

UNDER YE MISTLETOE.

Ye lips do meet in sweet embrace, Ye eyes do pop and flash, Ye noses nod and interlace, Then comes ye final crash!

A FLASH OF ANGER.

By Grace Ethelwyn Cody.

"Come, darling come! Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a manish little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close-fitting, woolly cap upon his head, but inside the coat was a white pique dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shown out a soft and dimpled baby face with full red lips, and great, dark, starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and so full of baby-ave and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it at all; to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw, and when he found he could not have it he just forgot the want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, these gaily-dressed beautiful dolls—they were a different matter! He stood holding his mamma fast, while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that.

"Oh, see—jess see!" he cried. "Mamma, out of all those many don't you sink that you can buy me one, jess only one?"

"Oh, precious!" she answered, trying to push on—"Mamma couldn't buy another thing to-night. See, it's getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lip quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last, choking under a sob, "you'd like to buy me one—you want to do it very bad—oh, very bad—don't you?"

"Why, yes, my sweet. I would like to get you everything you want."

"All right, den," he answered, and, turning, trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon. The little prince's mamma had finished all her Christmas shopping a week before, but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little rince. He is a handsome fellow, with twinkling blue eyes and brown mustache and wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been so stylish—brown and green—the "very sweetest combination!" Besides that, was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's much finer and better every way than the one he had put in? That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very sorry—of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened, except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give her husband as it was and have it ere afterward.

"Of course you will alter it to-day and have it ready, as you promised, or, of course, I will not take it at all," she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and finish it that day, he admitted so much, but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment; so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and there—

She cut him short. "Take it, and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had wandered from store to store all the afternoon until now, with the dressing-gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was close upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

"Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all, but somehow it seemed to fit—he was such a royal little man."

When they reached home, there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office, and Bert was tired, or he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it himself." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and succeeded altogether in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant, to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think," he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in this matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole meal topsy-turvy, is not exactly doing as you would be done by, to say the least."

"But, Bert," she began to speak and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day—how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—she would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be accepted. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you have told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all

EXPLOSION IN QUEBEC.

AN ILL CIT STILL EXPLODES WITH LOSS OF LIFE.

A Sergeant of the Quebec Police Force and Four Members of His Family Were Badly Injured, Redmond Had Carried on His Ill Business For Some Time.

QUEBEC, Dec. 18.—An explosion occurred in the upper part of a house situated on Richelieu street last night. A whiskey still, operated by Sergt. Wm. Redmond, of the Quebec police force, blew up, badly burning Sergt. Redmond about the face and hands. Two little girls, his grandchildren, were also badly burned. Their mother, Sergt. Redmond's daughter, was burned about the head and hands while trying to save the little ones from the flames which were fed by about twenty gallons of illicit whiskey, which besmeared the floor and walls after the explosion.

The fire brigade was soon on the spot and extinguished the flames. Revenue officers seized the still and other distilling apparatus. The explosion caused part of the front wall of the building to fall out. Windows were shattered and the building was much damaged.

It appears that Redmond had been carrying on his illicit trade for quite a time. On looking over the wrecks of the rooms where Redmond had his apparatus, a primitive looking still made of common tin, indicated how Redmond first got into the art. The still seized by the custom officers is a large one and is made of red copper and capable of distilling a couple of saloons a day.

Sergt. Redmond came in from his beat about six o'clock and after supper he took a lamp and went up stairs, followed by his grand-children. He went to a cask to see how the distillation of liquor was going on. The gases which escaped from the bung hole caught fire with the lamp in Redmond's hand and the flames were communicated to the still, which exploded with terrific force.

Redmond is in a critical condition. His head is twice its natural size and blistered. His hands are almost baked and out of form. He is bleeding from the mouth and ears. His daughters, Mrs. Derouin and Mrs. Delisle, are very seriously burned but are able to sit up. Another grandchild of Redmond, Mrs. Domperrin's little daughter, three years old, has her right side burned terribly. The poor thing lies unconscious in a bed downstairs. Mrs. Delisle's little girl, two and a half years, is burned about the face, neck, hands and body. Thus five persons were injured and are made to suffer agonizingly through the crime of one of Quebec's oldest guardians of the law, peace and order.

Call Bridget and let her take him and put him to bed," Bert proposed sharply. "No—no—no!" shrieked the child. "I won't! I won't let her! Oh you bad, bad papa!"

"I always go with him, Bert, you know," said mamma. "Well, it's time he learned to go with some one else."

"Bert"—her eyes were pleading, but he did not meet them—"Bert, dear—its Christmas Eve."

