THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

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

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The Poverty of Position

Or, Violet Beaton's Contempt For Titles.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Ryvers went up to his wife. She was standing with her hands clasped; he took them gently in his own. She would have resisted, but in any struggle, however slight, she would have had little chance. So now she merely turned away her face. In spite of his sorrow and dismay, he smiled. It was so exactly the action of a froward, wilful child.

"You will not let me look into your face, Violet?" he said. "Come with me. You need not stand like a sentinel at the door. Come and let me talk to you."

He took her to the great bay-window, where they could see the grand sweep of water and the blue sky above it. Perhaps he thought the golden sunshine and the song of the birds might soften her heart; but they did not.

"Violet," he said, "will you forgive me? This is my only sin against you, and it was committed solely for love of you. You see there could have been no other motive. Will you forgive me?"

"I may forgive you," she said; "but you will never be the same to me again—never. I have lost my faith in you; it will never return."

"How cold you are to me, my wife! Still I love you the more. I know that most girls would be overwhelmed with delight at finding themselves mistress of Ryverswell. I bow to the nobility of character that passes all such advantages by. I love you better, angry, indignant, and scornful as you are, than if you had cried out for joy. But do not let this part us. We have a long life, I hope, before us. Forgive me."

Still there was no softening in the violet eyes, and the lines round the mouth grew more firm. She was thinking to herself how he must have laughed at her when she had been anxious concerning money, when she had called him to account for lavishing valuable presents on her. The thought of it brought a flush to her face and made her eyes flash angrily.

"You must have found me very easy to deceive."

"Oh, Violet," he cried, "you stab me to the heart, my dear! Listen to me, Violet. You will not turn your face toward me. How can you be so cold to me when I love you so well? I began my life with this idea fixed in my mind, that I must be loved and married for myself alone. I went a great deal into society. It is true I was only a youth, but I understood why people flattered me, why mothers courted me for their daughters. I will not say more; I have a chivalrous love for all women, and I cannot bear to speak even against the worldly ones. It is enough to say that it was my wealth and title that were the attraction, and not myself; perhaps with one or two it may have been different. People said, but I never believed them, that Gwendoline Marr would have married me if I had been penniless. I cannot say: she was not to my taste."

Slowly enough the fair head turned, and the beautiful face was raised to his. There was a faint gleam of interest in the violet eyes.

"Who was Gwendoline Marr?" Violet asked.

"Gwendoline Marr is a wealthy actress, the daughter of Lord Marr of Marshland, and considered to be the most perfectly beautiful brunette in England."

"Why did you not marry her?"

"Because, my darling, I loved and married you. Gwendoline Marr is nothing to me; I have never cared but for one woman in my life. I liked Gwendoline Marr—she was a great friend of my sister's—and my mother liked her. As for love, my heart and soul were sleeping when I met you. I had always been very much attached to my favorite art—painting. I must tell you also that, having been so many years under my mother's influence and training, I perhaps stood a little more in awe of her than most young men do of their mothers. I told her the one great desire of my heart, which was, before I entered on my life-long duties as heir to a large fortune and estate, to spend one year in a sketching tour, to go where I liked without ceremony, to stay wherever picturesque scenery attracted me, to have, in fact, a complete and perfect holiday. Was it fate that brought me to St. Byno's, to find that my wife, was waiting for me there? I had no thought at first of deceiving you, as you choose to term it, Violet. True, I thought to myself that I would woo you and win you as a poor man. Then you told me about your strange training, how your aunt had inculcated in you a hatred of the aristocracy. I knew your ideas were all nonsense, the result of foolish and mistaken training. So I made up my mind that there would be no great harm in my keeping the secret of my position from you. I thought, as you grew older and wiser, as you saw more of the world, you would change your views for others more just. In that I sinned against you; in no other way. Since we have been married I have frequently longed to tell you the truth; but you have been bitter in your prejudices. See even how you have liked these Carstones and glorified them because they are 'self-made!' Now do you think, after all, that I have acted so badly?"

"My opinion of what you have done," she said, "remains unchanged."

"Then you are a cold-hearted, cruel woman, Violet!" he cried. "How can you be so fair and so cold? I humble myself. I acknowledge that I ought to have told you the truth. I did wrong, yet it seemed to me right at the time. That wrong I ask you to forgive me."

