THE CRAVING FOR NARCOTICS.

INCREASE OF DRUG DISSIPATION.

Morphine, Cocaine and Kindred Habits in London and Paris.

The two greatest evils of modern times, viewed from their effects upon moral and physical man, are the morphine and cocaine habits. Indulgence in these drugs is not confined to the lower and more vicious classes; indeed, they are the dissipations of the intelligent and so-called upper circles of society. The men and women who seek solace for their ills in soporific or stimulating drugs are often people of recognized intellectual ability and high social standing. For the most part they keep their vices from the public knowledge, and it often happens that the public first learns of their addiction to the drug habit by the announcement of their death "from an overdose of morphine taken to relieve pain."

The morphine habit has of late become a fashionable fad in some circles of London society, and "morphine tea parties" are all the go. They are especially popular among a certain class of idle women who make some pretensions to social prominence. As a supposed cure for the "blues," a never-failing panacea for every form of depression, morphia, one of the most deadly of drugs, is unfortunately increasing in popularity by leaps and bounds. The parties in which this dangerous poison figure so prominently have only lately come into fashion—they originated in Paris, by-the-bye—but the amount of injury and misery that they are responsible for is already beyond all reckoning.

What Happens is This:

A number of ladies who, owing to the similarity of their individual tastes and weaknesses, are in sympathy with each other, form themselves into what may be termed a morphia club. They meet at about 4 o'clock every afternoon, ostensibly to enjoy nothing more harmful than tea, the members providing the ghastly entertainment in turn.

Tea is certainly consumed, but only to avoid suspicion on the part of the domestics, for as the repast progresses the hostess produces a tiny syringe containing morphia. The appearance of this little instrument, which has been eagerly waited for by the whole company, is the signal for the guests to lay bare their arms. This they do hurriedly enough, anxious not to lose a moment, so intense is the craving to put themselves under the influence of the poison. The hostess then goes the round of her visitors, giving each an injection.

Very frequently a guest is not satisfied with one injection. She has accustomed herself to the drug and a small dose has no appreciable effect on her. She

Crves for More Injections.

She then gets them if her hostess is devoid of sense, which she generally is, and thus drives another nail in her coffin. The women who resort to this proceeding belong to that numerous body who, bereft of self-control and feather-brained to a degree, cannot live without excitement and who thirst for new sensations. They attend the morphia tea party to drive away—as they foolishly think—melancholy. Without the morphia tea party they would not care to exist. Life to them is an insufferable bore.

In a very short time the poison does its work. The womann who was depressed and dull-eyed when she entered the room is full of life and gayety, she talks wittily, even brilliantly, her eyes are bright, her cheeks but a moment before ghastly white, are flushed, her whole countenance is animated.

Pay the Price of Death.

But what a price she pays for this change! Submitting herself to the influence of morphia at these parties, as she does every day, the drug when administered in fairly large quantities quickly loses the desired effect, and the wretched being must have more. Three injections once a day are not enough for her; she injects the fluid morning, afternoon and evening. To get the poison she will sacrifice everything—her dearest possessions, her money, her jewels, her all, in fact. The result is disastrous. The poison obtains a complete mastery over her—she can no more resist it than she can fly to the moon.

The inevitable consequence is that she dies an early death, wrecked both in mind and body. Nothing is more frightful than the sight of one of these women when she is denied her favorite drug. Filled with despair, she is capable if not watched of destroying herself at any moment. In her rage she will tear her hair and scream as no madman could scream.

Needless to remark these parties are conducted with the greatest secrecy. The servants are sent out of the room, the door is locked and even the master of the house has no knowledge of what is going on. The irritability of his wife, brought about by the fatal drug—for the exhilaration occasioned by morphia is invariably followed by the most awful depression. He sees down to "nerves." He would do well to get home early one day. Not that he would gain much by so doing, however, for the morphia maniac, as a rule, carries a little syringe on her person. Inclosed in leather cases, these syrylnges are very dainty articles.

