O. 44, 1901.
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A Fallacy.
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Liniment Cures Distemper.
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all cultivated; 70 acres frame
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SISTERS
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What of the Night?

Talmage Describes Scenes To Be Witnessed in All Large Cities During Hours of the Night

Washington, Oct. 13.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes some of the scenes to be witnessed late at night in the great cities and warns the unwary of many perils; text, Isaiah xxi. 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night! It thrilled through me as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston the question once smote me, "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command, "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm, and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch or in the fourth watch to be vigilant until the daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch from 6 to 9, the second from 9 to 12, the third from 12 to 3 and the fourth from 3 to 6. I speak now of the city in the third watch, on from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping seek the face of mother or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centers of bargain making. Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families!"

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who on either side of the white, glistening boards await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sound cuts the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary, who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a better cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first-born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eyes will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worriment and pain. Let the city sleep.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garrotter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for 24 hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy!" Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked!" No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand. Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah, this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled. It never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah, is it possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes and the worst time the third watch of the night.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours are slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire; bring on more drinks; put up more stakes! That commercial house that only a little while ago put on a sign of co-partnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities, and your hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen stroke of the balls on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning, in the woods around about the city, to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenpin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin all the drums of death beat the dead march of a thousand souls.

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor, asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revelers, who try to get him to bed or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such a one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife died, and she lay in the next room, prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks and shook her out of her shroud and pitched her out of the window. Oh, when rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up!

My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings in London a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven. Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine, as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh," she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am and as hungry you could think of nothing else!"

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing, for the simple reason it is not practical. After the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts." We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the civil war, went into a hospital with tracts, and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing!

I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point—his social nature—and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back!" So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick bed. I hastened. It took me but a few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary dress, fully dressed, lying on top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively and said:

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there!" I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind or that I am superstitious, but, sir, she sat there last night, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better, I wish you would do better.' I said: 'Mother, I wish I could do better. I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was a reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help. I can't do this alone.'" I knelt and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord who made it.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe there are five acts in a tragedy.

Act first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go; again rising over the hill; farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second. The marriage altar; full organ, bright lights; long white veil trailing through the aisle; prayer and congratulations and exclamation of, "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps; old garments stuck into the broken window pane; marks of hardship on the face; the biting of the nails of bloodless fingers; neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity; no light, no music; blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick, quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into judgment. "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. V. NOVEMBER 3, 1901.

Death of Joseph.—Gen. 50: 15-26.

Commentary.—Let us study carefully the intervening history. 1. Joseph sending for his father. 45: 17-28. Pharaoh and his servants were well pleased when they knew that Joseph's brethren had come. The king joins with Joseph in sending for Jacob and their family. Great provisions were made for their journey. 2. The journey to Egypt. 46: 1-27. "Immediately the whole family prepared to move to Egypt with their flocks and movable property. The journey was about 250 miles along the usual caravan route; but it was a hard, long journey for an old man, with women and children, and flocks and herds. When they reached Beer-sheba God sent Jacob a vision for his encouragment, confirming the ancient promises and bidding him go on to Egypt." The number of Jacob's children that went down into Egypt, including his sons' wives, was seventy-five. Acts 7: 14.

3. The meeting of Jacob and Joseph. 46: 28-34. When Jacob reached the land of Goshen Joseph went forth in his chariot to meet his father; Joseph fell on his father's neck "and wept on his neck a good while." It had been nearly twenty-three years since Joseph had left his father to go to Shechem.

4. The meeting of Jacob and Pharaoh. 47. 1-10. "First Joseph selected five of his brethren and introduced them to Pharaoh, who welcomed them, and bade Joseph give official positions to any who proved themselves men of activity, energy and ability. Then Joseph introduced his father to the king. Here Joseph shows the nobleness of his character in not being ashamed of his father.

5. Jacob blessing his sons. Chapters xlviii, xlix. The time was approaching when Jacob knew he must die; he is sick and nearly blind. Joseph took his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, to his father, who blessed them. "In this scene we need but notice the prophetic adoption of Ephraim and Masasseh, as his own sons and heads of tribes, and the giving of the chief blessing to Ephraim, the younger." Ephraim became the leading tribe next to Judah. Just before his death Jacob prophesied concerning his sons and pronounced blessings upon them.

