THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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A Cat's Paw

Or, The Maid of the Mill

CHAPTER I.

It was dawn—dawn here in London, almost as cool and clear as in the pleasant country, where the bird was waking in the garden and the tall poplar stirred and quivered in the morning breeze. Even in the hospital the bright-eyed morning stole in to greet a score of sufferers, who had longed for her coming through weary hours of pain, to welcome her arrival as nurse, physician, friend. It was dawn, too, in the long perspective of the silent streets—silent none the less for the booted tramp of an occasional policeman, for the rumbling of a belated cab. And it was dawn in the principal rooms of one of the best houses in London, filled with the great ones of the earth, or as they term themselves, somewhat presumptuously, with none but the best people—at dawn less welcome here then in deep copse or breezy upland, than on the wide, lone sea, in the hushed ward of the hospital, or among the narrow streets—greeted, indeed, as a deliverer only by a few outwearied chaperones, and perhaps by the light-fingered musicians, who had still an endless cotillon to work through before they could cover up their instruments and go to bed.

I stood at the top of Lady Billesdon's staircase and watched the usual "business" with an attention partly flagging from weariness, partly diverted in the contemplation of my hostess herself, whose pluck and endurance, while they would have done honor to the youngest Guardsmen present, were no less extraordinary than admirable in an infirm old lady of threescore. Without counting a dinner-party (to meet Royalty), she had been "under arms," so to speak, for more than five hours, erect at the doorway of her own ball-room, greeting her guests, one by one, as they arrived, with unflagging cordiality, never missing the bow, the hand-shake, for the "right thing" said to each. Her had devolved the ordering, the arrangements, the whole responsibility of the entertainment, the invitations accorded—above all, the invitations denied! And now she stood before me, that great and good woman, without a quiver of fatigue in her eye-lids, an additional line of care on her quiet matronly brow.

It was wonderful! It must have been something more than enthusiasm that kept her up, something of that stern sense of duty which fixed the Roman sentinel at his post when the boiling deluge swept a whole population before it, and engulfed pleasant, wicked Pompeii in a sea of fire. But it was her own kind heart that prompted the hope I had been amused, and the pleasant "Good-night" with which she replied to my farewell bow and sincere congratulations (for she was an old friend) on the success of her ball.

Lady Billesdon, and those like her who give large entertainments at endless trouble and expense, for the amusement of their friends, deserve more gratitude from the charming young people of both sexes who constitute the rising generation of society in London than these are inclined to admit. It is not to be supposed that an elderly lady of orderly habits, even with daughters to marry, can derive much enjoyment from a function which turns her nice house out of windows, and keeps her weary self afoot and walking till six o'clock in the morning; but if people whose day for dancing has gone by did not thus sacrifice their comfort and convenience to the pleasures of their juniors, I will only ask the latter to picture to themselves what a dreary waste would be the London season, what a desolate round of recurring penance would seem parks, shoppings, operas, and those eternal dinners, unrelieved by a single ball!

Some such reflections as these so grossed my attention as I went down-stairs, mechanically fingering the latch-key in my waistcoat pocket, that I am ashamed to say I inadvertently trod on the dress of a lady in front of me, and was only aware of my awkwardness when she turned her head, and with a half-shy, half-formal bow accosted me by name.

"It is a long time since we have met," she said, detaching herself for a moment from the arm of a good-looking man who was taking her to her carriage, while she put her hand out, and added, "but I hope you have not quite forgotten me."

Forgotten her! a likely thing, indeed, that any man between sixteen and sixty, who had ever known Leonora Welby, should forget her while he retained his senses! I had not presence of mind to exclaim, as a good-for-nothing friend of mine always does on such occasions, "I wish I could!" but, reflecting that I had been three hours in the same house without recognizing her, I bowed over the bracelet on her white arm, stupefied, and when I recovered my senses, she had reached the cloak-room, and disappeared.