Unfortunately morphia is not difficult to buy. If one chemist will not sell sufficient to meet the requirements of his customer an adequate supply can be had by visiting half a dozen druggists. But not a little of the morphia that is used by the morphia maniac is brought privately from abroad.

Opium Smokers are Numerous.

Very similar to the morphia tea party is the opium-smoking party. The opium habit, fatal as it is, is alarmingly on the increase in this country. Its devotees are in almost every instance women who are dissatisfied with their surroundings and liable to fits of depression.

The effect of opium is peculiar. Not only is the drug extremely comforting, but it influences the imagination to such an extent that the victim is led to believe for the time being that she is in another world — a world full of beauty and gayety. For the moment she is freed from all her troubles. And not only this, the memory is refreshed, the woman at one stage being able to bring back to her mind incidents which she has long since forgotten. It is characteristic of opium that it will light up the past more vividly than any other drug. At a later stage— that is, when an excess of opium has been consumed—the smoker becomes insensible and remains in that state for several hours.

Those women who indulge in the opium habit are as a rule beyond recall. As with morphia, the craving for the drug increases rapidly, the victim being quite unable to content herself with a moderate dose. She generally loses all her refinement and all her sense of self-respect. She becomes, indeed, a different being. Mentally and physically she is ruined, and it is seldom very long before she goes to her grave. The opium habit is practically incurable and it is not too much to say that those who are slaves to it are well aware of the fact.

Take Cocaine Injections.

Another dissipation of London's idle set—and the habit has obtained a strong foothold on this side of the Atlantic—is cocaine injection. The practice can be carried on so secretly that for a time even the nearest friends of the drunkard have no suspicion of it. It has none of the repulsiveness of ordinary intoxication. Doctors are its chief victims, writers and politicians come next and the more artistic the temperament the greater the peril this new habit presents.

Cocaine injection is, without question, the most dangerous and most subtle form of inebriety known. Compared with it, even morphinomania is harmless. It grows on one with amazing rapidity, and gives little or no warning of the harm it is doing until the evil is accomplished almost beyond recall. With most narcotics you have quick presage of coming evil. Let the average man inject a dose of morphia and he will find the temporary ease followed by excruciating headache, by raw nerves and by fearsome depression of spirits. But with the cocaine at first there is none of this. You feel young and vigorous again. Pain is deadened. The things that troubled you seem swept out of your life. You have a sense of self-satisfaction, of buoyancy, of ease and of pleasure. In the normal man or woman there is often at first no great reaction, although in this, as in every nerve poison, the effects differ according to individual temperament.

A Deadly Practice.

But the pleasure passes very quickly, even more quickly than with opium, and the victim is almost inevitably driven to renew the injection. In many cases from twelve to twenty doses are before long taken in a single day. This costs money. Cocaine hydrochlorate, the form of drug used for this purpose, is very expensive. Wholesale it costs 25 shillings an ounce, and retails usually at about three times as much. In one known case a man spends as much as 10 shillings a day on his cocaine.

The first harmful result seen is often enough not physical, but moral. Cocaine, even more than morphia, destroys the moral sense. This is no figure of speech, but a plain statement of an observed and undeniable fact. The cocaine fiend does not become violent or brutal. On the contrary, he seems more gentle and more refined than ever before. His artistic perceptions are in every way quickened. But though he has hitherto been scrupulously honest, he will now often steal without shame. He often seems to forget the meaning of truth. It is yet a moot point with psychologists how and why this destruction of the moral sense is accomplished. But that it is accomplished admits of no denial.

Many of the cases of kleptomania which excite so much surprise and many of the unaccountable crimes among well-to-do people are solely due to this. As one druggist put it somewhat bluntly: "When a person comes in here and asks for cacaine or morphia or chloral, I, of course, fill in the doctor's prescription. This is my business. But I take care to keep a close eye on that customer's fingers all the time she is in the store. The cocaine fiend will steal anything if she thinks she can do it unobserved. If you let her get into your debt she will never pay you. Among my regular customers, some come with a story that they have left their purses behind, and something like that, and wish me to trust them. I never do that with a cocaine or a chloral taker now. I have been bitten too often. Every other druggist will tell you the same."

