it so, it is such from the very state of the case. You sometimes hear, for example, of Catholics falling away, who will tell you it arose from reading the Scriptures, which opened their eyes to the "unscripturalness," so to speak, of the Church of the Living God. No, Scriptures did not make them disbelieve, (impossible): they disbelieved when they opened the Bible; they opened it in an unbelieving spirit, and for an unbelieving purpose; they would not have opened it had they not anticipated, I might say, hoped, that they should find things there inconsistent with Catholic teaching. They begin in self-will and disobedience, and they end in apostasy. This, then, is the direct and obvious reason why the Church cannot allow her children the liberty of doubting the truth of her word. He who really believes in it now cannot imagine the future discovery of reasons to shake his faith; if he imagines it he has not faith; and that so many Protestants think it a sort of tyranny in the Church to forbid any children of hers to doubt her teaching, only shows they do not know what faith is, which is the case; it is a strange idea to them. Let a man cease to inquire, or cease to call himself her child.

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

—Saturday's *Gazette* contains the following announcement: 7th Battalion, London Light Infantry, to be Adjutant, with rank of Captain, Griffiths Wainwright Griffiths, M. S., from the retired list of Lt.-Colonels, vice Gorman, promoted Major.

—An affecting scene was witnessed by those present in the Police Court on last Saturday, on the occasion of the arraignment of a prepossessing, intelligent-looking girl of seventeen, on a charge of larceny of $5 from her fellow-servant, Minnie McGinnis, both being in the employ of Mrs. Henry; who resides in the Market Square. The unfortunate girl, who was greatly affected by, and seemed to fully realize the ignominy of her position, pleaded guilty, tearfully protesting that she intended to return the money, and that it was her first fall from rectitude. The Magistrate holds the case under advisment, and it is to be hoped will feel justified in extending clemency in this rather exceptional case.

NOTE.—Since writing the above the girl has been sentenced to the nominal punishment of a few days imprisonment.

—Edward Lang was placed in the dock on a similar charge, but without the extenuating circumstances apparent in the previous case. Having received, on the order of his employer, tools necessary for the performance of his work as a carpenter, he endeavored to dispose of the same for a ridiculously small sum, and upon the testimony was remanded, having been arrested in the act.

—On Thursday of last week, the day on which the greatest number of our country friends were in London to see the big show a somewhat ludicrous occurrence took place at the Western Hotel, which on that day furnished dinner to six hundred people. Just as the greatest rush prevailed in the dining-room, a sallow and sad-visaged individual entered, and taking a seat which had just been vacated, remarked with a sigh of satisfaction:

"Well, after four days of virtual abstinence I find myself face to face with the prospect of a square meal."

"Indeed," sympathetically remarked his next neighbor, a watery-eyed dispeptic-looking young man. "Digestion deranged?"

"Not at all. Never experienced such voracity in my life."

"Bless my soul, how very astonishing May I ask from whence, and on what route you travelled that you were compelled to submit to such privation?"

"Well, I don't know that I ought to mention it, but you look like too sensible a fellow to be affected by a belief in the contagiousness of yellow fever, so I don't mind telling you that I came from Memphis."

The dyspeptic-looking youth deeply scrutinized the immobile features of his neighbor for a moment, when apparently arriving at a definite conclusion as to the *bona fide* nature of the latters statement, he abruptly declined a second cup of tea which he had ordered a minute or two before, and incontinently sloped. Nor was he alone in this action, for as the impassive stranger continued his dinner without any evidence of having experienced a humorous episode within any recent period, one by one those in his vicinity began to display a wonderful aversion to desert, any within five minutes a half a dozen hungry sight-seers were ensconced in the places vacated by as many listeners to the foregoing dialogue, the author of this exodus betraying no sense of the result of his remarks other than a momentary drooping of his left eyelid.

If I were to meet a priest and an angel, I should salute the priest first. The angel is the friend of God; but the priest holds His place. St. Teresa kissed the ground where a priest had passed. When you see a priest you should think, "There is he who made me a child of God, and opened heaven to me by holy Baptism."—*Cure of Ars.*

OUR MANCHESTER LETTER.