"Gad, how well she looks to-night!" said a hoarse voice behind me; "none of the young ones can touch her even now. It's not the same form, you see—not the same form."

"She? who?" I exclaimed, for my wits were still wool-gathering.

"Who? why Mrs. Vandeleur!" was the reply. "You needn't swagger as if you didnt know her, when she turned round on purpose to shake hands with you,—a thing I haven't seen her do for half-a-dozen men this season. I am a good bit over fifty, my boy, and till I've bred a horse that can win the Derby, I don't mean to turn my attention to anything else; but I can tell you, if she did as much for me twice in a week, I shouldn't know whether I was standing on my grey head or my gouty heels. She's a witch—that's what she is; and you and I are old enough to keep out of Harm's way. Good-night."

Old Gotherstone was right. She was a witch. But how different from, and oh! how infinitely more dangerous than, the witches our forefathers used to gag, and drown, and burn, without remorse. She was coming out of the cloak-room again, still haunted by that good-looking young gentleman, who was probably over head and ears in love with her, and I could stare at her without rudeness now, from my post of observation on the landing. Yes, it was no wonder I had not recognized her: though the dark penciled eyebrows and the deep-fringed eyes were Norah Welby's, it was hardly possible to believe that this high-bred, queenly, beautiful woman could be the laughing, light-hearted girl I remembered in her father's parsonage some ten or fifteen years ago.

She was no witch then. She was a splendid enchantress now. There was a magic in the gleam that tinged her dark chestnut hair with gold; magic in the turn of her small head, her delicate temples, her chiselled features; her scornful, self-reliant mouth, and the depth of her large, dark, loving eyes. Every movement of the graceful neck, of the tall, lithe figure, of the shapely limbs, denoted pride, indeed, but it was a pride to withstand injury, oppression, misfortune, insult, all, the foes that could attack it from without, and to yield only at the softening touch of love.

As she walked listlessly to her carriage, taking, it seemed to me, but little heed of her companion, I imagined I could detect, in a certain weariness of step and gesture, the tokens of a life unsatisfied, a destiny incomplete.

I had no carriage to take me home, and wanted none. No gentle voice when I arrived there, kind of querulous, as the case might be, to reproach me with the lateness of the hour. Shall I say of this luxury also, that I wanted none? No; buttoning my coat, and reliant on my latch-key, I passed into the grey morning and the bleak street, as Mrs. Vandeleur's carriage drove off, and the gentleman who had attended her walked back with a satisfied air into the house for his overcoat, and possibly his cigar-case. As he hurried in, he was fastening a white rose in his button-hole. A sister flower, dropping and fading, perhaps from nearer contact with its late owner, lay unnoticed on the pavement. I have seen so many of these vegetables exchanged, particularly towards the close of an entertainment that I took little notice either of the keepsake, precious and perishable, or its discarded companion; but I remember now to have heard in clubs and other places of resort, how pale beautiful Mrs. Vandeleur went by the name of the White Rose; a title none less appropriate, that she was supposed to be plentifully girt with thorns, and that many well-known lingers were said to have been pricked to the bone in their efforts to detach her from her stem.

There is a philosophy in most men towards five in the morning, supposing them to have been up all night, which tends to an idle contemplation of human nature, and indulgent forbearance towards its weaknesses. I generally encourage this frame of mind by the thoughtful consumption of a cigar. Turning round to light one, a few paces from Lady Billesdon's door, I was startled to observe a shabbily-dressed figure advance stealthily from the corner of the street, where it seemed to have been on the watch, and pounce at the withered rose, crushed and yellowing on the pavement. As it passed swiftly by me, I noticed the figure was that of a man in the prime of life, but in bad health, and apparently in narrow circumstances. His hair was matted, his face pale, and his worn-out clothes hung loposely from the angles of his frame. He took no heed of my presence, was probably unconscious of it, for I perceived his eyes fill with tears as he pressed the crushed flower passionately to his lips and heart, muttering in broken sentences the while.