This is only the beginning. The moral effects are after a time followed by very decided physical ones. First comes indescribable depression of spirits, sleeplessness, distaste for food. This is often enough followed by complete mental breakdown, sometimes by suicide. So much has the habit grown that a new industry has sprung up in England during the past few years, the establishment of "homes" for well-to-do narcotics. These homes are not usually registered under any act. Many of them do not advertise, but are supplied with patients by their private connection of doctors. Others advertise regularly in medical papers as great hotels do in ordinary organs.

The cocaine habit has not reached the common people. It is doubtful if in all the long list of victims you will find a single mechanic or working woman. It is people to whom ordinary drunkenness is repulsive that narcotism appeals in the most subtle way. A few doses of cocaine enable the busy society woman to get through her season all right and she can maintain this habit often enough for months together without even those nearest her knowing it.

Cocaine injection is not the only nor the most popular form of narcotism. In great districts ether drunkenness is general, even among the poorest. You can get drunk on ether for a trifling cost, and you can be drunk and sober again several times in a day. In the Fen country in Ireland opium taking is common among the agricultural population.

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1. JANUARY 5, 1902.

The Promise of Power.—Acts. 1: 1-14.

Commentary. 1. The former treatise—The gospel of Luke. Luke was also the author of the Acts. O Theophilus—Nothing is known of this person, but he was no doubt a person of high rank and perhaps a Roman officer who had been converted to Christianity. Began—The gospel is not a history of all that Jesus did, but only an account of the foundations which He laid and on which the church should afterwards be built.—Cam. Bible. To do and teach—A very important statement, dividing the work of Christ into two great branches; the one embracing His work on earth, the other His subsequent work from heaven; the one in His own person, the other by His spirit.

2. Until the day—The fortieth day after His resurrection. Through the Holy Ghost—God gave not the Spirit by measure unto Him. John iii. 34. Jesus, who was anointed with the Holy Ghost (Luke iv., Matt. xii.), in the power of the Holy Ghost gave commandments to the apostles to be His witnesses.—Lange. Apostles—The twelve generally called disciples in the gospels are in the Acts spoken of as apostles, or "those sent forth."

3. Passion—Sufferings on the cross. Infallible proofs—The single Greek word, translated "infallible proofs," denotes the strongest proofs of which a subject is capable, an irresistible proof.—Schaff. Forty days—At different times during a period of forty days. The kingdom of God—This expression has several significations, but here, as in Mark i. 14, it includes the whole Christian dispensation, its message, progress and economy.

4. Assembled with them—Probably on ascension day. Commanded them—The last commandment given by the Lord to the apostles directed them to await the gift of the Holy Ghost in Jerusalem. Not depart from Jerusalem—The coming of the Spirit was to be at the next great feast after the crucifixion. Jerusalem was the centre of Jewish influence, and at that time strangers would be reached from all parts of the world. Promise of the Father—Through the prophets the gift of the Spirit had been promised by the Father.

5. John—The Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, With water—John's baptism was: 1, a baptism unto repentance; 2, a type of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. John pointed to Christ, who should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Shall be baptized—This was the promise of the Father, it could not fail. With the Holy Ghost—The Holy Spirit was about to be given them in greater fullness than ever before. At this time their hearts would be cleansed and they would be filled with love.

6. Were come together—At the Mount of Olives. See Luke xxiv. 50. Dost thou at this time, etc. (R. V.)—Is this the hour when the Roman yoke is to be broken from our necks and the kingdom of the Messiah established?

7. Not for you to know—Christ constantly avoided giving His disciples a direct answer to questions which could only satisfy their curiosity and be of no particular benefit. In His own power—"Authority."—R. V. The word rendered power here is not the same as the one so rendered in the next verse. It should be noted that Jesus did not disapprove of the question asked in verse 6, but as Lange says, "He rather confirmed it by declaring that the Father had fixed the time."

