Blood.

We live by our blood, and ... it. We thrive or starve, ... our blood is rich or poor.

There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain in body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood.

This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood, is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It sets the whole body going again—man, woman and child.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

A Lucky Pin Cushion.

A lucky pin cushion is the latest thing in gifts for a child, says the London Graphic. The pin cushion is heart-shaped, and made in pale blue silk with a four-leaved shamrock worked in the centre in ... green. The initials of the infant are embroidered on the opposite side. The cushion is edged with a ruche of narrow blue satin ribbon, and wider ribbons, embroidered with shamrocks, are used to suspend it from the baby's basket.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Easy Remedy.

Surgeon—Feet sore, eh? Where do they hurt you most?

Private—Well, sir, it ain't so much when we're on the march; but when we're 'alted it's something dreadful, sir!

Surgeon—Oh, indeed! Well, the next time you halt, you just mind this!—Punch.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used a few bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the sale of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

To be Humbled.

"Biggins is one of those people who thinks he knows it all."

"Never mind," answered Mr. Stubbs. "Pride goes before a fall. Barker. He has a daughter who will soon be through school. He will sit and listen to her graduation essay and feel like an ignoramus."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

LIFE OF M'KINLEY, BY MURAT HALSTEAD; practically the only McKinley book in the field, for everyone now inquiring for a book and no other; great seller; like wildfire; 50 per cent. commission, while in 100 per cent. profit to agents; big money for agents who act quickly; outfits free, and they are now ready. Clark & Co., 222 S. 4th St., Philadelphia.

FOR SALE—200 ACRES, NEAR BURLINGTON, all cultivated; 70 acres fall wheat, railway, postoffice, blacksmith shop, butter factory and school, half mile; will sell in whole or in part on easy terms. Geo. S. Fairbank, Freeman, Ont.

WE WILL PAY YOU 6 CENTS A POUND for plucked chicks, any quantity. We pay freight. Samuel L. Lewis & Co., London, Ont. References furnished.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to Standard Hose Co., Dept. 2, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two railways. 130 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one parcel or divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Apply to Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 102, Winona, Ontario.

Your Complexion

is one of your joys if good; if not good, you are perplexed, and your general health is worse. Send 50c by express or P. O. order for one of matchless prescriptions to perfect your beauty, hence your perfect complexion. Do not trust us for worthless face bleaches or washes. Address

YALE MEDICAL, Yale, Mich.

...E OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS, ... can be removed permanently by ... Samaria Prescription secretly in ... food. It is impossible. Free sample. ... Write SAMARIA ... Jordan street, Toronto, Can.

SISTERS BROTHERS

Oblivion's Defeats

Kindly Acts and Words Will Be Held in Everlasting Remembrance

Washington, Sept. 29.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxi, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep hill down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish their homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of a third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep or fifty feet deep or 90 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Washington and New York and London will have on top of them other Washingtons and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,000,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain sure rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chisselled off a piece of that granite.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's India rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The skeletons of the constellations will crack and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, spiritality. Oblivion! It can swallow up and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for someone to come and recognise them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one-sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

Now, I have told you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find from that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after a while be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his way to be clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopelessness and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. The kindness you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalised. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its ever fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are storms in that land, and there is no water. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone is your name, either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you. I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god.

A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child hewed out or recite the noble deed your child accomplished, and God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds or wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace and your self-abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity methinks Christ would take one of the nails of his own cross and write somewhere on the crystal or the amethyst or the jacinth or the chrysoprasus your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there 50 years, but when the man goes into his coffin, that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tattooed us with His hands. There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with me. They are so inwrought into my being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the wind in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands!'"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build a palace as grand as he can and then you enter this palace of archangelic construction and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain Lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing world that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

On the Box Seat.

The automobiling youth of Newport have established the custom of driving with carriage dogs. The canine companion invariably accompanies his master mounted on the box seat of the "auto." This is promotion from the old custom which allowed and trained the dogs to run under the coach.