He looked so handsome, so imploring, that most women would have been glad to forgive him then and there. A world of love shone in his face; his eyes were filled with a tender light. Perhaps he pleaded too much; perhaps, if he had seemed a little less anxious, his proud, beautiful wife would have yielded. As it was in proportion as he grew more desperate she hardened her heart against him.

"Violet," said Lord Ryvers, "you make me no answer. I will not believe that any woman can be so cruel as to refuse to forgive a sin—if you call it a sin—committed entirely for love of her."

"I have told you that I forgive it; but nothing can ever be the same between us again—nothing."

"That is fancy, and a very cruel fancy," he replied. "Why, Violet, how unlike you are to other girls! Most of them would be pleased to be Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell."

She flushed crimson at the words.

"That is not my name," she cried, angrily. "I am Mrs. Randolph."

"You are not Mrs. Randolph," he said, with a smile. "You are the young, beautiful, and beloved Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell."

"I shall never again be happy with you," she said, slowly. "I would rather, much rather, go back to my Aunt Alice at St. Byno's."

"It would be of no use," he remarked. "I should follow you; and I should pitch my camp in the garden there, and not go away until I had won you a second time. Oh, beautiful Violet, do you not see that Heaven has made you for me?"

"Heaven did not make you for me," she rejoined. "To think that I, who have been proud of my position all my life, should be degraded into a fine lady!"

He smiled at her words; he could not help it.

"If it were not so pitiful, it would be most amusing," he said. "Come, give me that one promise, Violet; I can bear anything else. Tell me that you will not leave me."

"I cannot decide; I must think. I wish to do right, but I have been cruelly deceived. I must look at what my life with you will be before I tell you if I can bear it. My own opinion is that I cannot. Tell me, now that your secret is discovered, what do you intend doing?"

"I meant to tell you," he said. "I knew that I must tell you before I took you home. I have deferred the evil day, hoping always that you will grow less bitter in your views."

"Have you told either mother or sisters anything of your marriage?" she asked.

"No, I have thought of nothing but you," he replied; "I have not had room in my heart for any one else."

"Tell me all about them," she said, more gently. "I suppose they are quite as prejudiced in their way as I am in mine?"

"Yes, I think so. Not all, though—not Lady Lester. She is not prejudiced. She is one of those grand, serene, calm women who have no prejudices."

"Tell me all about them," she said; and this time she did not shrink so vehemently from his caressing hand.

"I will begin with my mother," he said; "and I will sketch really faithful portraits for you. My mother," he continued, "is essentially a proud, dignified, stately woman. The one great pride of her life is that she was born an Alton—the Altons, I may tell you, are one of the very oldest families in England."

He saw the delicate brows contract with a frown; still she must hear.

"In my mother, Violet," he continued, "are concentrated all the prides you most dislike—pride of race, of birth, of name. She is tall, with a stately figure, and she moves with dignified grace; there is a certain grandeur about her. She is lavishly generous and kind to all her servants and dependants. She thinks much of appearances and of the world; she rejoices in splendor, and knows nothing of the dark side of life; she has a grand condescending fashion of dealing with her inferiors; she was a most excellent wife; she has been a most devoted mother. You will find her still a beautiful woman, although she is no looger young. Do you like the sketch, Violet," he asked, anxiously.

"I am afraid," said she, "that in everything she is antagonistic to myself. Tell me where she lives, and all about her."

"She has lived principally at Ryverswell," he went on. "Ryverswell is the home of our race. My father died when I was quite young, and I was, for many years, what is called a minor; my mother was a kind of queen-regent. She lived at the Castle—Ryverswell is a castle; and she managed everything, all the estates, and their revenues. She has a wonderful talent for government and administration. She has an estate of her own, called Alton Hall, and during the last year she has lived almost entirely there. My mother is one of those who go to Court regularly. She would not miss a drawing-room on any consideration, and she is, I believe, a great favorite with the queen."

"Now I have a fair idea of your mother, tell me about your sisters?"

"That will be easier," he said. "They are not at all complex characters. My eldest sister, Lady Lester, is one of those calm, serene, women the contemplation of whom gives repose. She holds a very high position in English society. Now, Violet, darling, do not draw those pretty brows. Her husband, the Earl of Lester, has a beautiful place at Draynham, and they are, I suppose, very happy. Lady Lester has great influence over my mother. She is like her in feature; they are both handsome women. Lady Lester is very much admired, and is very popular. She always seems far above the world, above all common ways. Her eyes are grand, calm, and serene; her voice is low, and very sweet."

