

Millfeed—Steady; bran is quoted at \$8 per ton, and shorts at \$9 to \$11 per ton.

Barley—No. 1 quoted at 37c., and feed at 23c. to 29c.; single cars of fancy old barley sell at 40c. The trade prospects for the new year are exceptionally good. There is a large and steady movement of freight over the two lines of railway from this city to St. John and Portland to the Old Country, which completely distances those of any previous year, and there is every reason to believe that the flow of exports will be well sustained until the reopening of navigation. Our market reports shows good advance in almost all lines of farmers' produce. Wheat advanced 1c. per bushel; peas 1c. per bushel. This hardening of the market has taken place in the face of heavy shipments on export account. The brighter prospect has toned up the price of dressed hogs, the net advance for the last two weeks being 50c. per cwt. for selected weights. The Montreal buying and Vancouver enquiry no doubt helped this line. The big demand for provisions from British Columbia, more especially pork, is due to the Klondike trade. This Klondike trade is materially helping many other lines. The grocers are busy and cannot fill orders for canned goods. Thus we begin the new year with business brisk and prospects good for its continuance.

Chatty Stock Letter from Chicago.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Following are the current and comparative prices for the various grades of live stock:

CATTLE.	Extreme Prices.	Top prices		
		Two weeks ago.	1896.	1895.
1500 lbs. up.	\$4 30 to 5 50	\$5 40	\$5 40	\$5 00
1350 @ 1500.	4 00 to 5 40	5 50	5 45	4 75
1200 @ 1350.	3 80 to 5 40	5 40	5 30	4 65
1050 @ 1200.	3 80 to 5 00	5 50	5 20	4 50
900 @ 1050.	3 70 to 4 85	5 00	4 85	4 50
750 Westerns.	3 85 to 5 00	5 00	4 90	4 50
Stillers.	4 00 to 4 80	4 75	4 90	4 20
Stockers and feeders.	2 70 to 4 25	4 25	4 25	3 75
Fat cows and heifers.	3 20 to 4 80	4 85	4 40	4 00
Canners.	2 50 to 2 60	2 50	2 40	2 30
Bulls.	2 50 to 4 35	4 25	4 00	3 80
Calves.	4 00 to 6 60	6 50	6 05	6 75
Texas.	3 75 to 4 65	4 60	4 30	4 25
Texas C. & B.	2 70 to 3 80	3 40	3 80	2 90
Fed Texas.	4 00 to 4 70	4 60		

HOGS.
Mixed..... 3 35 to 3 72 1/2 3 57 1/2 3 55 3 87
Heavy..... 3 25 to 3 72 1/2 3 55 3 55 3 90
Light..... 3 30 to 3 70 3 55 3 60 3 90
Pigs..... 3 00 to 3 60 3 50 3 55 3 82

SHEEP.
Natives..... 2 25 to 4 85 5 00 3 75 3 75
Western..... 3 15 to 4 50 4 40 3 75 3 75
Lams..... 4 00 to 5 90 6 40 5 75 5 00

The new year opened with a very healthy tone in the general trade, and live stock men have reason to look for a prosperous and happy twelve months. Chicago's receipts for the year so far show a small decrease of cattle, a marked increase of hogs, and a slight decrease in sheep, compared with a year ago.

In the main the stock coming to market is not of very good quality, most of it showing poor breeding.

During the twelve months of 1897 Illinois contributed 31,331 carloads of hogs to Chicago, against 26,794 in 1896; Iowa, 54,777, against 56,712 in 1896; Missouri, 10,766, against 10,994 in 1896; Wisconsin, 11,111, against 8,200 in 1896. Illinois increased 1,835, cars and Wisconsin nearly 3,000, while Iowa decreased 1,935, compared with 1896.

