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THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

VOL. X. NO. 29. $1 per annum. OMEMEE ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903. CHAS. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

LITTLE MADELINE;

OR, A HEART'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXIX.

At seven o'clock that same evening, the two arrived in London, Johnson tolerably contented with himself for the neatness and dispatch with which he had managed the journey, little guessing that he had been detected by the keen eye of John Rudd. Arrived at Euston, a four-wheeler was summoned, and the two got into it and were driven away. Then Johnson turned to Annie.

"My dear," he said, "I may as well make you acquainted with our plans now. The fact is, the master won't be able to join you for a week and I am going to stop and take care of you till he comes. I have taken some apartments for that week in a hotel; and, in order to simplify matters, I have given our names as Mr. and Miss Johnson. Therefore, for the time being, you are my sister, Miss Annie Johnson. Do you understand?"

Annie nodded. She quite understood; though she was beginning to feel alarmed as well as puzzled at the strangeness of the whole proceedings. She was still more alarmed at the subsequent manner in which Johnson conducted himself. True, he had taken rooms in the hotel, as he had said—private rooms, which they occupied in common. She was apparently allowed to go and come at will; yet she soon found that she was as much a prisoner as if she had been inclosed by iron bars. Whatever she did, Johnson knew of; and once or twice, when she attempted to write to her friends, he quietly but firmly refused to allow any such thing.

"Look here," he said, "don't you think this here game is to my taste at all, 'cause you'd be wrong. I've done a goodish many things in my time, but running away wi' girls, and keepin' 'em caged up like birds, ain't one of 'em; however, I gave my word to young Redruth as I'd keep ye square till he came, and I'm agoin' to keep my word; but precious glad I shall be when these six days are over."

In due time the six days came to an end, and Annie received from Johnson the glad intelligence that on the afternoon of the sixth day her lover would be with her. Trembling with excitement and joy, she obeyed her woman's instinct, and hastened to make herself look her very best. She arrayed herself in the pretty gray dress which she had brought with her from her home, and put some flowers at her throat; so that when, a few hours later, young Redruth arrived, he clasped her to him again and again, and, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes, said he had never seen her looking so pretty in all her life.

"And you will never go away from me again," said Annie, as she clung, sobbing, to him; "you will always stay with me?"

"Always, my darling."

"And we—shall—be married——"

"This very night. Though I have been away I have not been unmindful of my duty to you, my pet. I have arranged for our marriage; I have taken a house where we will live. We will go straight from here after dinner, and get the ceremony over. It will be a quiet marriage, and, to you, a strange one, I fear. It will not be solemnized in a church, with all the brightness and beauty that should have surrounded my darling. We shall go before a registrar and be married quietly—this is another sacrifice which my love demands."

But this was no sacrifice to Annie so long as she was married, and knew her love to be no sin—that was all she asked; so she cried a little on his shoulder, but it was for joy, not for sorrow.

Everything seemed changed now the young master had come. A charming little dinner was ordered and served in the handsome sitting-room, which during the past week had been occupied by Johnson and Annie. The little party of three sat down to it—Redruth making the most convivial of hosts; after the dinner was over, Johnson took his leave, and the lovers were alone. There was no time just then for biling and cooing; if anything was to be done it must be done quickly, for the day was well nigh spent. George told Annie to get on her bonnet and cloak; she did so, and the two got into a hansom and were driven away.

How strange it all seemed to her—to be speeding thus through the streets of London with her future husband by her side. She was on her way to be married, dressed in an old bonnet and cloak which she had often worn at St. Gurlott's, with no wedding favors, no joyful faces about her. Looking back upon this episode in later years, she saw in it the dreadful foreshadowing of all that was to follow, the misery, the degradation, the shame. But at the time she saw nothing of all this; the sordidness was illuminated to her by the fact that she had beside her the one man whom, above all others, she loved—and who loved her.

The memory of that apisode had faded somewhat away. She remembered only faintly that the hansom set them down before the door of a dingy office in some back slum of London, that before two men the marriage ceremony was gone through, and that when she re-entered the cab she wore a wedding ring on the third finger of her left hand, and firmly believed herself to be Mrs. George Redruth.