THE TRADE TROUBLES CONTINUED—A GRAND SCHEME FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE WATER SUPPLY, ETC., ETC.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

Manchester, England, 25th Sept., 1878.

The labor question, as it concerns our cotton operatives, is still being well ventilated by the press. It is hoped that out of it all there will come a proper understanding between employers and employees. It would seem, however, that the operatives are not at all anxious to alter the convictions already formed by them. Their leaders are still held in the highest respect, though uttering language as fierce and uncompromising as ever. Their regret is that funds were so soon gone, and urge the operatives to renewed efforts by subscriptions in maintaining their independence. The chairman of a recent meeting of the operatives at Haslingder, after giving the number of 484,000 as that of the operatives in Lancashire and the neighboring counties, blamed them for their recent defeat, which was because of their miserable support to the "Unions." In his opinion, is they had more funds, the struggle against the employers might still exist. This is clearly throwing dust into the eyes of the operatives, besides keeping alive the spirit of animosity which was lately so injurious in its results. Another speaker hailing from London then delivered an address, which clearly showed, if it showed anything at all, that the day of clap-trap oratory and bombastic nonsense was still in our midst. He maintained to a willing audience that "capital reigned despotically over labor," that "servant was only a euphonius name for slave." He said he might be asked if he wanted to make the people discontented, and his reply was, yes! He asked them one and all to rise in their might and majesty to throw off the yoke; for what were the paltry tens of thousands against them when they were millions? Drunkenness he regarded as one of the results of excessive labor and overwork. Another speaker maintained that the present calm was not peace, for not an operative was content with the reduction of ten per cent., and they mean to have it back again. He seemed to glory in the thought that the employers were no better with the ten per cent. reduction. These remarks are very wide of the cause at issue. The reduction in wages has helped to lessen the employers losses in trade. That the operatives should be in love with the reduction is against all our knowledge of human nature. The speaker, who alluded to drunkenness, must have known how the vice extended in the manufacturing districts immediately wages became higher—coupled with shorter hours of labor. This happened nine years ago. The vice, however, still remains. I hope the Lancashire operatives have read the articles just published in the *Times*, and which have been written by a special correspondent who has been travelling through the manufacturing districts of America. He clearly shows how deplorable is the present state of the cotton trade in America, and how, also, wages have tended gradually downwards until now they are very low. It is the want of demand for such articles of commerce which has brought about this state of things, and the operatives know it. They do not go out on strike as they do with us, thus making bad times even worse. In speaking of the Pacific Mills at the city of Lawrence, which are said to be the largest in the world, he says that employers have always endeavored to do the best they could for the workpeople and gives many interesting particulars of the schemes adopted by them for the social and intellectual wants of the people. The Pacific Company (and employers are generally joint stock companies and not private firms as with us) have been most successful in maintaining harmony between employers and their workpeople, for since it has been organized there has been nothing like a strike in their works. When difficulties have arisen they have been amicably arranged by their resident agent. This correspondent gives Massachusetts as the greatest State in the Union for the manufacture of textile and other fabrics and gives the number of operatives as 74,463. The greater portion of this number is composed of females, and it is interesting to learn that 60 per cent. of the people employed are foreigners. The most improved English machinery and looms are used in the manfacture even of carpets at Merrimac, which has the finest mills in the States for this purpose. Some of the cotton mills he states as dating back to 1822. The trade at Lowell he describes as being depressed, yet the mills are running full time of 10 hours a day. In his visit to Fall River he found matters very bad. He found many of the mills shut down, and a large percentage of the population idle. Even those who were in work could bareiy earn a living, for wages were reduced 15 per cent. in April, making the fifth reduction since 1873—in all 45 per cent. After this information he scarcely needed to be told that members of the trade rarely improved their position by emigrating to America. The information he gives about cotton manufacturing in America will, I hope, have its influence upon our operatives, who are sorely embittered against all the class of "capitalists," and who are too ready to believe that "foreign fields are green."