I only caught the words, "I have seen you once more, my darling! I swore I would, and it is worth it all!" Then his strength gave way, for he stopped and leaned his head against the area railings of the street. I could see, by the heaving of his shoulders, the man was sobbing like a child. Uncertain how to act, ere I could approach nearer he had recovered himself and was gone.

Could this be her doing? Was Norah Vandeleur indeed a witch, and was nobody to be exempt from her spells? Was she to send home the sleek child of fortune pleased with the superfluity of a flower and a flirtation too much, while she could not even spare the poor emaciated wretch who had darted on the withered rose she dropped with the avidity of a famished hawk on its prey? What could he be, this man? and what connection could possibly exist between him and handsome, high-bred Mrs. Vandeleur?

All these things I learned afterwards, partly from my own observation, partly from the confessions of those concerned. Adding to my early recollections of Norah Welby the circumstances that came to my knowledge both before and after she changed her name to Vandeleur, I am enabled to tell my tale, such as it is.

(To be continued.)

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

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Little Madeline

CHAPTER XXXVI

A year after the flooding of the mine and the death of John Pendragon, I married Madeline Graham. The ceremony took place quietly in London, whither we had gone together; and when it was over, we spent a brief, honey-moon abroad. One spring morning, as I sat with my Bride in an hotel by the Lake of Geneva, I read in the Times an announcement that filled my heart with surprise and pain. It was an advertisement of the approaching sale by auction of Redruth House, St. Gurlott's, Cornwall.

A short time before this the mining company had passed into liquidation, and I knew that George Redruth was a ruined man. Little or no communication had passed between the cousins, but when the crash came, Madeline, with my full consent and sympathy, had written to her aunt, offering her a considerable portion of her fortune for George Redruth's use and benefit. This offer had been refused. The next thing we had heard was that mother and son were living together in London, and, closely following on that, had come the news of the mother's death, an event which filled my darling with no little distress. To the last Mrs. Redruth had refused to forgive her niece, whom she unjustly held responsible for all the misfortunes which had fallen upon her son.

I showed my darling the newspaper, and we forthwith determined to journey down to Cornwall. This it happened that, about a week later, we arrived in St. Gurlott's, where we found Annie and my aunt ready to receive us at the old cottage. I then ascertained that George Redruth had left England for America, where he intended to remain. Annie, who was my informant, told me that before leaving the village he had sought her out to say farewell.

"And oh, Hugh," she cried, "he asked for my forgiveness, and I forgave him with all my heart. I think if I had wished it, he would have taken me with him as his wife."

"You did not wish it?"

She sook her head sadly.

"No, Hugh. After what has happened, it was impossible, and I know it was more in despair and pity, than in love, that he spoke. I scarcely knew him; no one knew him—he was like the ghost of his old self; so worn, so broken, with the trouble and shame which have come upon him, that my heart bled for him."

"He is justly punished," I said, sadly. "Annie, you did well. I am glad that he is penitent, but never in this world could you two have come together."

The reader already knows that, through my darling's goodness, I was a rich man. Now, of all men living, perchance, I best know the capabilities of the St. Gurlott's Mine. Reckless neglect and ignorance had wrecked it, and it was still to some extent at the mercy of the sea; but I had my own theory, that more than one fortune was yet to be discovered there. I spoke to Madeline about it; we went into the matter con amore; and the result was, an offer was made by me for the old claim to the official liquidator of the company. Things looked despairing, and as my offer was a liberal one, it was accepted. Within another year a fresh company was formed, with Hugh Trelawney, Esq., as projector, vendor, and chief owner; large sums were expended in the improvements which, if carried out, would long before have saved the concern; the sea was gently persuaded to yield up possession; and before long the old mine was flourishing prosperously, a source of prosperity to all concerned in it, and of blessing to the whole population.