The house which he had taken for her, and to which he conducted her immediately after the ceremony, was situated in a London suburb. It was an elegant little mansion, furnished and fitted in a style which completely dazzled poor Annie. But in those early days of their union he certainly loved her as much as it was in his power to love; and Annie was happy. Besides, he was always with her; during the day they drove together, and in the evening they went to the theatre or opera—Annie clad in silks and satins like some great lady of the land. But things could not be expected to go on so forever; and, after a while, Redruth began to leave her; for short periods at first, and afterward for longer—and his manner, at first so ardent and overflowing, gradually cooled. At first, Annie was heart-broken, and during his absences, cried bitterly in the secrecy of her own room. Then she brought reason to her aid, and acknowledged to herself that it was the lot of every happy bride to pass through the experience which was coming to her. After a man had become a husband, it was impossible for him to remain a lover—at least, she had been told that was the common belief, so she must try to be content. But at times, try as she would, she could not help grieving. Thus it was that George Redruth found her very sad one evening, when he returned to her after an absence of several days. He came in jovial enough, for he had been dining at the club with some friends. He took her in his arms and kissed her; then he looked into her eyes:

"Why, Annie, what's this?" he said, "You've been crying."

"Just a little, because I felt so lonely. It is so dreary here when you are away, and you are away so much now."

"If I am, it is no fault of mine, my pet; important business, which you would not understand, occupies nearly all my time; affairs are getting so complicated that, unless I do something and quickly, I shall be a beggar. But come, it's only for a little while; when things are put straight, as I hope they will be soon, we will go abroad and be constantly together. Now, dry your eyes, darling, and see what I have brought you."

He produced a little packet, opened it, and showed her a gold bracelet.

"Isn't it pretty?" he asked.

"Yes; it is pretty, but——"

"Well, my pet?"

"There is something I would rather have than all the bracelets in the world."

"What is that, Annie?"

"The sight of my home, and of my dear father and mother. Oh, George, why can I not write to them and tell them that I am your wife?"

"You are foolish, and don't know what you are saying. A little while ago, when you first came here, you said if you could let them know that you were well and happy it would content you. I allowed you to write, yet you are unhappy and complaining to me again. I have told you repeatedly that I have most important reasons for wishing to keep our union secret."

"Yes, I know, but it seems so strange, so unkind."

"Annie, can you not be patient for a little while? If you loved me as you say, you would obey and trust me."

"I do trust you," she returned, "with all my heart and soul! For your love I have forsaken everything—home, kindred, friends—but when we came away together you promised that in a little time I should return with you to those who are dear to me. I have waited very patiently; but to live on here alone in London, to feel that they think ill of me and are mourning for me far away—oh! I cannot bear it; it breaks my heart!"

"They know that you are alive and well. Surely that is enough."

"Ah, if you knew how dear I am to them! Since I was a child, until the day I came away with you, I had never left my home. It seems so dreary in London after my happy home! Often when you are gone I sit at the window there and look out on the great city; and when I hear the murmur of the folk it seems like the sound of the sea."

"My darling, this is mere sentiment, which you will forget. Surely London, with all its life and gayety, is merrier than that dreary place where I first found you like a flower in a desert unworthy of such beauty? Come, kiss me, and try to confide in me a little while yet. I wish to make you happy. I love you truly, and dearly; but I have much upon my mind of which I cannot speak freely. Try to be contented here a little longer; then, perhaps, the mystery will end. You will try, won't you?"

"Yes, George; I will try!"

So the discussion ended, and for a time things went on as they had done before. His absences became more frequent and more prolonged; but Annie, since that last talk with him, had learned to look with different eyes upon her lot, and bore all without a murmur. She could not blame him, she loved him too well for that; and after all, she thought she could not rationally blame him for anything. He had done all that he could do. He had made her his wife he had given her a home fit for the greatest lady, he had even allowed her to write to her friends, saying that she was happy. He could do no more.