During the month we have been very much exercised by the consideration to us of two very important questions—the Sunday opening of our public libraries, and the Thirlemere water scheme. On the 8th inst. our city libraries were opened for the first time on Sunday to the public. As you may readily conceive this innovation on our old puritanical habits was met with strong opposition. All the stock reasons were given why we should not imitate our Continental neighbors in providing means of restoration, amusement or even instruction for the people, except what the churches afford. The question was, of course, made a religious one. However, the members of our Council are very important people with varius religious bodies in this city, and yet they were agreed in supporting a measure which they thought would offer the means of reducing the temptations to an ill-spent Sunday. The Mayor, who is a Unitarian, presented the original memorial, and a Congregationalist opened the debate in support of it. A petition in its favor was also entrusted to an Alderman, who is a very high churchman, and he was supported by a Quaker, while two very Scottish Scotchmen spoke strongly in favor of the measure, acknowledging that the Sabbatarianism of their own country had developed many evils. You will thus see that our councillors are liberal in their notions, and as many, if not all of them, have travelled on the continent they are not so frightened at the mention of the "Continental Sunday" as their forefathers were. The Sunday opening has been successful. Each Sunday the numbers have increased, sufficiently indicating that the Council in adopting the scheme have not acted in vain. The result has been so marked that the sister borough of Salford is now petitioning that the same boon may be accorded to it likewise.

The Thirlemere scheme has not been so easily settled, though now by the votes of the ratepayers we may consider the question as virtually at rest. The majority of the Council have long considered that in about ten years from the present time Manchester will have more need of water for its own requirements and for the other townships which it supplies. At the present date over thirty townships are supplied with water by the Manchester Corporation, and it was thought unless some other scheme was at once decided upon the extension of water mains beyond a certain radius would have to cease in about two years. The utmost that we could get from our present source is about 24,500,000 gallons per day, and it is believed that this limit will be reached in about ten years, as the demand is increasing. Hence the resolve to purchase one of the celebrated Cumberland lakes. Thirlemere was fixed upon as the best for the purpose. The total cost of the purchase, including interest and expenses in bringing it to Manchester, will be about £2,250,000. It has been calculated by the Corporation that this purchase will involve no extra rates upon the city, but this statement has been disputed by two of the most prominent of our aldermen—both ex-Mayors—whose opposition has led to an end of trouble and agitation, and whose efforts at last forced the Corporation to carry the scheme before Parliament. A small minority, therefore, in the Council have been permitted by law to demand a poll on the question, and consequently the ratepayers have been put to the expense of £1,600 in order to declare their opinion for or against the scheme. Whereas, it was well known that the people of Manchester trusted implicitly in the opinions and wishes of their representatives in the Council. The result of the poll was published on the 12th inst., and it showed that but a few thousands of the ratepayers were against the scheme. We may now rest happy for all future time about our water supply, as Thirlemere alone is calculated to yield us 50,000,000 gallons per day. Whether the ratepayers will in future feel the direct effects in taxes of the new purchase I cannot tell, but the corporate officials consider that the profits from water and other sources will meet the entire cost and interest involved.

His Eminence Cardinal Howard has been here as the guest of His Lordship, the Bishop of Salford. He has visited some of our churches, and on Tuesday last was presented at St. Bede's College with an address from the professors and students. I may allude to this visit again in my next letter.

THE GROWING WEALTH OF FRANCE.

From the London Spectator.

The growing wealth of France, displayed in the readiness with which all requests for loans are met, has prompted the Republicans to recommence the Napoleonih policy of enormous public works. The Minister of the Department, M. DeFreycinet, has obtained the sanction of the Assembly and the Senate to a plan of expending 20,000,000 francs a year for ten years, to be raised by loans, on harbors, canals, and rural railways. It is believed that all these works will pay, and M. Leon Say, in a speech at Boulogne—where a new port has been sanctioned as one of the first of these works—stated his full belief that the money could easily be raised. So great are the savings of the people, that more than £10,000,000 has been deposited in the savings banks in the past seven months, and the credit of France, as shown in the last effort to negotiate redeemable 3 per cents, is slowly approaching that of England, The Government can obtain money more cheaply than at any time in the past thirty-five years, and the people are complaining that they do not get interest enough. Whatever the other consequences of the law of equal partition in France, it certainly has developed the passion of industry to an unprecedented degree. The French peasant, owning his land, works and saves, certainly not the Englishman, who, though industrions, has not acquired from the possesion of property the instinct of thrift. Twenty years hence, if peace can be maintained, France will only feel her taxation as a whip, stimulating an industry which, if it reaped its full reward, might flag from plethora.

