

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

HER LEGACY.

Pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired, 16-year-old Winona Brooke was sadly discussing the hardness of the times with her two brothers, Tom and Fred, in the kitchen, as that was the only one of the five rooms, with the exception of their mother's bed room, that could boast of a fire, on that bleak winter morning.

"I'm sure I don't know what we can do," said Winona; "the coal is nearly out and the flour barrel's almost empty, and the potatoes are all gone, and mother only earns a few dollars, now and then, by writing for the Family Friend, and unless Aunt Winona has left me a legacy, as she always promised she would, what is going to become of us?"

"I shouldn't count much on that legacy, if I were you, Win," said Tom, "for, as you know, Aunt Winona was a mighty queer woman, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if she'd forgotten all about you. But don't you be so down-hearted. Mr Barnes has promised to take me back as soon as times are a little better, and there's my \$10 in the Dime's Savings Bank, yet."

Just then the sharp whistle of the postman was heard and Winnie ran to the door to receive a letter.

"It's a letter for mother, marked important, and I'm going to give it to her," she called to the boys as she hurried through the hall and up the stairs.

"And I'm going out to see if I can't find a job snow shovelling," Tom called after her.

Mrs. Brooke, a slight, delicate-looking woman, took the letter which her daughter handed her, and opened it listlessly. Her pale cheeks flushed as her eyes fell upon the written lines, and reading hastily to the end, she exclaimed:

"It is from the administrator of your Aunt Winona's estate, and tells me that among her effects was a package directed to her god-daughter, Miss Winona Brooke, which will be forwarded by express."

Winona had sat dumb with amazement during her mother's speech, for she, too, notwithstanding what she said to Tom a few moments before, had really given up all hope of being one of her grandmother's heirs; but when it was ended, she clapped her hands joyfully and cried, "Oh! mother, mother, isn't it too lovely for anything? It must be some money—a good sum, I dare say—and it comes just in the nick of time."

And then she flew to tell her brothers the good news.

The whole next day nothing was talked of by the Brooke family but Winona's legacy. But they were obliged to possess their souls in patience until the next morning, when the expressman handed a small package to Winona, and then presented her with his book in which to sign her name. With trembling fingers she wrote "Winona Brooke," and with trembling limbs she rushed into the little parlor and closed and locked the door. She had determined to be the first to see of what her legacy consisted. Carefully breaking the seal, and unwrapping several sheets of soft, thin paper, she came to a large old-fashioned brooch in the form of a miniature of her Aunt Winona, framed in a heavy gold setting, studded with handsome pearls. This was all. No, not all, either, for transfixed on the strong, gold pin of the brooch was a folded paper. Winnie removed and opened this, and read these words: "Dear god-daughter,—I leave you this picture of myself, painted by the only man I ever loved, who died in his youth, in the hope that you will never part with it, for if you do, ill-luck will be sure to follow. But, if ever you wish to put it in another frame and use the one it now occupies for the making of some pretty piece of jewellery for yourself, you have my free permission to do so. Aunt Winona."

Winnie burst into tears, and then, hearing her mother's gentle voice asking admittance, in the intervals of the boys' pounding on the door, she went and opened it. Tom and Fred came in like young tornados; Mrs. Brooke followed more slowly, gazing at Winnie's tear-stained eyes.

"There," said the girl, waving her hand towards the table, "lies my legacy."

Tom pounced on the brooch. "What, this?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Winnie, "and a note telling me to keep the picture forever, but giving me permission to use the gold and pearls for a piece of jewellery if I wish to do so."

Mrs. Brooke took the "legacy" from Tom's hand. "It is a lovely picture," she said, "and a good likeness of your aunt in her girlhood. And these pearls, my dear, are very fine, and may serve to adorn you on your wedding day. I must confess I am disappointed, too, but knowing how queer your aunt was—"

But here her daughter interrupted her. "Mother, dear," she said, "you go back to your writing, and boys, you attend to the fires. I'm going to my room to think."

Once in her own room, Winnie began to think, and this is what she thought: "If these pearls are worth a good deal of money, why not sell them. I am sure Aunt Winona wouldn't object if she could know how poor we are."

Then she took a tiny pair of scissors from her work-basket, and pried off the back of the brooch, and out dropped a bit of paper. "Another note telling me not to sell them, I suppose," said Winnie, with a little frown on her brow, as she unfolded it. The frown gave way to a look of delighted surprise, and that in turn to one of grave doubt. She sprang to her feet, put on her hat and jacket, slipped quickly down stairs and out of the front door, and hastened to the bank, whose old, white-haired cashier had been the life long friend of her father. She found him at his desk, and handing him the piece of paper, breathlessly asked: "Is that good for anything?"

The old gentleman examined it carefully, looked over his spectacles at the eager face before him, with a smile, and replied: "Good for anything, my dear? Well, as it happens to be a gold certificate for \$1,000, I should say it was very good, exceedingly good."

"One thousand—dollars," stammered Winnie.

"One thousand dollars," he replied; "and do you mind telling me where you got it?"

Then Winnie told him the whole story, and the old gentleman went to the desk of another old gentleman, who seemed to be a very important old gentleman, indeed, and after they had talked awhile, he came back and handed the happy young girl ten clean \$100 bills in exchange for her note.