Actual receipts at the undermentioned markets for 1897, with totals for seven years:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Chicago.....	2,551,921	8,363,721	3,066,610
Kansas City.....	1,817,525	3,350,736	1,134,326
Omaha.....	810,949	1,610,981	627,160
St. Louis.....	787,690	1,630,773	604,281

Total, 1897..... 5,971,089 14,956,271 5,972,317
Total, 1896..... 5,633,888 13,099,507 5,532,819
Total, 1895..... 5,537,814 12,660,091 4,933,532
Total, 1894..... 6,143,725 13,099,907 4,225,348
Total, 1893..... 6,403,154 10,197,535 4,903,005
Total, 1892..... 6,459,270 12,572,999 3,670,407
Total, 1891..... 5,752,634 13,578,228 3,057,735

People are very much interested in learning the extent of cattle feeding for winter and spring markets, and exact information is very difficult to get.

The following shows the details of a week's purchase of cattle in Chicago for export alive: Blachere, 158; Reeder, 477; Armour, 523; Sherman, 518; Doud & Keefe, 600; P. E. Schwartzchild, 452; Williams & Hall, 125; McIntosh, 45; Shambert, 613; Gilchrist & Munro, 100; Swift, 616; Hathaway, 603. There is not as much activity in the demand for growing feeding cattle as there was two months ago, for farmers seem to want more than they have, and are only a little afraid of prices. The number of cattle on feed through the corn belt is probably 10 per cent. more than a year ago.

Average January receipts of hogs at Chicago for nine years past about 785,000, running as high as 1,063,260 in 1891, down to 483,687 in 1889. The trade expects 850,000 to 1,000,000 this month.

There is increasing business in the Northwest. One concern at Sioux City in December broke the record for one month's slaughter of hogs with 39,913 head.

The largest number of hogs received here in one day in 1897 was 51,733, about the middle of January. It is supposed that more hogs than that will come some day this year. The banner day's run was 74,551 February 11, 1895.

Owing to the big consumptive demand for hog products in the West the margin of price on live hogs between the East and West is quite narrow.

LARGEST RECEIPTS OF STOCK IN ONE DAY.

Cattle, April 25, 1892.....	32,677
Calves, June 25, 1895.....	3,089
Hogs, February 11, 1891.....	74,551
Sheep, October 1, 1891.....	31,334
Horses, March 25, 1895.....	1,431
Cars, July 30, 1894.....	2,364

LARGEST RECEIPTS OF STOCK IN ONE WEEK.

Cattle, week ending September 19, 1891.....	95,521
Calves, week ending July 16, 1892.....	8,474
Hogs, week ending November 20, 1890.....	300,488
Sheep, week ending September 26, 1896.....	39,861
Horses, week ending March 30, 1893.....	4,363
Cars, week ending January 16, 1896.....	8,457

LARGEST RECEIPTS OF STOCK IN ONE MONTH.

Cattle, September, 1892.....	385,466
Calves, September, 1891.....	31,398
Hogs, November, 1890.....	1,111,967
Sheep, September, 1897.....	397,166
Horses, March, 1897.....	17,782
Cars, December, 1891.....	31,910

LARGEST RECEIPTS OF STOCK IN ONE YEAR.

Cattle, 1892.....	3,571,796
Calves, 1893.....	210,557
Hogs, 1891.....	8,600,805
Sheep, 1897.....	3,606,640
Horses, 1895.....	113,193
Cars, 1890.....	311,557

The sheep-men feel in very good spirits. They are getting big prices for wool and fair prices for beef at the markets. The horsemen are happy, or would be if they had more good ones. Not 25 per cent. of the horses in the country are fit to sell, and there is no very strong effort being made to increase the stock of good ones.



A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

(Continued from page 15.)

"It's a' for the best, Patrick, an' ye'll see that in a while. A've kent fine that ma day was over, an' that ye sud hae a younger man."

"A' did what a' cud tae keep up wi' the new medicine, but a' hed little time for readin', an' nae for traivellin'." "A'm the last o' the auld schule, an' a' ken as weel as onybody that a' weens see dainty an' fine-mannered as the town doctors. Ye took me as a' wes, an' naeboddy ever cuist up tae me that a' wes a plain man. Na, na; ye've been rael kind an' condescendin' a' thae years."

"Weelum, gin ye cairry on sic nonsense ony langer," interrupted Drumsheugh, huskily, "a'll leave the hose; a' canna stand it."