"Shall I be the proper kind of sister-in-law for one of so exalted a nature?" she asked.

He detected the irony in her voice, and colored faintly. He knew that he had done wrong in speaking of his sister in flattering terms.

"Is she proud, this Lady Lester?" asked Violet, suddenly.

"No; she is too serene to be either proud or vain," said Lord Ryvers. "Monica is my youngest sister. I do not know her so well; her character is hardly formed. My mother finds fault with her because she is neither an Alton nor a Ryvers—that is, she does not resemble either side of the family. Another thing my mother complains of in her is want of what she calls proper pride."

"I shall like her," said Violet. "I like your last sketch best of all. If it would be possible for me to make a friend in your family, I should say it would be with your sister Monica."

"She is bright and pretty with the prettiness of youth. She is nothing like Lady Lester or my mother."

"You have no brother?" asked Violet.

"I wish I had an elder brother," he replied; "then I should be without any of those prefixes you dislike so much. You would not object so utterly to me if I were a poor younger son—would you, Violet?"

"I cannot tell," she answered; "it seems to me that would be bad enough."

Lord Ryvers looked at her.

"Now that you know more of those belonging to me, now that you stand more face to face with my life, Violet, will you say that you forgive me? I cannot say more than this, that from my very heart I am sorry, and that, if I knew what to say to appease you, I would say it, if I knew what to do, I would do it."

But Violet was looking from him over the sunlit waters, and the words of pardon were yet unspoken.

(To Be Continued).

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE BUZZING LOCUSTS

The Increasing Signs of Mental and Physical Decadence

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

A despatch from Chicago says:—Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text:—Ecclesiastes xii., 5, "The grasshopper shall be a burden."

A unique text, capable of many different interpretations. Some suppose the Solomonic "burden" of the grasshopper, or, more strictly speaking, of the eastern locust, refers to the nagging pains of the chronic dyspeptic. The locusts, properly cooked, were edible. They constituted one of the most delicate of foods. They were often served to invalids and to those whose weak stomachs were unable to assimilate any other kind of diet. Thus some commentators assert that the figure of the text is that of an old man contorted with pain because his digestive organs have given out. The dinner of locusts which he has eaten instead of being transformed into blood and bone and nerve and muscle is lying like a lump of lead within him. Others assert that the text is the figure of an aged man whose emaciated body, with its shrivelled limbs and curved backbone, has taken upon itself the form of a lean grasshopper. Thus Tithonus in his old age was supposed to have been changed into this chirping insect because the Greek gods who had promised him immortality upon earth had refused to endow him with eternal youth.

But, though many interpretations are offered to explain the meaning of my text, there is one simple interpretation which, I believe, will appeal to the common sense of all. Solomon used the figure of the chirping grasshopper to illustrate the fact that if we do not have the grace of God in our hearts there will come a time when the little annoyances of life will tease and tantalize and trouble us, even as the buzzing of an insect can destroy the slumbers of a sleeping invalid or as the slamming of a door makes a nervously prostrated patient start up in fright and bedews his cold forehead with clammy sweat. The wisest of all men seems to say to you and me, "The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is just as essential for the little troubles as for the big, for the insectile trials as for the mountainous affliction." The purpose of this sermon is to discuss some of the little annoyances of life and to state how, by the grace of God, we may combat them. I want to present this theme to those whose physical and mental frames have been prematurely weakened by the strenuous, hard-working lives they have been compelled to lead, as well as to those whose once strong bodies are bordering upon nervous collapse on account of the natural

APPROACH OF OLD AGE.