Another fact remains to be chronicled. We bought Redruth House, and it became our home. There my aunt and Annie joined us, dwelling happily with us, till, in due season, my aunt died. Annie lived on, and still lives, a pensive, gracious woman, full of one overshadowing memory, and devoted to our children. The last time she heard of George Redruth, he was a well-to-do merchant, living in the far-away West.

Thus, through the goodness of God, I remained in the old home, able to help those who in time of need had helped me. St. Gurlott's is now a happy, thriving place; my dear wife is idolized by the simple people, and I, in the fulness of my fortunate days, am the Master of the Mine.

(The end.)

Dreaded Results of Kidney Disease

Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. 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.

DIRECT YOUR ENERGIES ARIGHT

It Is Very Important That the Young Man Gets the Right Start

liament 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: II. Samuel xviii., 22, "Wherefore wilt thou run, my son?"

When Prince Absalom, brilliant mentally and handsome physically, but depraved morally, the unscrupulous leader of all the insurrections of David's kingdom, died, at once his followers were scattered, and the national upheaval which threatened to demolish his father's throne was stilled.

No sooner was this tragedy over than General Joab, the commander of the royal forces, wished to send the news to the anxious king. He wanted to do as other generals have done before and since his time. So General Joab turned to one of his young men, Cushi by name, and in tones of authority said: "Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran."

THE RACE OF LIFE.

Hardly was this command given and the messenger on his way when a stalwart young soldier approached the general. He was a physical athlete. His chest was broad, and deep, his eye clear and quick. The muscles of his sinewy limbs were moving in perfect action under the covering of his skin. His name was Ahimaaz. He was the son of Zadok. He was a young fellow of intense energy. He first saulted the commander in military fashion, and then said, "Let me, I pray thee, run after Cushi." General Joab looked at the young man in surprise. He then asked this pertinent question: "Wherefare wilt thou run, my son, seeing thou hast no tinding to bear? Why, Cushi will tell the king all he wants to know. All that you can do is to get out of breath, and run and run and run, and yet accomplish nothing." But the young man would listen to no reason. He again begged the commander to let him run. Then, General Joab, impatient to get rid of the persistent suppliant, sharply replied, "Run." And Ahimaaz ran. His race was foolish, because it was without an object, unless he wanted to outstrip Cushi, the authorized messenger, as the bearer of evil tidings. In such a race there could be no prize worth the winning, no goal but disappointment, no recognition of the tremendous expenditure of energy. He ran as thousands of young men do, who, leaving their proper post of duty, come in eager haste to our large cities, neither knowing nor caring for what purpose they are entering the race of life.

A PIONEER JOURNEY.

Life, in the first place, can be aptly compared to a pioneer's journey across the American continent where no white man's foot ever trod before. Although millions and billions of human beings have lived, there is not one of all those multitudes who has had just the same dangers to face as have you and I. Each man as an individual must become free thinking and free acting. He must decide his own course. No other can place himself in exactly his position.

Young men, you are going to meet temptations and dangers which only your eye can see and only your ear can hear. It is absolutely essential that you have a moral code by which you can be able to discern quickly right from wrong. You should have a spiritual compass which will teach you how to steer clear of the concealed reefs and the jagged rock of sin as the mariner protects himself against the destructions of the sea by chart and magnetic needle. You should have an indicator which lifts the danger signal of sinful explosions, as the engineer, by watching the water in his glass tube, knows when the boilers by his side are doing their proper work. You should have this moral compass because the first great essential for every true success is that a young man shall be honest, that he can and will distinguish right from wrong and do the right, no matter what the temporary cost may be. It should be to you spiritually what, in a temporal sense, the compass is to the explorer, plunging into the darkness of a South American jungle.

If this fact be true—and it is true—where can a better moral code be found than that written between the covers of the Holy Bible? Where is there a book which can better inspire one to tell the truth and be honest in his financial dealings? Where is there one that will better build up such a character as will make the banker trust the man's note and employers feel that his hand is honest and not that of a thief? Satan once said, John Knox, "cannot prevail against a man whose left hand bears a light to illuminate his sight when he searches the Scriptures in the hours of the night." Is not this true in reference to all honorable lines of business? Alexander Pope's most famous poetical line is, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." How can a man be made truly honest sooner than through the constant absorption of the Scriptures?