RUSSIAN CONVICTS.

A Russian convict never knows until he reache Siberia what sort of a life is in store for him; for in pronouncing sentence of hard labor the judge makes no mention of mines. If the convict has money or influential friends, he had better use the time between his sentence and transportation in buying a warrant which consigns him to the higher kinds of labor above ground; otherwise he will inevitably be sent under earth, and never again see the sky until he is hauled up to die in an infirmary.

The convicts are forwarded to Siberia in convoys, which start at the commencement of Spring, just after the snows have melted and left the ground dry.

They perform the whole journey on foot, escorted by mounted Cossacks, armed with pistols, lances and long whips; and behind them jolts a long string of springless tumbrils, to carry those who fall lame or ill on the way.

The start is always made in the night, and care is taken that the convoys shall pass through the towns on their road only after dark. Each man is dressed in a gray kaftan, having a brass numbered plate fastened to the breast and knee-boots, and a sheepskin bonnet. He carries a rug strapped to his back, a mess-tin, and a wooden spoon at his girdle.

The women have black cloaks with hoods, and march in gangs by themselves, with an escort of soldiers, like the men, and two or three female wardens, who travel in carts.

In leaving large cities, like St. Petersburg, all the prisoners are chained with their hands behind their backs, but their fetters are removed outside the city, except in the case of men who have been marked as dangerous. These have to wear leg-chains of four pounds all the way, and some of the more desperate ones are yoked by threes to a beam of wood, which rests on their shoulders, and is fastened to their necks by iron collars.

Nobody may approach the men to inspect them. The Cossacks crack their whips loudly to warn persons off, and scamper up and down the line with lanterns tied to their lance-points, which they lower to the ground at every moment to see if letters have been dropped.

Murderers, thieves, conspirators, felon clergymen, mutinous soldiers, and patriotic Poles, all tramp together as fast as they can go, and perfectly silent. Then come the women, shivering, sobbing, but not daring to cry out, because of those awful whips.

SIGHTS IN VIENNA.

