jealousy took possession of me. I could do nothing, think of nothing, save one thing—that the woman I loved beyond everything in this world was about to become the wife of another man, and that man my bitter enemy at heart.

It was impossible to conceal my secret any longer—they had but to look into my face and read it. cried bitterly; and I, blind as usual, When Annie heard the news, she believed she cried out of sympathy for me.

"It's a shame, Hugh!" she said, "after having made you love her, that she should wile away another man."

"Don't say a word against Miss Graham," I returned, "for she is an angel."

"Iss, hold your peace!" cried my aunt. "'Tis nawt to us, and why should you interfere? And, after all, 'tis better as it is. She could never have wed wi' Hugh: and no good comes o' young folk dangling after one another when they can never coom together."

There was sound sense in my aunt's words, though at the time, with the fiercest jealousy and hatred raging in my heart against the man who had supplanted me, I could not listen to them. A few days' reflection, however, brought me to a better state of mind—showed me that I was a fool, and that the news which had wrought such an astounding effect upon me, was only what I might have expected, if a wild unwarrantable passion had not made me blind. For, after all, what was I to Madeline?

During my boyhood, I had dared to love her; but when we met again, I saw distinctly that the episode which had been all in all to me, had passed completely from her mind. I had had the good fortune to save her life, and she, angel that she was, had been grateful; but now the debt had been repaid—in exchange for her life, she had helped to save mine. Having paid her debt, she had removed herself irrevocably from me.

As I thought of all this, I felt my heart grow hard, and I cursed God, who, in His beneficence, had sent me this one ray of blessing. But why had it come at all? Why had I been shown the light at all, if I was doomed to be cast into darkness again for the remainder of my life? With Madeline Graham by my side, I knew what my days might be; without her, I knew it would be better for me to be lying at the bottom of the sea.

I had mused thus walking up from the village one night, and now, standing at the cottage gate, I looked across the marshes toward the spot where so many months ago I had brought Madeline to shore.

As I gazed, my eyes grew dim, and the impulse came upon me to revisit once again the spot where my darling had set her foot; so I struck off across the waste toward the lonely shore.

It was a fine bright moonlight night, clear and still, though the shifting clouds in the sky predicted storm. I found the sea as calm as a mill-pond, fringed with white where the edges lapped the stones upon the shore. The moon was shining radiantly upon it; also upon the boat-house, which I looked at tenderly, remembering how I had carried Madeline there. Then I fell to thinking of her. I felt again as if her head were lying on my shoulder—her cold bare arms clinging about my neck; and I felt as though I would give half my life for such an experience again.

With a heavily drawn sigh I was about to move away, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I found myself face to face with Madeline herself!

Yes; there she stood, looking more like a spirit than a thing of flesh and blood—her face was so white, her eyes so sad. She was wrapped from head to foot in costly furs, while a black hood was thrown lightly over her head and tied under her chin.

At sight of her, all the blood rushed to my temples, and I felt my body trembling like a leaf; but I commanded myself sufficiently to speak.

"Madeline!" I said; "Miss Graham, you here at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, smiling a little; "it is a strange place to find me, is it not? But then you know, Mr. Trelawney, I am a strange creature. I may as well confess the truth. I followed you here to-night."

"You followed me?"

"Yes. After our dinner this evening, I came out with Anita, intending to pay you a visit at the cottage. When we came within sight of the gate, I saw you standing there. I paused a moment before stepping forward to speak to you, and you moved away, striking across the marshes toward the sea. I sent Anita back, and followed you here."

I was not altogether glad that she had done so. It was torture to be near her, to look at her, and to know that she had come straight from the caressing arms of another man. However, I commanded myself sufficiently to say:

"It is not right for you to be here, Miss Graham. Will you let me take you home?"

"You shall do so presently," she answered, not looking at me, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the sea. "Now I want to talk to you. Is it true you are going away?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"Where are you going?"

"To the borders of Devon. I have obtained a good situation, and hope to make a position there which I could never have risen to here."

"And you will be glad to go," she continued—"to leave your home?"

"Yes," I replied; "I shall be glad to go. As to my home—why, I have no home now, all is sorely changed. My uncle is so broken; I should hardly know him; my poor cousin, with her load of sorrow, sits in the house and shrinks from the sight of any human soul. It will be all changed for me elsewhere. Perhaps I shall find happiness. God grant it! At any rate, there will never be happiness for me here again!"