The kitchen and bedroom and nursery and parlor of the average home reveal many of the so-called petty annoyances which can render morbid and unhappy the minds and hearts of the inmates, especially of the wives and mothers. It is the annoyance of trying to build a fire early in the morning, when the damper will not work, that exemplifies how the grasshopper may become a burden. It is the trouble of getting the children off to school at the right time, when the tired mother finds that her boy has worn a hole in one of his stockings and there is not another clean pair to put on. It is the annoyance of hunting up a pair of scissors which your little girl lost when she took them to make doll's dresses. It is the annoyance of having the butcher and the groceryman fail to bring home the vegetables and the meat in time to be cooked for dinner. And then there is the annoyance to the wife of having her husband complain because his meals are not served on time. It is the nagging annoyance that comes every little while to all good housekeepers of having a lot of people drop in for dinner at the last moment when you are not expecting them and when you have nothing suitable in the larder to cook for them. It is the same kind of annoyance that Martha, in the little village of Bethany, experienced when her brother Lazarus brought Christ and some of the disciples to the home.

Wives and mothers and sisters, what you need to-day is the advice Solomon gave to the young men of his time. You need the grace of God in your hearts to be able to overcome the burden of the grasshoppers. As Jesus Christ turned to the angry and quick tempered housekeeper when she rushed into his presence crying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" and gently said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful," so Christ says to every living housekeeper to-day, "You need the grace in your heart to overcome the little annoyances as well as your great trials." Oh, woman, how different life would be if you would ask Jesus to stand by your side

AT THE KITCHEN STOVE!

How different if you would only ask his help when you are mending baby's frock! How different if you would only ask Christ's help when you hunt for the missing silver spoon—if you would only ask him to help you to bear the burden of the grasshopper.

If it is important for wives and mothers to have the grace of God in order to overcome the infinitesimal burdens of the multitudinous locust, it is also important for husbands and fathers and brothers to have the same kind of divine re-enforcement to meet the burdensome insectile annoyances that afflict them in turn. It is not the droughts and the freshets and the mortgage upon the land that wear out the patience of the farmer. It is the annoyance of the neighbor's borrowing his tools and not returning them. It is the annoyance of the farm hand getting drunk in the midst of the harvest. It is the stupidity of the same farm hand in giving the best horse cold water to drink when overheated so that the animal becomes foundered. It is not the big trials that wear out the professional man or the merchant. It is the mis-directing of a certain important letter. It is the rudeness of the clerk that drives customers away. It is the burden of the buzzing locust. Yes, ministers and lawyers and doctors and merchants and farmers and employes alike, we all need the grace of God in our hearts to overcome the little annoyances as well as the big trials of life.

Many unjust and contemptible criticisms which are daily made against us and our work can be aptly classed as among the insectile armies of the multitudinous locusts. A good, honest, vehement, healthy criticism ought to be spiritually helpful to the average man. It ought to act upon the ambitious mind and the spirit in the same way that a vigorous massage starts the sluggish blood to course through the arteries and veins of our invalid body. It is when an army is invading a foreign land that the commanding general is most careful about his scouts and sentries and countersigns and powder and bullets and guns and commissary supplies. It is when a man feels that he is completely surrounded by rivals and by honest critics who do not believe in the way he is doing that he puts forth his best energies and lives up to

HIS HIGHEST STANDARD.

But there is a Christian as well as an un-Christian way of meeting the criticisms of rivals and of those who are jealous of our successes. One way is to do as Plato, the great disciple of Socrates, did when he was told that even the boys in the streets were laughing at his singing. He answered, "Then I must learn to sing better, so that they will not laugh." The other way is to do as Alexander Pope, the vain and supersensitive poet of England, used to do. Instead of going ahead and doing the work that God gave him to do, and on account of his enemies' criticisms doing it better and better all the time, he wasted most of his time in bickerings and backbiting and in trying to destroy the reputations of those who were attacking him. The one way is to do as D. L. Moody did. He made it the rule of his life to never individually attack a person who had attacked him. The more Mr. Moody was personally assailed and misrepresented the more he would go to God in prayer and ask the Divine Father to make his life so pure and true that there might not remain in his heart any cause for the charge which his enemies were making. The other way is to do as many others are doing. When a neighbor or a critic makes any derogatory statement about us and our work, we prove that we are not falsely condemned in all particulars, that at least we have the fault of retaliation, because we go hunting for the faults in our neighbor's lives instead of trying, with divine help, to correct the evils in our own.