Nowadays you need not make an expedition to the Prater to look on at the lines of carriages and and equestrians. You have the seductive shops, showing in their plate-glass windows the variety of articles *de luxe* for which Vienna has always been famous. You may admire the substantial yet graceful furniture, with its artistic carvings of flowers, and fruit, and game, to the manufacture of which a whole quarter is devoted. Then you have the display of knick-knacks in Morocco and Russian leather, which seem ridiculously cheap to the stranger, even in the establishments of most fashionable renown. And there are the delicately wrought meerschaums, with their mouth-pieces of clouded amber, and, for which that city of smoking connoisseurs is celebrated; and there are the opals from the Carpathian mountains, and corals from the Levant, among the masterpieces in gold and gems, that show the taste of the Austrian jewelers. There are rare carpets and hangings, woven in the Moravian and Bohemian looms, that vie in the softness of their texture and the subdued harmony of their tints with those specimens from Turkey and Persia alongside of them, which are imported by Trieste or the Danube. Next you are dazzled by the coruscations from the stands of Bohemian glass; and then you come upon a gunmaker's whose admirably finished arms of precision are adjusted in trophies under the spoils of the chase—mighty stag's antlers from the Carpathians, chamois-heads from Syria or the Sattzkammergut. In short, you lounge through a fancy-fair or permanent imperial exhibition, which shows the visitor the ornamental productions of the empire. And when you are tired of lounging, as you may easily be, for the distances are great, and the air is apt to be relaxing, you have only to drop into a *cafe* and take up your position at one of the windows. These *cafes* are so numerous that they are never over-crowded, except possibly two or three of the most frequented in the fashionable hours of the afternoon. You call for your *melange*, or your "*Ca pucimer*"—White, black, or brown coffee, as you prefer it, light your cigar, lie back in a cushioned corner, and look out upon the boulevards, as you listen to the murmur of talk from the tables around you, though the listening is seldom likely to be indiscreet, thanks to the blending of unfamiliar dialects. On the Ring or Viennese boulevards you see nothing but modern architecture. Hugh blocks of high-roofed mansions, with a general uniformity of ensemble, although each has more or less of a distinctive character. Great palaces, with arches almost as lofty in proportion as the gigantic chasseur or Swiss who stands on guard at the entrance. Palaces, whose stately facades are embellished with those grotesque satyrs and graceful nymphs to which Mr. Tissot makes allusion in his *uebersicht* of the city by moonlight. Here and there the lines of the mansions are broken by the foliage and flowers of lawns and gardens like those of the Stadt Park; by the parade ground that surrounds some imposing barrack; by a grand opera house or a sumptuous church. Everything gives you the impression of lavish expenditure, of buildings erected to endure, and with every modern convenience. Through some of the archways you look into shady court yards where shrubs and flowers are grouped round fountains, reminding you of the *patios* in Seville or Cordova. Through the open windows you get glimpses at gilded cornices and frescoed ceilings. Sovereigns and princes have taken up their quarters here. There is the palace of the Archduke Albert, perhaps the largest landed proprietor in the empire; there is the palace of the ex-king of Hanover, who has happily managed to retire on a comfortable income, although the Prussians have laid an embargo on revenues, which they devote in the meantime to the "reptile fund." At no great distance there lives, in luxurious exile, one of the ex-archdukes of northern Italy. So that the *nouveaux* riches, who greatly affect the quarter, find themselves in eminently aristocratic company. On the other hand, but a gunshot or so from the Burg Ring, the first gentleman of the empire is content to remain in the unpretending home of his ancestors. Francis Joseph still inhabits the gloomy palace of the Burg, and a duller or more thoroughly old-fashioned residence no gentleman of his degree need desire. It is the very embodiment of the favorite style of architecture of the mediæval city. It is large enough and rambling enough in all conscience, and a blending of the palace, the castle, the convent and the *corps de garde*. If some of the front windows have a smiling outlook over the Hof Garten, the views over the sombre courts behind are enough to give any of its inmates the blue devils, even when they are enjoying a brighter existence than the unfortunate representative of the Hapsburgs.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MURDER AND SOMNAMBULISM.

The discovery of a murder in a very extraordinary manner has recently taken place in Hamilton, Illinois, causing considerable excitement throughout that quiet and respectable town. In one of the principal streets are two wooden houses, closely adjacent to each other. One of these houses has for some time past been occupied by a quarrelsome family, consisting of Mr. John D. Simms, grocer by trade, his wife and step-son.

Mr. and Mrs. Simms are said to have lived on bad terms for some time past, frequent noisy dissensions between them having been overheard by the neighbors while passing the house. But it is probable that the only causes of such disturbances have been Mrs. Simms' passionate fondness for her son, Alfred Dolittle, aged twenty-four, and Mr. Simms' profound aversion to that same young gentleman. Alfred is described as having been a shiftless, worthless fellow, and many people declare that rather than having treated him severely, Mr. Simms, for his wife's sake, constantly manifested toward him a very remarkable tolerance. Be this as it may, a terrible quarrel seems to have taken place on the night of the 4th of August last, between step-father and-son. After the quarrel Alred went to his room as usual, but murder was in his heart.

