

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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A WICKED GIRL.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

(CONTINUED.)

"Thankfulness if you tell me this is a dream!"

"Why should it be a dream? You have no right to say that sort of thing, Derry, about your—thankfulness."

A sudden fire blazed in Derry's eyes, as she forcibly put away one thought and seized another. Her whole attitude was as expression seemed changed, though she had not moved. "You can not know Oliver Basset, Ella. He is—he admires every girl—may girls, I mean, and he can not really love—Oh, Ella, you will change."

"Oliver cares for me. It is nothing against him if he has cared for other girls before. He will not again."

"He cares for your fortune," corrected Derry, every word an effort to her. "Only that. He knows you are Mrs. Martin's heiress. He knows you will be rich. He courts your fortune."

"This is not like you, Derry," observed Ella, in genuine astonishment. "How can you even pretend to know these things?"

"I know Oliver Basset."

"I recollect now that you told me so," rejoined the younger sister, rather pointedly. "Though I fancied you must have been mistaken when I found that he himself never mentioned having met you."

"Does not that prove what I say? Would not it have been more honorable to have told?" inquired Derry. Her strange cold manner would have revealed to some that she was forcing herself to be in a panic.

"He did me the honor, Ella, to pretend he cared for my favor above that of any other woman in the world."

"Then that explains your odd idea. Jealousy is always unjust. But I can forgive it, Derry, it is so natural. But on which plea (with a smile) am I to dismiss Oliver? For his dishonor in not telling me he had flirted with my sister among others? For his general heartlessness in having flirted with a hundred others? Or for his mercenary motives in finally choosing me, not to flirt with, but to woo in earnest?"

"On any, on all," panted Derry. "So that you dismiss him. Oh, Ella, let me implore you to do this!"

"You are cruel," said Ella, tears of real alarm gathering in her eyes. "What right have you to say to me that Oliver wants only my fortune?"

"May I prove him? May I?" queried Derry, eagerly.

"You may try," with a laugh.

"If I can prove it—if I can show you that he admires another woman more, will you be convinced?" cried Derry, feverishly. "Will you reject him?"

"I know the feeling girls have when a rich one is engaged," observed Ella, patiently. "They never think it possible that she is loved for herself. Now I must go."

Once more Derry, in piteous earnestness, and now with tender loving words, entreated her to break off her engagement with Oliver Basset, but even while she pleaded, she knew Ella would not consent. She even knew it was not natural to expect it.

"There is only one way," she cried to herself, wearily, when she was left alone. "There is only one thing I can do."

But apparently she shrunk most of all from this one thing she could do, for again she was engaged, and she pleaded to her, before that miserable night when she had to give up all hope, and to form that determination from which she had shrunk with such abhorrence. She watched the wakeful night dawn into a fair spring morning, and rose very pale and very sad, but with this new resolve strong and steadfast in her heart. She had promised to go soon and see Primrose Basset, and she would go that very morning.

She made her way slowly along the green slope of the downs that any one seeing her could have thought she was idling away the fresh morning hours, rather than trying out a determination so hardly fought over.

"It will seem more friendly to go early," she said to herself, pausing in the fir grove and addressing Steven Basset's dashboard, who generally followed her in an indifferent manner, while he constantly seemed to be watching and waiting for his master. "You must not come, Fitz, because you always argue with Jess, and—"

but she did not finish that reason even in her thoughts; her new resolution would break down utterly if she permitted herself to remember anything Steven had told her. She must no longer let her thoughts touch him.

The heavy arched door of the Tower stood wide open when she reached it, and she heard voices in the hall before she had seen that her sister and Oliver Basset were there. When she entered with her light free step, and the sunshine lingering in her lovely hair, her little guessed how painfully her heart was throbbing, or that the delicate blush was born of longing for herself.

"Mr. Oliver Basset, Derry. My elder sister, Oliver."

Ella went as formally through the introduction as if she had never been told that these two had met before. Oliver bowed, his features a little stiff, but a suspicious dusiness mounting slowly to his hair, but Derry held out her hand, the pretty capable hand that he had watched at its busy tasks.

