Lady Mary's Adventure.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE

It was a little after midday on the twenty-fourth of December in the year 1738 that Lady Mary Chudleigh set out upon what was to be for her a momentous drive. In that year His Majesty George II. was King of England, the great Walpole was his minister and the land flowed with fat and plenty. It was a merry land where the gentry looked most to the enjoyment of life. It was lax, too, in its morals; the King was a cynic and a high-liver, and this was but a mark of a general carelessness, for things lay at loose ends all over the kingdom. The highways were infested with gentlemen of fortune; even some of good birth had taken to the road as a place which promised adventure and as easy living. Things being in this state, even in the most settled parts, it was a hardy thing for a woman to start upon a journey alone.

Lady Mary had been upon a visit to her aunt at Warwick, and the latter was to have ridden with her to join in the Christmas festivities at Chudleigh Manor, but the day before a matter had come up requiring the aunt's presence in London, so it fell out that Lady Mary started alone. The Manor lay about twenty miles north of Warwick. Her vehicle was a hired chaise driven by a post-boy, and in spite of the loneliness of the road Lady Mary had never a thought of danger.

There had been a light shawfall in the morning, and the gray clouds were scudding in the heavens driven by a masterful wind. The horses, though no better than they should have been, made fair headway, and by four o' the clock, had covered the greater part of the distance and were within five miles of the Manor. But already at that hour and in that season dark had begun to fall.

Lady Mary leaning back among her rugs and furs looked eagerly out of the window for familiar landmarks. The land thereabout is ruffled up into ridges, quite bare of trees and moor-like, and the long road skirting as it does these heights is in some places uncommon dreary. Whatever Lady Mary's thoughts were, they were interrupted very suddenly by a sharp crack, as of the extra loud snapping of a whip. The chaise stopped with a jerk. As the occupant put out her head to inquire the cause a man upon horseback rode up to the side of the carriage and she found a pair of pistols thrust into her face.

Now, although Lady Mary was a fearless person, she was a woman, and the sudden apparition caused her to scream. At this the rider himself appeared no less startled than his victim, for he held back a pace and lowered the pistols. Then, peering into the chaise and seeing that its only occupant was a woman, he doffed with his wide hat and swept her a bow.

"Madam," says he, "I have made a blunder. I mistook your carriage for that of Lord Craven, of Coventry, who should be riding this way."

By this time Lady Mary had somewhat regained her composure, and in the dim light she looked at her captor. He was a youngish man with little trace of his calling in his face. Mayhap it was something she saw there that made her say, "Since you cannot rob Lord Craven you can rob me, for I have a purse and jewels."

The highwayman bowed again. "I have not yet got so far as robbing women," he said.

As he spoke there was a clatter of hoofs on the opposite side of the carriage. The frightened postboy had taken the opportunity of the parley to escape on one of the horses. The other had been shot dead.

As Lady Mary realized the situation she stamped her foot. "Here is a pretty mess indeed! As well be robbed as left upon a lonely road at this time of night, and five miles from home!"

"I am sorry—" began the man.

"Fine words," she interrupted, "do not put butter upon bread! And if you are sorry, that does not get me home in time for the Christmas supper!"

"I am the Lady Chudleigh, of Chudleigh Manor," she said, proudly.

"And might I ask your destination?"

"I am master Richard Bullock, sometime of Yorkshire, now a rover, but very much at your service."

She cast a look at the mare he head which sent the blood to her rode, and a thought popped into her cheeks; but she was a girl who acted hard upon impulse and she gave voice to it.

"Will the mare carry double?"

The man hesitated, as if he had not heard aright.

"If she will not," said Lady Mary, "you will have to walk and lead the mare while I ride, for I am going to be at home in two hours."

On this Master Richard Bullock laid back his head and laughed, and his voice was so round and merry that Lady Mary fell into his humor and laughed too, a rippling, bubbling, provoking laugh, of a sort to set a man's heart thumping and his blood dancing.

"You shall ride, My Lady," answered Master Richard. With a jerk of the rein he brought the mare to the chaise's side; then he slipped back to the crupper and gave Lady Mary a hand to the saddle, where he steadied her with his arm.

In this fashion they took the road again, leaving the chaise and the dead horse until the postboy should come for them. As for Lady Mary's feelings, they were a mixture of doubt and daring.