"It's the truth, Patrick, but we'll gae on wi' oor wark, for a'm fallin' fast."

"Gie Janet o' sticks of furniture she needs tae furnish a house, and sell a' thing else tae pay the wright (undertaker) an' bedrool (grave-digger). If the new doctor be a young laddie and no verra rich, ye might let him hae the buiks an' instruments; it'll aye be a help."

"But a' wudna like tae sell Jess, for she's been a faithful servant, an' a' freend tae. There's a note or twa in that drawer a' savit, an' if ye kent ony man that wud gie her a bit o' grass and a sta' in his stable till she followed her maister."

"Confound ye, Weelum," broke out Drumsheugh; "it's doonricht cruel o' ye tae speak like this tae me. Whar wud Jess gang but tae Drumsheugh? she'll hae her run o' hock an' mangle sae long as she lives; the Glen wudna like tae see anither man on Jess, and nae man'll ever touch the auld mare."

"Dinna mind me, Patrick, for a' expectit this; but ye ken we're no verra gleg wi' oor tongues in Drumtochty, an' dinna tell a' that's in oor hearts."

"Weel, that's a' that's mind, an' the rest a' leave tae yersel. A've neither kith nor kin tae bury me, sae ye an' the neeburs be standin' near and lookin' as if they wud like a cord, gie tae them, Patrick. They're baith dour chiefs, and haena muckle tae say, but Tammas hae a ground hert, and there's warf founk in the Glen than Saunders."

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a'll no be able tae follow ye sune, a' doot; wud ye read a' bit tae me afore a' fe' ower?" "Ye'll flat me mither's Bible on the drawers' heid, but ye'll need tae come close tae the bed, for a'm no hearin' or seein' sae well as a' wes when ye cam."

Drumsheugh put on his spectacles and searched for a comfortable Scripture, while the light of the lamp fell on his shaking hands and the doctor's face, where the shadow was now settling.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she wes sober (weak), and Drumsheugh began, "In My Father's house are many mansions," but MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an' yir mither wes a sanct; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak it."

"Shut the buik an' let it open tsel, an' ye'll get a bit a've been readin' every night the laist month."

Then Drumsheugh found the Parable wherein the Master tells us what God thinks of a Pharisee and of a penitent sinner, till he came to the words: "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"That might hae been written for me Patrick, or ony ither auld sinner that hes feenished his life, an' hes naething tae say for himself."

"It wesna easy for me tae get tae kirk, but a' cud hae managed yir a stretch, an' a' used langidge a' sudna, an' a' might hae been gentler, and no been so short in the temper. A' see't a' noo."

"It's ower late tae mend, but ye'll maybe juist say tae the fouk that I wes sorry, an' a'm houpin' that the Almighty'll hae mercy on me."

"Cud ye . . . pit up a bit prayer, Patrick?" "A' haena the words," said Drumsheugh in great distress; "wud ye like tae send for the minister?"

"It's no the time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel juist what's in yir heart, Patrick; the Almighty'll ken the lave (rest) Himself."

So Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with many pauses. "Almighty God, dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. . . . We're a' sinners afore Thee. . . . Forgive him what he's done wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpt . . . the weemen an' bairnies . . . an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin' taeft' a' his warf."

"Thank ye, Patrick, and gude night tae ye. Ma ain true freend, gie yir hand, for a'll maybe no ken ye again. "Noo a'll say ma mither's prayer and hae a sleep, but ye'll no leave me till a' is ower."

Then he repeated as he had done every night of his life: "This night I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

He was sleeping quietly when the wind drove the snow against the window with a sudden "swish"; and he instantly awoke, so to say, in his sleep. Some one needed him. "Are ye frae Glen Urtach?" and an unheard voice seemed to have answered him.

"Worse! she, an' sufferin' awfu'; that's no lightsome, ye did richt tae come."

"The front door's drifted up; gang round tae the back, an' ye'll get intae the kitchen; a'll be ready in a meenut."

"Gie's a hand wi' the lantern when a'm saddlin' Jess, an' ye needna come on till daylight; a' ken the road."