"You talk very bitterly," continued Madeline. "Then you have no wish to stay?"

"Why should I wish to stay? A few days ago it would have been another matter. It is all changed now—all changed!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Trelawney?"

"I mean," I answered, utterly losing my self-control, "that through all these months of darkness and trouble, I have been sustained by one thought, one hope. Miss Graham, we are alone together to-night; there is no one but you to hear me. I may never see you again in this world, therefore I will say it. I love you. I have loved you all my life!"

She put up her hand and said, hurriedly, "Mr. Trelawney, please say no more!"

But it was too late; I took her hand and kissed it.

"I loved you," I continued, "in those far-off days when we were boy and girl together. Then years afterward the sea gave you back to my arms, and, God help me! the old passion was rekindled in my soul with ten times its original fire. Once I had looked again into your face, my darling, I had but one hope, one thought. I know I was a madman. I knew there was a gulf between us, broader than the sea from which I snatched you, and yet, fool that I was, I lived in my paradise, and refused to see the pitfalls which were looming ahead. It was enough to know that I loved you, and that sometimes I was gladdened by a sight of your face."

I paused, and dropped her hand; she was crying.

"Miss Graham," I cried, "don't cry, for Heaven's sake! You have a right to hate me for what I have said."

She quickly brushed away her tears, and turned to me, smiling sadly.

"Don't say so, please. I honor and respect you more than I can say—more than I can confess, even to myself. I shall pray always for your welfare and happiness, and I shall never forget you as long as I live!"

"God bless you!" I murmured, kissing her hand again.

She drew it away hurriedly.

"Ah! don't do that," she murmured, "I ought rather to kneel to you—you, who are so much braver and better than I."

She walked away a little, and I stood for a moment pondering with my eyes upon the sea.

Suddenly I said, "Miss Graham, when are you to be married?" She started, hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I don't quite know. I am going up to London shortly. We are to be married there."

Every word she uttered seemed to stab me to the heart. Up to this I had clung to a wild hope that the reports I had heard might have had no foundation—now that hope was gone.

"Why," I asked desperately, "are you going to marry your cousin?"

She started again and trembled slightly. "Why do people generally marry one another?" she answered. "Still, there is a very grave reason why this should be. My cousin is comparatively poor, while I am rich; he has grave difficulties before him which I can relieve if I am his wife."

"Did he put all this before you?"

"No; he does not even know that I am aware of it. Ah! Mr. Trelawney, we have all our troubles, and my poor aunt is breaking her heart over hers. Things have been going wrong ever since my uncle died."

"And you are to be sacrificed to set them right again?"

"Where does the sacrifice come in?"

"Did she ask you if you loved her son?"

"No! She asked me if there was anyone else whom I wished to marry, and I answered her truthfully: I said there was not."

We walked back over the marshes, Madeline leaning lightly on my arm; but we never spoke a word. Having reached the road, we walked on toward Redruth House, and paused at the gate.

"Good-by, Miss Graham!" I said, holding forth my hand.

"Good-by!" she said.

"Yes," I returned, "I think it ought to be good-by. In a week or ten days at most, I shall be leaving St. Gurlott's, and we may not meet again!"

Before I knew what she was doing, she had seized my hand and raised it to her lips.

"Good-by, dear friend," she murmured, "and may God bless you!" then with a sob, she turned and was gone.

I stood petrified, watching in a dazed kind of wonder the figure as it moved up the moonlit avenue and disappeared amongst the trees, then, with a sigh, I turned away. Bitterly as I had suffered through my love for Madeline, I did not for one moment wish that episode in my life had never been.

(To be continued.)

Heals Inflamed Itching Skin

Cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and Tetter, Leaving the Skin Smooth, Soft and Natural. Dr. Chase's Ointment.

As a means of allaying inflammation, relieving the dreadful itching and healing and curing itching skin diseases, ulcers and eruptions, we believe that we can prove that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most potent preparation that it is possible to obtain.

So many extreme cases have been cured, so much intense and continued agony has been relieved, and such a host of people have volunteered their evidence in this regard that we challenge anyone to produce like endorsement for any ointment or any preparation which is recommended for such diseases.