With the coming of the night it had faired up, the stars twinkled sharply in the blue-black heaven, the air was clear, cold and frosty; on all sides stretched the wide, pale moor, and the road wound ahead into the distance a dusky line traced on the whiteness. The cold sent the blood into her cheeks and Lady Mary became more and more conscious of a distinct exhilaration in thus riding through the night. Strangest of all, she felt no trace of fear, but to her own mind was mistress of the situation. That thought and another made her smile to herself.

"You will miss Lord Craven," she said suddenly.

"I shall be of service to a lady."

"One who is so careful of his conduct toward ladies might well give a thought to his dealings with men. I could find a better use for my pistols than poking them into people's faces."

Master Richard smiled. "It is exciting," he said.

"There are the Wars."

"Poor you go and poor you come back; and one must have guineas if one would live."

"There are ways of getting them honestly. By your voice you are a gentleman."

"You will find more than one such upon the road. After all, what calling is honorable when the very bishops buy their bishoprics of the King's women?"

"To go to the bad with a bishop for company would be no great comfort," she retorted.

"It was dull at home," said Master Richard, driven to repeat himself.

"It would be duller in a cell at Newgate," said Lady Mary; and with that they both fell silent.

As the mare was obliged to carry double she made way but slowly, and it was an hour before they came in sight of the lights of the Manor and rode up the long avenue under the bare beech-trees.

When they were within ear-shot of the house Lady Mary motioned Master Bullock to stop. "I will get down here," she said; and she added, with a touch of mischief in her voice, "I am obliged to you for bringing me."

Master Richard gave her a hand down. "I wish you a Merrie Christmas," he said, soberly.

"True enough," said Lady Mary; "what with the adventure of riding with a real highwayman I had well-nigh forgot that it was Christmas eve. But where will you spend it?"

"In a barn or at a cross-roads inn," he answered.

He could see her shake her head in the darkness. "It is an ill way to spend this night in such a fashion." And as she spoke, for the second time that night she had an impulse to do a daring thing. "You shall come in with me," she averred.

Master Richard laughed. "And risk meeting some one who will recognize me on the spot?"

"The danger is but little, and, after all, it is danger that you court. Come, you shall spend your Christmas like a Christian."

As they talked they were walking toward the house and before Master Richard could think "Yea or Nay" the door swung open to them, and the roar of laughter, the smell of baked meats and the cheer of the warm house rushed to greet their senses. Master Richard Bullock lifted his nostrils as he smelt supper, and he had no more thought of going back. His horse went to a servant; a minute more and he was shaking hands with a bluff, round man who was the Lord of the Manor and Lady Mary was explaining that the chaise had been set upon by highwaymen, but that this gentleman had rescued her and brought her home. This of course made much talk for the company, who looked upon Master Richard as a hero; but to him it was all one if they said one thing or another. For the first time he saw Lady Mary fully, and from the instant he clapped his eyes on her he never took them off. She stood there, a slight little figure, the front of her jacket thrown back her dark gray eyes flashing black in the firelight, her fluffy, snuff-colored hair wet with frost and tossed about her face in a fine disorder. As he looked his heart gave a great bound, a flush rose to his eyes and he thanked heaven that it had sent him into the presence of this lady. And, though he held his head high and carried himself with a suggestion of bravado, a shame for his trade had taken hold of him.

A servant led him to a room where he made what hasty toilet he could; but all the while it was the vision of Lady Mary that he saw in the mirror, and it was the tinkle of her voice that seemed everywhere about him as he made his way to supper.

The house was as full of guests as a great house is in the Christmas season, and Master Richard looked sharply about him for a familiar face. But he saw none, so he made his mind easy, accepted very graciously the compliments of the ladies, and by the side of Lady Mary made a most valiant meal, for he had eaten nothing since morning. He even responded in some sort to a toast, and when the company finally adjourned to the hall he would have called himself happy but for a horrible doubt which had crept into his mind that he was not a fit person to touch the hand of Lady Mary.

The hall was a long room, with a great fire-place at one end in which the Yule-log glowed and spat. Around upon the walls were the portraits of the great men and the beautiful women of the house; below these were trophies of the chase—boars' heads, and the antlers of stags, which served as racks for guns and fishing rods. Here was a gay company. Besides the family, the servants had all come in, and an old fiddler seated on a little raised platform, which was spread with holly and evergreens, was making music for the dance.

Lady Mary led off with the keeper's son, and Master Richard danced with a sour-faced old lady who was aunt to the family. But if his hand touched hers now and again in the reel his eyes were all for the niece; and at the end of the dance he left the aunt with some abruptness and got to the Lady Mary's side.