6. Jacob's death and burial. xlix, 29 to 50; 14. Jacob was 147 years of age when he died. Before his death he secured a solemn pledge from Joseph that he would not bury him in Egypt (xlvii. 29-31), and later he charged them to bury him in the cave where Abraham and Isaac were buried. These instructions were all carefully carried out.

15. Saw that their father was dead—"This at once argues both a sense of guilt in their own consciences, and a want of confidence in their brother."

16. Thy father did command—Although this is not recorded elsewhere, it was undoubtedly true. They had probably asked their father to help them in their trouble. Jacob must have advised them to humble themselves before their brother, and obtain a fresh assurance of his forgiveness.

17. Forgive, etc. — These words were wonderfully well chosen, and were spoken in a way to appeal in the most forcible manner to Joseph's piety and filial affection. They cast themselves wholly on his mercy. Joseph wept—How touching! "He wept out of sympathy with their deep sorrow of many years which nothing but forgiveness and reconciliation could alleviate."—Peloubet.

18. Fell down—Thus again and again do we see the fulfilment of Joseph's dreams in a remarkable manner. xxxvii. 5-8.

19 In the place of God—I have forgiven you and the matter is now between you and God. I am not your judge to punish you.

20. Ye meant evil (R. V.)—And what they did was just as wicked as though the results had been disastrous. They intended it for evil, and God judges according to the motive which prompts the act. God meant it for good (R. V.)—God overruled their wickedness and made it work out good.

22. Dwelt in Egypt—He continued in Egypt until the time of his death, which was fifty-four years after the death of his father. His father's house—All the descendants of Jacob remained in Egypt 141 years after the death of Joseph. An hundred and ten years—He was seventeen years old when he came to Egypt, thirteen years were spent in slavery and prison and eighty years on the throne; for it is probable that he retained his high office to the close of his life.

23. Upon Joseph's knees—They were educated by him, or under his direction; his sons and their children continued to acknowledge him as patriarch, or head of the family, as long as he lived.—Clarke.

24. Will surely visit you—Joseph had unbounded confidence in the promises made to his ancestors. The Egyptian throne had not weaned his affections from the true God. He died in the "full assurance of faith." Bring you out—"Though you have everything that can make life comfortable, yet this is not the land given by covenant, the land which represents the rest that remains for the people of God."

25. Carry up my bones—"That I may finally rest with my ancestors in the land which God gave to Abraham, and which is a pledge as it is a type of the kingdom of Heaven."

26. They embalmed him—The Egyptians had special physicians for each disease; the embalmers forming a class by themselves.—Hom. Com. In a coffin—"Coffins were not universally used in Egypt, and were only used for persons of eminence and distinction." "Joseph was put, as the duty of the embalmers, in a chest of wood, such as may be seen in our museums to this day."—Alford. Others think Joseph's coffin was of stone.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

The history of Joseph as recorded in the Bible reveals the fact that his life was an eventful one. It was what we might expect of one whose piety developed so early in life.

One thing is certain, if his brothers had not been wicked they would not have persecuted their younger brother as they did—lying about him and selling him into slavery. They meant it for evil, but God turned it for good, as He often does such things.

Our lesson begins with the death and burial of his father Jacob. His removal from the family seems to furnish fresh occasion for his brethren to fear, and they sent a messenger to Joseph with a fresh lie in his mouth (?) Ed.), that Jacob before he died had counselled forgiveness for their evil deeds. They furnish a clear case of the old adage, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser." They had nothing to fear from such a man; one who had always sought their good.

Though the Children of Israel were in bondage, Joseph knew by his faith in God that it would not always be so; hence when he was about to die he caused his brethren to make oath that they would preserve his body, and, when God should come and deliver them, carry his bones up and bury them in the land of Canaan, though this would be nearly two hundred years after.

Nothing pays so well as obedience to God. "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." Joseph lived to be one hundred and ten years old, and evidently enjoyed the confidence of all during his later years. Who can estimate the good that will result to such a family from such an example of devotion to God as an object lesson before their eyes continually?

The Proud Drummer.

"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced drummer in the smoker, "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours."

"What do you sell?" asked a curious one.

"Baby carriages."

Youth, in its profound wisdom feels a great pity for the ignorance of old age.

LOOK AT THE LINES IN YOUR HANDS

They Indicate Character—The Heart Line Shows Affection.

(Notes From Cheiro.)