Dr. Chase's Ointment certainly stands alone, unapproached and unrivalled as a healer of the skin and positive cure for itching skin diseases. From pimples to eczema, from chilblains to ulcers, each and every form of itching skin disease has been cured by this great ointment.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is known in almost every community. Ask your neighbors about it. There is probably a marked cure at your door which you can investigate. The cures made by this preparation will stand investigation; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

A TALK TO THE CHILDREN

Message to Every Boy and Girl and to the Parents Also.

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

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew xix, 14, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."

This is Children's day. This is the morning when the Sunday schools of America, headed by their superintendents and teachers, have made a grand charge and captured the pulpits and pews and choir lofts of all Protestant churches for their own sacred service. This is the day when the church auditoriums are, for the most part, fragrant with two kinds of flowers. Here are the flowers which were produced in the greenhouses and the back yards and the front yards and the wild country hillsides and the meadow lands. Here are also the human buds which were gathered out of the nurseries of many homes. Here they are, these human flowers, in clusters of many classes. My, my! Did you ever see so many beautiful flowers abloom all in one garden? We know not which to admire most—the pale lilies in the cheeks, the red roses in the lips, the goldenrod dancing among the yellow curls or the roguish glances of these "black eyed Susans." If any one should ask me what I considered the most important day in the church year, without hesitation I would answer, Children's day. This is the Sabbath morning when parents not only bring their children to the churches where Christ is reached, but when their own thoughts, I believe, are irresistibly drawn toward the divine teachings. If a father cannot feel his affections stirred with love toward God when his little girl is singing her Saviour's praise in the holy sanctuary, his heart must be indeed as dead as a stone.

This is children's day. I would talk to the children for a little while about one of the sweetest scenes in all the Bible. There was a great crowd jostling and pushing about Jesus Christ. It was the time of the Saviour's earthly popularity. Every one wanted to speak to Christ.

CONSIDER THE CHILDREN.

But in the crowd surrounding Christ there was also a lot of unsympathetic men and women. They belonged to that great class of people who think that children are a born nuisance and that they should never be seen and never heard in public places. They think, if they go and visit a married friend, that friend should have his children eat in the kitchen while they are there, or else have the children wait until the older folks are through and then go to the second table. Now, I do not believe that is the right way to bring up boys and girls. If my friends who visit my home are not willing to eat at the same table with my babies they need not come and visit me at all. I am just headstrong enough to believe that what is good enough for my children is good enough for my friends.

There were some men that day, too, who followed Jesus wherever he went and were called his disciples. They knew how precious every word he uttered was and how many sick and blind and deaf people he was curing, and they did not want his time taken up with little children. So these disciples told the fathers and mothers not to bother Jesus with their children. They said: "Here, fathers and mothers, what are you bringing those children here for? Why do you not take them home, where they belong?" But Jesus, hearing the commotion, stopped and asked the cause. Then when Christ heard that these men were driving the babies from his side he turned and practically said: "Ah, that is not right. Do not push those little ones away. Open a path there and let the children come to my arms and be blessed." Then he uttered the sweet words of my text, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Christ gave this sweeping invitation to all children to be brought to his arms. Therefore I shall try, children, in a few plain, simple words to tell why it is important — very important—for you to come to Christ while you are young. And when I show you that it is important for you to come to Christ I would also try to show you that Christ is the best friend a little child, a young boy or girl, can ever Yes, he is even a better friend than your father or mother, sister or brother. He is a friend whose love is beyond your mental grasp, whose love "passeth all human understanding."

CHRIST THE GUIDE.

Little children should come to Christ soon, very soon. Their Christian fathers and mothers will not be able much longer to shield them from the evil temptations as they have been able to do. When my little boys and girls were at home I could do what I pleased with them. I could say "Susan" or "Gertrude" or "Thomas De Witt" or "Frank"—for I have four children — "I wish you would not associate with that little boy you were with this morning." And if one of my little girls should say, "Why, papa?" I would answer: "I do not think he is a nice little boy. I heard his mother call to him to-day to come into the house, and he answered, 'I won't come.' And when his mother went after him he lay right down in the street and began to kick and scream and bite. Now, no good little boy will ever act like that, and I do not want you to go with him."

