

Toronto Markets.

The general tone of the market is weak, with apparently a tendency to lower prices on all classes of stock. The majority of the cattle offered were stockers and feeders. The wet weather made trade dull, slow, and prices weaker on export and butchers' cattle. The run of cattle on Thursday and Friday last week amounted to 151 loads.

Export Cattle.—There were few export cattle offered, and prices ranged, for best choice, from \$4.40 per cwt. to \$4.50; light exporters at prices ranging from \$4.00, \$4.20, and \$4.40. Messrs. Gould bought four loads of best exporters at from \$4.40 to \$4.50 per cwt. for the best. Mr. Wm. Levack purchased 135 cattle, mixed butchers and exporters, at \$3.25 to \$4.12 per cwt. Mr. W. H. Dean purchased two loads of exporters, averaging 1,200 some at 1,240 lbs. each, at \$4.25 per cwt. Mr. John Leech sold two loads of exporters, the best on the market to-day, weighing 1,324 each, at \$4.60 per cwt.

Butchers' Cattle.—The prices for the best kind of butchers' cattle were firmer, the quantity not so large as the last two weeks. The poorer grades were easy. Prices for best choice butchers' cattle, \$4.00 to \$4.10 per cwt. Good cattle sold at \$3.60 to \$3.80; medium and common, \$3.00 to \$3.50; poorer grades easy at \$3.00 per cwt., odd change back. Choice quality of butchers' cattle, equal to exporters but not so heavy, sold at \$4.10 per cwt. Mr. I. H. Brown sold to Alex. Levaich 6 halfers, 1,000 lbs. each, extra choice quality, at \$4.25 per cwt. Mr. I. H. Brown sold ten butchers' cattle at \$3.25.

Bulls.—In great request for filling the Gooderham byres. Messrs. Harris purchased 300 last week at prices averaging \$3.50 per cwt. up to \$3.80 for choice 1,000-lb. animals. It is reported that the crop will run Wednesday, October 13th.

Feeders.—This class of cattle is in good demand, at prices ranging from \$3.60 to \$3.75 per cwt. Weights wanted are those averaging from 900 lbs. to 1,100 lbs. each; some weighing 1,400 at \$3.25 per cwt. Mr. John Bennett, of Orton, Ont., sold six feeders, 1,100 lbs. each, at \$3.75 per cwt.

Stockers.—Prices for this class of cattle were lower in consequence of adverse reports as to recent sales in Buffalo. The bulk sold at \$3.15 to \$3.50 per cwt. A few choice yearlings sold at \$3.50 per cwt.

Cows.—Unchanged, selling at \$3.00 to \$6.00 per head. For choice veals, \$5.00 per cwt.

Sheep.—Prices a little easier. Ewes sold at \$3.50 to \$3.60; bucks at \$2.75. The quality of sheep coming forward is not good enough for export.

Lambs.—Spring lambs sold at \$2.75 to \$3.50 each, or \$3.75 to \$4 per cwt.

Milk Cows.—Scarcity of dairy cows raised the price of good ones. Those on offer were of medium quality. Prices ranged from \$25 to \$45 each.

Hogs.—There has been a very heavy run of hogs this week, over 9,000 on offer; \$4.25 is the price for next week, with a further decline in prospect. Prices are \$4.35 for best bacon hogs, weighing 160 lbs. to 220 lbs. each, off cars to-day. Thick and light fat are quoted at \$4 to \$4.25; sows at \$3.80 to \$3; stage at \$3 per cwt. There were over 100 breeding sows on the market this week, also a large number of unfinished hogs.

Dressed Hogs.—The market keeps well supplied with dressed hogs. Prices are inclined to fall; \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt. For some reason a large number of unfinished dressed hogs are being placed on the market.

Grain Market.—Receipts of grain on the St. Lawrence market were large—6,850 bushels. Prices of wheat are a trifle lower than a week ago, but the market was steady at the close. White steady; 3,000 bushels sold as follows: White, 65c. to 66c. per bushel; Red, 64c. to 65c. per bushel; Goose, 63c. to 64c. per bushel. Rye—One load of rye sold at 45c. per bushel. Oats—Firm; 2,000 bushels sold at 27c. to 28c. per bushel. Barley—2,000 bushels selling at 45c. per bushel. Good demand. Peas—300 bushels sold at 55c. to 56c. per bushel.

Hay.—About 40 loads selling at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per ton for timothy, and \$5.50 to \$6.50 for clover.

Straw.—Prices easier; 6 loads sold at \$6 per ton; bundle at \$7 to \$8.

Hides continue steady at former quotations; No. 1 green at 3c.; No. 1 steer at 2c.; No. 2 green at 7c. Calves—No. 1 are quoted at 10c. per lb. Sheepskins—\$1.10 to \$1.25 each. Hide dealers report tanners buying a little more freely than usual in consequence of increased activity in the demand from England for sole leather.

Butter.—Choice dairy butter in good demand; choice creamery rolls at 30c.; creamery boxes at 18c. to 19c. per lb.

Eggs.—Best quality scarce; ordinary stock at 15c. to 16c. per doz.; choice new laid at 18c. to 20c. per doz.

Cheese.—Business in this line fairly brisk; no stocks accumulating; prices firm at 9c. per lb.

Oct. 11, 1898.

Montreal Markets.

Cattle.—There is really very little change to note in the general standing of this market for live stock. Receipts have been liberal—too liberal, in fact—of the wrong sort of stock, and prices have accordingly been a shade weaker on poorer grades, but for anything offering that is at all worth shipping there has been no change in figures worth mentioning. The fact that oversupplies have caused the set in of a decline in the British market cannot in any way be blamed for the weakness in this market, as the run of really good shipping stock has been so light. A few of the best offerings have been the half cent, but the bulk of the best offerings have been cashed at 4c. to 4 1/2c. per pound, with fair to medium grades 3c. to 3 1/2c. or 3 3/4c. per pound. There has also been a fair enquiry for stockers, but here also the quality of offerings has been on the poor side, with prices ranging all the way from 2c. for bulls and very small, thin stock, to 3c. for the better class of steers and heifers.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts of sheep have not been overly abundant, and a good demand all suitable offerings have been quickly absorbed, 3c. per pound being paid for the best, and 2c. for secondary or bunched with a more plentiful supply of bucks for shipping. Lambs have also met with a very good demand, at prices ranging from 4c. to 4 1/2c. per pound, live weight.

Calves.—As the season is getting late for calves very few are coming in, and only nominal prices are paid, as they are not of very good quality, ranging from \$3 to \$6 each as to condition.

Hogs.—Receipts have been liberal, and prices in consequence a shade easier, best selections making \$4.75; mixed, \$4.50 to \$4.60 per cwt. off cars.

Hides and Skins.—Market practically unchanged, with the competition in the lamb skin market keen, prices for pelts going up to 70c. and 75c. each. Green hides steady, at 9c. for No. 1 and 8c. for No. 2 to butchers; calf skins, 10c. for No. 1 and 8c. for No. 2 per pound.

Live Stock Shipments.—Exports were a little heavier this last week, the total for the two being 6,591 cattle, 4,022 sheep, and 119 horses; the total from the opening of navigation being 76,236 cattle, 23,342 sheep, 5,001 horses, compared with 1897: were 96,594 cattle, 46,111 sheep, 8,197 horses. The total shipments for the week just ended from all ports in Canada and United States were 7,954 cattle, 2,498 sheep, 28,986 beef; last week, 8,712 cattle, 2,127 sheep, 24,942 beef.

Oct. 11, 1898.

British Live Stock.

The British cattle trade is weaker and prices are lower. United States are worth 5 1/2d., Canadian 5d., Argentine 5d., ranchers 4 1/2d.; Argentine sheep 5d., Canadian 4 1/2d. At Liverpool, Canadian cattle and sheep 4 1/2d. to 5d.

Live Stock Exports.

The live stock exports for the two weeks ending Wednesday, October 12th, as reported by R. Bickard, of the Live Stock Exchange, Montreal, to London, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Bristol, Glasgow, are 7,863 cattle and 2,761 sheep.



AT SATCHAWAY BAY.

The station was nothing more than a platform. As for the town, that was scarcely a village, and not even a chimney of it could be seen from the railroad. It was a pretty place, nestled among the hills that kept the track well away from it, but the girl had not looked at them as she hurried towards the little station in the woods. She was seventeen and pretty. Her gown was of the latest mode, and it became her. In her hand she carried a valise, worn and battered, and of antiquated pattern. This she quickly dropped behind her when she discovered another person at the station.

This was a woman looking to be twenty-five. She was dressed in rather a conspicuous gown, the skirt dotted with large figures of arabesque design and the waist standing out luridly red in the landscape of green. She wore a picture hat of pronounced type, and was sitting on the edge of the platform, fanning herself with her handkerchief.

The girl and the woman looked at each other for a minute before speaking. It was inevitable that they should speak. So far as eye could see they were the only human creatures about. Birds were chirping all around them, a brook gurgled happily on its way just at the foot of the railroad embankment, the sunshine was brilliant against the blue of the autumn sky. With nature so harmonious an environment, man never waits for an introduction to his fellow.

"It's a mite warm, isn't it?"

The girl began the conversation.

"Yes, I've found it so in walking," answered the woman.

There was a resonant quality to her voice that caused the girl to look another sharp look at her, but the note of hopelessness that was also apparent quite eluded her attention.

"Did you come far?" she inquired, adding with an apologetic little laugh: "It's queer to meet anybody here that don't belong in Satchaway."

The woman glanced up at the name painted on a board set up at the back of the platform, and then asked:

"How far is the town from here?"

"About a mile and a half. But it ain't much of a town."

"There's nobody there but old people and babies. That's what I always say. Everybody's glad to get away. Some folks say it's bound to be lively in summer, now the railroad's opened up, but then there'll be the winters just the same. I'm not a sorap sorry I'm going away."

"You are leaving for good, then?"

"I hope it ain't for bad. Are you going to the city?" with a sudden burst of interest.

It seemed as though the other was obliged to moisten her lips before she replied in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"Yes."

"And do you belong there?"

"Yes, that's my home," and as she spoke the woman stopped fanning for an instant, in order to wipe her eyes with a quick movement of her handkerchief.

The girl seemed to forget all about the homely bag. She went over to seat herself on the rough planks beside the other woman.

"You can tell me lots I want to know, then," she began excitedly. "I'm going there for the first time, and of course I'm green. But I don't see why I can't get on just as other girls have who've come from the country. There's Nana Watts, right at the very top now, and she started out just the way I mean to. Oh!" and the girl checked herself suddenly. "I've as good as told you, haven't I? And not a soul knows about it. But then, you're going right along on the train, so it doesn't matter."

"No, I'm not going on the train. I can't very well. I'm only resting here."

The girl opened her eyes to their widest.

"Not going on the train?" she exclaimed. "But you said you were going to the city."

"I am, but I'm obliged to walk. I suppose I ought to be moving on now."

"But I don't understand!"

The girl's gaze was fixed on the conspicuous gown, the befeathered hat, and the high-heeled French boots, and she was incredulous.

"Suppose I tell you the whole story!" said the woman.

"Oh, I wish you would! I'm sure it must be an awful interesting story."

"It's awful, I can vouch for that part of it," rejoined the other, with a sad sort of smile. Then she went on with a gesture comprehending her attire: "I'm wearing these because I happened to have them on in the play when the trunks were seized."

"Then you are an actress!" exclaimed the girl. Her eyes glowed with admiration. She scarcely breathed, so great was her interest in the revelation about to be made to her.

"Yes, I am an actress; but listen. I had a good part last season and saved a little money, but in the new play there was a smaller list of roles and none for me. I walked the streets for weeks in the hottest weather trying to get something else. But even with experience in my favor there seemed no chance. For every part there were a dozen applicants. Finally my money dwindled so that I took up with a company in which I had little faith and started out with them."

Then the woman paused an instant while a chipmunk skipped out on the end of a tie and stood regarding her with his head on one side as if listening too.

"Two nights ago," she went on, "what I feared happened. The show stranded at Allingford, our trunks were held, and the manager shipped out. Five of us, three women and two men, sat up all night in the railroad station, and the next morning, without a bite of breakfast, we started to walk back to the city. At Binghamton some people took pity on us and helped us with food and lodging. My companions decided to stay there awhile, to wait for funds from home, but I had nothing to expect, so started on alone. I was resting here when you came along."

At this instant the whistle of the locomotive sounded through the hills. The girl started to her feet and drew something from the bodice of her gown.

"Here," she said, pressing it to her nose, "this will pay your fare to the city. I'd saved it for mine, but I ain't going now. Yes, you must take it. What you've told me has been more than the money's worth to me, and I feel I owe it to you, so say no more about it."

The woman's further protests were lost in the shrill sound of escaping steam as the engine came to a snorting standstill just beyond the little platform. With a quick movement the actress seized the girl in her arms and kissed her, and then stepped aboard the train.

The girl remained standing there, thoughtful, so long after it had gone that the chipmunk had begun to trot fearlessly back and forth over the ties again. Then, as she picked up the old valise and began to walk back towards the village that was hidden by the hills, the little fellow made a sudden dart and scurried to the top of the tallest tree.

The girl caught a fleeting glimpse of him and smiled, and then looked about at the leaves, flecked with sunshine, and backed by the everlasting hills, as though she saw them now with new eyes. And unconsciously she quickened her steps homeward.

—Matthew White, Jr.

Meet Them Half Way.

"People have been so very kind and cordial to me," said a young lady, who had just come, a stranger, into a new place. "I did not expect everyone to be so friendly."

"I think it makes a great difference how one responds to a welcome," replied one of her newly-found friends. "There is a great deal in meeting others half way."

Is there not a thought in this to make us reflect a little when we fancy we have been treated coolly by others? Perhaps we did not meet them half way. It may be we showed some indifference on our own part toward them. What wonder that they appeared indifferent toward us!

It has been said that a person can tell how he himself appears to others by the way others appear to him. Everyone seems to carry a kind of atmosphere with him that either chills and repels or warms and attracts the people he meets. Of course, we can be really intimate with only a very few, but we can be pleasant and friendly with all we meet and show a spirit of helpfulness toward all.

"A man to have friends must show himself friendly." The best and surest way to win love is by loving, and the only way to receive consideration from our associates is by giving the same always to them.

There is many a lonely heart waiting for just such a bright smile and kind word as you know how to give. You will be surprised to find how many new friends you can secure where it may never have occurred to you that you could make any friends. It is wonderful how some repressed natures appear to expand and develop and become beautiful if they can only have a kindly atmosphere.

And then, too, how sweet it is to have a host of friends! Let us value them, one and all. There is nothing quite so forlorn as to be friendless, but the longer we live in the world the dearer will our friends be to us, and the greater will be our regret if in our youth we have neglected to make them.

Only a warm hand-clasp, only a clear look straight into the eyes, only a hearty good-morning, and a word of good cheer as we move about our work in these busy days; but these little things will sweeten life for us and put new strength and courage into the hearts of those we meet.

Honor Thy Father.

Once upon a time there lived an old man who was so very old that he could hardly walk. His knees shook under him; he could see little and hear less; and he had lost all his teeth.

When he sat at a table he could hardly hold the spoon, he spilled his soup on the tablecloth, and some of it often ran out of the corners of his mouth. This made his son and daughter-in-law, with whom he lived, very much ashamed of him; so they put the old man in a corner by the stove, gave him his food in an earthen bowl, and would not let him come to the table. He looked at them sadly as they ate their dinner, but he did not complain.

One day his trembling fingers let the bowl fall to the floor, and it was broken. His daughter-in-law scolded him for this. He made no answer, and only sighed. Then they bought him a cheap wooden bowl, and made him eat out of that.

A few days after this they found their little son trying to whittle something out of a piece of wood.

"What are you doing, my boy?" asked the father.

"I am making a bowl for mother and you to eat out of when you grow old like grandpa."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and then their eyes filled with tears.

After that the old grandfather always ate at table, and was never scolded when he spilled his soup.

Homemade Sunshine.

What care I—as the days go by—
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?

What care I what the weather may be!
Cold or warm—'tis the same to me.

For my own dear home skies—they are always blue;
For my own dear home weather (the glad days thro')
Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

And why? Well, here is my baby sweet,
Following me round on his restless feet,
Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes,
And gladdening and brightening my inner skies.

And baby's father, with fond, true heart
(To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and sky?
Of the outside world, when we're busy all day!
So happy we are, at work or at play!

Life.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the means come double;

And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;

And that is life!

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.