"We are not strangers," she explained. "Mr. Basset has spent many an hour with dad in the studio at home, and has often bestowed on the valuable criticism—and still more valuable baskets of strawberries. We once even managed the cream, didn't we, Mr. Basset?"

"You sent me for it."

Ella glanced from one to the other in almost pathetic surprise. Oliver had never spoken to her of these visits, yet he was looking delighted to hear them spoken of now.

Derry had shown a prompt disdain when Oliver's name had been mentioned to her, yet she was recalling his presence in her father's studio as if it had brought happiness to her. And Ella was to be further surprised! Oliver had been lounging against the old oak table, leaning back with his whip while they waited for Primrose; now he was alert and brisk, his whole form, as well as his face, seeming full of eager desire.

"Oliver was just going to drive Primrose and me to Arundel and round the park and then put up and stroll by the lake," Ella explained; "knowing should like it, he came early to fetch me."

"Primrose is going, you say?" queried Derry, longing for Miss Basset's advent.

"Yes, dear."

"Then," looking straight into Oliver Basset's eyes, which were fixed upon her with unusual solicitation, "will you take me too?"

It gave Derry no surprise to see her sister blush over this outspoken request, for she knew she should have done so in Ella's place, and how could Ella understand that it had been hard to her when she had seemed to ask it with such ease? Ella scrutinized her lover's face to see how he received this demonstration of her sister's forwardness, and she saw that he must be annoyed, for he at once turned away and went to the door; but then he had heard the wheels. Just then Miss Basset came in ready to start, and her delight at finding she was to have Derry with her (for she naturally supposed they two would be thrown together) was recompense enough.

Derry for the humiliation she had imposed upon herself. It was a small light wagonette which Oliver had elected to drive, and when he had assisted Miss Hope and his sister to their seats within it, Ella made a shy feat to follow them.

"Will you not sit in front with me, as yesterday?" he asked, and she blushed a pretty ascent.

To Ella's surprise, the party never fell into couples. Primrose had, in her thoughtful way, taken the seat by her side, and the sisters might be near, but they were not together. Oliver spoke to Ella, he had time enough to include Derry in all he had to say; he even looked sulkily when he found Derry and his sister chatting independently. Sometimes he even turned only to address Derry, or to listen to her, for after the first mile or two the road was new to her, and she had pleasant fresh remarks to make, and had to tell him of her modest little driver with Amos, and how he was invariably seized with alarm when they approached a gate lest she should be too terrified to "old the horse."

"And I feel quite sure," commented Ella, "you scare him more by pretending to be in a panic."

It was a beautiful day, and a beautiful drive, and when Primrose Basset said the way to Arundel had never seemed so short before, and looked lovingly at Oliver, feeling that it was his restored presence which had made it so for her, she found it had looked away from all his companions with again the dusky color mounting to his forehead.

Even during their stroll, and during their rest and lunch beside the lake, the party never properly divided as parties do when two of the four are affianced lovers; and when the time came for starting home, the road suggested to Ella, that, as the road on the return journey would be new to her sister, she might possibly wish her to have the front seat.

"Thank you," said Ella. "I was going to propose it."

Had the gentle words stung Derry, she could not have known it. She was fusing to take the seat beside Oliver, but even changing with Primrose so that she should be exactly behind him.

"I—I shall have to do things I hate," she said in her miserable thought, "but I will not only refuse to take the seat beside Oliver, but even changing with Primrose so that she should be exactly behind him."

"I need no escort," said Derry, briefly. I could take that short cut across the downs now blindfolded."

"Oh, I do," (childishly), "are you ready?"

As she knew he must have seen the change in her since the time when he used to plead in vain to accompany her anywhere, she liked him all the better for alluding to it. Indeed, she hoped he despised her for it, as she despised herself.

"You have made me very happy to-day, Miss Hope," he said, as she walked together. "After your coldness to me in town, it is little wonder that in your kindness to me here I scarcely recognize you."