WELCOME OPPORTUNITY.

God never calls a man to what he cannot get. Bishop Potter, I think it was, once made this very wise saying: "Our best thoughts are those which seek us and not those which we seek." God's opportunities in the same way are those which seek us when we are at work. Christ called to Peter and Andrew when they were laboring at their nets. Our best opportunities are not those after which we are running around, neglecting the pressing duties at hand. They are the horny hands of toil which if necessary are just as willing to firmly grip the handle of a plow as to wield a pen or unsheath a glittering sword. God's messengers of temporal and spiritual success sometimes appear attired in the rough garments of a laborer instead of being covered with the white robes of a coronation. When Abraham sat at the door of his tent and welcomed the three dust stained travelers he thought they were common men. When the guests left they revealed themselves as angelic ambassadors. God sometimes clothed in homespun. We had better grasp as a friend each opportunity that comes. We must welcome it with full welcome, no matter how humbly it may knock at our doors.

DUTY TO EMPLOYERS.

But a step farther? You must not only serve your employer aright during the hours you work for him within the four walls of the store, but you must also consecrate to good service the other fourteen hours when you are away from his watching eye. He has a right to expect that you will spend your leisure in a way that will render you more efficient in his service. That means your employer does not hire you for eight or ten or twelve hours' service. He hires you for every twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four. He does not say, "Sell me your time from 8 a. m. until 6 p. m." but he says: "Sell me your time from 12 o'clock noon until 12 o'clock noon." I will then give you fourteen hours of every twenty-four in which to eat and sleep, recreate and improve your mind and body for the duties of the following day."

Some time ago I was talking with a hard headed and yet a clear minded farmer upon this subject. He said: "You are right. I do not hire my farm hands from chores to chores, but I hire them for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. I expect them at night to take eight hours' sound sleep, so that they are in a fit condition for my work. Some time ago I had a young man working for me who was a fine fellow. But he would go to town every night. After the chores were done he would get with the boys and drink and gamble until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. The result was that I have seen that young man actually nodding and sleeping over the plow handle. I had to discharge him. Since then he has deteriorated, until he is now nothing but a drunken loafer." Tell me what a young man eats and drinks, how he sleeps, how much exercise he takes with what companions he associates and what are his pleasures and recreations and I will read that young man's character and future success more easily than you can interpret it by observing what he does from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., when he is at work in the store.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men, how are you going to spend your evenings during the coming winter? What books are you going to read? What night school and course of lectures are you going to attend? How are you going to improve your mind? Are you going to dissipate and fritter away your evenings during the coming winter? Are you going to study hard, so that you can become something better than a mere underling? Will you promise me not only to work hard during the day, but also to study the right kind of books for your mental grist by night? Will you endeavor during your play hours to broaden yourself mentally and physically instead of sacrificing your life as thousands have done and will continue to do at the glittering altar of pleasure?

But there is still one more great essential for true success. It is the quality to which we give the name of magnetism. The rewards of success come to men who not only do their own work well, but inspire others to do their best. During our school days we recognized this influence in college sports. We elected the captains of our baseball nines not only because they could play ball well, but because they had the right kind of influence over their men. They could personally set them the right kind of examples and would allow no drinking or carousing. When on the diamond their mere presence, as we boys used to say, "would steady the team."

A GLORIOUS RACE.