And so gladness came back to the Brooke household, and Aunt Winona's picture was framed in a pretty gilt frame and hung over the mantel in Winnie's room, and the old gold and beautiful pearls were turned into lovely lace and hairpins, and shone at the bride's fair throat and in her golden hair, the day, three years after, she married the handsome son of her old friend, the bank cashier.—Paula Ellwood in Catholic Columbian.

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Oatmeal.—We quote:—Rolled and granulated, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Standard, \$3.60 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.60 to \$1.75. Pot barley \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

Wheat.—Red and white winter 56c to 57c. Manitoba wheat in car lots is quoted at 78c, delivered at Western points for No. 1 hard.

Corn.—Ontario corn has sold at equal to 56c on track for shipments to Eastern points.

Peas.—Quoted 67c to 68c in store per 60 lbs. There is less doing in the West for export.

Oats.—There have been sales of car lots at 86c for No. 2, and some holders are asking 88c and 87c per 34 lbs. A dealer stated to-day that he could not buy No. 2 white in the West and lay them down here under 77c to 78c.

Barley.—We quote prices here 58c to 56c for malting and 47c to 48c for feed.

Rye.—There is no change in this market, car lots being quoted at 52c to 53c.

Malt.—We quote 73c to 78c.

Buckwheat.—Last sales being reported at 44c here and 36c in the west.

Seeds.—Timothy at \$2.25 to \$2.50 for Canadian, Alsike \$5.75 to \$6.25, and red clover \$8 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows:—Canadian short cut pork, per bbl.....\$14.50 @ 15.50 Canada short cut, thin, per bbl.....13.50 @ 14.00 Extra plate beef, per bbl.....10.50 @ 11.00 Hams, per lb.....9 @ 10c Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....8 @ 9c Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....6 @ 7c Bacon, per lb.....10 @ 11c Shoulders, per lb.....8 @ 9c

Dressed Hops.—Last sales reported to us were at \$5.25 to \$5.35 for car lots, up to \$5.40 to \$5.50 for small lots of lean butchers' stock.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:— per lb. Creamery, finest winter.....20c to 21c Creamery, early made.....18c to 19c Eastern Townships dairy.....15c to 18c Western.....10c to 15c

Cheese.—Western was sold on Tuesday at 48c over the cable, or equal to 10c here. Sales have been made in a jobbing way to the trade here at 8c up to 10c in lots of from 10 to 35 boxes. A lot of barroom cheese sold at 7c.

Rolled Butter.—Quite a lot of roll butter is offering and selling at 14c, a lot of 7 half-barrels selling at that figure, the quality being reported fine. We quote 13c to 15c as to quality.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—We quote Montreal limed 13c to 14c, and Western 11c to 12c, with an upward tendency. Held fresh is quoted at 10c to 14c as to quality, and new laid at 20c and upwards.

Honey.—Extracted old 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 per lb. New 7c to 8c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 12c.

Baled Hay.—No. 2 shipping hay is quoted at \$6.50 to \$7.50 in round lots, and No. 1 straight Timothy \$8.50 to \$9.00. At country points \$5.00 to \$6.00 are the ruling rates f.o.b. as to position.

Beans.—Good to choice hand-picked \$1.80 to \$1.45 per bushel, and poor to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20. Tallow.—Rough tallow is slow sale, and quoted at 5c to 6c.

Hops.—The market is quiet at 6c to 8c as to quality. Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys have changed hands in case lots at 8c to 9c for fine to choice. Chickens 6c to 7c. Geese 5c to 6c and ducks 7c to 8c.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—A little firmer feeling is noticed at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per barrel.

Dried Apples.—In better demand at 4c to 5c per lb.

Oranges.—We quote: Valencias, 420s \$1.60 to \$4.25, 714s \$5.00. Florida's 128s \$3.00, 150s \$3.75, 176s and 200s \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Le-mons.—At \$2.50 to \$3.00 per box. Fine Apples.—Fine apples at 15c to 25c.

Pears.—California pears are selling slowly at \$1.75 to \$2 per box.

Cranberries.—Cranberries are meeting with poor sales at \$9 to \$10 for Canadian frozen berries, and Cape Cod berries \$5 per box and \$15 to \$16 per barrel.

Grapes.—Almeria grapes are rather quiet, and we quote \$5 to \$7 per barrel according to quality.

Dates.—Are selling very slowly at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb.

Potatoes.—Sales have been made on track here at 55c in car lots, 62c to 63c by the load, and 65c in a jobbing way.

Onions.—The bulk of stock being held by one or two firms, and we quote prices firm at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel.

FISH AND OILS.

Salt Fish.—Dry cod \$4.25 to \$4.50, and green cod \$4.00 to \$4.25. Labrador herring \$4.00 to \$4.25, and shore \$3.50 to \$3.75. Salmon \$1.00 to \$1.10 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$1.20 to \$1.35 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$1.00.

Canned Fish.—We quote:—Lobsters \$5.75 to \$6.00, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.

Oils.—A round lot of steam refined was reported at 39c net cash. Pale seal oil is quoted at 38c to 37c. Cod oil, Newfoundland in round quantities at 34c to 35c. Jobbing lots 35c to 36c for Newfoundland. Cod liver oil 60c to 70c.

Fresh Fish.—Newfoundland frozen herring have sold at 90c to \$1.00 per 100, and New Brunswick at 60c per 100. Tummycods have sold at 85c to \$1.00 per bbl. Cod and haddock 8c to 4c. Lake fish are selling at 6c to 7c for white fish, and at 5c for pickerel. Fresh salmon 14c.

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