But this blissful state of things was not destined to last. Redruth came to her one day and told her that the house in which she lived had become too expensive for his means; that he had taken rooms for her, and that she must remove to them with all possible speed. Annie was quite content to do as he wished. She had never had much taste for splendid surroundings, and the house, without her husband, was dreary enough. Accordingly, she was removed to the apartments, in which I afterward found her living, in the Strand.

"Very little happened to me worth telling," said Annie, continuing her narrative, "until that day when I met you, Hugh. Ah! I shall never forget that day. After you had left me, being dragged away by those men who accused you of murder, I remained in that room stunned and stupefied, utterly incapable of realizing what had happened. Then it all came back to me. I seemed to see again your reproachful look—to hear again the dreadful words you uttered when you left me.

"'When the time comes,' you said, 'may you be as well able to answer for your deeds as I shall answer for mine. The trouble began with you. If murder has been done, it is your doing also—remember that!'

"Those were the words, Hugh. Night and day they have never left me, and I think they never will until I die. Ah! if I had only died then! But it is just that I should live on—it is part of my punishment to live on and see those that I love best in all the world droop and suffer day by day for the wrongs that I have done.

"Well, Hugh, I was stunned, as I tell you; then suddenly I recovered myself, and rushed, screaming, to the door, with some wild idea of saving you, and bringing you back, when I was met at the door by my husband. Whether or not he knew anything of what had taken place, I don't know. I was too much agitated myself to think of him. But in a wild fit of excitement and terror, I clung to him and told him all. When I had finished my tale, he looked at me with such a calm, cold gaze, it nearly drove me mad.

"'It's a very bad job,' he said; 'but really I don't see what I can do?.

"'Then I will tell you,' I answered. 'You can take me back to St. Gurlott's, and help me to prove that my cousin is innocent—as he is, God knows!'

"'Take you back to St. Gurlott's!' he said. 'In what capacity; as Annie Panopagon, or as my wife?'

"'As your wife,' I replied.

"Oh, Hugh, I shall never forget the look that came into his eyes. He smiled as he replied:

"'I cannot do that, because you are not my wife.'

"'Not your wife!' I repeated, scarcely believing that I heard aright, but having once begun it seemed easy for him to continue.

"'No,' he replied, 'you are not my wife. If you hadn't been a little fool you would have known it long ago.'

"'But we were married,' I persisted.

"'We went through a marriage ceremony,' he replied, 'because I wanted to guard against long faces and reproachful looks. After the ceremony you were perfectly contented, but I knew that we were no more man and wife then than we had been before. The ceremony was a mock one, the registrar was an impostor, whose services I had bought; if he hadn't been he would never have performed the ceremony in the evening; if you hadn't been a fool you would have known that a marriage is no marriage that is performed after twelve o'clock in the day.'

"Again I looked at him in petrified amazement; then, realizing what all this meant to me, I fell sobbing at his feet.

"'George,' I cried, 'tell me you are not in earnest—say it is not true!' But all his love for me seemed to have died away; without a look he turned from me.

"'It is true!' he said.

"'Ah!, don't say so,' I cried, clinging helplessly to him. 'Say that I am your wife: it is the only comfort I have had left to me during all these weary months that have passed away since I left my home! Do not take that from me! In Heaven's name, have pity! Ah, you would have me think ill of you; but I will not. You would never be so base as to deceive me so! You, whom I loved and trusted so much, would never wreck my life and break my heart. I'll not believe but you are my husband still!'

"I covered my face with my hands, and cried bitterly. After awhile he came to me and raised me from the floor.

"'Annie,' he said, 'my poor little girl, be comforted. I have told you the truth—you are not my wife! You can never be that; the difference in our stations is so great that a marriage with you would be my ruin. I have deceived you cruelly; but my heart is still yours, and till death comes I shall love and protect you. We will leave this place; we will leave England together. Then, far away, in some freer, brighter land, where these distinctions do not exist, we shall dwell in happiness and peace.'

"But I shrank from him.

"'Do not touch me!' I cried; 'do not speak to me like that!'

"'What is it you regret?' he asked. 'A mere form! Love is still love, despite the world!'