"I hope you enjoy your evening," said that lady, as she smiled into Master Richard's face.

"Twere enough to make one an honest man," he answered, as he drew her a little to the side to where the window bayed, put back the curtain and looked out into the night; and then, though his heart was full of speech, he could not bring one word to his tongue. At last "I did not deserve such good treatment," said he. "Why did you ask me to come?"

"In the Christmas time all the world are friends."

"I would I might have you for my friend always," he answered.

Even as he spoke there was a murmur of the guests near the door, and the word passed from mouth to mouth that the post-boy had arrived with the sheriff and the bailies.

"Our friend who ran away has returned," said Lady Mary. "But he will not recognize you."

"But the sheriff knows my face as he knows his brother's, for I once gave him cause. If he lays hands on me up to London I go, and that is the end."

Lady Mary went white and her voice trembled. "He will not touch you. You are a Christmas guest."

"That he will not, but it is because I will not give him the chance," said Master Richard, quietly; and his voice did not tremble, for he had put his hand down and touched hers.

"You can go by this door and the kitchen."

"And how will you explain?"

"I shall tell the truth; but by then you must have ridden out of danger."

They slipped out a rear door and into a big kitchen. It was deserted, for the servants were in the great hall; there were no candles, but the log made a dim flicker of light. All about lay remnants of the servants' feast; on the table were mugs with the dregs of home-brewed; on the mantel was a jar of spiced wine.

Master Richard poured out two cups.

"The health of Lady Mary Chudleigh," said he, "and may the Christmas spirit always be alight in her heart."

"I give you success in an honest calling," she answered.

"Is it bold to ask one thing more? Let me keep this glove," and he touched one which she held.

"The man who carries it must serve his King and country and not his own pleasure."

"And it," said Master Richard, boldly, "if I do this, and one day come back, may I ask for the hand that this has covered?"

"Good-bye," said Lady Mary, with lowered eyes. But on a sudden, as he kissed her fingers, she gave him a rare smile. Then he went out into the night.

Now, for those readers who hold that a story is worth little without a conclusion, I set down parts of three documents, which bear dates in the forties. The first is a grant of knighthood conferred by His Most Gracious Majesty King George II. on one Richard Bullock, Esq., for gallant conduct on the field of Dettingen on that day when the little English king so severely defeated the French Army; the second is a deed of a house and lands in Warwickshire from one Ashley Clinton to Sir Richard Bullock, dated January of the year 1774, and the third is an entry under June 17 of the same year in the parish register of Hampton-in-Arden of the marriage of Lady Mary Chudleigh to Sir Richard Bullock. All of which plainly shows that good often grows out of evil, and that to exercise the Christmas spirit even to one's enemies is like to bring happiness all round.

YULE-TIDE.

It was hard on the tide of Yule,
And the wind bit shrewd and sharp
Churning the river pool,
And turning the deep-wood boughs,
That were wont to droop and drowse,
To the moaning strings of a harp.

A snow-threat gloomed the sky,
And with iterant, raucous caw
A bevy of rooks went by,
Each seeming a thing
Of evil, ominous wing
Flapping adown the daw.

Then night fell over the fen,
And he mused, still stumbling on,
"Out of the world of men
Into the shades I go!"
And he grimly laughed, when lo,
A light on his pathway shone!

"Mine enemy's tower!" he said,
As the beacon beckoned him. "Well,
Succor were likely as bread
To be had from a shard or stone,
Or meat from a wolf-gnawed bone,
Or hope in the heart of hell!"

Yet he steered him sheer on the flare
With a "Here or there, 'tis one!
A corpse in the morning air,
Frozen as rigid as steel,
Or a form on gibbet or wheel—
What matters it how 'tis done!"

He clanged a summons clear,
Keeping his grip on hate;
And he wavered not to hear
A word from a tongue abhorred—
Then back swung the outer ward,
And his enemy stood in the gate.

Eyes upon burning eyes
Hung as when war-fires rule
Under the angry skies;
Then, ere the wrath-flame died,
"Welcome!" his enemy cried,
"For this is the eve of Yule."

Into the banquet-hall
He was bid as a chosen guest;
And there before them all
Did his enemy give him meat,
And bread of the finest wheat,
and golden wine of the best.

Then he was brought to a room
Where rugs were soft on the floor,
And a fire made fair the gloom;
And warned with a stern behest
Of the sacred rights of a guest,
A guard was set at the door.