But, children, though I may have been able to guard and shield and properly protect my little girl while she was at home, there came a momentous day when she went beyond my direct care and guiding influence. That day first came when we sent her to school. It was a sad time for the parental heart when our oldest child had to pack her little school books and leave home. Her mother took her up to a great big room filled with little boys and girls and left her there. In that school we knew that there were bad girls as well as good girls, bad boys as well as good boys, and she had to sit there and associate to some extent with them all. Now, who is going to look after my little girl when she goes to meet the temptations of school unless Christ, who loves little children, goes along and takes her by the hand? Who is going to tell her what to do when the bad girl tells her to disobey her teacher and whispers in her ear the naughty story if Christ is not there? Her mother cannot do it. Her father cannot do it. We are not there. Christ only can be her guide and her shield.

TEMPTATIONS.

Some grown up people do not think that little children have any big temptations. But I know that some of the greatest temptations we ever have in life come to us when we are young, very young. I knew of one little boy who did not take Christ along with him to school. One day his playmates were teasing him. Then, because he did not have Christ with him, he lost his temper and picked up a stone and threw it at the boys, and he hit an eye of one of the boys and put it out. That little boy, who afterward grew up to be a big man, had to go through life with his eye blinded. I knew of another little boy who, because he did not have Christ with him, wanted to frighten a playmate, as bad boys sometimes do. He pushed him from a bank into a river and the little boy was drowned. I saw his poor little body after it was taken out of the water and I heard the broken hearted mother weeping over it. I knew of another little boy who grew up to be a thief and was sent to jail because, when he was young, his bad little schoolmates taught him how to steal pennies out of his mother's pocket-book. Ah, children, you cannot afford to go to school and meet the temptations of the playground unless you take Christ along as your divine protector.

Then, after awhile, you must go still farther away from the protecting care of your parents. As young men and women you must go out into the great wide world and live entirely away from home. You must be like your father and mother and earn your own living. Then, if you do not have Jesus by your side, there are many, many temptations which will beset you and trip you up. Are you now going to drive Christ away from your heart and life? Remember he is your chief protector.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD.

But there is another reason, children, why you should come to Christ, and that is so that you can bring your father and mother, big brothers and sisters along with you to Christ. Oh, how many children there are here whose fathers never ask a blessing at the table or have family prayers by the home altar! Oh, how many little children there are here whose fathers and mothers and big brothers and sisters are drifting out into a life of sin merely because they have never answered the pleading call of Jesus and have not come and knelt at the Saviour's feet! Little children, do you not know that you perhaps better than any one else can lead your fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and big men and big women to Christ? Do you not realize, boys and girls, that as the Bible describes the day of millennium as the time when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the little child shall lead them," the greatest gospel messengers who ever lived are the little children who are leading the grown up people to the foot of the cross?

Boys and girls, if you have a father who never goes to church, what a good thing it would be if you could bring him! Suppose you should go home from this service and clamber up into his lap and say: "Papa, why do not you come to church? Why do not you love Jesus?" How good a thing it would be if he should put his arm around you and should say, "Yes, darling, for your sake I will go to church and learn to love Jesus." He would be doing just as that great lawyer and statesman of Philadelphia did a few years ago. He was home from Washington for a little while on a vacation. While he was sitting in the parlor his little six-year-old daughter rushed into the room, crying: "Oh, papa, I have learned to read. Would you like to hear me read?" Then she went and got a Bible and opened it, and with her little fingers used for a guide she slowly read the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Before the little girl had finished her reading the father's heart melted with repentance and he was crying like a little child. Boys and girls, what do you think your mother would do if you would climb up into her lap and put your arms about her neck and ask her why she did not have family prayers? I tell you what she would do. Perhaps she would get down on her knees and put her arms about you and then and there consecrate her life and yours anew to the Saviour. Oh, children! Oh, little children, that is one reason why I want you to respond to Christ's invitation. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." I want you to come to Christ to-day to be saved, that you may also ask your big brothers and sisters, your fathers and mothers and all your little playmates to come along by your side.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Having talked perhaps already far too long to the children, I would like to speak a few words in closing directly to the parents and the grown up people here assembled. Fathers and mothers, are you to let an opportunity for your own salvation like this go amiss? When your little children are ready to surrender their hearts to Christ, are you not willing to consecrate your lives to his service as never before? You know that the strongest ties we have on earth are those which bind us to our children. Are we to be a spiritual stumbling block in their way?

