

LED BY A CHILD.

I am a letter carrier, and every day when I take out my bag of letters I leave my little boy with a good neighbor. He is only four and when he was two, his dear mother died. What a trial that was! Poor little Eddie! How he sobbed and grieved for the first nights after Dora left us. Tired as I was, I walked up and down, holding the little sorrowing child close to my own aching heart. My own tears fell as the cry went over and over again: "Mama! Mama!"

But child-like he soon learned to forget and was his merry self again. The good neighbor, kind old Mrs. Clafin, kept Eddie all day long, while I went on my rounds. He played with her grandchildren, for her son and his family lived with her. The little fellow was very happy and had no remembrance of his loss.

Busy all day, I renewed my grief every night when I carried Eddie to our lonely home. There was no careful, thoughtful wife, no loving mother to greet us now.

"Good morning," Mrs. Clafin said to me one spring morning, as I handed her the letters. One of them had a deep black border on the envelope. I passed on and left the old lady, holding Eddie's hand and carrying the letters into the house. That evening as I called for my little boy, Mrs. Clafin came out with the black-bordered letter.

"We have sad news, Mr. Fulton," she said. "My niece has lost her husband. Poor child. She had a hard life with him, he was such a drunkard. But she was very devoted to him. Her little boy, just like Eddie here, died last year. I must try to get the poor child to come and spend a while with me. It might cheer her up a little."

"If any one can cheer up the sorrowing, you can, my dear friend," I answered. "I do not know what Eddie and I would do but for your kindness."

"Well, indeed, I have done very little, and Eddie has been more of a comfort than a care. I always did think it was such a pity for you to lose your good wife and Eddie his mother. Such a happy home as you had too. Now my poor niece, Alice, she had such poverty and such a wayward husband. She sewed to keep him and herself and the boy; but God took the child. God forgive me! I used to think it would be a mercy if Jim Wilson would die. And now he is dead sure. Alice wrote to me that she received the last sacraments, and I know that was a comfort to her; for she always dreaded that he would die in one of his spasms. Well, I won't keep you. Here's Eddie."

Alice, many a time your father and I gathered great bunches of lilacs in that old home. But the dinner will spoil if I get started on old times. Now I will leave Alice to talk to you, Mr. Fulton, while I attend to the dinner."

For a wonder, Eddie did not follow the old lady, but stood leaning against Mrs. Wilson. She seemed so kind; and the picture of my little boy so loving towards her, started me to thinking. Since Dora's death I had always hesitated to think of marrying again, fearing that Eddie would not find a loving mother in my second wife. One evening, just after Easter, I went to bring Eddie home. Mrs. Wilson had taken the children for a walk and they had not returned, so I waited for my little boy and talked to my good old friend.

"We have all been scolding Alice," she told me. "You know she is going to leave us."

"Mrs. Wilson going away? I am very sorry. The children will miss her so much."

"I will miss her," the old lady said emphatically. "I was conscious of a desolate feeling at the thought of Alice Wilson going away."

"There isn't the slightest reason why she should go," Mrs. Clafin said. "There is plenty for all of us, and Alice is worth her weight in gold anywhere. She is so helpful. My son and his wife are greatly disappointed at her going, for the children will do anything for Cousin Alice. I wanted her to make her home with me but she is so indecisive that she has taken a place with an invalid lady, where there are children, Aunt Madge, she told me, but this poor lady is so helpless, I will have a good place and a nice salary. I love children so much. Aunt Madge, that I like to be where they are. When Jim was living and we had little Willie, I used to think sometimes how it would be if I were to die and poor Jim so reckless. I often prayed that some good woman would be kind to my child. Now that Willie is gone I like to be kind to little children for his sake."

I was very much affected by the old lady's words. Before I could answer her, Mrs. Wilson and the merry crowd of children came in.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Wilson," I said, "and now I am so sorry to hear that you are thinking of going away. What will Mrs. Clafin do—what will we all do without you? The children will surely break their hearts."

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ing in her gentle way. "I promised that poor invalid to go to her at once."