"Yes and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not be spoiled by disciplining him! Meantime, for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned, saucy, good-for-nothing?"

"You are unreasonable!" she answered, hotly, turning to the weeping child once more, and wiping the tears from his flushed, excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try an innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quiet, and in a moment mamma rose decidedly. "Come!" she said.

"No—not I want to stay to cert. I want to—oh, I do!"

The little mother found it hard enough to lift the struggling, screaming boy out of the chair to which he clung, and it was small wonder that during the operation one of his widely flying feet shot a piece of water from the table to crash in glass on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up. "I shall punish him for that!" he said. "The small woman put her child behind her. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass."

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best!"

"You shall never strike my baby while I live."

They faced each other defiantly. "Go on—very well," said Bert, after a pause. "Oh—on—go on. You're doing bravely. I admire your method. Teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and then to call his father names and say he hates him. By and by, when he gets big enough to knock me down you'll feel your work is done, won't you? It's wonderful—your method! I should think you would want to instruct a class—a mother's class—why don't you?"

It was too much. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed; "you cruel, sarcastic, heartless thing! How my brother would hate you if he could hear you talk to me like that! Oh, I can't bear it! On Christmas eve! Oh, its dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby and go—somewhere—anywhere—away from here! I never can stay. I want to go home where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent during this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders, and he pretended not to notice.

Tired men are sorry, sometimes, after dinner. Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eavesdropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, can I?" he heard in a baby voice, still broken with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him—do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do!" There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you do," was the answer.

"And now, darling, tell mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all those naughty things."

"Yes, mamma, I can't, thought I tell lies. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry—not a bit!"

Then the tender voice replied and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying with the little culprit.

MUSINGS FROM M'LEAN.

Looking After the Mineral Interests—The Cattle Still Gambol.

ISIEN. Our snow is nearly all gone again and the grass portends a green Christmas and maybe its supposed concomitant of a fat burying ground. More wet to fill up the swamps would be a great desideratum to the lumbermen just now. Bruin seems to have made a mistake in denning up so early. Several deer have lately been seen in this vicinity but the icy crusts of last year have seriously diminished the number of partridges and hares. Messrs. George Smith and Appleby were here, on Wednesday, prospecting. Mr. Smith owns quite a lot of land in this vicinity and he brought out his companion, a noted mining expert from Toronto, to pronounce on its mineral advantages. Several different specimens of ores were submitted to Mr. Appleby, on many of which he pronounced a favorable judgment.

Chief Justice Armour's decision regarding cows seems to bear little weight in this community as the highway is still seriously infested with them, as these two gentlemen had a narrow escape with one of the bovine species, and but for a quiet horse a serious accident would have been unavoidable, and this in broad daylight. The trouble occurred almost at the identical spot where "Heczekiah Hayseed" received his injuries. To further aggravate their sorrows they were pursued about a mile by an entire horse with malice prepense and only rid themselves of him by a clever stratagem.

The Torontonians who had rather expected danger from a ferocious nature found more grave causes of apprehension from the domestic animals. "Fugus admissarius aut bos non stersunt."

George Tyner, Belleville, has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. John Waters and John Doyle, convicted of stealing grain from John Caskey, Madoc township, were sentenced to one year in the Central prison.

Rev. W. H. Graham, Kemptville, not having improved in health as rapidly as desired, consulted a Montreal specialist, with the result that he is now undergoing treatment in the Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal.

Mrs. Kelly, a widow, has been a resident of the township of Pittsburg for sixty years. She came there when the most of the township was covered with trees and when deer and other wild animals abounded.

Inspector O'Leary, Ottawa, entered a charge against Jamieson and Hatch, Deseronto, for selling liquor to Indians. The trial lasted two days before Justice McCullough. The inspector failed to prove the charges.

A special meeting of the Gananoque school board will be held for the purpose of expelling a young lad. He has given the teachers and tract officer much trouble and will probably be sent to the reformatory.

A few weeks ago Thomas Mitchell died at Deseronto leaving \$2,000. Through the efforts of P. J. Wims, by means of a photograph and an unsigned letter, his relatives were traced to Sligo, Ireland.

Peter Valyear, Deseronto, lost his tools in the recent fire at Brockville asylum. The members of Court Deseronto, I.O.F., are taking steps to render practical assistance to their brother.

The revision of the dominion voters' lists was held at Tamworth off the 6th before his honor Judge Wilkison. There were seventy-nine reformers and twenty-two conservatives struck off.

Miss L. Brady vacates Florida school at Christmas. She purposes engaging on the island at an advanced salary. Miss B. Neilson has been engaged at Florida for the next term.

The Cossitt Bros. company, Brockville, is to have \$400,000 capital.