The enemies of Christ have again and again proved that from a mere selfish standpoint it always pays to be a Christian. Some time ago the owner of a large brewery of this country wrote to a prominent Sunday school teacher asking him to recommend one of his young men for a responsible position in his establishment. He wanted him because he knew that that young man would not drink and carouse and that he would have a good influence over his men. Oh, my young friends, I have often heard young men say, "It does not pay to be a Christian." From every standpoint it pays. It pays on account of your own happiness. It pays in dollars and cents on account of your faithfulness and work, and it pays on account of your influence over others. Let us one and all to-day enter into our first great partnership. Let us sign ourselves with Jesus Christ. Let the Saviour be the head, the great head, of that firm and Jesus Christ be the director of our lives.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Sept. 22.—Wheat—The local wheat market is nominally firm, with very little offering. No. 2 white and red winter are quoted at 78 to 79c, low freights to mills, although some is being delivered just now which was bought a week or two ago at 76c. No. 2 goose is nominal at 73 to 74c east. No. 2 spring, 75c east. Manitoba wheat is nominal without sales; No. 1 hard is quoted at 98c. No. 1 Northern at 97c, and No. 2 Northern, 94c Goderich. The quotations grading in transit are:—No. 1 hard, $1.04; No. 1 Northern, $1.03; and No. 2 Northern, $1. New No. 1 Northern, 98c lake ports.

Oats—The market is steady, with demand fair. No. 2 white sold at 30½c middle freights, and at 31c east. No. 1 quoted at 31½c east.

Barley—The demand is fair, with offerings limited. No. 3 extra quoted at 45c middle freights, and No. 3 at 43c middle freights.

Rye—The market is quiet, with the price about 51c middle freights.

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

Corn—The market is quiet and firm; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 61c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 60c, Toronto. Canadian corn nominal.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents quoted at $3.65 to $3.67 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers, of special brands, for domestic trade, quoted at $3.50 to $3.60 in bbls. Manitoba flour is firm: No. 1 patents, $4.70 to $4.75; No. 2 patents, $4.40 to $4.45; and strong bakers', $4.30 to $4.35 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—Bran steady at $16, and shorts at $18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at $13.50, and shorts at $17. Manitoba bran in sacks, $17, and shorts at $20 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—The market is unchanged, with moderate supplies. Good stock quoted at 75c to $1 per barrel in car lots, and at $1 to $1.50 for small quantities.

Beans—Trade quiet, with prices firm. Unpicked $1.75 to $180, and picked $1.90 to $2 per bushel.

Honey—The market is quiet at 6 to 6½c per lb. for bulk, and $1 to $1.50 for comb.

Hay—Demand fair with offerings moderate. No. 1 new will bring $9 on track, Toronto.

Straw—The market is quiet at $5.25 to $5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20c.

Potatoes—The offerings are fair, and prices are steady. Car lots are quoted at 45 to 50c per bag, and small lots at 55 to 60c per bag.

Poultry—The market is steady. Chickens, 60 to 75c per pair. Ducks 70 to 90c per pair. Turkeys, 12 to 13c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is quiet without features. The chief demand is for choice qualities of dairy and creamery, and prices rule firm. We quote:—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 17½c; selected dairy, tubs, uniform color, 15 to 16c; secondary grades, store packed, 12½ to 13c; creamery prints, 20 to 20½c; solids, 18 to 18½c.

Eggs—The market is steady. We quote:—Strictly fresh gathered stock, 17c; ordinary candled, 15½ to 16c; seconds and checks, 11 to 12c.