Then he was away in his sleep on some errand of mercy, and struggling through the storm.

"It's a coorse night, Jess, an' heavy traivellin'; can ye see afore ye, lass? far a'm clean confused wi' the snaw; bide a wee till a' find the diversion o' the roads; it's aboot here back or forrit."

"Steady, lass, steady, dinna plunge; it's a drift we're in, but ye're no sinkin'; . . . ye're no; . . . there ye are on the road again."

"Eh, it's deep the night, an' hard on us baith, but there's that's it; ye ken fine what a'm sayin'."

"We'll hae tae leave the road here, an' tak tae the muir. Sandie'll no leave the wife alone tae meet us; . . . feel for yersel, lass, and keep oot o' the holes."

"Yon's the horse black in the snaw. Sandie'll ye frichtened us; a' didna see ye ahint the dyke; hoo's the wife?"

After a while he began again: "Ye're fair dune, Jess, and so a'm mase; we're baith gettin' auld, an' dinna tak sae weel wi' the night wark."

"We'll sune be hame noo; this is the black wood, an' it's no lang after that; we're ready for oor beds, Jess; . . . ay, ye like a clap at a time; mony a mile we've gae'd the gither."

"Yon's the light in the kitchen window; nae wonder ye're nickerin' (neighing); . . . it's been a stiff journey; a'm tired, lass . . . a'm tired tae deith," and the voice died into silence.

Drumsheugh held his friend's hand, which now and again tightened in his, and as he watched, a change came over the face on the pillow beside him. The lines of weariness disappeared, as if God's hand had passed over it; and peace began to gather round the closed eyes.

The doctor had forgotten the toil of later years, and has gone back to his boyhood.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want," he repeated, till he came to the last verse, and then he hesitated.

"Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me."

"Follow me . . . and . . . and . . . what's next? Mither said I wes tae haed ready when she cam."

"A'll come afore ye gang tae sleep, Wullie, but ye'll no get yir kiss unless ye can feenish the psalm."

"And . . . in God's house . . . for evermore my . . . hoo dis it rin' a' canna mind the next word . . . my, my."

"It's ower dark noo tae read it, an' mither'll sune be comin'."

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered into his ear, "My dwellin'-place, Weelum."

"That's it, that's it a' noo; wha said it?"

"And in God's house for evermore My dwellin'-place shall be."

"A'm ready noo, an' a'll get ma kiss when mither comes; a' wish she wud come, for a'm tired an' wantin' tae sleep."

"Yon's her step . . . an' she's carryin' a light in her hand; a' see it through the door."

"Mither! a' kent ye wudna forget yir laddie, for ye promised tae come, an' a've feenished ma psalm."

"And in God's house for evermore My dwellin'-place shall be."

"Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep."

The grey morning light fell on Drumsheugh, still holding his friend's cold hand, and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labours.

THE MOURNING OF THE GLEN.

Dr. MacLure was buried during the great snowstorm, which is still spoken of, and will remain the standard of snow-fall in Drumtochty for the century. The snow was deep on the Monday, and the men that gave notice of his funeral had hard work to reach the doctor's distant patients. On Tuesday morning it began to fall again in heavy fleecy flakes, and continued till Thursday, and then on Thursday the north wind rose and swept the snow into the hollows of the roads.

That went to the upland farms, and built it into a huge bank at the mouth of Glen Urtach, and laid it across oor main roads in drifts of every size and the most lovely shapes, and filled up crannies in the hills to the depth of fifty feet.

On Friday morning the wind had sunk to passing gusts that powdered yoor coat with white, and the sun was shining on one of those winter landscapes no townsman can imagine and no countryman ever forgets. The Glen, from end to end and side to side, was clothed in a glistening mantle white as no fuller on earth could white it, that flung its skirts over the clumps of trees and scattered farms with houses, and was only divided where the Tochtan ran with black, swollen stream. The great moor rose and fell in swelling billows of snow that arched themselves over the burns, running deep in the mossy ground, and hid the black peat bogs with a thin, treacherous crust. Beyond the hills northwards and westwards stood high in white majesty, save where the black crags of Glen Urtach broke the line, and above oor lower Gramplams, we caught glimpses of the distant peaks that lifted their heads in boldness unto God.