"'Love is not love,' I replied, 'till sanctified and proved. You have profaned it! You have broken my heart and destroyed my peace forever.'

"'You talk wildly, Annie,' he returned. 'I tell you I will atone. All I have is yours; and I will devote it to your happiness. Can you not forgive me?'

"'Forgive you?' I replied, 'Yes, God help me, I forgive you. Good-bye!'

"'Why, where are you going?'

"'Back to my home.'

"Before I could say more, the expression on his face changed.

"'I see,' he said; 'you wish to ruin me. To publish all over the village the story of what I have done. You will not stand alone disgraced—you would disgrace me, too. But I am not such a fool as to let you. You are with me now; you will remain with me until I choose to let you go.'

"At the time, I did not know of anything that had happened at St. Gurlott's since I had left it. I know now he dreaded to be exposed before Madeline Graham. He kept me a prisoner in those rooms for several days; but at last I managed to make my escape. You know what happened after that, Hugh. I made my way to Falmouth; and there you found me, when I was almost starving. If you had not discovered me I should have died."

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 28.—Grain— The market was steady to-day and the demand was very light. We quote:—No. 2 oats afloat 36½c; No. 2 oats in store, 38¾c for local trade; No. 2 peas, 63c high and 71c afloat; buckwheat, 48½c afloat; No. 2 rye, 52c east and 58½c afloat; No. 3 extra barley, 46c middle and 51½c and 52c afloat.

Millfeed—The market is steady. Manitoba bran in bags, $19; shorts in bags, $21 to $22; Ontario bran in bulk, $18 to $18.50; shorts, $21.-50 to $22.50 in bulk; middlings, $22 to $23; mouille, $23 to $30, according to quality.

Flour—The market is steady. Quotations in Montreal are:—On track, $3.50 to $3.60 for straight rollers in barrels; in bags, $1.70 to $1.75; extra bags, $1.40 to $1.55; winter wheat patents, $3.80 to $3.90; Manitoba first patents, $4.20 to $4.30 in bags; second patents, $3.90 to $4.

Meal—The market is steady and prices range from $3.90 a barrel and $1.85 in bags for broken lots.

Butter—There is a pretty active demand and prices range from 18½c to 19c.

Cheese—Prices still range around 9½c for Quebecs, 9½c for townships and 9¾c to 9¾c for Ontarios.

Eggs—The firmness of the past few days appears to have developed into an actual advance and quotations are about ½c higher than at the beginning of the week. In lots of ten or twenty cases straight gathered eggs are being sold at 55c, candled No. 1 being quotted at 16c and selects at 18c to 18½c.

Beans—The market continues steady at about $1.70 per bushel for primes on track and $1.75 to $1.80 for small lots.

Binks—"The doctor advises short, quick runs several times a day, but he says the exercise will do me no good unless it has an object." Jinks—"Buy a straw hat."

Women Have Kidney Disease

And Often Make the Mistake of Attributing the Resulting Backache to Other Causes

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Many women have kidney disease and do not know it. They confuse the symptoms of kidney disease with those of ailments of a feminine nature. We would warn you against this danger, as a few days' neglect of kidney disease may mean years of suffering.

Pains in the small of the back or weakness and lameness of the back are the most marked symptoms of kidney diseases; others are loss of flesh, dry, harsh skin, deposits in the urine, swelling of the feet and legs, severe headaches, stiffness and soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, cold chills in back and loins, scalding, painful urination, weariness and despondency.

There is, we believe, no preparation extant which affords such prompt relief for backache and the other distressing symptoms of kidney disease as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this preparation is a thorough cure is evidenced by the scores and hundreds of statements which are received at these offices from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry street, Belleville, Ont., states:— "I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very much run down. Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared. I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 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 are on every box.

HEADING TOWARD HOME

There Will Only Be Tears of Joy and Not of Sorrow in the Welcome

(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: Psalm civ., 26, "There go the ships."

I always feel sorry for one who has not been lullabied to sleep by the low moaning song of the sea. Fenimore Cooper loved to write about the mountains and woods and streams and waterfalls and rivers, to whose deer licks the fawns and the does came down to drink. But there is a beauty, too, in the sand dunes and the seabeach and the broad expanse of the mighty deep which we can love also.