But an "auto" flies too fast for a fleet hound to follow long, so "Fido" or "Bobs" is promoted to a seat, and that the best his master can offer.

With the Boston terrier by the side, one sees the jeunesse dorie of Newport, plying their automobiles along Bellevue avenue, of a bright morning in Newport.

Real spiritual rest is found only in motion. Hitch your wagon to a star, but not to a fixed star.

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. III. OCTOBER 20, 1901.

Joseph Exalted.—Gen. 41: 38-49.

Commentary.—Connecting Links. Two full years pass and Joseph is still confined in prison. The butler who was released entirely forgot him; but God's eye was upon him, and in his own good time Joseph would be brought forth. God sends two strange dreams to Pharaoh, which the magicians and wise men of Egypt could not interpret. The chief butler then remembers the young Hebrew, and Pharaoh immediately orders Joseph brought out of his dungeon. As soon as the dreams were related to Joseph he told Pharaoh that God had revealed to him what he was about to do. The two dreams had the same meaning. There would be seven years of great plenty, which would be followed by seven years of famine. The famine would be very grievous and would consume the land. The dream was given twice to show that the thing was established. Joseph went farther and even advised the king what to do.

38. Unto his servants—"The kings of ancient Egypt were assisted in the management of state affairs by the advice of the most distinguished members of the priestly order; and, accordingly, before admitting Joseph to the new and extraordinary office that was to be created, those ministers were consulted as to the expediency and propriety of the appointment." Such a one as this—Doubtless the history of Joseph had been told Pharaoh and his servants, and they saw that his long experience with Potiphar as well as his present wisdom would especially fit him for the proposed work. The Spirit of God is—Here is an acknowledgement of the existence and power of the true God.

39. Discreet—"Intelligent, having a clear insight into matters." Wise—"This denotes a capacity to devise and employ proper measures to gain the ends desired."

40. Thou—This was very unexpected to Joseph and also to Pharaoh's servants. When Joseph was counselling the king to appoint a man to gather grain, he could not have had the remotest idea that he would be the man; and the servants who were so very willing that Joseph's plan should be carried out (v. 37) are silent now, when Joseph's name is proposed.

41. Over all the land—"Behold one hour hath changed his fetters into a chain of gold, his rags into fine linen, his stocks into a chariot, his jail into a palace."

42. Took off his ring—This was a token of the highest dignity and also an instrument of power, for it undoubtedly gave validity to the documents to which it was affixed. Thus Joseph was given chief authority in Egypt. A gold chain—This was a badge of high office; an emblem of civil authority.

43. The second chariot—The second state chariot in the public procession. Herodotus tells us that Egypt was noted for chariots both for peaceful and warlike purposes. —Hom. Com. They cried before him—That is, the king's heralds, whose duty it was to go before and announce the coming of the royal procession. Bow the knee—The heralds cried, "Abreck!" This is supposed to be an Egyptian word and its meaning is not definitely known. It may mean "rejoice," or "we are at thy service." Others think it means, "Cast yourselves down—do homage." Set him over all the land (R. V.)—This high position to which Joseph was exalted was a full recompense for his years of patient suffering.

44. I am Pharaoh—This was the same as though he had said I am king, for "Pharaoh" was the common title of the sovereigns of Egypt. —Clarke. Without thee—"Joseph's authority was to be absolute and universal."

45. Zaphnath-paaneah—This name has had various interpretations, some of which are as follows: "Preserver of life," "The revealer of secrets," "The treasury of glorious comfort," "Governor of the Living One," "Bread of life," "Saviour of the world." Clarke thinks it was merely "an Egyptian epithet, designating the office to which he was now raised." Asenath—"His naturalization was completed by this alliance with a family of high distinction." Over all the land—No doubt for the building of granaries, and appointing proper officers to receive the corn in every place.

46. Thirty years old—This was the age which was appointed for entering the priesthood; and we will remember that this was the age when the New Testament Joseph entered upon his ministry of love and mercy. —Leale. Stood before Pharaoh—This means that he was admitted into the immediate presence of the king, and had his unlimited confidence.