"I scarcely recognize myself," she answered, coldly, and then was silent as a picture rose before her of this careless, handsome, self-satisfied young man seated on an old cloth-covered pedestal in the studio, graciously offering her all that he had in his power to offer; and of how, beneath her chill unsmiling refusal, ran a rather regretful wonder whether it would ever be possible to her to love any man so dearly as she loved her father. Then vividly, strongly, clearly, followed a picture of the old mill in the beauty of the star-crowned night, and— but she forced that memory away, her heart throbbing in its great pain.

"May I—we call for you when we take another drive?" They were within sight of Harrack's, and she stood to dismiss her escort.

"I call upon you?" he added, emboldened by her simple than-said and their contrast to the unvarying refusals of old times. "And Primrose was telling me yesterday," he went on, eagerly, "she wished you would come often to the Tower."

"If you like to call when Primrose does," said Derry, with gentle nonchalance, "I will show you a photograph of the little group at which you last saw me working."

"Thank you," he replied, with ingenious delight, but yet with a surprise he did not attempt to conceal. Then he watched her out of sight, before he turned homeward with a new light in his eyes.

It scarcely astonished Derry to see him at Harrack's next day with his sister, nor to find that they brought an invitation to her to meet Ella at the Tower in the evening—it seemed so natural for them to wish to make the party into a quartet! She went, and as Mrs. Martin's brougham was sent for Ella, it was all natural that Mr. Basset should walk home with the sister for whom no brougham could be sent.

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PART VII.

CHAPTER I.

So the weeks went on, until one day Oliver Basset told Derry that the hours he spent with her were the only really happy ones he knew, and that as she had given him hope once more, it would be doubly cruel to rob him of it. That if she would now accept the love that had been always hers, he would go at once and honorably tell all to Ella.

"Honorably!" she echoed, with such scorn that he, not understanding that the scorn she felt was for herself, resented that he thought she showed for him.

Hotly he explained that he had tried to be honorable, even in asking Ella to be his wife, because—then his careless young face paled, and he halted. Derry, he cried, breaking through all formalities, "you know that—but for that awful deed which my cousin Steven acknowledged your sister would have been happy now. Poor Steven!" in his companion's silence.

"Poor fellow! But you can never guess that that confession was for me, and so I was not a man before. I had a fear too terrible for me to utter even to you—though God knows I fought hard against it."

"You feared your poor brother had taken his own life. I understand," said Derry, though she did not understand, and she did not know how horrible he had had. "But you must forgive me if I say nothing more to you—though God knows I fought hard against it."

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Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment, is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You never people happy and miserable alike in circumstances. In a family where the hand is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war-whoop and hospitality freezing to death in the cheerless parlor. I believe real happiness often looks out of the window of a humble home.

than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre. I find Paul growing on a throne. I find Paul singing to bed at noon, through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets and swears at the death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat, and Althibopol, one of the great lawyers of the Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself.

Another reason why all the should come to this spirit indicated in the text, is the fact that all the conditions of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the lands you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go in to other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution, never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The warm hand that greeted the senator and the president and the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone or a marble one, or the traveller pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies. In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the field in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of the kings and lords and mighty men. Of the chagrin of those mighty men if they had ever known that the after age already sick with thought, she went to the Pines, knowing that Mrs. Martin scarcely ever left her room before noon, and that she could therefore at an early hour be alone with Ella. Sarah Eales met her on the stairs, and turned and led her the way silently to her young mistress's own sitting room, then occupied herself needlessly in the background until Derry said, in her straightforward way:

"Sarah, I want to be alone with my sister, and I have not long to stay. Go away, will you, and don't let us be disturbed."

If any one had been watching the woman, with a groundwork of suspicion, they would have detected that after this frank little command she was more unwilling to leave the girls together than she had been before, as Ella, by her silence, indorsed the request, she had no excuse to linger.

"You will be weary to death of my importunities, Ella," her sister said, as soon as they were alone; "but I must risk that. You still scarcely can be weary with my terrible weariness. You remember that I said Oliver Basset did not love you, your lover should? As loves did? Oh, Ella, try to think of Miles only yet! Let Oliver go!"

"Miles is lost to me," quietly pathetic.

"And—forgive me for every word that sounds unkind—but, indeed, in—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE.