"That may be," I answered in an anxious tone, "but don't you see how much easier it is for her to get another companion than for me to get a wife I want with all my heart?"

"But Mr. Fulton, you don't know Mr. poor Jim!"

"Yes! Yes! I know what you mean. Poor Jim Wilson—rest to his soul—had his unfortunate failing. He is gone. Can we not let the dead rest and take up our lives for ourselves? You are afraid to marry again because your first marriage was unhappy. Before I met you, I thought I could never marry again and be as happy as I was with Dora. Let us not be too much afraid but trust to God and our own good intentions."

Just then Eddie seeing our serious faces, cried out eagerly: "Papa don't let her go away. Don't let Cousin Alice go."

"She will not stay for me, Eddie. You go and ask her not to leave you."

The little fellow climbed upon Alice's lap and laid his bright curls on her shoulder. "You won't go away from me, I know you won't leave me, Cousin Alice," he said. She hid her blushing face in his tangled hair and answered softly: "No, Eddie, I will stay with you—and with your papa."—M. E. Henry Fulton, in the Rosary Magazine.

ize how tricky and quick they are. While I was working around to his side and thinking he didn't notice it, he was laying for me out of the corner of his eye, and the first thing I knew he had me by the throat and go of the line and dropped back on my saddle board helpless, and it didn't seem for blind luck I guess the people down below would have got their money's worth in about a minute. But my hand struck on the toll box as he pressed me back and I had just strength enough left to shut my fingers on the first tool I touched and strike at him with it. The tool happened to be a monkey wrench, and when a man gets a clip on the head with a thing like that he's pretty apt to keep still for a while. And that's what O'Brien did. He keeled over and lay there, and I did, too, until my head got steady. Even then I guess we'd both have fallen if it hadn't been for the life lines.

"The rest was simple enough after I got my senses back. Dan was unconscious, and all I had to do was fasten a rope to him and lower away. They took care of him down below until the ambulance came and he spent that night in a hospital. And he's spent most of his years since then in an asylum, his mind all gone except for short periods, when he comes to himself again, and then he always starts out to put an end to me. That last impulse to destroy me has never left me."

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCES.

A young man of capacity, industry and integrity has a field for individual effort such as never before existed in this country, writes Edward Bok, in the "Ladies' Home Journal." And success is neither harder nor easier than ever. Success never yet came to the laggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable, have enterprise, be willing to work and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to honorably succeed and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength. The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck; that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down.

Market Report.

WHOLESALE MARKET REPORT.

LIVE STOCK.—There were about 450 head of beefers' cattle, 30 calves, 20 sheep and 15 spring lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir on Monday. The butchers were present in large numbers, and trade was good, with the prices about the same as on last Thursday's market. Prime beefs sold at from 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c per lb.; pretty good stock at from 3 1/2c to 4 1/4c, and the common animals at from 2 1/2c to 3 1/4c per lb. Calves sold at from \$2 to \$3 each. Old sheep sold at from 3 1/2c to near 4c per lb., yearling lambs at from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. Spring lambs sold at from \$1 to \$5.50 each. Fat hogs at slightly higher in price, selling at about 11c per lb., weighed off the cars.

GRAIN.—Ontario No. 1 spring wheat, about May, 76c to 76 1/2c; pea, 72c; No. 1 oats, at 34 1/2c; No. 2 do., at 33 1/2c; buckwheat, 55 1/2c; rye, 58c, and No. 2 barley, 49 1/2c.

FLOUR.—Manitoba patents, \$4.30; strong bakers, \$3 to \$4.05; straight rollers at \$3.30 to \$3.40; in bags, at \$1.65; winter patents, \$3.65 to \$4.

FEED.—Manitoba brand, \$18; shorts, \$19; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$3.18; in bags, at \$1.90; shorts in bulk, at \$1.19; in bags, at \$20.50.

ROLLED OATS.—We quote millers' prices to jobbers, \$3.45 to \$3.60 per barrel, and \$1.67 1/2 to \$1.70 in bags.

HAY.—No. 1, \$10.50 to \$11; No. 2, \$9.50 to \$10; clover, \$8 to \$8.25 per ton in car lots on track.