Sometimes the sea becomes as wrathful as the wild beasts in the Spanish arena, stung with sharp darts, before which the attendants wave the red garments. It rears. It plunges. It lashes itself into fury until at last it is crimsoned with its own blood. The blazing phosphorescences make it look like the river Nile struck with the Mosaic rod in the famous Egyptian plague. The seashore a monotonous place to pass the summer? It is uninteresting only to those whose love of nature is so undeveloped that they cannot understand the language of the sea.

THE HUMAN SHIP.

But, after all, one of the most absorbing diversions of the summer tourists living by the seashore is to watch the passing of the ships. For over a quarter of a century my privilege was to spend every summer by the Atlantic coast. My father's country home was near the end of Long Island, at a small town called East Hampton. There, upon the sand dunes, I used to lie hour after hour watching the great steamers and the sailing craft heading toward New York Narrows or starting upon their long trips to the distant harbors of the world. I used to watch them just as the psalmist did when he cried out in the words of my text, "There go the ships." How like those voyages are, with their unknown incidents, their calms and their storms, their successes and, alas, their wrecks, to human lives! Who can tell as he looks at an infant calmly sleeping in its cradle whether the voyage of its life will be like the ship skillfully steered safe into harbor or like the ship carelessly navigated that strikes the sunken rock or by collission with another ship is shattered and sunk into the depths of the sea? Let us see this morning what those points of resemblance are—what kind of a ship each human being ought to be, what kind of a cargo he is carrying and toward what kind of a port he should be heading. The ships! The ships! There go the ships! There go the ships!

A VALUABLE CARGO.

Each human vessel always carries a very valuable cargo. Have you stopped to consider why a great Cunard or White Star transatlantic steamer spends as much time by her dock as in traveling the high seas? 'Tis true some of this time must be given to cleaning up the ship, but most of it is spent in loading and unloading cargoes. The massive walls of a building rest upon deep foundations. The huge masts and upper decks of a great steamer must have a deep hull. This hull must be filled with ballast, or else the ship would soon topple over. This ballast is composed of boxes filled with merchandise or hundreds of bags of mail, or steel from Birmingham works and linens from the Irish mills, silks from France and wines from Italy, art treasures as well as expensive furniture and clothes.

Then food must be provided for the passengers and the crew and huge cargoes of coal to keep the engines in motion. One is amazed at the thousands of tons of coal which a ship like the Kaiser Wilhelm II. carries at the beginning of its passage across the Atlantic. The great stomachs of the furnaces seem to be insatiable. Their hunger is never satisfied. Relays of dust begrimed stokers are shoveling the coal day in and day out. But what about the enormous mass of food which must be provided for the hungry human passengers and crew? Those who live above and below a great ship's deck are not to be numbered by the scores, but by the hundreds. On the last voyage I made from England there were nearly 2,000 human beings aboard. Then there may be millions of dollars' worth of bullion aboard. The clearing houses of the two continents are continually adjusting claims. Money from America going to Europe. Gold and silver from Europe coming to America. The average steamer plying the Atlantic is not to be despised. Its successful voyage means life to hundreds. Its destruction may mean death alike to passengers and crew and destruction to all the freight.

SAFEGUARDS OF THE VOYAGE.

Does not each human craft carry a valuable cargo? What about the money which is intrusted to a man's care? If the cashier of a bank absconds and the bank has to close its door who suffers? Is it not the poor widow and orphan, the old man who has trustfully placed in the bank the savings of a lifetime so that he can have something in his old age and money enough to buy him a casket and a grave when he is dead? What happens when a human craft founders and sinks into the great sea of sin? Does it not nearly always destroy many human lives which are dependent upon its existence? What became of nearly all the ships' crews and passengers which were sunken at sea?? Oh, I know lifeboats and life preservers are provided by law on every boat to guard against accidents. But, as a rule, they do but little good. By the time the hurricane has completed its work the lifeboats are splintered, and by the time the tornado of sin has wrecked a human craft it not only destroys a father and a husband, but also all those whose existences are dependent upon his life. One of the bravest scenes ever witnessed was that in Samoa harbor, when a few years ago the famous cyclone destroyed many lives. When an English man-of-war was able to get up enough steam to head out to sea, the American sailors of a sinking ship began to cheer their English cousins. It was a brave cheer. When those sailors cheered they knew they were on a sinking ship, and therefore most of them would be drowned. Let us, as human crafts, beware how we allow ourselves to sink into the sea of sin and destroy those loved ones who are standing upon our upper decks.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