Why We Should Be Content With Such Things As We Have.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage pronounced from the following text: "Be content with such things as ye have."—Hebrews xiii. 5

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great deal about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted and fondled and spoiled of fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury and have it alone, than without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw matress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagle's down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe than the wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that is infinitely cheated. Bless God today, O man, O woman, that though you may be shut out from the works of a church, and a Bierstadt and a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxembourg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Prices of Cattle, Horses, Grain, &c. in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 2.—Wheat—The market continues quiet, with very little business, but the feeling is a trifle better. No. 2 red and white sold at 64½¢ on low rate to domestic millers. Exporters are quoting 63 to 64¢ middle freight. No. 2 goose is nominally at 61 to 62¢ middle freight, and No. 1 spring wheat 66 to 67½¢ on Midland. Manitoba wheat is firmer with No. 1 hard quoted at 83¢ grinding in transit; No. 2 hard at 81¢, and No. 3 hard at 76¢. For Toronto and west 2 to 3¢ lower.

Millfeed—The market is quiet with bran quoted at \$11 to \$11.50 west. Offerings small, and prices high for this season of year. Shorts, 13½ to \$13.50 west.

Corn—The market is unchanged, with sales of Canadian yellow at 39½¢ west, and of mixed at 39¢ west. On track here yellow is quoted at 44 to 45¢.

Rye—The market is dull, with prices nominal at 47 to 48¢, middle freight.

Buckwheat—Market dull at 51 to 53¢ middle freight.

Peas—Market quiet and firm, with No. 2 quoted at 68 to 69¢ middle freight.

Barley—Market is dull, with prices nominal in absence of business.

Oats—The market is quiet with No. 2 white for export quoted at 29 to 29½¢ high freight; No. 2 offers at 33½¢ on track here.

Flour—There is a limited trade and prices are unchanged. Millers quote straight rollers at \$2.65 to buyers' covers for export, and shippers quote 90 per cent. patents at \$2.60 middle freight. For shipment in bbls. to Lower Provinces \$3.10 is quoted. Manitoba patents, \$4.15 to \$4.20, and strong bakers' \$3.90.

Meal—Market quiet and steady. Car lots at \$3.65 in bags, and at \$3.75 in wood; small lots, 20¢ extra.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market continues steady, with the demand good. Pond rolls job at 16 to 17½¢; large rolls, 14 to 15½¢; good to choice tubs, 14 to 16¢; inferior, 10 to 12¢; creamery, boxes, 18 to 18½¢; and rolls, 19¢ to 20¢.

Cheese—Market quiet and prices firm. Full cream, September, 10¢; do. new, 9½ to 10¢.

DRESSED HOGS & PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at \$9.50 to \$9.75 for small lots. Hog products firm, as follows:—Bacon, long clear, loose, in car lots, 16½¢; in case lots, 10½ to 11¢. Short cut, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 13½¢; breakfast bacon, 14½ to 15¢; rolls, 11½ to 12¢; backs, 14½ to 15¢; and shoulders, 11¢.

Lard—Pails, 11½¢; tubs, 11¢; tierces, 10¢.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 2.—The grain market was weaker today. Wheat, rye and barley have dropped two or three cents from yesterday's price. Other products are principally unchanged, but the demand for eggs is falling off, and closed at \$3.11, though prices are unchanged.