8. Shall receive power—The energy of the Holy Spirit was to be given to them. It was not the power of logic or eloquence, but "the power of a living union with a living God." "This power has its source outside the church and human life altogether. It is to be received as a gift; not generated from within; not attained by straining present powers or enlarging present capacity."—Biblical Illustrator. Is come upon you—The Holy Spirit gives, 1. Knowledge and understanding. 2. Faith. 3. Holiness. 4. A spirit of prayer. 5. Courage. 6. Steadfastness. 7. Zeal. Shall be witnesses—They shall not merely bear witness, but be witnesses in their own persons.—Lange. They were to be witnesses to a crucified, a risen and a coming Christ..

9. While they beheld—The disciples did not see Him rise out of the grave, because His resurrection could be easily proved by their seeing Him afterward; but they saw Him return to Heaven, as there would be no other way to prove it. A cloud—"Perhaps it was like the fiery, cloudy pillar, the symbol of God, that led the Israelites through the wilderness; or Elijah's storm chariot, or the bright cloud of glory that overshadowed Him on the Mount of Transfiguration."

10. Were looking (R. V.)—Wondering what it all meant. Two men—Angels in the form of men. White apparel—See Matt. xxviii. 3. The white garments were an emblem of purity.

11. Shall so come—The second or final coming. This will not be in obscurity like His first coming, but "He will come in power and glory, in the clouds, and with His holy angels with Him." Matt. xxiv., 30-41; xxvi., 64.

12. Olivet—Frequently called the Mount of Olives. Sabbath day's journey—About three-fourths of an English mile.

13. Come in—That is, into the city from the country. Into the upper chamber (R. V.)—Probably the upper room which had been used by our Lord and His disciples for the passover feast.—Cam. Bible. Where abode—"Where they were abiding." R. V. "This does not mean that this was their permanent habitation, but they remained there for the descent of the Holy Spirit."—Barnes.

14. Continued—During the ten days they waited. With one accord—With one mind. There were no schisms, no divided interests, no discordant purposes.—Barnes. Steadfastly in prayer (R.V.)—Their prayers were earnest and persistent. With the women—This probably refers to the women who followed him from Galilee, but it may mean merely that women were present. Mary—This is the last mention in Scripture of the mother of Jesus. His brethren—The brethren of Jesus at first rejected Him (John vii, 5), but now they believe in Him and are present at the Pentecostal outpouring.

TEACHINGS.—Christ's work is finished, but he is still our Teacher. There is great power in an earnest testimony. The gospel is adapted to the needs of all mankind.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Man is naturally a materialist. His physical nature is more prominent, and seems more important than either his intellectual or spiritual nature. In fact, in early childhood his physical wants are his whole life. Before there is a ray of spiritual life and before there is a consciousness that could be called a well-defined thought, his physical faculties are in full command. The things that are felt, tasted and seen constitute his existence.

God created man this way. Because of this fact, and because God's works are always in perfect harmony with each other as well as with Himself, the revelation of God as made to us in the Bible must at first be strongly along materialistic lines. Therefore in the Old Testament God is continually showing Himself by His works.

In the revelation of Jesus Christ as the Son of God there is a grand forward movement to spiritualize the material, or rather to bring in prominence the spiritual which so long had been hidden. This could not be done all at once, nor could it be done too forcibly, for that would have prevented its being received. Therefore the conception, birth, life, works and ministry of Jesus are a strange yet natural and logical combination of the material and the spiritual. He was conceived by the Holy Spirit, but born of a woman. He possessed the perfection of the spiritual nature, yet was tempted in all points as we are.

The advent of the Holy Spirit marked not only the beginning of a new dispensation, but the final and complete transformation of all our relations to God by the elimination of all that was purely materialistic. The promise of the Father was the revelation of God, the Holy Spirit as a Spirit.