The young people's society of St. Andrew's church met in the lecture room last evening. The contributions towards the self-denial fund were handed in, Monday evening, by the local adherents. Weather like this on Christmas will make the livermen feel blue. The "Mikado," presented by the McLaughlin Carriage Co., Oshawa, to Hugh Wilson, arrived last week. The bolt department of Gillies' factory work twelve hours per day, while the carriage hardware work eight hours. A young tramp was located at police headquarters Monday evening. He was given a lunch at Hasel's restaurant. He was travelling east.

Prof. Manson's first twelve lessons in dancing expire Friday evening. Mr. Manson intends giving a large assembly Christmas night. Stone street north was the scene of a slugging match Monday evening. An old score was the result of one of the participants being knocked insensible for about ten minutes, to rise with a swollen countenance.

At the council meeting this evening the curfew question is to have its last reading prior to becoming law. A meeting of the board of trade was called yesterday afternoon. A committee of six from the board of trade as well as a committee of five from the council met to make arrangements for the coming dairymen's convention here. Special committees were drafted to arrange for music, banqueting and entertainment. A banquet will be tendered the visitors on the second night of their session in Turner's assembly hall. The third and last evening will be passed by an entertainment in the opera house. Nothing is being spared to make everything pass off pleasantly on this occasion.

Mrs. Robert Adair died Dec. 8th at Tamworth, at the age of fifty-six years. About two years ago she had an operation performed on her at the hospital in Kingston, for a cancer on her breast, from which she never recovered. The deceased was kind and gentle and liked by every person. She raised a large family, part of whom reside in Manitoba. She was a daughter of the late Wm. Bell, one of the pioneers of Sheffield.

On May 29th Mr. Hunt was tried before Mr. Shaver, Newboro, for trespassing on the property of one, Wyatt. He was convicted and fined \$1 and costs, amounting to \$17, which was paid. Hunt then sued the magistrate for \$80, for failure to make a return of the conviction to the clerk of the peace. Judge Reynolds gave a considered judgment, which may be appealed against if the plaintiff so desires.

Lieut.-Col. Cotton, D.A.G., paid Gananoque field battery an official visit of inspection and pronounced the books the best kept of any in the dominion. The guns, equipments, harness, saddlery and clothing are the best he has seen so far in his tour of inspection, a compliment which the battery boys may well feel proud of.

About eight tons of turkeys and geese were purchased at the poultry fair at Almonte. The ruling price for turkeys was \$3 per lb., though many got \$2.50; and for geese 50c per lb. At Kemptville 150,000 lbs were purchased for the English market.

The Brockville and Westport railway authorities offer a reward of \$100 for information leading to the conviction of those who put obstructions on the line on Dec. 5th and 13th at a point near Bell's crossing, between Newboro and Westport.

Robert Caskey, of Hungerford, has spent \$1,300 underdraining his farm with tile.

GANANOQUE BUDGET.

The Things in the Town' has Cause People to Talk.

GANANOQUE, Dec. 17.—C. W. Taylor, of the Canada Carriage Co. was in town Saturday Ephraim Webster, of the north west has taken the local agency for a novelty company. Conspicuous among the business houses in the decoration for Christmas are W. S. Abbott, Robinson & Wright and J. W. Harrison. "sonny" Smith was tried last week and fined \$10 or twenty-one days; Brockville authorities will have the pleasure of his company for the above term. Messrs. Ritchie & Gaffney, of Brockville, spent Sunday in town.

The band is contemplating having a grand concert in the opera house about the new year. In appreciation of services recently rendered by the band the pupils of the high school have decided to aid the band in their programme. G. N. Asselstine, jeweller, has displayed in his window a piece of mechanism in the shape of a clock. It bears the date 1492 with a bust of Columbus at the summit. It is of recent manufacture, however.

Last week the young son of Alex. Amo, Charles street, was playing with a wire nail, measuring some 3 1/2 inches. By some means the little fellow fell backward while the nail was in his mouth. The nail was forced down his throat in consequence. Nothing of a serious nature has yet been seen, but results may develop later. Chief of police Ryan had a very sore wrist last week, caused by the efforts of Smith, while resisting arrest, to escape. The Gananoque Carriage Co. has lost considerably through the destruction of patterns in the Ontario malleable iron works fire recently.

Great preparations are being made for the dairymen's convention of Eastern Ontario, which meets here Jan. 2nd to 4th. Prominent among those who will address the meetings are Hon. John Dryden, minister of agriculture; N. Awrey, M.P.P., Prof. Robertson, Prof. Dean, Prof. James, Prof. Shutt, Hon. John Gold, of Ohio.