His mother had gone on a visit to a relative in Ohio, and therefore one important obstacle to the carrying out of his fiendish design was un-fortunately removed. He arose in the night, and bearing a terribly destructive knife, glided into his step-father's chamber. There his bloody deed was perpetrated, the poor man scarcely waking from sleep, and being butchered in the most cold-blooded way conceiveable. But while Alfred Doolittle, after having accomplished his hideous act, was preparing for flight from the house, a clear, resonant voice horrified his guilty soul with the repeated cries of "Murder, murder, murder!" He at once perceived that these cries did not issue from his own house, either, but from the one next door. Cowering in fear, he waited. Meanwhile the same cries had been heard by Mr. James B. Lyell, an elderly gentleman, a saddler, who lived directly across the way. Lyell had three strapping, able-bodied sons whom he awoke, and they hurried over to Mr. Simms' residence, supposing, as their father had done, that the cries had emanated from thence, the frequent discords amid that family making such a belief only too natural. The result of their midnight trip was the arrest of Alfred Doolittle, who at once confessed his crime, shaking with cowardly terror as he did so. But now comes the singular and indeed amazing part of the story.

It was subsequently ascertained that the cries of "murder," which had startled Mr. Lyell, ringing out as they did upon the midnight stillness, had come from a nervous invalid, Mr. Horace Bell, who resided in the house adjoining Mr. Simms'. Bell, as his wife testified, had risen in his sleep and gone to the window, while crying forth that one word of such fearful significance. He was suffering, it seems from nightmare, a trouble to which he was subject, and dreamed that two burglars had entered his room and were about to shoot him.

The circumstance of his cry having caused the arrest of the guilty Doolittle next door seems nothing short of marvellous, and if narrated in a sensational story would be held as ludicrously improbable. But that "truth is indeed stranger than fiction" has been said a hundred times before. At the forthcoming trial of Doolittle, which is to take place early in November, some very interesting developments may be expected.

NOTICES.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Office of the Singer Manufacturing Co.,
222 Dundas, Street,
London, Oct. 11, 1878.

As certain unscrupulous parties are circulating a paper that is *false*, as can be shown by sworn affidavits of men who are reliable, we would caution the public to beware of these unscrupulous parties. Each machine sold in Ontario, by the Singer Manufacturing Co., is imported by R. C. Hickok, manager for the Company at Toronto, and said machines are shipped direct from the factory, and we can warrant every machine to be new, and challenge anyone to prove otherwise.

Yours, etc.,
The Singer Manufacturing Company,
PP. J. R. HICKOK,
Manager for London Office.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to certify, that I am entering at the Custom House, at Toronto, over *four hundred new Singer machines* per month direct from the factory. I stand ready at any time to prove the same, and if I cannot do so will give *two hundred dollars* to any person or persons who may choose to investigate the same. I also caution the public from being induced to buy poor and worthless machines from men who are circulating bills to injure our trade; *these* bills are circulated by jealous competitors, who know we are selling five machines to their one. Said men not only being ashamed of the dirty business they are at, as is proven by their not putting their names to said bills, but also being afraid of being punished by law.

ROBT. C. HICKOK,
Manager for Singer Manufacturing Co.
For Toronto.

Ernest Whitehouse has been celebrated in a dime novel and a play as the Bandit of the Wabash. Although only 21 years old, he has committed more crimes than most men could hope for at 50. About a year ago he shot a deputy sheriff named Cleary in order to escape arrest. Cleary almost died, and it was only within a few weeks that he recovered completely. He at once set about discovering Whitehouse, and, after a long search, found him in an obscure bar-room. Whitehouse began firing, and Cleary was hit twice; but the deputy was equally active, and the Bandit of the Wabash is in jail with three bullets in his body.

A May queen was recently chosen by ballot in a Texas village. Now Houston has a similar contest in the election of a queen of beauty for a festival. Twelve nominationsns are published in the Houston *Telegram*, with an appeal to their admirers to vote early and often, at ten cents a ballot. The money is to go to a charity. Young men are actively canvassing the city, and as the ballot-box is not to be opened until the counting of the votes, there is an exciting uncertainty.

MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

London Markets.