The line of heart is naturally an important line in the study of the hand. Love, or the attraction of the sexes from natural causes, plays one of the most prominent parts in the drama of life, and as in the nature, so in the hand. The line of the heart is that line which runs across the upper portion of the hand, at the base of the Mounts of Jupiter, Saturn, the Sun and Mercury. It should be deep, clear and well-colored. It may rise from three important positions as follows: the middle of the Mount of Jupiter, between the first and second fingers, and from the centre of the Mount of Saturn. When it rises from the centre of Jupiter, it gives the highest type of love, the pride and worship of the heart's ideal. The man with such a formation is firm, strong and reliable in his affections. He is as well ambitious that the woman of his choice shall be great, noble and famous. Such a man will never marry beneath his station, and will have far less love affairs than the man with the line from Saturn. When the line rises from the Mount of Jupiter, and even from the finger itself, it denotes the excess of all the foregoing qualities. It gives the blind enthusiast, the man so carried away by his pride that he can see no faults nor failings in that being whom he so devotedly worships. Alas, such people are the sufferers in the world of affection. When their idols fall, as idols will sometimes, the shock to their pride is so great that they rarely, if ever, recover from its effects. The line rising between the first and second fingers gives a calm but deeper nature in matters of love. Such individuals seem to rest between the ideality given by Jupiter and the passionate ardor given by Saturn. They are quieter and more subdued in their passions. With the heart line rising from Saturn, the subject will have more passion in his attachments and will be more or less selfish and perhaps a little jealous. When the line of heart is much fretted by a crowd of little lines rising into it it tells of inconstancy, flirtations and so on, but of no lasting affections. A line of heart running from Saturn, when chained and broad, shows an utter contempt for the opposite sex. When bright red, the line denotes great violence of passion. When pale and broad, the subject is indifferent. When low down on the hand and thus close to the line of head, the heart will always interfere with the affairs of the head. Breaks in the line tell of disappointment in affection. When these are under Saturn they are brought about by fatality, under the sun through pride, and under Mercury through folly and caprice. A very remarkable point is to notice whether the line of heart commences high or low in the hand. The first is the best, because it shows the happiest nature.

I must bring these remarks to an end, and yet have only been able to touch, and that very lightly, the fringe of a very interesting subject.

MRS. TSILKA'S CAREER.

Fellow Captive of Miss Ellen Stone is an Earnest Missionary.

While much has been written about Miss Ellen Stone, the American missionary who was captured by Bulgarian brigands, it is not generally known that her companion in imprisonment, Mrs. Gregory M. Tsilka, is herself a missionary of repute, and has spent several years in this country.

Mrs. Tsilka came here before her marriage in order to prepare herself for mission work. She is by birth an Albanian and is possessed of extremely attractive features and

MRS. GREGORY TSILKA.

manner. While in the United States she took a partial medical course, studied for two years at the Moody Bible School, Northfield, Mass., and later graduated as a trained nurse from the Presbyterian Hospital Training School in New York. Soon after graduating she was married to Mr. Tsilka, and the two then started for their home in Turkey.

Her husband had come to the United States for the very purpose she had in view, though possibly love had much to do with his temporary expatriation, for he and his wife had been classmates in the American Mission School at Salonica, Turkey. Mr. Tsilka graduated last year from the Union Theological seminary in New York, and his classmates have endeavored, as far as possible, to assist the couple in their mission work in Turkey.

Since returning to their native land the Tsilkas have been located at Kortcha, Albania, where they have been engaged in evangelical work, independent of any board of missions. A school for native girls has been started by them and is the only Christian school for girls in all Albania. No more than forty pupils can attend the institution, owing to its limited resources. There are seldom any vacancies. Mrs. Tsilka's efforts are to aid her countrywomen physically as well as spiritually.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Oct. 28.—Receipts of farm produce of all kinds were large on Saturday. The deliveries consisted of 1,400 bushels of wheat, 4,500 bushels of barley, 2,000 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of peas, 25 loads of hay, 6 of straw, several loads of turnips, potatoes, dressed hogs, and the usual Saturday's delivery of butter, eggs and poultry.

Wheat—Fourteen hundred bushels sold as follows: White, 400 bushels at 64c to 71c; red, 400 bushels at 64c to 71 1-2c; goose, 600 bushels at 65c to 65 1-2c.

Barley—Forty-five hundred bushels at 50c to 58 1-2c.

Oats—Two thousand bushels at 39c to 40c.

Peas—One hundred bushels at 71-1-2c.

Hay—Twenty-five loads sold at $10 to $12 for timothy and $7.50 to $9 per ton for clover.

Straw—Six loads sold at $11 to $12 per ton for sheaf and $7 to $8 for loose.