Thus, my brother, I want you, by the grace of God, to rise higher and higher in the spiritual life until at last you are at an altitude above and out of ear-shot of the buzzing sound of the locusts of fault finding enemies. I want you to rise so high in the spiritual life that you will not care what people may say or think about you and yours as long as you can bring these people to love and live for Christ. Humanly speaking, it is awfully hard to bear the petty annoyances of your neighbors, criticising you and saying mean things about your wife and children. It is hard from a human standpoint to refrain from flinging a stone at the locusts of evil naggings which are buzzing about you and your loved ones. But by the grace of God you can live down these petty annoyances. You can go on doing your work, even as Christ went on doing his work, in spite of

THE JEERS AND THE SCOFFS

which the Pharisees uttered against him and his disciples. If you are absorbed in your Divine Master's work, you will receive sufficient grace to make you indifferent to the little annoyances caused by what people may say against you.

When the faculties begin to fail and the hair to whiten, the burden of the locusts become very heavy to bear unless a man as a Christian is walking side by side with Christ. Even the Christian will find this burden a heavy burden unless he has an extra amount of divine grace given to him. It is not a hard struggle to physically die. Dying is just as natural an act for the body as is the act of being born. But it is hard to grow old, to feel that you have to ride when once it was an exhilaration to walk, to know that the mind is failing, that the heart has not the old vigor, that the hand which once grasped and wielded the hilt of a sword must now do the small chores around the old homestead. It is hard to know that upon the trembling shoulders of old age, even the weight of a small grasshopper's body can become a burden, a heavy, crushing burden.

Yes, my friends, amid the decaying faculties of old age the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient to overcome the burden of the buzzing locusts. What was the testimony of the aged Thomas Guthrie, the great Christian warrior of old Scotland? Standing, before a large assemblage of little children, he said: "Don't call me an old man, as some people do. Why, I am as young and happy as any child sitting before me today. My limbs may not be as strong as they once were. One of my feet may be in the grave, but the other foot is planted upon the earth so firmly that its leg has sunken knee deep in the clover tops. My hearing may not be as accurate as it once was, but my ears are continually hearing the sounds of sweetest music. My eye may not be as keen to read a book, but my eyesight is continually becoming more inspired to see the beauties of earth as well the beauties of heaven. I am not an old man. As I approach my second childhood I have begun to live a life of eternal happiness and of never ending joys." Study the faces, the beautiful happy faces, of the aged Christian men and women about, and you will learn as never before that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient, even amid the decaying physical and mental faculties, to lift the burden of the buzzing locust.

This burden of the locust is a very practical theme. The text teaches that though the gospel of Jesus Christ is a good religion to die by, yet it is just as good a religion to live by. It means that we should take Christ with us to sing the lullaby to the baby and to get the early breakfast. It means that we should take Christ with us to help harness up the horse and shuck the corn. It means that we should ask Christ to go into partnership with us in business and not have him be a silent partner either. It simply means we should have Christ as a practical helpmate during the week day as well as a Sabbath companion on our way to church.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is steady. Choice grades have the best call. We quote:—Choice 1-lb rolls, 16 to 16½c; selected dairy tubs, 15c; store packed uniform color, 13½c; low grades, 11 to 12c; creamery rolls, 19 to 20c; do solids, 18½ to 19c.

Eggs—Market steady for strictly fresh stock. We quote:—Fresh, 16 to 17c; ordinary store candled, 14 to 15c; seconds and checks, 10 to 11c.

Cheese—Market is steady. We quote:—Finest, 10¼ to 10½c; seconds, 9¾c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 30.—The feature of the live stock market to-day was the weakening of prices for lambs, and also an easier feeling in the light stocker trade. The hog market was steady, with no change in prices.

Following are the quotations:

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt	$5.25	$5.85
Do., light	4.25	5.00
Butcher, choice	4.00	4.50
Butcher, ordinary to good	3.00	4.00
Stockers, per cwt	3.20	3.75
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt	3.30	3.50
Lambs, per cwt	3.25	3.60
Bucks, per cwt	2.25	2.75
Culls, each	2.00	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each	25.00	42.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00
Hogs,		
Choice hogs, per cwt	7.00	7.12½
Light hogs, per cwt	6.75	6.87½
Heavy hogs, per cwt	6.75	6.87½
Sows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt	0.00	2.00

HAVE YOU A GERMAN LAUGH?