No. 1 Ontario spring wheat, afloat May, 73¢; peas, 76 to 76½¢ afloat; No. 1 oats, 35¢; No. 2 do., 34½ to 35¢; buckwheat, 61¢; rye, 55¢; and patents, \$4.20; strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4; straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$3.40; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.65; Ontario patents, \$3.75 to \$4. Feed—Manitoba bran, at \$13.50 to \$14; shorts, at \$16; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$13.50 to \$14; shorts in bulk, at \$15.50 to \$16; rolled oats—Millers' prices, No. 1 at \$3.75 to \$3.80 per barrel, and \$1.77 in bags.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut mess pork, \$19.50 to \$20; selected heavy short cut mess pork, boneless, \$20.50 to \$21; family short cut short cut clear pork, \$19 to \$20; heavy pure Canadian lard, in 375-lb tierces, 11½¢; parchment lined 500-lb boxes, 11½¢; parchment lined 300-lb 20 lbs tin; tin pails, 11¢; tins, 3, 5, and 10 lbs, 12 to 12½¢; compound refined lard, in 575-lb tierces, 7½¢; parchment lined wood bakers', 20 lbs tin pails, 20 lbs tin; 7½¢; 12 to 14¢; and bacon, 14 to 15¢ per lb; fresh killed hogs, \$9.50 to \$10 per 100 lbs. Butter—Choice creamery, at 20 to 20½¢ seconds, 18 to 19¢; Eastern, 18 to 19¢; Eggs—Good sized lots of No. 1 at \$3.11 to \$3.20; No. 2, 9 to 9½¢. Cheese—Ontario and Quebec, 9½ to 10¢; strong Maple products—New syrup, at 6½¢ per lb, in wood; 7 to 7½¢ per tin; sugar, 9 to 10¢ per lb. Potatoes—58 to 60¢ in carload lots; jobbers' prices 80 to 85¢.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, July 2.—Wheat closed—No. 1 hard, cash, 69½¢; No. 1 Northern, cash, 66½¢; July, 66½¢; September, 66½¢; No. 2 Northern, 64½¢. Corn—None. Oats—27½ to 27¢.

Minneapolis, July 2.—Wheat closed—Cash, 64½¢; July, 63 to 63½¢; September, 64½¢; on track, No. 1 hard, 66½¢; No. 1 Northern, 63½¢; Flour—Firm; first patents, \$2.70 to \$2.80; first clears, \$2.60 to \$2.70; second do., \$2. Bran—in bulk \$10.50.

Buffalo, July 2.—Flour—Dull, easy. Spring wheat—Spot dull; No. 1 Northern, old, carloads, 75½¢; do. new, 72½¢. Winter wheat—No. 2 offered 74¢, through billed. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 46½¢; No. 3, 46¢; No. 2 corn, 45½¢; No. 3, do., 45½¢. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 32¢; No. 3, do., 31 to 31½¢; No. 2 mixed, 30½¢; No. 3 do., 29½¢. Barley—Small lots sold within range 53 to 55¢. Rye—Dull; No. 1, in store and on track, 57¢ asked.

Detroit, July 2.—Wheat closed—No. 1 white, cash, 70¢; No. 2 red, cash, 66½¢; No. 1 Northern, 69½¢. Corn—None. Oats—27½ to 27¢.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 2.—There was little business doing in butcher cattle: the hot weather, the increasing supplies of fruit have about knocked out the local trade, and what little demand there is exists only for the better grades. Butchers, of course, will now only buy for immediate requirements, and they do not mind taking a chance of being a little short on that.

There was a slightly better demand for a few export bulls to-day, but stockers and feeders were in light supply, with little enquiry.

Milk cows are unchanged, no really choice cows were here, but some Yearlings wanted.

Sheep and lambs are unchanged and fairly steady.

Export ewes are worth from \$3.50 to \$3.70 per cwt.

Culled sheep fetch from \$2 to \$3 each.

Ducks are worth from 2½ to 3¢ per pound.

Spring lambs are selling at from \$2.50 to \$4.25 each.

Hogs are steady and unchanged to-day, and as long as the packing-houses continue the fun of bidding against each other the farmers will enjoy it, as prices will keep up.

The best price for "singers" is 7¢ per pound; thick fat and light hogs are worth 6½¢ per pound.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations.

Cattle.

Shippers, per cwt., \$4.50 \$4.12½
do light, " " " " 4.25 4.00
Butcher, choice, do. " " 4.25 4.50
Butcher ordinary to good, " " " " 3.50 4.00
Butcher, inferior, " " " " 2.75 3.25
Stockers, per cwt., " " " " 2.50 3.00
Export bulls, per cwt., " " " " 3.50 4.00

Sheep and Lambs.

Choice ewes, per cwt., " " " " 3.50 3.70
Yearlings, grain-fed cwt., 4.00 4.50
Culler's sheep, each, " " " " 2.00 3.00
Lambs, larnyard, per cwt., " " " " 3.75 4.25
do spring, each, " " " " 2.50 4.00
Bucks, per cwt., " " " " 2.50 3.00</