The promise of power was therefore purely spiritual, yet regardless of all warnings, His disciples expected temporal power. They could not divest their minds of the thought that this promise of power must mean the restoration of the kingdom to Israel. He said He would send another Comforter. He said the world could not receive and could not even know or see this spirit of truth. Yet after all this, they must now emphatically be taught that purity precedes power, and that this power of the Holy Spirit coming upon them and abiding with them overwhelms and even obliterates the necessity of temporal power.

A Musical Musician.

Our Jane has always had the craze
To play as Paderewski plays,
And that she has acquired his ways
We've evidence bombastical,
For our piano wildly quakes
With daily epileptic shakes
The while she thereat hourly takes
Her exercise gymnastical.
No sooner doth she get her pose
Than she each trained extensor throws
Upon the keys with blows on blows
Surpassingly herculean;
She pivots here, she pivots there,
Lands knockout punches everywhere,
Till tonic forces fill the air
E'en to the vaults cerulean.
Crescendos on crescendos chase
Forzandos o'er the keyboard's face,
And when with tutti forza brace.
She climbs the heights vociferous,
We mount our wheels and ride away
Ten miles beyond her muscles' play,
Yet do we hear at close of day.
Her volleying soniferous.
—From the Boston Courier.

A Modest Request.

The school gardens which were established in connection with Nelson Street Boarding Schools at Norwich, have been worked with much enthusiasm by the boys, says the London Dail Mail. During the year over £9 worth of produce was sold, and the boy gardeners made a profit of £2 11s. At the annual prize-giving the statement was made that "Norwich stood first for successful school gardens."

"I'm sorry I took the horse," said the culprit, "but let's compromise this matter. If there's any hanging to be done, let me do it."

"Suicide?" queried the leader of the vigilantes.

"Oh, no. Suppose you allow me to hang my head with shame, and let it go at that."

Jimmie's Query.

"All of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of her small pupils.

"Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie, "is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"—Ohio State Journal.

HOW DOUGAL HELPED AT PITTIN 'UP THE PIPES.

Dougal McCallum, a faur-oot connection o' ma Sandy's, is here the noo frae Glasca on a veesit tae us. He's unco weel aff—a lot o' property and plenty o' siller beskides—bit he shows his gran' guid Scotch sense, an' disnae leuk ormet as if he were the great Mogul sent intae the warl' tae set it in order. Na, that's no' his w'y. He's an auld bachelor, inclined tae be a wee eccentric, bit unco haundy roun' a hoose, as I faund oot by experience.

Sandy wis awa tae Buffalo, on business whan Dougal arrived; sae I had tae be baith host and hostess in Sandy's absence. We got along fine, and he wis unco guid tae the bairns, an' awfu' ta'en up wi' them.

Weel, as the cauld days were settin' in, I thocht it aboot time tae move the stove oot o' the wudshed intae the kitchen; bit I didnae see hoo I cud get it dune, for Angus, oor hired man, wis a wee thing aff the hooks, an' had gaen hame for a week, an' every ane else wis busy. "O, wow! bit it's cauld in the kitchen," says Nellie, ma bit servant lassie, as she dumped the coffee-pot doun on the cricket at the side o' ma plate. [Nelly ne'er laid doun onything gently, tho' I had tried tae break her o' the habit.] "Ay, it's gey cauld oot there, Nelly; we'll hae tae get the stove moved, an' hoo I'll manage it I dinna ken, for there's no a man I can get tae help for praise or p'y, ma lassie," said I.

"Hoots! Jean (Dougal aye ca'd me Jean) dinna borrow ony trouble aboot movin' a stove. I can dae maist onything aboot a hoose, an' I m thinkin' that job'll no maister me. But it seems tae me that ane o' the inventive chiels micht invent some kind o' apparatus for movin' stoves an' jinin' stovepipes. It wad save an awfu' sicht o' bad feelin's, an' he'd be an everlastin' benefactor tae his brethren." (Dougal is a strang Methodist, an' aye talked o' the men folks as "brethren.") "Whit dae ye think, Jean?"

"It wad be an' awfu' guid thing tae hae," says I; "an' we'd feel like shakin' han's wi' him."