"There are savages in the heart of Africa who never laugh at all," said a student of ethnology. "They grin, that is all; and this lack of the quality of laughter is a symptom of their low mentality. The Chinaman has no hearty bursts of laughter. He titters cynically—titters over the misfortune of an enemy or the elopement of the daughter of a friend. He cannot laugh. When he is delighted, or amused, or happy, he just looks calm. The Frenchman has a reserved laugh, one which he holds well in hand. Being a great stickler for dignity, he is afraid that a loud and honest laugh would injure his deportment, would demean him in the eyes of the world. You will not hear much male laughter in Paris, though it is true that the women there have a cultivated, musical 'ha-ha-ha,' that they use in cafes when they wish to attract somebody's attention. The German's laugh is cavernous. It comes from far down somewhere in his stomach. The laugh of the Irishman is, upon the contrary, rather soprano; not a stomach laugh, not even a chest laugh, but a head one. The English and the Americans laugh the best. Their mirth is so naturally and heartily and musically expressed that you cannot but rejoice on hearing it."

PROPHETS OF EVIL.

Somebody is always rising to remark that Great Britain's power is on the wane, that her trade is declining, her army in a state of weakness, her navy a hollow sham. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember a time when prophets of evil were not holding forth on these themes. But somehow Great Britain pulls through. This kind of talk was very common during the Boer war. The press of France, Germany, and the United States made no concealment of the belief that John Bull was getting wounds that would prove fatal after a lingering illness. But these evil predictions have not come true. It may be that the critics at home who raise alarms about British trade and the state of the navy, serve a good purpose in keeping the nation up to the mark. These critics must be useful or they would not be tolerated, for they contribute nothing to the pleasures of life.

In 32 out of 100 cases a man's left arm is stronger than his right.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Sept. 30.—Wheat — The offerings of Ontario grades are general and prices easier. No. 2 white and red quoted at 65c west, and at 63c for export. Manitoba wheat is steady. No. 1 hard, 84c grinding in transit, and at 78c Goderich. No. 1 Northern, 82½c g.i.t., and 76c Goderich, and No. 2 Northern, 80½c g.i.t., and 74½c Goderich.

Oats—The market is steady and firmer; sales of No. 2 at 28½c middle freights, and at 29 to 29½ low freights to New York.

Corn—The market is quiet, with Canadian yellow quoted at 62c west. No. 3 yellow American quoted at 69c on track here.

Rye—The market is quiet; No. 2 quoted at 47c west.

Barley—Market is quiet, and prices steady. Feed quoted at 35 to 38c middle freights, and No 3 extra at 39 to 40c, with sales at 38c.

Peas—The market is dull at 71c for No. 2 east, and 70c middle freights.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents, made of new wheat, quoted at $2.65 to $2.70 middle freights, in buyers' sacks for export. Straight rollers, for domestic trade, quoted at $3.15 to $3.25 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. Hungarian patents, $3.85 to $4.25, delivered on track, Toronto, bags included, and strong bakers', $3.60 to $3.95.

Oatmeal—Car lots in bbls, $4.85 on track, and in sacks, $4.75. Broken lots 20 to 25c extra.

Millfeed—Bran is quoted at $12.50 west, and shorts at $17 west. Bran quiet here at $14, and shorts at $19. Manitoba bran, $17 in sacks, and shorts at $23 in sacks, Toronto.

Buckwheat—The market is quiet at 48c east and west.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Hops—Trade quiet, with prices unchanged at 13c; yearlings, 7c.

Honey—The market is steady, with strained jobbing here at 8 to 8½c per lb, and comb at $1.50 to $1.65.

Beans—The market is steady, with prime qualities quoted here at $1.30 to $1.35, and hand-picked at $1.40.

Hay, baled—The market is quiet, with offerings moderate. New hay quoted at $9 to $9.20 a ton.

Straw—The market is quiet, with car lots on track quoted at $5.50.

Onions—Market steady at $1.90 to $2 per barrel.

Poultry—The market is steady. We quote:—Chickens, 50 to 80c per pair for dressed, and 6 to 6½c per lb for live. Turkeys, young, 11 to 12c per lb., and old, 10c.

Potatoes—The market is easier, recent deliveries having relieved the temporary scarcity. Car lots quoted at 75 to 80c per bag, on track here. Small lots, out of store, sell at 90c to $1 per bag.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs, $8.50 to $9, with receipts moderate. Cured meats in good demand at steady prices. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 11c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess $21.50; do, short cut, $23.50.