Through the black night-watches long
Did he wait on sleep, but when
Came the peal of the matin song
No slumber had kissed his brow;
So he girded himself, for now
The sunlight lay on the fen.

Then once more did his foe
Proffer him drink and food;
Forth to the court below
Did his enemy lead the way,
Where as one for a fray,
Chafing, a charger stood.

"Hate—it is burned into shame;
Scorn—of myself is the scorn;
Blame!—I confess the blame;
Vengeance is thine!" he said,
And with averted head
He rode out into the morn.

MORPHINE HABIT IN FRANCE.

Its Frequency Due to Use of Narcotics in Hospitals.

The growing frequency of the morphine habit in France, which is largely due to the unrestricted use of the narcotic in hospitals, is beginning to cause uneasiness among those who study the signs of the times. A fashionable chemist in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, says that the amount of morphine taken in professional and society circles is very considerable, and added that women were his best customers.

Dr. Paul Rodet, head of the well-known hydrotherapeutic establishment in the Rue Boileau, instances as deeply addicted to the drug women of fashion, army men and colonials, journalists and politicians, and medical men.

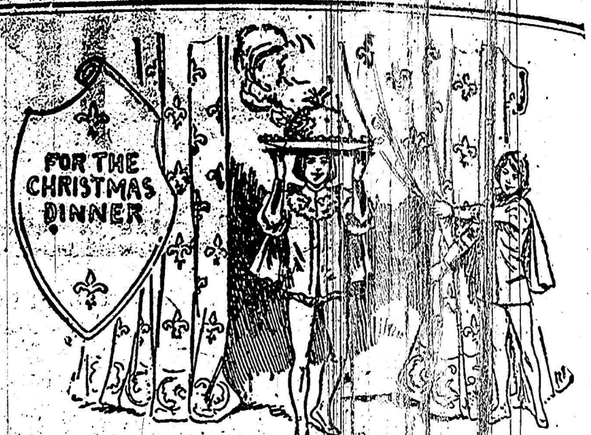
Dr. Jacquet adds to this list Paris working girls, milliners and dressmakers, to whom chemists sell morphine too freely and both medical men are agreed that stricter measures should be enforced with a view to staying the terrible ravages of this dangerous habit.

OVER THE DANGER LINE

"Weary," said Shiney Patches, as the two were resting as usual, "this is my birthday and I draw a deep breath of relief, for I am out of danger."

"What are you talking about?" asked Weary.

"I am thirty-five years old, and for some time I have known that between the ages of twenty and thirty-five men do their greatest work. It has kept me worried, but now I feel safe."



The accessories may be coffee, popcorn, lady apples, peppermints and German peppernuts.

The menu may be as follows:

Clear Brown Consomme with Snowballs in Each Dish.
Small Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts or Sweet Potatoes.
Cranberry Molds.
Celery in Cream Sauce.
Rice-balls Popped.
Salad of Peas and Nuts in Lemon-cups.
An Oblong Mince Pie Covered with Granulated Sugar.
White Frozen Plum Pudding, Banana Sauce.

Everybody, of course, knows how to make brown consomme, but this especial consomme is good enough to copy. Take a knuckle of veal and a shin of beef, extract the marrow from the bones, and brown a few small pieces of beef in it; add these pieces to the bones in a kettle of cold water, and brown in the remaining marrow half a carrot, an onion and a turnip, all cut in thin slices. Pour this, marrow and all, into the soup, add a few sticks of celery, a sprig each of parsley and sweet marjoram—the fresh leaves if possible—and simmer four hours; then add one tablespoonful of salt, six peppercorns and six cloves, simmer another hour, and pour through a colander and cheese-cloth into a jar. In the morning remove the fat, clear the jelly with egg-white and shell, and when ready to serve heat, fill the plates and put one spoonful of whipped cream mixed with beaten egg-whites and salt on each one, piling it up so as to look like a snowball.

The turkey may have a plain bread or sweet potato stuffing if the chestnut flavor is not liked; if plain it should be delicately seasoned with herbs, leaving sage out altogether. The chestnuts for the garnish are boiled until tender, but not soft, then dipped in some of the consommé jelly melted with a suspicion of gelatin. They are a pretty addition to the turkey, and are just a little more refined than a sausage garnish. The cranberry jelly may be moulded in tiny round-bottomed cups or glasses.