A beautiful incident lately recounted in the German papers sets forth in strongest terms what the parental love might not only be in the hovel, but also in the palace. Emperor William II. was inspecting some of the famous industrial establishments of his kingdom. In one the most expensive kind of thin lace dresses were being made. The proprietors, desiring to give the emperor a present in recognition of the honor his visit had conferred upon them, wished to send the empress one of the most delicate and expensive of gowns. The emperor looked at it a moment and then laughed. "Oh," he said, "that gown is not appropriate for my wife. It is too thin and delicate. It would not last a day. My wife never moves unless she has two or three babies pulling at her skirts, and they would tear that gauze all to pieces." Beautiful picture that! And yet it is the picture which is seen in every true parent's life. We always should have our babies hanging upon us. And the way we go into the kingdom of Jesus Christ will often decide the way our children will follow. Fathers and mothers, will you start for heaven to-day as a grand climax to this children's day festival? Standing amid this beautiful human flower garden of little children, I have one more word to speak. I congratulate this church because it places its chief emphasis in the place where it belongs. Next to the prayer meeting the most important of services is the Sunday school session. May God bless the Sunday school superintendents of America. May God bless the teachers and the other Sunday school officers. May God bless the scholars, and may every Sabbath be a children's day. No Sunday should be allowed to pass in any Christian church without some boy and some girl being led to seek Christ, the one who always has loved and always will love little children.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 23.—Grain—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 79c; No. 1. Northern, 78c, ex store, Fort William; peas, 63c high freights, 73c here; rye, 52c east, 58½c afloat here; buckwheat, 46 to 46½c; oats, No. 2, 38½c in store here; flaxseed, $1.15 on track here; feed barley, 48c; No. 3 barley, 51c. Flour—Manitoba patents, $4.10 to $4.20; seconds, $3.80 to $4; strong bakers', $3.40; Ontario straight rollers, $3.45 to $3.60; in bags, $1.67½ to $1.75; patents, $3.70 to $4. Rolled oats—Millers' prices, $1.85 in bags, and $3.85 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran, $19 to $20; shorts, $21 to $22, bags included; Ontario bran in bulk, $18.50 to $19.50; shorts in bulk, $19.50 to $20; middlings, $21. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $22.50 to $23; short cut back, $22 to $22.50; light short cut, $21.-50 to $22; compound refined lard, 8½ to 9c; pure Canadian lard, 10½ to 11c; finest lard, 11 to 11½c; hams, 13½ to 14½c; bacon, 14 to 15c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $8.25 to $8.50. Eggs—New laid, 12½ to 13c; No. 2, 10½c. Butter—Townships creamery, 19½ to 19¾c; Quebec, 19¼c; Western creamery, 18 to 18½c; Western dairy, 16c. Cheese—Ontario, 10¾c, townships, 10½c for colored; white ⅛c less. Honey—White clover in sections, 12c per section; in 10-lb. tins, 8c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, June 23.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring, weak; No. 1 Northern, 84⅜c; No. 1 hard, 86½c; winter steady; No. 2 white, 84c; No. 2 red, 80c. Corn—Excited; No. 2 yellow, 55c asked; No. 2 corn, 54c. Oats—Strong; No. 3 white, 43c. Canal freights—Steady.

Milwaukee, June 23.—Wheat—Higher; No. 1 Northern, 85 to 85½c; No. 2 Northern, 84 to 84½c; July, 76½c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 53½c. Barley—Lower; No. 2, 56½c; sample, 44 to 52c. Corn—July, 50½ to 50¾c.

Minneapolis, June 23.—Wheat—Cash, 80¾c; July, 79⅞ to 79⅞c; September, 72½ to 72⅝c; on track, No. 1 hard, 81¾c; No. 1 Northern, 80¾c; No. 2 Northern, 79¾c; No. 3 Northern, 77 to 78c. Flour—First patents, $4.25 to $4.35; second, $4.15 to $4.25; first clears, $3.15 to $3.-25; second clears, $2.35 to $2.45. Bran—In bulk, $14 to $14.25.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, June 23.—Wheat—The local market is firmer in sympathy with advance in the West. No. 2 white quoted at 74 to 74½c east. No. 2 red winter, 73½ to 74c middle freights, and No. 2 spring at 69c middle; No. 2 goose at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat is firm; No. 1 hard quoted at 85c Goderich, and No. 1 Northern, 84c Goderich; No. 1 hard, 91c grinding in transit, lake and rail; and No. 1 Northern, 90c.