GRAIN.		
White Wheat, Delhi, ℔ 100 lbs	$1 38	to 1 45
" " Treadwell "	1 38	to 1 45
Red Fall "	1 35	to 1 40
Spring Wheat "	1 10	to 1 20
Corn "	0 85	to 0 90
Oats "	0 80	to 0 85
Peas "	0 85	to 0 95
Barley "	1 80	to 1 90
Rye "	0 80	to 0 90
Buckwheat "	1 00	to 1 10
Beans "	1 50	to 2 00
FLOUR AND FEED.		
XX Fall Wheat Flour, ℔ Cwt	2 75	to 3 00
Fall Flour "	2 50	to 2 75
Mixed Flour "	2 50	to 2 75
Spring Flour "	2 25	to 2 50
Buckwheat Flour "	2 50	to 2 75
Graham Flour "	2 50	to 2 75
Cracked Wheat "	2 50	to 2 75
Cornmeal "	1 50	to 1 75
Bran, per 100	0 60	to 00 40
Shorts, ℔ 100	0 60	to 00 70
PRODUCE.		
Eggs, Store Lots, ℔ doz	0 12	to 0 14
" Farmers' "	0 10	to 0 11
Butter, Crock	0 14	to 0 17
" Rolls	0 20	to 0 23
" Firkins	0 11	to 0 13
Cheese, Dairy, ℔ lb	0 11	to 0 12
" Factory "	0 07	to 0 00
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Mutton, ℔ lb	0 06	to 0 07
Beef, "	0 04	to 0 05
Geese, each	0 45	to 0 50
Turkeys, each	0 75	to 1 50
Dried Apples	0 06	to 0 07
Onions, ℔ bush	0 60	to 0 75
Hay, ℔ ton	9 00	to 0 00
Straw, ℔ load	2 00	to 4 50
Live Hogs, ℔ cwt	4 00	to 4 00
Dressed Hogs "	5 00	to 5 00
Chickens, ℔ pair	0 25	to 0 30
Ducks	0 40	to 0 50
Turnips	0 25	to 0 25
Carrots	0 25	to 0 30
Cordwood, No. 1 dry, ℔ cord	3 50	to 4 00
Apples, ℔ bush	40	to 0 50
Potatoes "	80	to 0 90
Clover Seed	3 50	to 4 00
SKINS AND HIDES.		
Sheepskins, each	0 40	to 0 50
Calfskins, green, ℔ lb	0 08	to 0 10
" dry "	0 25	to 0 00
Hides, green, "	0 05	to 0 06
" dry "	0 08	to 0 00
Tallow, rendered "	0 06	to 0 06
" rough, "	0 04	to 0 01
Lard, "	0 09	to 0 10
Wool, "	0 20	to 0 25
LONDON OIL MARET.		
Refined oil in carload lots, wine gals		$0 13
" " " small " " "		0 16
" Benzine " "		0 15
28 Gravity Paraffine Oil " "		0 18
L. O. R. Co.'s trans. wa can., ℔ lb		0 18

Liverpool Markets.

	Oct. 5.		Oct. 7.		Oct. 8		Oct. 9.		Oct. 10.		Oct. 11	
	s.	D.	s.	D.	s.	D.	s.	D.	s.	D.	s.	D.
Flour	23	0	23	0	23	0	23	0	25	0	23	0
R. Wheat	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8
R. Winter	8	11	8	10	8	10	8	10	8	10	8	10
White	10	0	9	10	9	10	10	0	10	0	10	0
Club	10	4	10	4	10	3	10	3	10	3	10	3
Corn, new	23	0	23	0	23	0	23	0	23	3	23	0
Barley	3	0	3	1	3	1	3	1	3	1	3	1
Oats	2	6	2	6	2	6	2	6	2	6	2	5
Peas	33	0	33	6	33		33	6	33	6	33	6
Pork	47	6	47	6	47	6	47	6	47	6	46	0
Lard	36	0	36	0	36	0	35	6	35	6	35	9
Beef	67	6	67	6	67	6	67	6	67	6	67	8
Bacon	30	0	30	0	32	6	32	6	32	6	32	6
Tallow	38	6	38	6	38	6	38	6	38	6	38	6
Cheese	40	0	45	0	55	0	45	0	45	0	45	0