47. By handfuls—"A singular expression, alluding not only to the luxuriance of the crop, but the practice of the reapers grasping the grain in their hands." "This probably refers principally to rice as it grows in tufts, a great number of stalks proceeding from the same seed."

48. Gathered up—This was according to the advice given Pharaoh (v. 34), that a fifth part be gathered up. "This was the government tax, or was bought up at low prices such as would then prevail. Doubtless the people also stored up grain for themselves, but according to their faith, which was much less than Joseph's."

49. Joseph gathered—The king and his subjects owed their lives to Joseph. Through the blessing of God he was able to supply not only the Egyptians, but other nations with corn when the famine came.

Teachings.—The Spirit of God dwells in the hearts of those who are truly upright. The trials that come to us in life are all for our good and are meant to be the preparation for a nobler and better life. Faithfulness in little things is the only true preparation for greater things. We should trust God under all circumstances.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

The question asked by Pharaoh of his servants is, Can such a man as Joseph has described as needed for this emergency be found? Joseph little dreams that the "discreet and wise man" will prove to be none other than himself.

There seems to be an intuition in the human heart that recognizes the Spirit of God when brought in contact with it, though it may not always confess it. Heathen kings and queens recognized "the spirit of the holy gods" in Daniel. Pharaoh is persuaded that this man has had some real revelation and supernatural help, that he has done a remarkable thing in interpreting his dream, therefore he can do no more; literally, "After God has caused thee to know all this, according to thy mouth shall all my people dispose themselves." It is well when professing Christians can secure the confidence of the world in the same way.

Being exalted to the office Joseph is given the honors and insignia of his position—the ring, fine linen and gold chain. His authority is to be absolute and universal, and the people must recognize it. He is responsible to no man but the King.

Sudden exaltations are often the precursors of sudden falls; it was not so with Joseph. How few who having by some good or gallant deed won the plaudits and devotion of their country can keep them. The height is so giddy, their head is turned, they are soon guilty of some great weakness and lose their popularity. True humility and true exaltation have their root in genuine piety. "The case of Joseph is a signal illustration of the beneficial uses of adversity, and shows that the true road to success in life, to the acquisition of wisdom or of power, or of wealth, or of all combined, often leads through early hardships, trials disasters and defeats."

A GRAVITY WHEEL.

New Perpetual Motion Machine Invented.

An improved automatic or self-acting gravity wheel is the modest title of an invention by Mr. Herbert Rose, of Australia, which has recently been patented all over the world, and which, if the claims of its inventor are realized, promises to supersede steam as a motive power.

The invention relates to the construction of a gravity wheel, with concentric rings, secured to arms radiating from the centre. These arms or weights act as balance and driving levers and are so nicely arranged—those on the downward grade being two-thirds heavier than those on the upward grade in action—that a natural falling of the weights on the former grade insures perpetual motion.

A cessation of the driving force can only be effected by preventing weights from falling, and this is done by a very simple contrivance in the form of a spring which acts on all the weights simultaneously. Taking a wheel forty feet in diameter and three feet wide, it is estimated that it will carry 1,050 weights and that the driving power will be equal to 1,443 3-4 tons from the centre of the wheel. The cost of construction is about one-sixth the cost of machinery for steam power, and it is also claimed that the new motive power will reduce the working expenses ninety-five per cent.

The working model has been subjected to continuous tests, as it is apparently capable, like the brook, of "going on forever," which, of course, is what is expected of an invention claiming to constitute a solution of the secret of perpetual motion.

HOW TREES ARE DWARFED.

Japanese Arboriculturists are Successful in the Art.