"That's sae, Jean, an' I'd gie a fifty dollar bill when he dee'd tae help to erect a monument, tellin' hoo clever he wis, an' whit an amoont o' swearin' he prevented in his day an' generation."

"Oo, ay, Dougal, bit wad it no' be a better plan tae drop him a line while he wis leevin', an' tell him whit a help he'd been tae mankin'? I dinna think he'd feel sae smert bit whit he cud appreciate a bit wurd o' praise."

"Ay, Jean, that's sae; an' it micht encourage him tae think o' some ither w'y tae help his brethren."

"Weel, Dougal, it wad be a better w'y than tae wait till he wis deider than scat, an' then set up a big monument ower his remains, tellin' o' a' his ingeniousness an' helpfu' qualities in helpin' tae mak' folk's wark easier for them. Mebbe while he wis leevin' naebuddy ever telt him that he'd helped ony o' his fellow craiters or did onything tae be thanked for."

"Yer kerrick, Jean; yer kerrick," says Dougal, 'glein' the table a thump wi' his nieve, then picked up the cream pitcher an' pour'd an ocean o' cream intae his coffee cup, drap by drap, in a meditative wood. "Ye think noo's the time tae gie a bit wurd o' appreciation an' encouragement?"

"It's a' the time we're shair o'," says I.

"Ah, ha!" says Dougal, as he feenished his breakfast an' started oot tae the wudshed, whaur I followed him. "Noo, Jean, get me the stove-blackin' an' brush an' I'll hae this stove blacked an' set up in the kitchen in a jiffy," says Dougal, deftly rowin' up his shirt sleeves.

"Dougal McCallum," I cried in alairm, "I dinna want ye tae dae ony sic wark. Whit wad ony o' the neebors think tae see ye at sic a job?"

"Ne'er fash yer heid wi' what they'd think, Jean; I'll dae as I dang please; sae han' me the blackin' an' gae wa' aboot yer business an' I'll atten' tae this thing."

Weel, he had his ain w'y. I ken'd by experience there wis nae nise arguin' wi' him; sae I startit upstairs tae mak' the beds an' redd up a wee. I had hardly been up there hauf an 'oor whan Dougal cried "Jean, Jean, jist come doon here a meenit an' see gin this stove's blacked a' richt." I hurried doon, an' oh! micht whit a sicht! There stood Dougal in the wudshed, blackin' brush in hand, the stove shinin' in the middle o' the flair, wi' aboot hauf an inch o' blackin' on the boards a'roun aboot it.

"Eh! Dougal, that 'll dae nicely," says I— pretendin' no' tae see whaur he'd upset the saucer o'blackin' an' had dichtit it up wi' the brush.

"Well then, Jean, jist len' a wee bit han' an' we'll hae this stove up afore ye can say 'Jack Robinson.'" Sae atween us the stove wis set up, an' the first twa lengths o' pipe put on.

"Jist haud on there a meenit, Jean," says Dougal, in a rale mellow voice, as he startit upstairs tae fasten the pipes in the chimney hole. There wis an awfu' pushing an' thumpin' gaed on up there for the next ten meenits.

"Hoo are ye gettin' on up there"? I cried, as I heerd some awfu' gruntin' an' mutterin' comin' doon the pipe.

"A' richt, Jean," says he; an' I heaved a sigh o' relief, "Jist ye haud on there another meenit an' we'll be through wi' this business."

"Yes, Dougal, I'm haudin'," says I; an' jist then Dougal gied the elbow pipe a tremendous thump, sae as tae festen it in the chimney w'y, whan aff busted the twa pipes I wis haudin.

"Whit's the maitter doon there?" he askit, sen'in' his voice doon the receiver.

"O, naething much; the pipes here hae only slippit aff," says I, in a caum voice.