Miss Edith Wood, a former high school teacher, now of Berlin, has been appointed teacher in a junior form in Stone street school. Miss Wood secured a first-class certificate in Berlin last July. The attention of the board of education has been called to the conduct of a lad named Ernest Sherry. He disobeys his teacher in everything and bids defiance to all regulations. The board has decided to warn the youthful "desperado," and after that on repetition of the offence to expel and deal with him as they may see fit.

GANANOQUE, Dec. 19.—Deputy-sheriff Smart, Brockville, was in town yesterday. Amos Grey, an aged man, father of William Grey, liveryman, died on Monday last. Miss Bradbury, of the high school staff, attended the recent Queen's college conversat. There was considerable talk, Monday, to the effect that the Ontario malleable iron works would locate here. Further advice destroys this illusion. Robert Byers, accountant for the wheel works, is able to be around again. One of the tubes blew out of the boiler on the T.L.R. engine on Tuesday evening. It was promptly repaired, however, by Watt Bros.

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KINGSTON MARKET.

The Prices Gathered on the Market-Square, and Elsewhere.

KINGSTON, Dec. 18.—Naturally enough the markets have been largely attended during the week and even larger crowds are looked for on the few market days that precede the New Year. With the greater demand the prices creep gradually up until to-day geese that sold for 50c the Saturday previous were quoted at 75c. A similar advance in turkeys have occurred. With these exceptions the quotations of last week remained unchanged. Fresh eggs bring from 20c to 22c per dozen; packed, 15c to 16c per dozen; print butter, 20c to 22c; rolls, 17c to 20c; tub, 16c to 17c.

Shell oysters, 75c per peck; oysters, 40c, 50c and 60c per quart; salmon trout, 10c per lb.; fresh herrings, 5c per lb.

Bran, \$16 to \$18 per ton; cornmeal \$1.75 per cwt.; bakers' flour, \$1.90 to \$2.10 per cwt.; family flour, \$1.50 to \$2 per cwt.; chops, \$22 to \$24 per ton.

The beef offered is of a fine quality. The meat is beautiful and sweet. Beef, 2 1/2c to 4 1/2c, and 10c per lb.; pork, whole pig, 4 1/2c to 5c per lb.; mutton, 3c to 5c; lamb, 4c to 5c; pork per quarter, 5c to 6c per lb.; sheep, live weight, 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c per lb.

Apples, 10c to 15c per peck; pears, 30c to 40c per peck; hot bed lettuce, 5c to 10c per head; garlic, 50c per doz. bunches; sage, 4c per bunch or 25c per doz.; parsley, 5c per bunch; winter squash, 10c to 25c each; celery, 40c per dozen, or three bunches for 10c; onions, 50c per bushel; cabbage, 25c to 40c per dozen; potatoes, 50c per bag; artichokes, 20c per peck; carrots, parsnips and beets, 40c per bushel.

Since our last report the markets have been very much depressed. The English markets have fallen 6d from the late advance and is still showing a downward movement. Stock is small in Europe while the visible supply in America seems to affect prices. This state of affairs will probably last for some time yet. Still there is a light movement of wheat from the interior points showing that the stock in farmers' hands is unusually light at this season of the year. The visible supply is bound to be reduced and we are still of the opinion that wheat will do better later on and that the present low price cannot rule very long and that the next advance that comes to the market will come to stay. Peas are quiet, little or no trading in them; car lots are quoted at 53c to 54c. Oats are in good demand and are worth 28c to 29c. Buckwheat is very dull; farmers' price about 33c to 35c per bushel. Rye is worth 40c. Barley 38c to 40c. Receipts are fairly good and shipments keep stock reduced until now there is little or none on hand.

MONTEAL, Dec. 18.—Trade is lively owing to the active demand for Christmas beeves, but the prices paid were lower than a year ago. Christmas cattle were secured at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c per lb.; a few extra animals were bought singly at 4 1/2c per lb.; and an extraordinary fine three-year-old steer, weighing 1,800 lbs., was bought at 5 1/2c per lb. Common to good cattle sold at from 3c to 4c per lb., and the leaner beasts at from 2c to 2 1/2c do. There were several very large bulls on the market, and the prices of these ranged from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Common calves sold at from \$3 to \$6 each. Shippers bought all the good large sheep at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb., and the bought a number of good large lambs, for which they paid from 8 1/2c to 9c per lb. Common lambs sell in lots at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb.

MONTEAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

Table with columns for item names and prices. Includes Canadian Pacific Railway, Duluth Prod., Commercial Cable, Montreal Street Railway, Montreal Telegraph Co., etc.

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