Oats—The market is strong with fair demand and little offering. No. 2 white quoted at 32c middle freight and No. 1 white at 33c east.

Barley—Trade is quiet. No. 3 extra quoted at 44c middle freight, and No. 3 at 42½ to 43c.

Rye—The market is steady at 52c east for No. 2.

Peas—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 64 to 65c high freight.

Buckwheat—Nothing doing, with prices nominal at 39 to 40c outside.

Corn—Market is steady; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 57c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 56½c, Toronto. Canadian feed corn, 40c west, and No. 2 yellow nominal at 46c west.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents quoted to-day at $2.72 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at $3.25 to $3.40 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, $4.10 to $4.20, and strong bakers', $3.85 to $3.90 in bags, Toronto.

Millfeed—Bran is firm at $18, and shorts $19 here. At outside points bran is quoted at $17, and shorts at $18. Manitoba bran in sacks, $20, and shorts at $22 here.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are steady. Cured meats are unchanged, with a good demand. We quote:— Bacon, clear, 10 to 10¼c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, $21; do., short cut, $22.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13 to 13½c; rolls, 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 13½ to 14c.

Lard—The market is steady. We quote:— Tierces, 10c; tubs, 10¼c; pails, 10½c; compound 8 to 9½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, June 23. — Trade generally was fairly good at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning, the run of cattle was somewhat heavier and for good stock the demand was rather brisker. There was a better feeling generally in all lines, but prices are showing little or no change. The total run offering amounted to 76 cars, including 945 cattle, 1,223 sheep and lambs, 1,692 hogs and 35 calves.

Export Cattle — The run of good cattle was light, too large a percentage of the offerings being unfinished grass cattle. There was a good demand for the best cattle on the market, and their prices kept well up to those of the previous day's market. Some space had to be filled, and this accounted for the better demand for cattle. The best cattle on the market sold at $5.15, the extra choice lots running from that figure down to $5 per cwt. The general run of choice cattle sold at $4.70 to $4.90, and medium were about steady at $3.30 to $4.60

Butchers' Cattle — The market was very steady, with an inclination to firmness for the best grades. As in export cattle, there were too many inferior lots offering, and only the best were in active demand. The best pickled lots ran about $4.60 to $4.80 per cwt., with the general run of choice cattle selling at about $4.40 to $4.50. Fair to good sold at $4.10 to $4.30, and cows at about $2.50 to $3.75.

Stockers and Feeders — A few loads of live stockers were on the market and they sold at about $3.-50 to $4 for choice and $2.75 to $3 for common. A few light export cattle sold as short-keeps at about $4.50 to $4.75 for the best and $3.-75 to $4.50 for light.

Milch cows — About 20 cows were on sale and prices ranged from $30 to $48 each.

Calves — The run was light and trade was fairly good, everything being sold. Prices are unchanged at $2 to $10 each and 4½c to 5½c per pound.

Sheep and Lambs — Trade was fairly good and everything was sold. Export ewes are quoted at $3.75 to $3.90, bucks at $2.75 to $3, culls at $2.50 to $3.50, and lambs at $2.50 to $4.50 each.

Hogs—The run was heavy and the market was slightly weaker in consequence. Quotations are, however, unchanged at $5.87½ for selects and $5.62½ for lights and fats.

Export cattle, extra choice	$5.00	$5.15
do choice	4.70	4.90
do medium	4.30	4.60
do cows	3.30	4.00
Inferior cows	2.75	3.25
Butchers' picked lots	4.60	4.80
do choice	4.40	4.50
do fair to good	4.10	4.30
Good cows	3.25	3.75
rough do	2.50	3.00
Feeders, short keep	4.50	4.75
Bulls, export heavy	3.50	4.00
do light	3.25	3.50
do medium	4.25	4.50
do light	3.75	4.25
Stockers, choice	3.50	4.00
do common	2.75	[illegible]
Milch cows, each	30.00	[illegible]
Export ewes, per cwt	3.75	[illegible]
Culls, each	2.50	[illegible]
do bucks, per cwt	2.75	[illegible]
Spring lambs, each	2.50	[illegible]
Calves, per lb	0.04	[illegible]
do each	2.00	[illegible]
Hogs, selects, per cwt	5.87	[illegible]
do fat, per cwt	5.62	[illegible]
do light, per cwt	5.62	[illegible]