The human vessels should be willing to stop and help those sister crafts which are lifting their signals of distress. Why? Because distress and need give a man an inalienable claim on the help of his brother. Nowhere is that claim recognized so surely and so promptly as on the high seas. A sailor on the ocean will never turn a deaf ear to a booming gun or shut his eyes to an inverted flag or to a white handkerchief or cloth fluttering over a raft or a derelict. No sooner does the lookout cry, "Ship on starboard bow, and I believe it a wreck!" than the captain and the mates and the boatswains and the common sailors will turn their anxious faces toward the black object floating upon the edge of the horizon. If there should be but one human being aboard that doomed craft, five, ten, fifteen—aye, I believe practically all the members of the crew will be willing to risk their lives to save that one life. I never yet read of a ship upon the highways of the sea that would not go, if possible, to rescue the crew of a sinking ship. I never yet heard of any sea captain compelling his sailors to go to the rescue. All that the mates have to do under such conditions is to call for volunteers and every lifeboat will be manned and every oar held in a firm grip.

Oh, my dear friends, why is not a human being upon the land ready to answer signals of distress raised by his fallen brethren, as the sailors upon the sea try to help those who are in distress? Do not the whirlwinds of disaster shriek and howl and sweep up the streets of a great city as well as among the archipelagoes of a Mediterranean? When, some years ago, a dark, funnel shaped cloud swiftly approached St. Louis and in an instant broke and destroyed whole streets and buried many a corpse under the debris, did it wreck any more lives than do the cyclones of sin which are daily destroying the hundreds and thousands of young men and women? Every city has its two sides—its light side and dark side; its pure side and its morally diseased side; its Christian side and its infernal side; its happy side and its despairful side. Shall we who profess to love God and are living in health and strength have nothing to do with those who are flying the signals of distress?

LONE NAVIGATOR'S FRIEND.

Similarly, in reference to its solitariness. When we start out we have plenty of friends. But if we determine to do right, if we are set in our purpose to follow the course which Christ has laid out for us, we shall find that our friends will often leave us, one by one. We shall be as for many years Christopher Columbus was alone in his attempts to prove the circumnavigation of the globe; as William Harvey, the celebrated London physician, physiologist and anatomist, was alone in believing the circulation of the blood; as George Whitefield was alone, when, as a pulpiteer, he was looked upon as a mountebank and an ecclesiastical clown; as Paul was alone when he had to flee for his life over the Damascus wall, and as Jesus Christ was alone when, scoffed and spit upon, he was hurried up the rocky heights where he was to be crucified between two thieves.

Similar in reference to the head winds and side currents which have to be fought against. It would not be so bad if in the voyage of life the human vessel had to make its journey alone, and that was all. But no sooner do our friends begin to leave our sides than the hurricanes of abuse and the undercurrents of slander begin to work against us. When a noted reformer at the end of his life was given a great popular demonstration of approval and presented with a beautiful gold watch he stood looking at it with embarrassment. Then he said, with a smile, "Friends, if it had been a brickbat or a bad egg hurled at me I would know what to do, but this beautiful watch in my hand absolutely takes away my breath." Ah, my Christian brethren, with such loneliness which must be endured and with such hurricanes of abuse which must be fought against, no human craft trying to follow the right course is safe unless Jesus Christ, as the divine captain, is guiding it and treading upon its quarter deck. No human ship can ever be sailed safely over the troubled sea of time into a harbor of a blessed eternity unless it has the magnetic needle of the cross for a compass and the great harbor of peace for its destination. Do you wonder that I declared every human vessel should be under the dominion of Jesus Christ?