The dwarf trees of Japan have been a never-ending source of wonder to Europeans ever since the opening of the hermit kingdom to inspection by the rest of the world. A single pine, perfect in form and foliage, has recently sold for $1,200. It is six feet high and alleged to be 850 years old. It has long been supposed that the process by which Japanese gardeners succeeded in dwarfing forest trees was a long and costly one. It is now said that it is a simple process and that anyone can do the trick. The following directions are given for producing a miniature oak tree:

Take an orange and scoop out the pulp. Fill the interior with a rich mold and plant an acorn in the centre of it, leaving the hole in the rind for it to sprout through. Put it in a sunny place and water it frequently. Soon after the first shoots have appeared the roots begin to break through the orange skin. Take a sharp knife and shave these off carefully and keep them shaved. The tree will grow about five or six inches high and then stop. In a year it will be a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow the orange skin should be varnished over and imbedded in a flower pot.

The Japanese dwarf all kinds of trees and make them live to a great age. Some of these dwarfs, like the Chabo Hiba, are well known and their owners have documentary evidence attesting their great age. The older they are the more valuable, of course, they are. In Japan certain families follow the calling, trade, art or what you will of growing dwarf trees from generation to generation, and you can buy a miniature oak 500 years old, from a descendant of the man who first planted the acorn. Not only forest trees but fruit trees and flowering shrubs are dwarfed by these clever gardeners.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Live Stock Markets.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 75	to	$5 00
do medium	3 75	to	4 25
Export cows	3 00	to	3 75
Butchers' cattle picked	4 25	to	4 60
Butchers' cattle, choice	3 75	to	4 25
Butchers' cattle, fair	3 50	to	4 00
do common	3 00	to	3 50
do cows	3 00	to	3 75
do bulls	2 75	to	3 25
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt.	3 50	to	4 00
Bulls, export, light, per cwt.	3 00	to	3 30
Feeding bulls	2 50	to	3 25
Feeders, short-keep	3 75	to	4 00
do. medium	3 50	to	3 75
do light	2 50	to	3 50
Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs.	3 75	to	4 00
off-colors and bulls	1 75	to	3 25
Milch cows, each	40 00	to	47 00
Sheep, ewes per cwt.	3 00	to	3 25
do. bucks	2 00	to	2 50
do culls	2 00	to	3 00
Lambs, each	3 50	to	3 75
Calves, per head	2 00	to	10 00
Hogs, choice, per cwt.	6 75	to	0 00
Hogs, corn fed	6 75	to	7 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.	6 75	to	0 00
Hogs, fat, per cwt.	6 75	to	0 00

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Oct. 10.—Trade was dull on the street market to-day, as is usual on Wednesdays, but the receipts, particularly of poultry, were very heavy. Chickens and butter were a little easier; other prices were steady.

Grain receipts were fair only and prices were about steady.

Wheat—Was steady, 200 bushels of new selling at 68c per bushel. Old wheat is quoted at 71 to 73c. Two hundred bushels of new red sold at 69 to 67 1-2c. Old red brought 70 to 72c, and 300 bushels of goose sold at 65c per bushel.

Barley—Was steady, 1,500 bushels selling at 48 to 57c per bushel.

Oats—Were steady, one load selling at 39 1-2 to 41 1-2c per bushel.

Rye—Was steady, one load selling at 54c per bushel.

Butter—Was easier, and the offerings were plentiful. Pound rolls brought 17 to 19c and crocks 15 to 16c.

Poultry—The offerings were very liberal, and the demand being light prices fell off a little. Live and dressed chickens are each selling at 35 to 50c per pair.

Hay—Was firmer and receipts were light, 10 loads selling at $11 to $12.50.

Straw—One load sold at $11.

Clover—Three loads sold at $8 to $9.50.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing quotations at important wheat centres to-day:

	Cash.	Dec.
Chicago	—	69 1-4
New York	—	75 1-8
Toledo	72 1-4	73 1-4
Detroit, red	71 3-4	72 3-4
Detroit, white	72 1-4	—
Duluth, No. 1 Nor	69 7-8	67 3-8
Duluth, No. 1 hard	70 1-8	—

Toronto Fruit Market.