Cheese—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Best qualities job at 11½c per lb., and seconds at 11c per lb.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal Sept. 22.—Grain— Peas, 68c high freights, 72c afloat here; rye, 53c east, 58½c afloat here; buckwheat, 48 to 49c; No. 2 old oats, 37½c in store here; new, 35c afloat here; September delivery; flaxseed, $1.15 on track here; feed barley, 50c; No. 3 barley, 52½c; corn, 60c for No. 3 yellow American. Flour—Manitoba patents, $4.80; seconds, $4.50; strong bakers, $4; Ontario straight rollers, $3.90 to $4; in bags, $1.85 to $1.90; patents, $4.20 to $4.30; extras, $1.70 to $1.75. Feed—Manitoba bran, $17; shorts, $19, bags included; Ontario bran in bulk, $16 to $16.50; shorts in bulk, $19 to $20. Beans—Choice primes, $1.60. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $19 to $21; light short cut, $19; compound refined lard, 8c; pure Canadian lard, 8½ to 9c; finest lard, 10 to 10½c; hams, 13½ to 14½c; bacon, 14 to 15c; live hogs, $6 to $6.25; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $8.50; American clear backs, $18.75; clear shoulder pork, $18.50. Eggs—Candled, selected, 18c; straight receipts, 15½c; No. 2, 12c. Cheese—Ontario, 11½ to 11½c; Townships, 11½ to 11 5-16c; Quebec, 11c. Butter—Townships creamery, 20c; Quebec, 19½c; Western dairy, 15½c.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 22.—There was a heavy run at the city Cattle Market to-day, and a large amount of business was transacted, some of the largest buyers of feeders and export cattle being in the market. The run for the day comprised 86 cars, with 1,125 head of cattle, 2,300 sheep and lambs, 1,611 hogs, and 32 calves. The bulk of the cattle buying to-day was in feeders and stockers. There is a good demand for export cattle, at $4.80 to $4.85, top prices.

The butchers' trade was a little slow, but a large amount of stock in this class was cleared out, good to choice cattle selling steady at $4 to $4.40; medium cattle at $3.70.

Feeders—Feeding bulls sold at $2.50 to $3.12½; steers up to $2.75; light cattle at $1.50 to $3.30.

Hogs unchanged at $6 for the top; market weak.

Sheep and lambs steady; market steady.

Export, heavy	$4.50 to	$4.85
Export, light	4.10	4.25
Bulls, export, heavy, cwt	4.00	4.25
do light	3.00	3.50
Feeders, light, 800 lbs. and upwards	3.25	3.35
Stockers, 400 to 800 lbs	3.00	3.40
do 900 lbs.	3.65	3.75
Butchers' cattle, choice	3.75	4.25
do medium	3.50	3.90
do picked	4.00	4.50
do bulls	2.75	3.00
do rough	2.50	2.60
Light stock bulls, cwt.	2.25	2.50
Milch cows	30.00	52.00
Hogs, best	6.00	
do light	5.75	
Sheep, export, cwt	3.40	3.50
Bucks	2.50	2.75
Culls	2.25	3.75
Calves, each	2.00	8.00
Spring lambs	3.75	4.00

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Detroit, Sept. 22.—Wheat—No. 1 white, 83½c; No. 2 red, cash, 83½c; September, 83½c; December, 86½c; May, 88½c.

Toledo, Sept. 22.—Wheat—Cash, 84c; September, 84c, December, 86c; May, 88½c. Corn—Cash, 53½c; September, 53½c; December, 52½c; May, 52½c. Oats—Cash 39c; September, 39c; December, 39½c; May 41.

St. Louis, Sept. 22.—Wheat—Cash, 83½c; September, 86½c; December, 85½c; May, 87½c.

Buffalo, Sept. 22.—Flour—Firm. Wheat—Spring unsettled; No. 1 Northern, c.i.f. September, 88½c; winter nominal; No. 2 red, 85c. Corn—Quiet; No. 2 yellow, 55½c; No. 2 corn, 57 to 57½c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 41½c; No. 2 mixed, 38½c. Barley—Western, c.i.f., 57 to 66c. Rye—No. 2, 61c, through billed. Canal freights—Easier; wheat 4c, corn 3½c, to New York.

The cross is the most honored of all earthly and heavenly signs in more ways than one. Therefore, as we began this sermon with the scene of the foolish race of Ahimaaz, I would close it with the glorious race of Paul, who always served under that cross whether he was preaching or tentmaking. "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." May God help you to start in that gospel race here and now. For in that glorious race, O young man, you will find the only triumphs, temporal and spiritual, which will satisfy you and which will endure!