Doun stairs cam' Dougal, twa steps at a time. "Gee whittaker! wis there ever sic meeserable contrary truck as stove pipes?" says he, takin' aff his auld felt hat an' scartin' his heid as if he'd tak' ilka hair oot by the ruits. Jist as he clappit his hat on his heid again there wis an unco crash upstairs, an' Dougal set aff up there again tae fin' the hale range o' pipes lyin' on the flair. Then I heerd a kin' o' skufflin' gaun on, an' I hurriet upstairs tae see whit it wis. There wis Dougal kickin' his Jerry hat roun'an' roun', an' dichtin' the sweat aff his face wi' his sooty haun's. My! hoo he did leuk!

"I wish there wisnae a stove pipe in the hale United States o' America," says he.

"Whit wad ye hae insteed?" says I, in a low, saft voice, for I saw Dougal wis a wee wroucht up.

"A fireplace, wi' a guid backlog. They're healthier an' no sae mony cantankerous pipes about them," says he, pickin' up his hat a' battert an' torn, an' throwin' it oot the open windae. Efter that he seemed tae feel better.

Weel, we had tae begin a' ower again, an' a waefu' time we had afore we got through. Dougal cut his thoom, sikned his knuckles, an' maist knocked his elbow oot o' jint. Bit at last the thing wis dune, the stove wis set up, an' the pipes were wired up firm an' guid, an' Dougal was takin' a tura in the back lot tae see if the fences were a' richt—at least he said that wis whit took him there.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Dec. 30.—Receipts of grain were heavier on the street market to-day, 4,400 bushels offering. Prices were about steady. Oats advanced 1-2c.

Wheat—Was steady, 200 bushels of white selling at 76 to 79c per bushel, 200 bushels of red at 78 to 78 1-2c per bushel and 800 bushels of goose at 66 1-2 to 67c per bushel.

Barley—Was firmer, 2,000 bushels selling at 53 to 63c per bushel.

Oats—Were firmer, 1,000 bushels selling at 46 to 47c per bushel.

Rye—Was steady, 100 bushels selling at 57c per bushel.

Hay—Was steady, 11 loads selling at $11 to $12.50 per load for timothy and $7 to $9 for clover and mixed hay.

Straw—Was firmer, selling at $9 to $9.50 per load.

Wool.

The general situation is practically unchanged from a week ago. There have been no further sales of wool for export to the United States. Pulled wools are quiet.

Fleece—There is no change in the situation and prices are steady at 13c for washed and 7c for unwashed.

Pulled Wools—The inquiry from the home mills is moderate and the market is steady and unchanged at 18c for extras and 15c for supers.

Toronto Live Stock Markets.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 50	to	5 25
do medium	3 50	to	4 50
do cows per cwt.	2 50	to	3 50
Butchers' cattle picked	4 00	to	4 25
do choice	3 60	to	4 00
do fair	3 50	to	3 60
do common	3 00	to	3 40
do cows	2 25	to	2 75
do bulls	2 50	to	3 25
Feeders, short-keep	3 50	to	3 75
do medium	3 00	to	3 35
Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs.	3 00	to	3 50
do light	2 50	to	3 00
Milch cows, each	35 00	to	50 00
Sheep, ewes per cwt.	3 00	to	3 25
do bucks	2 00	to	3 50
do culls	2 00	to	3 00
Lambs, per cwt	3 00	to	4 00
Calves, per head	2 00	to	10 00
Hogs, choice, per cwt	6 40	to	0 00
Hogs, fat, per cwt	6 00	to	0 00
Hogs, light, per cwt	6 00	to	0 00

Canadian Apples Lead.

London, Dec. 30.—At Covent Garden and the other markets Canadian apples take the lead in quality, color, and quantity, and invariably bring the best prices.

IS NOT THIS STEALING?

In Spite of at Least Half a Dozen Imitators, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has More Than Three Times the Sale of Any Remedy Recommended for Throat and Lung Troubles.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods.

The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's, with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest? Is it not stealing, or even worse? For besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result.

Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A handsome and useful Christmas present for mother or grandmother is Dr. Chase's Last and Complete Receipt Book. Illustrated folder free.

THIS DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION