

LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "The Newer Tale to Mend," "Crisis," "Gains," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE POOR MAN'S CHILD.

Two worn travellers, a young man and a fair girl about four years old, sat on the towing path by the side of the Trent.

The young man had his coat off; by which you might infer it was very hot; but no, it was a keen October day, and an east wind sweeping down the river. The coat was wrapped tightly round the little girl, so that only her fair face with blue eyes and golden hair peeped out; and the young father sat in his shirt-sleeves, looking down on her with a loving, but anxious look.

William Hope was a man full of talent; self-educated, and wonderfully quick at learning anything; he was a linguist, a mechanic, a mineralogist, a draughtsman, an inventor; item, a bit of a farmer, and half a surgeon; could play the fiddle and the guitar; could draw and paint; and drive a four-in-hand. Almost the only thing he could not do was to make money and keep it.

Versatility seldom pays. But, to tell the truth, Luck was against him; and, although a long life every deserving man seems to have a chance, yet Fortune does best some meritorious men for a limited time. Generally, we think, good fortune and ill fortune succeed each other rapidly like red cards and black; but, to some, ill-luck comes in great long slices; and, if they do not drink, or despair, or anything but good luck comes continuously, and everything turns to gold with him who has waited and deserved.

Well, for years Fortune was hard on William Hope. It never let him get his head above water. If he got a good piece the employer died or sold his business. If he invented a patent, and exhausted his savings to pay the fees, no capitalist would work it; or some other inventor proved he had invented something so like it that there was no basis for a monopoly.

At last there fell on him the heaviest blow of all. He had accumulated £50 as a merchant's clerk, and was in negotiation for a small independent business, when his wife, whom he loved tenderly, sickened.

For eight months he was distracted with hopes and fears. These gave way to dismal certainty. She died, and left him broken-hearted and poor, impoverished by the doctors, and pauperised by the undertaker. Then his crushed heart had but one desire, to fly from the home that had lost its sunshine, and the very country which had been calamitous to him.

He had one staunch friend, who had lately returned rich from New Zealand, and had offered to send him an agent, and to lend him money in the colony. Hope had declined, and his friend had taken the hint, and had not written to him since; but Hope knew he was settled in Hull, and too good-hearted to let him go from his world in his friend's present sad condition; so William Hope paid every debt he owed in Liverpool, took his child to her mother's tombstone and prayed by it, and started to cross the island and then leave it for many a long day.

He had a bundle, with one brush, one comb, one bar of yellow soap, and two changes of linen, one for himself and one for his little Grace—iron, his fiddle, and a reaping hook; for it was a late harvest in the North, and he foresaw he should have to work his way and play his way, or else beg; and he was too much of a man for that. His child's face won her many a ride in a wagon, and many a cup of milk from humble women standing at their cottage doors.

Now and then he got a day's work in the fields; and the farmer's wife took care of little Grace and washed her linen, and gave them both clean straw to lie on, and a blanket to cover them. Once he fell in with a harvest home, and his fiddle earned him ten shillings, all in sixpences. But on unlucky days he had to take his fiddle under his arm and carry his girl on his back; these unlucky days came so often that, still as he travelled, his small pittance dwindled. Yet half way on this journey fortune smiled on him suddenly. It was in Derbyshire. He went a little out of his way to visit his native place—he had left it at ten years old. Here an old maid, his first cousin, received Grace with rapture, and Hope pattered about all day reviving his boyish recollections of people and places. He had left the village ignorant, he returned full of varied knowledge; and so it was, that in a certain despised field all thistles and docks, and every common weed, which field the tenant had condemned, was a source of certain straws and other signs, which thanks to his mineralogical studies and practical knowledge, sent a sudden thrill all through his frame—"Here's luck at last," said he. "My child! my child!—our fortune is made."

The proprietor of this land, and indeed of the whole parish, was a retired warrior, Colonel Clifford. Hope knew that very well, and Clifford Hall, all on fire with his

...was accessible and stiffly civil to humble folk. He was gracious enough to Hope; but when the poor fellow let him know he had found signs of coal on his land he froze directly; told him that two gentlemen in that neighborhood had wasted their money groping the bowels of the earth for coal, because of delusive indications on the surface of the soil; and that for his part, even if he was sure of success, he would not dirty his fingers with coal. "I believe," said he, "the northern nobility descend to this sort of thing; but then they have not smelt powder, and seen glory, and ser-ed her Majesty. I have."

Hope tried to reason with him, tried to ground him. But he was unavailable as Gibraltar, and soon cut the whole thing short by saying, "There, that's enough. I am much obliged to you, sir, for bringing me information you think valuable. You are travelling on foot—start of funds perhaps. Please accept this trifle and—good morning." He retreated at marching pace, and the hot blood burned his visitor's face. An alarm.

But on second thoughts he said, "Well, I have offered him a fortune, and he gives me ten shillings. One good turn deserves another." So he pocketed the half-sovereign, and bought his little Grace a neck handkerchief, blue, with white spots; and so this unlucky man and his child fought their way from west to east, till they reached that place where we introduced them to the reader.

That was an era in their painful journey; because until then Hope's only anxiety was to find food and some little comfort for his child. But this morning little Grace had been to school, a little dry cough, that struck the father's heart like a knell. Her mother died of consumption; and the seeds of "madness" in her child? "If so, hard-goods, cold, and privation would de-

velop them rapidly, and she would wither away into the grave before his eyes. So he looked down on her in an agony of foreboding, and shivered in his shirt-sleeves, not at the cold, but at the future. She, poor girl, was like the animals, blessed with ignorance of everything beyond the hour; and soon she woke her father from his dire reverie with a cry of delight.

"Oh, what's they?" said she, and beamed with pleasure. Hope followed the direction of her blue eyes, open to their full extent; and lo, there was a little fleet of swans coming round a bend of the river. Hope told her all about the royal birds, and that they belonged to Sovereigns in one district, to cities in another. Meantime the fair birds sailed on, and passed stately, arching their snowy necks. Grace gazed on them, and for a day or two her discourse was of swans.

At last, when near the goal, misfortunes multiplied. They came into a town on a tidal river, whence they could hope to drift down to their destination for a shilling or two; but here Hope spent his last farthing on Grace's supper at a eating-house, and had not wherewithal to pay for bed or breakfast at the humble inn. Here, too, he took up the local paper, praying Heaven there might be some employment advertised, however mean, that so he might feed his girl and not let the Fiend Consumption take her as a gift.

No; there was nothing in the advertising column, but in the body of the paper he found a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Samuelson, of Hull, had built a gigantic steam vessel, in that port and was going out to New Zealand in her on her trial trip, to sail that morning at high tide, 6.45 a.m., and it was now nine.

How a sentence in a newspaper can blast a man! Bereavement—Despair—Lost Love—they come like lightning in a single line. Hope turned sick at these few words and down went his head and his hands, and he sat all of a heap, cold at heart. Then he began to disbelieve in everything, especially in honesty. For why? If he had only left Liverpool in debt and taken the rail he would have reached Hull in ample time, and would have gone out to New Zealand in the new ship with money in both pockets.

But it was no use fretting. Starvation and disease depended on her child. He must work, or starve, or something. In truth he was getting desperate. He picked himself up and went about, offering his many accomplishments to humble shopkeepers. They all declined him—some civilly. At last he came to a superior place of business. There were large offices, and a handsome house connected with it in the rear. At the side of the office were pulleys, cranes, and all the appliances for loading vessels, and a yard with horses and vans; so that the whole frontage of the premises was very considerable. A brass plate said, "R. Bartley, ship-broker and commission agent;" but the man was evidently a shipowner and carrier besides; so this miscellaneous shop roused hopes in our versatile hero. He rapidly surveyed the outside, and then cast hungry glances through the window of the man's office. It was a bow window of unusual size, through which the proprietor or his employe could see a long way down the river. Through this window Hope peered. Repulses had made him timid. He wanted to see the face he had to apply to before he ventured.

But Mr. Bartley was not there. The large office was at present occupied by his clerks; one of these was Leonard Monckton, a pale young man with dark hair, a nose like a hawk, and thin lips. The other was quite a young fellow, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and an open countenance. "Many a hand puts a point on a man," so Hope resolved at once to say nothing to that pale clerk so like a kite, but to interest the open countenance in him and his hungry child.

There were two approaches to the large office. One to Hope's right, through a door and a lobby. This was seldom used except by the habitués of the place. The other was to Hope's left through a very small office, generally occupied by an inferior clerk, who kept an eye upon the work outside. However, this office had also a small window looking inwards; this opened like a door when the man had anything to say to Mr. Bartley or the clerks in the large office.

William Hope entered this outer office and found it empty. The clerk happened to be in the yard. Then he opened the inner door and looked in on the two clerks, pale and haggard, and apprehensive of a reproof. He addressed himself to the one nearest him; it was the one whose face had attracted him. "Sir, can I see Mr. Bartley?"

"I want no charity," said Hope with a sigh, "I want employment. But I do want it badly; my poor little girl and I are starving."

"Then that is a shame," said the young fellow warmly. "Why, you are a gentleman, aren't you?"

"I don't know for that," said Hope. "But I am an educated man, and I could do the whole business of this place. But you see I am down in the world."

"You look like it," said the clerk bluntly. "But don't you be so green as to tell old Bartley that, or you are done for. No, no; I'll show you how to get in here. Wait till half-past one—he lunches at one; and he isn't quite such a brute after luncheon. Then you come in like Julius Caesar, and brag like blazes, and offer him twenty pounds' worth of industry and ability, and above all arithmetic, and he will say he has no opening (and that is a lie), and offer you fifteen shillings, perhaps."

"If he does I'll jump at it," said Hope eagerly. "But, whether I succeed with him or not, take my child's blessing and my own."

His voice faltered, and Bolton, with a young man's uneasiness under sentiment, stopped him. "Oh, come old fellow, bother all that. Why, we are all stumped in turn." Then he began to chase a solitary coin into a corner of his waistcoat pocket. "Look here, I'll lend you a shilling—pay me next week—it will buy the kid a breakfast. I wish I had more; but I want the other for luncheon. I haven't drawn my screw yet. It is due at twelve."

"I'll take it for my girl," said Hope, blushing, "and because it is offered me by a gentleman and like a gentleman."

"Granted, for the sake of argument," said this sprightly youth; and so they parried for the time, little dreaming either of them what a chain they were weaving round their two hearts, and this little business the first link.

(To be continued.)

A NARROW ESCAPE. A passenger train between here and Czernowitz had a narrow escape from destruction last night. A beam was placed across the rails, but the train jumped the obstacle.

A SUPPOSED DYNAMITER. VIENNA, June 2.—The man supposed to be the dynamiter Surany, who was implicated in the plot to explode the Imperial train, has been arrested at Graz. Further arrests of anarchists have been made.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE Under the Auspices of St. Mary's & B. So-

Notwithstanding the rain of the previous night, and the threatening attitude of the weather for a few hours Thursday morning about five hundred people attended the pilgrimage to St. Ann's at Varennes, and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Boucherville, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Mary's R. & B. Sodality. This number would undoubtedly have been raised to a hundred more had the weather, before starting, been more propitious, as a great many who looked anxiously forward to the trip were afraid to venture out. However, the weather turned out as fine as any one could wish for. The sun was very strong, but a refreshing breeze continued to blow during the whole day, making the trip

A MOST DELIGHTFUL ONE.

About 9 o'clock the steamer Three Rivers, which was chartered for the occasion, left the lower wharf, and in a very short time landed the happy pilgrims safely at Varennes. The run down was delightful. Though a stiff breeze continued to blow during the day, the placid waters of the mighty St. Lawrence remained undisturbed, and the reflections of the cloudy sky in the waters rendered the deep an exceedingly beautiful spectacle. On the way many of the pilgrims sang hymns and psalms

IN HONOR OF THE LORD, while others recited their beads, and still others busied themselves by reading over the prayers in their prayer books. Shortly before ten o'clock Varennes was reached, when the pilgrims marched in procession to the church, under the direction of the popular pastor of St. Mary's church, the Rev. S. P. Lonergan. On the arrival of the boat, and during the procession, the happy pilgrims were announced and welcomed by the chime of bells, which pealed forth in all their tinkling splendor, only ceasing when the forepart of the procession had reached the church. Here

MASS WAS CELEBRATED

by the Rev. Father S. P. Lonergan, assisted by the Rev. Father Taberge, curé of Varennes, during which nearly all the pilgrims approached the Holy Table and partook of the Bread of Life. At the conclusion of Mass the pilgrims returned, in procession, to the boat, and had dinner. Quite a number carried their own eatables, but for those who were not so provided, there was a good stock in store. The supply of refreshments on board was all that could be desired, and certainly no one would venture to wish to be served in a more polite or efficient manner than that which characterized the young ladies who presided at the tables yesterday. The thanks of all who were present due to those same young ladies, who busied themselves so much that they might be of service to others. Dinner over and a rest of half an hour or more having passed by, the chime of bells again sent forth their silvery strains, calling the happy pilgrims to the church for the second time, there to solemnly

VENERATE THE RELIC OF ST. ANN.

At this ceremony the rev. curé of Varennes presided, and the Rev. Fathers James Lonergan, curé of Ste. Bridget's, Falley, of St. Gabriel, and Kierman, of St. Mary's who also accompanied the pilgrims, occupied seats in the sanctuary. When the veneration of the relic of St. Ann was ended, the Rev. Father S. P. Lonergan requested all present to again form procession (two by two) and proceed to the shrine of the cross, which always located the procession to the shrine of St. Ann, a few acres from the church. During the procession to the Shrine of St. Ann the pilgrims recited their beads, and in the handsome little chapel consecrated to the Mother of Mary short prayers were said. Then the procession reformed and marched back in perfect order to the boat, and about three o'clock all left for Boucherville. Here the pilgrims again formed in procession and marched to the church, where a

SERMON AND SOLEMN BENEDECTION

took place, the bells of the church, as at Varennes, ringing out their joyous welcome, while the esteemed and courteous priests of the parish hastened to meet the advancing pilgrims. Some of the streets were decorated with flags, and the welcome was, indeed, a happy one, and worthy of the Rev. Fathers of the parish. When all had entered the church the Rev. Father Fahey ascended the pulpit and delivered a brilliant sermon on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, taking for his text the words of Jesus Christ Himself, "Whereas ever two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them." The occasion was most appropriate, being the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the church itself in which the rev. gentleman delivered his masterly and convincing exordium is that consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Rev. Father Fahey explained that these words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, applied in fitting terms to those assembled in the church, they, as pilgrims, assembled in the name of Jesus Christ, and they could rest assured that

CHRIST WAS IN THEIR MIDST.

They had come to pray at the shrine of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to ask of the divine Son of Almighty God that the pains of the afflicted might be soothed, and in the most eloquent language he assured them that if they prayed persistently and with humility and patience, their prayers would most certainly be heard. If they went home at night and prayed, for example, and their prayers were not granted the next day, they must not say that God refused to listen to them and would not grant their prayers. They must have courage and keep on praying; it was not for them to name the time when their prayers should be heard. That was for God to grant their prayers at whatever time He deems fit to do so. As proof of his arguments the rev. gentleman recited several Scriptural quotations, showing that prayers were heard and granted by Almighty God only after the most persistent and persevering appeals to Jesus Christ His Divine Son. The rev. gentleman concluded his brilliant discourse by wishing the happy pilgrims the choicest blessings of Heaven.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament then took place, the Rev. Father James Lonergan officiating. After Benediction the procession reformed and marched to the shrine of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at a short distance from the church, where short prayers were recited, as at the shrine of St. Ann at Varennes, under the direction of Rev. Father Kierman. Then the pilgrims returned to the boat for the last time and partook of refreshments. About six o'clock the boat left Boucherville for Montreal, and about twenty minutes to seven reached home.

THE LIBERALS JUBILANT.

The House of Commons was packed to the utmost last night with persons anxious to hear Mr. Gladstone's statement. The Liberals were profuse in their expressions of approval.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

FINANCIAL.

Sterling exchange sold between banks at 102 1/2 and 103. Demand bills drawn by insurance companies were placed at 87 1/2 premium, and the quotation for brokers' bills may be quoted at about 87. Current rates were 87 1/2 to 87 3/4 for 60 days, 87 1/2 to 87 3/4 for 90 days, and 87 1/2 to 87 3/4 for 120 days. Money is in abundant supply, and good paper readily discounted at 4 1/2 to 5 per cent. Loans on stocks are made at 4 to 5 per cent. on call. Drafts on New York are not very freely offered, and the rate is steady at par to 1-16 discount.

Consols in London sold at 99 15-16 and 100 1-16; Erie, 138; Illinois Central, 110 3/4; Canada Pacific, 48 1/2.

The New York market was generally easier this morning. Canada Pacific sold at 41 1/2 and Manitoba at 83.

The "break" in local stocks this morning was not unexpected at any rate by readers of this paper. Federal sold at a low price of 111 and Bank of Montreal dropped to 18 1/2. There are reports of heavy losses to several banks by failures which have lately occurred outside of the city.

Stock Sales.—1 Montreal 18 1/2; 45 do 18 1/2; 5 do 18 1/2; 10 do 18 1/2; 25 Merchants 106 1/2; 25 Federal 112; 25 do 114; 100 do 111; 25 Common 110; 25 do 110; 25 do 116; 100 Gas 78; 250 Richelieu 53; 100 do 54; 25 Passmore 123; 400 do 123; 25 do 123; 25 North West 41 1/2.

NEW YORK, 1 p.m., June 17.—Stocks irregular. Am. Ex. 87; C.S. 20 1/2; D & H, 110; D & L, 103 1/2; Erie, 138; pfd, 28; Ill. C., 89; L. S., 72 1/2; M. C., 62 1/2; Mo. Pac., 93 1/2; N. J. C., 55 1/2; N. Y. C., 96 1/2; pfd, 42; N. W., 84; pfd, 117 1/2; N. Y. C., 96 1/2; P. M., 36 1/2; R. G., 22 1/2; R. I., 102 1/2; S. P., 61; pfd, 98; St. P. M. & M., 82; Tex. Pac., 8; U. P., 34 1/2; Wab., 5; pfd, 10 1/2; W. U., 5 1/2.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

The mid-summer dullness is apparent in all the branches of trade, and the preparations for the St. Jean Baptiste celebration have occupied attention to the exclusion of other employments among a large class of our population. The retail dry goods trade has shown an improvement, the warm weather giving an impetus to the demand for seasonable fabrics, and most retailers report a brisker movement. There is good reason to believe that stocks are in manageable shape and by no means excessive. Payments have continued fairly satisfactory. The good general condition of the growing crops causes a hopeful feeling in the trade, which will probably be reflected at the proper time in a steady demand for all goods. The sugar market has been in a weak and unsettled condition for some time past, prices giving way almost daily. This, no doubt, has impressed buyers with a want of confidence in the future condition of the market, and the result has been that jobbers have made every effort to reduce their stocks, which are now considered to be lighter than for some time past. Advances from New York and other points announce an advance of 4 to 4c, and the indications now point to a firmer market from this out.

GROCERIES.—Sugars.—Large sales of yellows have been made at 5 1/2 to 6 1/2. For round lots of granulated 7 1/2 is the figure, smaller lots up to 7 1/2. These prices are fully 4c below last week. Syrup remains dull at 32 1/2 to 30c per gallon as to quality. Molasses is inactive and dull; Barbadoes at 31c to 32c; English Islands at 27 1/2; sugar house at 25c. In fruit there has been a fair demand for Valencia raisins at firm prices. Jobbing sales of choice brands have been made at 5 1/2c. Fair grades have moved out at 5c and common at 4 1/2 to 4c. Old fruit is quoted at 3 1/2 to 3 1/4c. Currants are in moderate request and steady at 4 1/2 to 5c. Private advices from Patras indicate a crop. Peaches have had a fair sale at 4 1/2c, but the season is now getting over. Green walnuts are quoted at 1 1/2c. Almonds are quoted at 1 1/2c, and filberts, 9c, and Turkish figs are nominal at 12c. Lemons are firm, but quoted at 8 1/2 to 8 3/4c per box as to quality. The demand for coffee continues of a jobbing nature, and we hear of sales of Java at 20 1/2c, and of Mocha at 26 1/2c. There is no change in tea, values being steady, under a very moderate demand. Rice is firm at 83.50 to 85.00. Spices have been quiet and firmly held. Black pepper, 17c; white, 25c to 27c; ginger 15c to 18c; nutmegs, 50c to 70c; cloves, 15c to 18c, and cassia, 10c to 11c.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Pig iron remains dull and inactive, transactions being confined to small lots, and then not of too frequent occurrence. Warrants have gained 2d during the week to 41 1/2, which is an advance of 6d from the lowest. Prices here are nominally unchanged. Siemens, 18 1/2 to 19.00; Coltness and Langloan 20; Gartsherrie and Summerlee 18; Dalmellington 17.50; and Eglington 17. Finished iron of all descriptions has also continued dull, with business small. Bars are quoted at 17 1/2; sheets at 22.50; and plates at 22.50 to 2.5. Timples are quiet at 24.60 to 24.75 for 1 C. charcoal, and 24.20 to 24.40 for cokes. Canada plates are at 22.90 for Penn and equal. Ingot tin is nominally unchanged at 1 1/2c for Straits, and 22c for Lamb and Flag. London is quoted at 76d up from a week ago, with best selected in London called 15s 10c at 46 1/2. Lead is dull at 23.40 to 23.20, soft Spanish in London being called 2s 6d (own) during the week at 11 1/2. The trade in general hardware has been quiet and featureless.

OILS.—Steam refined seed continues weak, and has further declined, now quoted at 65c to 66c. Pure seed is at 60c to 62c, and straw at 50c to 57c. Cod oil is dull and nominally unchanged at 60c to 62c. There is a somewhat better feeling in linned oil, which is quoted at 55c to 56c for boiled, and 52c to 54c for raw. Cod liver is at 1 1/2 to 1.20, and olive oil at 1 to 1.10. Petroleum.—A quiet but steady market for petroleum amply describes the situation. For the period of the season the consumptive demand is fair. Refiners quote firmly at 1 1/2c Petrolina. Here we quote car lots, 1 1/2c; broken lots, 1 1/4c to 1 1/4c; and single barrels, 1 1/2c to 1 1/2c.

LUMBER.—Supply is fully equal to the demand. Deal and lumber freights are unchanged. The following are prices at the yards, large quantities being quoted lower.—Pine, 1st quality, per M, \$35 to \$40; 2nd quality, per M, \$22 to \$24; do., shipping cuts, per M, \$14 to \$16; do., 4th quality deals, per M, \$12 to \$14; mill rolls, per M, \$8 to \$10; spruce, per M, \$10 to \$13; hemlock, per M, \$10; ash, run of logs, cuts out, per M, \$18 to \$20; oak, run of logs, cuts out, per M, \$17 to \$20; bass, per M, \$40 to \$50; walnut, \$80 to \$100; cherry, per M, \$90 to \$80; butternut, \$25 to \$35; birch, per M, \$20 to \$25; hard maple, per M, \$20 to \$25; laths 1 1/2 to 1 1/2; shingles, \$2 to \$3.25; do cedar, 1 1/2 to 1 1/2.

HIDES.—Western buff hides are at 90c to 92c for No. 1, and 80c to 84c for No. 2. Toronto inspected are at 90c for No. 1, and 80c for No. 2, and Hamilton at 8c for No. 1, and 8c for No. 2. Dry hides are at 16c for No. 1 and 14c for No. 2, and dry flints at 20c for No. 1, and 17c for No. 2. Green butchers' hides are unchanged at 8c, 7c, and 6c for Nos. 1, 2, and 3 respectively. Calfskins are at 12c; sheepskins at \$1.00, and lambskins at 25c.

LEATHER.—BOOTS AND SHOES.—The demand is light, this being a dull season for these lines. Prices are unchanged.

COAL.—Prices are unchanged at 96 for chestnut and stove, and 85.75 for egg and furnace. Bituminous is quiet and unchanged, lower ports being quoted at \$4 to \$4.25, and Scotch steam at \$4.50 to \$4.60. South Hutton smiths' is easier under more liberal receipts at \$3.50 to \$3.

Wool.—Some Cape of a finer quality has been received, which is quoted at 17 1/2c, the range being from that down to 16 1/2c. Domestic wool is dull and unchanged. A supers are at 27c to 28c; B at 22c to 23c; unsorted at 21c to 22c; and black at 20c.

SALT.—We quote 40c to 42c for eleven, 36c to 37c for twelve, and 31.10 to 31.15 per bag for factory filled. Higgins Eureka remains at \$2.40 for sacks, \$1.20 for halves, and 60c for quarters.

CHEMICALS.—The fresh arrivals go to fill contracts previously made, and stocks of all kinds continue light. Bicarb soda, \$2.30 to \$2.50; sal soda \$1 to \$1.10; caustic soda, \$2.20 to \$2.40; and soda ash, \$1.55 to \$1.65.

The drug trade has been quiet and without special feature or interesting developments. Quinine is at \$1.75 for Howard's and \$1.50 to \$1.60 for German in bulk. Opium is at \$4 to \$4.25, and morphia at \$2.25 to \$2.50.

THE OTTAWA MARKET.

Flour.—No. 1 brand per barrel \$6 to 6.25; strong bakers \$6.50; double extra, 66c patent, do. \$7 to 7.25; buckwheat flour, \$4.25 to 4.50; oatmeal, 75c to 5.25; cornmeal, \$4 to 4.25; cracked wheat, \$6.25; wheat meal, \$6.25; canaille, per cwt, \$1.20 to 1.40; spring wheat per bus., \$1.10 to 1.25; fall do, \$1 to 1.10; Scotch do, \$1.20 to 1.25; oats, 40c to 42c; corn, 75c to 80c; peas, 70c; beans, \$1.25; buckwheat, 50c to 55c; barley, 65c to 70c; dry 55c. Dressed hogs, per 100 pounds, \$3.50 to 9c; pork steak, per pound, 12c; pork chops, 12c; mess pork per lb., \$14.50 to 16c; hams, per pound, 15c to 16c; smoked bacon, do, 14c to 15c. Potatoes, per bag, 60c to 70c; turnips, per bus, 45c to 50c; carrots, do, 60c to 68c; butter, in pails, per pound, 16c to 20c; do firkins, 16c to 19c; do fresh print, 19c to 23c; do roll, 18c to 23c; cheese 11c to 14c; eggs, per dozen, 15c to 16c; beef, per 100 lbs, \$9 to 10; beefsteak, per lb., 10c to 15c; roast beef, per lb., 15c; boiling, per lb., 7c to 10c; lamb, live weight, per lb., 5 1/2c to 6c; sheep, do, 5c to 5 1/2c; mutton and lamb, per lb., 12c to 15c; veal, 7c to 10c; fleece, per lb., 21c to 23c; rough hides, per lb., 5 1/2c to 6c; inspected hides, No. 1, \$8 to 9; do, No. 2, \$7; harness leather, 31c to 32c; French pig, \$1.45 to 1.50; hay, per ton, \$9 to 10; straw, per ton, 14c to 15c; tallow, per lb., 7c to 8c; homespun yarn, per lb., 50c to 7c; maple sugar, per lb., 10c to 15c; maple syrup, per gal., \$1; rabbits, per pair, 25c to 40c.

THE TORONTO PRODUCE MARKET.

Wheat, fall, per bushel, \$1 to \$1 10; do spring, do, \$1 10 to \$1 13; do, goose, do, 80c to 87c; barley, do, 55c to 60c; oats, do, 43c to 44c; peas, do, 73c to 75c; dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, \$3 00 to \$3 25; butter, pound rolls, 14c to 17c; do tub dairy 14c to 15c; eggs, fresh, per dozen, 16c to 18c; potatoes, per bag, 55c to 75c; apples, per brl, \$3 75 to \$4 50; onions, green, per doz, 15c to 20c; cabbets, per doz, 25c; Parsnips, per bag 1.25 rhubarb, per doz, 25c; radishes, per doz, 25c to 30c; celery, per ton, \$7 to \$14 00; straw, do, \$5 50 to \$5 25.

THE LONDON, ONT., MARKET.

Wheat, spring, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Wheat, Dull, per 100 lbs 1.80 to 1.91; Wheat, Treadwell, do 1.75 to 1.82; Wheat, Clawson, do 1.60 to 1.83; Wheat, Red, do 1.70 to 1.90; do, do 1.17 to 1.20; Corn, do 1.20 to 1.30; Barley, do 1.10 to 1.15; Peas, do 1.25 to 1.30; Beans, do 1.20 to 1.25; Clover seed, per bush, 7.25 to 7.50; Timothy seed, 1.50 to 2; Beans, per bush, 1.50 to 2; Pasture hay, per cwt, 3 1/2 to 2 1/2; Roller flour, do 3 to 3.50; Family flour, \$2.75 to 3; Oatmeal, Fine, do 2.40 to 2.60; meal, granulated, \$2.60 to 2.75; cornmeal 2 00 to 2.50; shorts, per ton, \$15 to 20; bran do \$12 to 14; hay, do \$8 to 16; straw, per load \$2 to 3; eggs, retail, 19c to 20c; eggs, basket, 17c to 18; butter, pound rolls, 15c to 17c; do crock, 14c to 15c; do tubs, 13c to 14c; cheese, pound, 9 1/2c to 10c; lard, 12c to 14c; turpins, 30c to 40c; turkeys, \$1 to \$2; chickens, per pair, 50c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 70c to 80c; potatoes per bag, 90c to \$1; apples per bag, 75c to \$1.25; onions per bushel, 60c to 80c. Dressed hogs, per cwt, \$8 50 to \$9; beef, per cwt, \$8.50 to \$9.50; mutton, per lb, 8c to 9c; lambs, each, \$4 to \$4.25; hogs, per 100 lbs, 20c to 25c; wood per cord, \$5 to \$5 50; veal, per lb, 7c to 8c.

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician of any school, what is the best thing in the world for