END OF THE VOYAGE.

Thus, my dear friends, as voyagers upon the great sea of life, to-day I greet you. I signal you with the warmest feelings of Christian joy stirring my heart. I feel that it is due to the providence of God that we have been brought together for a Christian purpose. The sea of life is so wide that many of us only meet each other this once before we sail into the harbor of peace. When a vessel becomes a wreck and floats about the seas as a derelict it sometimes takes months and even years for it to be found and destroyed. It may take all that time, no matter how many ships may be hunting for it. Therefore, what I am to say to you I must say quickly. Human vessels voyaging over the sea of life never allow any sinful current to turn your prow from your Christly destination. Never allow your reckoning to be made from any star but that which once gleamed over the Bethlehem manger. And never feel, Christian voyager, that the storm of persecution will founde you if you have Christ in the hinder part of the ship. Christian voyager, if we should never meet again this side of the harbor of peace, I send you my Christian salutation and love—"Hail and farewell!"

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, July 28.—Wheat— The market is quiet with demand limited No. 2 Ontario red and white quoted at 75c middle, and 75½c east; No. 2 spring is quoted at 71c middle freights; No. 2 goose at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat easier; No. 1 hard quoted at 88½c Goderich and No. 1 Northern 87½c Goderich. No. 1 hard, 94½c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern, 93½c.

Oats—The market is quiet and firm. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32½c middle freight, and at 31½ to 32c high freights. No. 1 white, 33½ to 34c east.

Barley—Trade is quiet. No. 3 extra quoted at 43c middle freights, and No. 3 at 40 to 41c.

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

Peas—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 61 to 62c, high freight, and at 63c east.

Corn—Market is steady; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 58c on track, Toronto; and No. 3 mixed at 57½c, Toronto. Canadian corn purely nominal.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents quoted to-day at $2.80, middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at $3.25 to $3.45 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 pattents, $4.20 to $4.30, and strong bakers', $3.90 to $4, in bags, Toronto.

Millfeed—Bran steady at $17, and shorts $18.50 here. At outside points bran is quoted at $15 to $15.50, and shorts at $17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $19 and shorts at $22 here.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Toronto, July 23.—Trade in all descriptions of cattle was dull at the Western Market to-day, and the values of exporters declines 10 to 15c per cwt. Butchers' cattle were also lower, and the same may be said of spring lambs.

The arrival of cattle amounted to nearly 1,800, made up of a large number of exporters, which were dull and slow of sale by reason of the buyers not being willing to operate to any extent.

Dealers did not require cattle for immediate shipment, and hence any they had on hand would have to be kept here at their expense for several days, and they therefore did not transact much business. The outlook in England is for lower prices latest private cable advices stating that although the market there was a little higher earlier in the week than before, yet the prospects were that before the week was out there would be a decline. Exporters have been losing money on their shipments since the beginning of the year and are not disposed to run chances of losing any more at present. Butchers' animals were likewise down in value, owing to the heavy receipts thereof and the unwillingness of dealers to take too large a supply on hand. A large number consequently, remained unsold.

Export cattle—	Per 100 lbs.	
Medium to heavy	$4.50	$5.00
Butchers'—		
Picked lots	4.50	4.55
Good loads	4.00	4.35
Medium	4.00	4.30
Fair	3.50	4.00
Cows	2.90	3.75
Feeders, light	3.25	3.75
Feeders, short-keeps.	4.00	4.25
Stockers	2.50	3.75
Sheep—		
Export ewes	3.00	3.75
Do., bucks	2.75	3.00
Spring lambs, each	2.25	4.00
Calves, per cwt	3.50	5.00
Hogs—		
Sows—	3.50	4.00
Stags	2.00	0.00
Selects, 160 to 200 lbs	5.80	0.00
Thick fats	5.55	0.00
Light	5.55	0.00

A little boy was looking at a drop of water under a microscope, and seemed much impressed by the presence of microbes. "Now I know what bites you when you drink soda water," he remarked.

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.
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