It seemed to me a fitting day for William MacLure's funeral, rather than summer time, with its flowers and golden corn. He had not been a soft man, nor had he lived an easy life, and now he was to be laid to rest amid the austere majesty of winter, yet in the shining of the sun. Jamie Soutar, with whom I toiled across the Glen, did not think with me, but was gravely concerned.

"Nae doot it's a grand sight; the like o't is no gien tae us twice in a generation, an' nae king wes ever carried tae his tomb in sic a cathedral."

"But it's the fouk a'm consooderin', an' hoo they'll win through; it's hard enouch for them a'ts on the road, an' it's clean impossible for the lave."

"They'll dae their best, ever man o' them, ye may depend on that, an' he'd been open weather there wudna he've been six able-bodied men missin'."

"A' wes mad at them, because they never said anything when he wes leevin', but they felt for a' that what he hed dune, an' a' think he kent it afore he deid."

"He hed juist a' faut, tae ma thinkin', for a' never jidged the waur o' him for his titch of rochness—gude trees hae gnarled bark—but he thoct ower little o' himself."

"Noo, gin a' hed asked him hoo mony fouk wud come tae his beerial, he wud hae said, 'They'll be Drumsheugh an' yersel, an' maybe twa or three neeburs besides the minister,' an' the facts is that nae men in oor time wud hae sic agitherin' if it wesna for the storm."

"Ye see," said Jamie, who had been counting heads all morning, "there's six shepherds in Glen Urtach—they're shut up fast; an' there might hae been a gude half dozen frae Dunleith wy, an' a'm tell there's nae road; an' there's the belch Glen, rae man cud cross the muir the day, an' it's aucht mile round; and Jamie proceeded to review the Glen in every detail of age, driftiness of road and strength of body, till we arrived at the doctor's cottage, when he had settled on a reduction of fifty through stress of weather."

Drumsheugh was acknowledged as chief mourner by the Glen, and received us at the gate with a labored attempt at everyday manners.

"Ye've hed heavy traivellin', a' doot, an' ye'll be cauld. It's hard weather for the sheep, an' a'm thinkin' this'll be a feedin' storm."

"There wes nae use tryin' tae dig oot the front door yestreen, for it wud hae been drifted up again before morning. We've cleared awa the snaw at the back for the prayer; ye'll get in at the kitchen door."

"There's a puckle Dunleith men—"

"Wha?" cried Jamie in an instant.

"Dunleith men," said Drumsheugh.

"Div ye mean they're here, whar are they?"

"Drying themselves at the fire, an' no without need; one of them gied ower the head in a drift, and his neeburs hed tae pu' him oot."

"It took them a gude fower oors tae get across, and it wes coorse wark; they likt him weel for a' that wy, an' Jamie man"—here Drumsheugh's voice changed its note, and his public manner disappeared—"what div ye think o' this? every man o' them hes on his blacks."

"It's mair than cud be expectit," said Jamie; "but whar dae yon men come frae, Drumsheugh?"

Two men in plaids were descending the hill behind the doctor's cottage, taking three feet at a stride, and carrying long staves in their hands.

"They're Glen Urtach men, Jamie, for nae o' them wes at Kildrummie fair wi' sheep, but hoo they've wun doon passes me."

"I canna be . . . Glen Urtach's . . ."

"Ye're no sur . . . the dyke and cro . . . their plaids as th . . ."

"We're that . . . ae place, eh, th . . . this side, an' th . . ."

"It wes gra . . . sheugh, 'an' a'm . . ."

"He cam thr . . . Charlie's repl . . ."

"They're thr . . . they're frae Upp . . . ma certs, it took . . . waists and rinni . . . cam ower fine."

The Glen beg . . . from a point of . . . of utter indiffer . . . fied."

"Weelum M . . . o' sna, and drif . . . frae far an' near . . ."

Drumsheugh . . . maunna luke fo . . ."