There was a rather dull market to-day, and prices generally remained steady. Grapes were a little firmer. We quote: Peaches, per basket, Crawfords, 75c to $1.10; white, 30 to 50c; yellow, medium, 60 to 75c; pears, per basket, 25 to 50c; per barrel, $2 to $2.50; plums, per basket, 20c to 40c; egg plums, 50c to 60c per basket; apples, per basket, 15 to 25c; per barrel, $2 to $3; muskmelons, per crate, 25 to 35c; per basket, 15 to 20c; watermelons, each, 8 to 15c; grapes, small basket, 15c to 25c; large basket, 27½ to 45c; bananas, per bunch, $1.25 to $2; lemons, per box, $3 to $3.50; oranges, per box, $4 to $5; cranberries, per basket, $1; per barrel, $8; quinces, per basket, 30c to 40c; per barrel, $2.75 to $3.

General Cheese Markets.

Stirling, Oct. 9.—To-day, 1,450 white boarded. Sales: Watkins, 470 at 8 3-4c; Brenton, 160 at 8 3-4c; Ottawa Cold Storage Company, 160 at 8 3-4c; McGrath, 50 at 8 3-4.

Picton, Oct. 9.—To-day fifteen factories boarded 1,270 boxes of cheese; highest bid 8 7-8c. Two hundred and fifty boxes sold.

Woodstock, Oct. 9.—To-day 5,000 boxes of cheese were offered—3,000 white, and 2,000 colored. There were no sales, buyers bidding from 8 3-4 to 9 1-16c.

Napanee, Ont., Oct. 9.—To-day 1,456 boxes of cheese were boarded; 600 white and 856 colored; bids 8 1-2 to 8 5-8c. No sales.

Toronto Dairy Markets.

Oct. 9.—Butter—The market continues dull, with offerings large, especially of inferior qualities. Choice grades in demand at steady prices. We quote: Selected dairies, 16 to 16-1-2c; choice 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 17 1-2c; second grades, in rolls or tubs, 13 to 14c, and bakers', 12c. Creamery unchanged; prints, 21 to 21 1-2c; solids, 19 1-2 to 20c.

Eggs—The market is firm. We quote: Strictly new laid, 17 to 18c; fresh candled, 15 to 16c; seconds, 11 to 12c.

Cheese—The market is dull, with finest qualities quoted at 9 3-4c, and seconds at 9 1-2c.

Toronto Seed Market.

The market this week continued very dull, owing largely to the absence of foreign buying. The prices seem to have commenced at too high a figure for the European houses, and they have shown indifference and no desire to hasten purchases. As a result, although many inquiries have come in, no business has resulted. Red clover must be bought at outside points now at $4.25 to $4.75 per bushel in order to allow any margin for handling or profit. Alsike at outside points brings $5.50 to $7 per bushel. Machine-threshed timothy sells at outside points at $2 to $2.25 per bushel. Choice lots of these will of course bring a slightly higher price.

Late Markets.

Liverpool, Oct. 10.—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red western winter, 5s. 6 1-2d.; No. 1 northern spring, 5s. 7d.; No. 1 Cal., 5s. 9d. Futures, quiet; Dec., 5s. 6 5-8d.; March, 5s. 7 7-8d.

Buffalo, Oct. 10.—Wheat—No. 2 northern, 71c; No. 2 red winter, 74c; No. 1 white, 75c. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 61 1-2c; No. 3 yellow, 61 1-4c; No. 2 corn, 61c; No. 3 corn, 60 3-4c; on track. Oats—No. 2 white, 40 1-2c; No. 3 white, 39 1-2c; No. 2 mixed, 38 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 38c, through billed.

Detroit, Oct. 10.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 72c; No. 2 red, cash and October, 71 1-4c; December, 72 1-2c; May, 76 1-4c.

Detroit, Oct. 10.—Wheat—Cash, 72 1-4c; December, 73 1-4c; May, 76 3-8c. Corn—May, 58 1-4c. Oats—December, 36 3-4c; May, 38 1-4c.

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