Dressed Hogs—Prices steady at $7.50 to $7.75 per cwt.

Potatoes—Prices ranged from 60c to 70c per bag.

Turnips—Several lots sold at 25 to 30c. per bag.

Apples—Deliveries fairly large; demand good, at $2 to $3.50 for fall and $4 to $4.25 for winter varieties.

Poultry—Deliveries large, but in many instances the quality was poor, especially turkeys, many of which had been killed before they were fit, having no fat, and some of them little flesh. Turkeys of poor quality sold at 9c., with those of better quality at 10 to 12c. per lb. Chickens sold at 50 to 90c. per pair; ducks, 40c. to $1 per pair; geese, 6 to 8c. per lb.

Butter—Deliveries large, with prices steady at 18 to 25c. per lb., the latter price being for choice lots to special customers.

Eggs—Strictly new laid are not so plentiful, and sold at 23 to 25c. per dozen, with a few by the single dozen at 27c.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing quotations at important wheat centres to-day:

	Cash.	Dec.
Chicago	8—	80 71 1-2
New York	—	0 77 1-8
Toledo	0 74 1-2	0 75 1-2
Duluth, No. 1 nor.	0 70 3-8	0 69 1-4
Duluth, No. 1 hard	0 73 1-2	—

Cheese Markets.

At Perth, white sold at 9 to 9 1-16c.

At Ottawa, white sold at 8 3-4c.

At Kemptville, 8 3-4c bid; none sold.

At Brantford, no sales.

At South Finch, 8 3-4c bid; none sold.

Toronto Live Stock Market.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 00	to	$4 50
do medium	3 75	to	4 25
Export cows	3 00	to	3 75
Butchers' cattle, picked	4 00	to	4 25
Butchers' cattle, choice	3 50	to	4 00
Butchers' cattle, fair	3 25	to	3 50
do common	2 50	to	3 00
do cows	2 75	to	3 25
do bulls	2 50	to	3 00
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt.	3 50	to	4 00
Bulls, export, light, per cwt.	3 00	to	3 30
Feeders, short-keep	3 75	to	4 00
do medium	3 25	to	3 75
do light	2 50	to	3 25
Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs.	3 75	to	4 00
off-colors and bulls	1 75	to	3 25
Milch cows, each	46 00	to	00 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, per cwt.	3 25	to	3 40
Calves, per head	2 00	to	10 00
Hogs, choice, per cwt.	6 00	to	6 00
Hogs, corn fed	5 75	to	6 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.	5 75	to	6 00
Hogs, fat, per cwt.	5 75	to	6 00

Bradstreets' on Trade.

There has been heavy receipts of freight at Montreal this week owing to the approach of the close of navigation, and the shipping business has been very active. The tone of the butter market is more satisfactory, but cheese is still dull and easy.

At Quebec business in general has been fairly active during the past week. In shipping circles business is lively.

There has been a good steady trade done in wholesale circles in Toronto this week. The demand from inland points for goods to be shipped before the close of navigation is still a feature of wholesale trade. There is a good demand for money, and rates are steady at 6 to 6½ per cent. for mercantile discounts and 5 per cent. for call loans.

Business at Hamilton continues quite brisk. There is an active sorting trade being done in seasonable lines. The outlook for trade the next few weeks is very promising. Values of staple goods are firm. Remittances are daily improving.

Reports of trade at Pacific Coast centres continue of a fairly satisfactory nature. Business at Winnipeg, as represented to Bradstreet's by reliable reports, is more active as a result of the larger movement in wheat. The finer weather has done much to restore confidence. The increased offerings of grain are helping along the movement of seasonable lines in jobbers' hands at London, and the prospects for trade are very good. Business at Ottawa is keeping quite active. Values continue firm. The outlook for business is generally considered very good.

Failures in October.

Reports of R. G. Dun & Co. show liabilities of failures in three weeks of October $7,898,563, of which $3,224,992 were in manufacturing and $3,109,833 in trading. Though a few very large defaults have swelled the month's losses, there is but little increase compared with the $7,046,274 liabilities in the same week last year. Failures for the week numbered in the United States 240 against 205 last year and 29 in Canada against 28 last year.

Mr. Massey still lives, but his physicians hold out no hope of recovery.

Some men are considered narrow-minded because they make a specialty of minding their own business.

New smallpox cases have been reported to Dr. Bryce, from Lochiel Township in Glengarry, Brockville Honora in Manitoulin Island, Kingsville in Essex, and Korah, near the Sault. The situation at Ottawa is now well under control.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
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