PROVISIONS.—Dressed hogs, \$8 to \$8.25, according to weight and size of order; bacon, 14c to 15c; hams, 12 1/2c to 14c; heavy Canadian short cut mess pork, at 20c per barrel; pure Canadian lard, 10 1/2c to 11 1/2c per lb.; compound refined, 7 1/2c to 8c per lb.

DRESSED MEATS.—Hindquarters beef at 6c to 8c; forequarters, 3c to 5c; lamb, at 5 1/2c to 6c; mutton, 4c to 5c; veal, 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c.

EGGS.—Fair sized lots at 13c to 14c for single cases.

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SAURDAY, March 30.

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Assortments are now at their fullest, values at their best, prices at their lowest; when this occurs it's the best time to buy Linens.

TOWELS. Thousands of these Towels will be sold Monday at the following prices: Good Huckaback Towels, size 14 by 24. Sale price, 4c. Linen Huckaback Towels, size 16 by 30 inches. Sale price, 5c. Linen Huckaback Towels, size 17 by 28 in. Sale, 8c. Linen Huckaback Towels. Sale price, 12c.

DRESS GOODS NOVELTIES.

New Mixtures in Diagonal Cloth Dress Goods, in all the newest shades of blues, greens, drabs, grays, and fawns, 44 inches wide. Special 75c. New Chambray Cloth Dress Material, in perle finish, one of the latest things for street and house dresses, in pretty mixtures of browns, blues, drabs, greens, mauves, 48 inches wide. Special \$1.00.

A special Line of Mixed Colored Serge Dress Goods, suitable for ladies' tailor-made gowns, in all the new spring shades, 48 in. wide. Special 90c.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The Millinery Salon is in all its fullness of beauty, more radiant than on the first reception day. Paris has sent its latest conjurings, and beauty from every fashion centre of Europe is here. Black Hat, brim of sequin trimming, crown of pink roses, twist of velvet and tulle around crown, trimmed at back with bow of black velvet ribbon and gold buckle \$3.00. Purple Fanny Straw Hat, brim of folded satin, straw crown of braided chiffon and lace, trimmed at side with purple silk pansies and green leaves, black velvet ribbon bow at back with steel buckle \$11.00.

Big Umbrella Deal.

The Company has just completed a Big Deal in High Class Umbrellas, which enables them to offer very special inducements in prices. Particularly in high class goods, with expensive handles.

LADIES' UMBRELLAS.

Regular price 35c, now 25c. Regular price 45c, now 35c. Regular price 55c, now 45c. Regular price 65c, now 55c. Regular price 75c, now 65c. Regular price 85c, now 75c. Regular price 95c, now 85c. Regular price 1.00, now 90c. Regular price 1.10, now 1.00. Regular price 1.20, now 1.10. Regular price 1.30, now 1.20. Regular price 1.40, now 1.30. Regular price 1.50, now 1.40. Regular price 1.60, now 1.50. Regular price 1.70, now 1.60. Regular price 1.80, now 1.70. Regular price 1.90, now 1.80. Regular price 2.00, now 1.90.

MEN'S UMBRELLAS.

Regular price 65c, now 49c. Regular price 75c, now 59c. Regular price 85c, now 69c. Regular price 95c, now 79c. Regular price 1.00, now 85c. Regular price 1.10, now 95c. Regular price 1.20, now 1.05c. Regular price 1.30, now 1.15c. Regular price 1.40, now 1.25c. Regular price 1.50, now 1.35c. Regular price 1.60, now 1.45c. Regular price 1.70, now 1.55c. Regular price 1.80, now 1.65c. Regular price 1.90, now 1.75c. Regular price 2.00, now 1.85c.

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Vol. L. No.

CAMPAIN

(From the Western) The Nineteenth Century is a drinking age. But it was a drunken age. The twentieth century is a temperance age. The nineteenth century was a various temperance throughout the counting for a campaign. The twentieth century is a temperance age. The nineteenth century was a various temperance throughout the counting for a campaign. The twentieth century is a temperance age. The nineteenth century was a various temperance throughout the counting for a campaign.

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