The stewed celery is surrounded by a very white cream sauce flavored with a few drops of lemon-juice. The rice-balls are silly, but they look rather pretty, so we must have them. Make a savory croquette mixture of boiled rice, mould into round balls, fry in deep, hot fat, and when cold enough to handle fill them with little sticks of white gelatin and plunge again into the hot fat until the gelatin sticks have all popped. Of course, no one will eat the trimmings, although they are not bad, but the balls should be all right.

But whatever is left out, the salad should not be "it" for the salad, it an appropriate one, is the "it" in a successful dinner. Everything under the sun is now pressed into service to do duty as a salad, and I believe it is the test of the entire dinner. The hostess should contrive to give a personality by artistic touches individual to herself throughout, but she may take chances with her salad that would be extremely hazardous in any other course. Therefore, let the salad be a novelty, but not an absurd one. The contents thereof may never be guessed, but there should be congruity at least. A delicious novelty is a mixture of canned green peas boiled in their own juice, drained and cooled, then mixed with cut (not chopped) walnut-meats. These should rest in a marinade of French dressing for one hour, then be put into halves of lemons which have been scooped out and their outsides denuded of every particle of yellow cuticle. Place these lemon cups on leaves of very white lettuce and put a spoonful of white dressing on the top of the salad.

Now we have reached the end of savories and the beginning of sweets, and although it is scarcely unnecessary and almost barbarous to serve two sweets we will break over in honor of the day and at the same time favor twentieth century taste. A mince pie we must have for tradition's sake, for even as long ago it was the most serious adjunct to the Christmas dinner. It was then called a shred pie and was made oblong to represent the manger. We will therefore bake ours in a long, square tin, cover it with frosted granulated sugar and marble it not only reverently, but artistically, and when it has been sacredly partaken of, we will become secular again and enjoy the frozen white plum pudding, which is made of equal parts of sugar and cupfuls of water boiled until the threads, when poured over the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff, when cool enough to be thoroughly beaten and cold, there is added one pint of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a half cupful each of seeded raisins, English walnuts and candied cherries. The fruits and raisins should be added into boiling water. Pour this into a mould covered with paraffin paper, put on the cover and seal with lard around the edge, then bury in ice and salt until it is well-frozen. Remove from the mould, place on a glass dish and garnish with holly. If a round bomb-mould is used it will look quite like a snowball, especially if the fruit is kept well toward the centre. Serve with a sauce made of bananas. Take one quart of grams lard sugar until water until it threads, pour this into the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add the mashed pulp of six ripe bananas and enough lemon juice to give flavor; just a suspicion of salt is an improvement. This sauce may be used hot and passed with the plum-pudding, or it may be served cold, some think it is better hot. Serve with cakes or dainties which make the table look festive with icing, then follows the coffee, which is an addition to the feast of our forefathers, but a material for our eaters will be so much by this time it will be a miracle if they do not.

The accessories for the table are popped corn, lady peppermints, waters and bonbons and little cakes called peppernuts, which are really unnecessary and hardly worth the time it carefully carried home. This menu, if carefully carried out, may be perfection, but it may be spoiled by a hurry start. If at least we think we have reached perfection it is time to stop talking and write about it. Let the end of all mundane things be the end of the old philosophers and many decades ago that we had lived to see and we would have lived to see and we would have for him the reason why we have covered the table with a cloth, hygienic century, the menu should be so perfect in detail that the effort of the discussion of these eras shall be a pleasant memory.

COOKING UNDER WATER.

A man was fined by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding in the depth of the waters. The surface of the water was the best cooking place he found in the case and put the pudding in a tin pail and placed it in a tub of water. The heat of the water came in contact with the pail and was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

ATTACKING SANTA CLAUS.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Dec. 17.—The wheat market is less active, with buyers holding off. No. 2 white and red are quoted at 75½ to 76c middle freights. No. 2 goose steady at 66c middle freight, and No. 1 spring is quoted at 73c east. Manitoba wheat easier, with No. 1 hard selling at 86c all rail, via Sarnia ports; No. 1 Northern at 85c, and No. 2 Northern at 82c all rail, via Sarnia. Via North Bay 1c less.

Oats—The market is dull with prices weaker. No. 2 white sold at 45 to 45½c low freights to New York.

Peas—The market is steady, with few offering. No. 2 quoted at 81c west, and at 82½ to 83c high freights.

Corn—The market is strong. No. 2 yellow Canadian sold at 62 to 62½c west.