Lard—The market is firmer. We quote:—Tierces, 10¾c; tubs, 11c, pails, 11¼ to 11½c; compound, 8¾ to 10c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Sept. 30.—The grain market is marked by several small declines in prices, and the amount of business done is very trifling. Other lines are steady, cheese, butter, and eggs being especially firm at recent advances. Grain—No. 1 hard, Manitoba, 71½c Fort William; No. 1 Northern, 69½c October shipment; Ontario No. 2 white wheat, 65c, and No. 2 mixed, at 66c west; new crop peas, 76½ to 77c afloat, and do oats, 63c afloat, September delivery; rye, 55c afloat. No. 3 barley, 46c afloat. Flour—Manitoba patents, $3.90 to $4.25; strong bakers', $3.60 to $3.95; Ontario straight rollers, $3.40 to $3.50; in bags, $1.60 to $1.70; patents, $3.80 to $4.10. Rolled oats—Millers' prices to jobbers, $2.15 to $2.25 in bags, and $4.50 to $4.60 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran $15, and shorts $22, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, $14.50 to $15; shorts, in bulk, $22, in lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $25; compound refined lard, 9 to 9¼c; pure Canadian lard, 11c; finest lard, 12 to 12½c; hams, 12½ to 14c; bacon, 11 to 15c; dressed hogs, $7.50; fresh killed abattoir, $9.25 to $9.50 per 100 lbs. Cheese—Ontario, 10¼ to 10½c, Townships, 10½ to 10¾c; Quebec, 10 to 10¼. Butter—Fancy Township creamery, 21¾ to 21½c; finest Township creamery, 20¾ to 21¼c; Quebec creamery, 20½ to 20¾c; Ontario creamery, 18¾ to 19c, and dairy butter, 15½ to 16c. Eggs—Selected, 18½ to 19c; candled stock 16½ to 17c; straight receipts, 16c; No. 2, 13½ to 14c. Honey—Best clover, in sections, 11 to 12c per section; in 10-lb tins, 9½ to 10c; in bulk, 8c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Sept. 30.—Wheat.—Lower; close, No. 1 Northern 81c; No. 2 Northern, 71½ to 73½c; December, 69c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1, 51c. Barley—Steady; standard, 59c; sample, 40 to 59c. Corn—December, 45¾c.

Minneapolis, Sept. 30.—Wheat—September, 65¾c; December, 65⅝ to 65¾c; on track, No. 1 hard, 68½c; No. 2 Northern, 61½c; No. 2 Northern, 65¾c.

Duluth, Sept. 30.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 70½c; No. 1 Northern, 69c; No. 2 Northern, 67c; September, 69c; December, 65⅞c; Macaroni, No. 1, 63¾c; No. 2, 62¾c. Oats—September, 30c; December, 28½c.

St. Louis, Sept. 30.—Wheat—Cash 65¾c; September, 65½c; December, 66⅜c; May, 68¾c.

Many Coughs and Bad Colds

The Recent Cold Snap Responsible for Much Sickness—Relief and Cure is Obtainable by the Use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

"The first cold I have had this fall," you hear people say, as they cough violently. And to hear the coughing you would think that comparatively few people have escaped it.

The sudden changes of temperature at this season, when people are not clothed to protect themselves, are almost sure to bring trouble, and one can never tell where a cold is going to end.

It may wear away, but it is more likely to hold on and be added to by cold after cold, until some serious element is developed—perhaps consumption or pneumonia, perhaps kidney disease or liver complaint.

The wise plan is to nip the trouble in the bud by promptly curing the cough and cold before it fastens itself on the vital organs, and in this connection we suggest Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Not that there is any scarcity of cough mixtures, but because this preparation is more than a mere cough cure, has stood the test of time, and never had such an enormous sale as it has to-day. This we consider the strongest evidence of its worth as a treatment for coughs and colds.

Composed as it is of linseed, turpentine and half a dozen other ingredients of known virtue in the cure of colds, this remedy is far-reaching in action, and positively cures the cold as well as giving prompt relief to coughing, hoarseness, sore throat, etc.

There are many imitations of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, so be careful when buying and look for the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the wrapper. This is the strongest guarantee any medicine can have.

Children delight to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and it is a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, coughs and colds; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.