Barley—Market dull and easier. No. 1 quoted at 50c, and No. 2 at 52c, No. 3 extra at 50c, and No. 3 at 48c middle freight.

Rye—The market continues firm with prices at 55½ to 56c middle freights.

Buckwheat—There is a fair demand with sales at 54½ to 55c good freights.

Flour—The market is quiet at 90 cents, in buyers' bags, Toronto at $2.80 middle freight, sales of bags small. Locally and in Province trade dealers are asking, in wood, $3.20 for Manitoba flours are quoted, Roses selling at $4.20 per bbl, at $3.90, and straights at $3.80, Toronto freight.

Oatmeal—Market quiet, lots on track $5.25 to $5.50 in wood. Broken lots, $5 per bbl extra.

Millfeed—Bran is firm at $19 freights for export, Northern. Shorts, $20 low freight, and $21 here. Manitoba bran and shorts $22, Toronto including sacks.

PRODUCE.

Potatoes—The market is firm. Cars are quoted at 75c bag on track here, and car prices are 80 to 85c.

Dried Apples—Market firm. Prices are 5½ to 6c per lb, dated sell at 9 to 10c.

Hops—Business quiet, market steady at 13c; yearlings, 8c.

Honey—The market is firm at 9½ to 10c. Combs, $2.50 per dozen.

Beans—The market is firm, picked are jobbing at $1.65 and handpicked at $1.75.

Cranberries — Market firm with Cape Cod at $8 to $8.50, Canadian, $6.50 to $7.

Hay, baled—The market is firm with good demand. $8 to $8.50 for timothy at $9.50 to $9.75 for No. 1.

Straw—The market is firm. Car lots on track are $6.25 per ton.

Poultry—Trade is quiet, with demand limited. We quote: Turkeys (dry picked) 7 to 8c; geese, 6 to 7c; ducks, 60 to 70c; chickens, 35 to 45c; old, 25 to 35c.

THE DAIRY MARKET.

Butter—The market is firm, receipts are fair, but choice are scarce. Choice dairy tubs and rolls are in good demand and firm. Choice dairy tubs and rolls, 17 to 18c, selected 1-lb rolls, 17 to 18c, seconds, 11 to 13c. Packers' offered, 1 to 2c per lb less than these quotations. Creamery prints, 22c; do solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—Market firm. We quote: Fresh, 22 to 23c; cold storage, 18 to 19c, and limed, 19 to 19½c.

Cheese—The market is firm at prices firm at 9½ to 10c.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are firm at $8.50 in car lots. Hog Products—We quote:—Bacon, long clear, at 10½c in ton and carload lots; pork, $19.50 to $20; do short cut, $21.

Smoked Meats—Hams, medium, 14c; rolls, 11c; backs, 14c, and shoulders, 10½c.

Lard—Market firm. We quote:—Tierces, 10½c, tubs, 10½c, pails, 11½c, Fearman's, 8½c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, Dec. 17.—Close: Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 77½c; No. 1 Northern, 71½c; No. 1 Northern, December, 74½c; May, 77½c. Oats—Not quoted.

Milwaukee, Dec. 17.—Wheat, close, No. 1 Northern, 77 to 78c; No. 2 Northern, 76 to 77c, 80½c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 62½c. Barley—Dull; No. 2, 62c to 63c. Corn—May, 60½c.

Toledo, Dec. 17.—Wheat, cash, 82½c; December, 83½c, 85½c. Corn—December, 57½c. Oats—December, 46½c. Cloverseed—December, $5.80, March, $5.80.

Buffalo, Dec. 17.—Flour firm, demand. Wheat—Spring, No. 1 Northern, 83c. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 71½c; No. 3 do, 71c; No. 3 corn, 70½c; No. 3 do, 70c. Oats—Weak; No. 2 white, 52c; No. 3 do, 49c. Barley—65c to 70c; fair to choice, nil. Rye—No. 1, 70c.

Detroit, Dec. 17.—Wheat—Close, No. 1 white, cash, 84½c; No. 2 do, cash and December, 83½c; January, 84½c; May, 86c.

St. Louis, Dec. 17.—Wheat—Close—Cash, 82½c; December, 82½c; May, 82½c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Dec. 17.—At the Western cattle market to-day the receipts were 73 carloads of live stock, including 1,200 cattle, 1,300 sheep and lambs, 800 hogs, 15 calves, and a dozen milch cows.

There was a good demand for sheep, here at from 4½ to 5c per lb, and 5