

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FANNY AND HER PET TIM.

Tim's introduction into our family circle was peculiar. We are an orderly household, and do not take to peets; at least we did not until Tim's arrival.

You remember that cold time we had last winter, when, in spite of our warm fires, the frost began to form on the window panes before the sun was down. Fanny and Charley, who were watching for their papa, made holes and patches in the white, where their funny little noses and warm red lips had touched it, so that they gazed out into the darkening street, through "port holes," as they said, the way their great-grandfathers took a peep at the Indians dancing around their house in dangerous times. That was the night Tim came. Charley went to the door, and there was a sound something like a faraway war-cry, and in an instant the door shut, and Charley stood beside Fanny, with eyes as big as saucers.

I heard the sound, too, and went to the door to see what it meant. There I heard a queer whining—so did Katie, who had followed with a light—Charley and Fanny preferring to face the danger behind our skirts than to stay alone in the sitting-room, clung to my dress, and peered into the dark night, moaning in fright.

"Hush, children," I said, "and let me hear. I guess it was nothing after all, let us go in." Slow and methodical as I always am, when, just as I was closing the door, something wound itself about my feet, for an instant my heart beat fast.

"Kitty!" I screamed, "bring the light, quickly!" She rushed back, and, putting the candle low down on the floor, what do you think was there? A wee bundle of fur, trembling as we touched it, hardly ourselves knowing what it was.

"Oh, cousin Sallie, it's a dear, darling live dog!" said Fanny. "It certainly is," said Kitty, laughing. "Oh, do let me hold him," Fanny begged.

"With all my heart," said Kitty, "for I must light the gas; your father will be here before you know it." So Fanny sat on the floor by the fender, and Kitty laid the dog on her lap. The moment father came, she and Charley ran to tell him the wonderful adventure.

"Let me see it," papa said, "It is evidently a fine dog; somebody's pet, I should think."

"Oh, I do wonder what its name is!" said Fanny. "Here, Carlo! Carlo!" cried Charley, and the dog ran to him. "That is the way to find out his name." "Here, Rover! Rover!" cried papa, with a comical look, and actually the dog ran to him. "Of course his name is Rover."

"Here, Pink!" Kitty called out, and away the little thing trotted to her. "There," she said, "his name is Pink."

"Come, Tip! Tip! Tip!" I called in my turn, and he sat on his hind paws looking wistfully into my face. "There, it's plain to every one his name is Tip. Probably he is willing to answer to any name so he can get his supper."

After a little while uncle came in, making a great fuss about the cold. "Why, what's all this?" he cried, looking down at the furious speck barking at his heels; "who is this stranger barking me out of my own sister's doors, I'd like to know?" and so the story was told to him, and he called the dog Tim, and Tim we have called him ever since.

Once we lost Fanny; I shall never forget the day. I put my bonnet on to run across the street not intending to stay five minutes, but the time slipped before we knew it. When I got home there was no one in the house except the girl. I knew Charley had gone off with his uncle; Kitty had gone out walking, and as Fanny was nowhere to be found, I took it for granted she was with Kitty. I went to lie down a little while, but I had hardly got to sleep when I was awakened by the door opening softly and Kitty peeped in, with her bonnet on. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. I am sorry I woke you. I am looking for Fanny."

"Did she not go with you?" I asked. "Now, cousin Sallie, don't get frightened, there's nothing the matter with the child."

If we only could find Tim, I thought to myself, we should soon find Fanny. Finally we all met at the corner of the next block, having hunted every place we could think of, when something put it into my head to ask the workmen if

they had seen such a little girl pass. To get to them I had to pass some houses and a great brown-stone church. While passing I glanced into the cool, shaded church ground, and then I clapped my hands for joy, for there, sitting on the garden wall, was our dear Fanny with Tim.

It seems we had gone away and left her, so, not knowing what to do with herself, she had wandered into the beautiful grounds, and sat under the ivy, as happy as you please, never dreaming of our fear. To be sure we ought not to have been afraid, for Tim takes great care of his little mistress, and would never let anyone hurt herself if he could prevent it.—MARY OFF, in *Catholic Columbian*.

[IF I WERE YOU, MY SON!]

I wouldn't cry for anything when mamma or papa told me it was not good for me.

I would keep my hands and face clean any my hair brushed, without being told to.

I would be respectful to old people and behave so that my parents would not be ashamed of me.

I wouldn't get into sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way about everything.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I would pray every day, and I would ask God to make me a good boy, and show me how to go to heaven.

TARIFF REFORM.

Tariff Reform is in the air. The praises of B.B.E. are also heard everywhere. No other medicine cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood so rapidly and so surely as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Told a Lie With His Fingers.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

A Sedentary Occupation.

plenty of sitting down and not much exercises, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and most natural remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "cold in the head" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer \$500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Why is letter "o" the most charitable letter? Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—
Patent Spring.....\$4.10 @ 4.20
Patent Winter.....3.90 @ 4.10
Straight Roller.....3.20 @ 3.45
Extra.....3.00 @ 3.20
Superfine.....2.80 @ 2.90
Fine.....2.35 @ 2.50
Oily Strong Bakers.....3.80 @ 4.00
Manitoba Bakers.....3.40 @ 3.75
Ontario bags—extra.....1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers.....1.70 @ 1.80
Superfine.....1.30 @ 1.45
Fine.....1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.25 to \$4.50, Standard \$4.10 to \$4.30. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.10 to \$2.25, and standard \$2.05 to \$2.15.

Mill Feed.—Bran is quiet at \$14 to \$14.50, and shorts are quoted steady at \$16. to \$17. Moultie \$18 to \$21.50.

Wheat.—No. 2 Upper Canada red winter wheat has been offered on this market, and 58c was the best bid. No. 2 hard Manitoba wheat is quoted at 80c to 81c.

Corn.—The market is nominal at 48c to 49c in bond, and 50c to 57c duty paid.

Pears.—The market is quiet and easier, ship-owners only bidding 73c, but holders ask 75c per 66 lbs. afloat.

Oats.—The sale a round being made yesterday at 40c afloat per 34 lbs. Sales have also been made at 30c per 34 lbs.

Barley.—A lot of No. 2 extra was offered at 48c, but buyers did not seem to want it. Feed barley is quiet at 41c to 43c.

Malt.—Prices continue at 65c to 72c in bond.

Rye.—At 60c to 62c per 56 lbs.

Buckwheat.—Prices are more or less nominal at 56c to 57c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—
Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$21.50 @ 22.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....20.50 @ 21.00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....21.50 @ 00.00
India mess beef, per tierce.....00.00 @ 00.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....14.00 @ 15.50
Hams, city cured, per lb.....12 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....12 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....10 @ 11c
Bacon, per lb.....11 @ 12c
Shoulders, per lb.....10 @ 11c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—A fair range of quotations for creamery is from 17c to 18c in a wholesale way. As regards dairy, sales have taken place of Eastern Townships at 16c to 17c in good sized lot for the local trade, and one lot was taken for export at 16c.

Creamery.....17c to 18c
Eastern Townships.....16c to 17c
Western.....13c to 16c

Roll Butter.—Rolled butter at 18c to 14c. Fresh Morrisburg prints have been placed at 15c to 16c, and extra choice Eastern Townships in small packages at 18c to 19c.

Cheese.—Western white at 8 7/8c to 9c, and second grades 8c to 8 1/2c, and finest Western colored at 9c to 9 1/2c, French cheese has been sold at 8 1/2c to 8 3/4c for finest, and second grades at 8c to 8 1/2c.

Belleville, June 13.—White—395 at 8 11/16c; 405 at 8 3/4c; 290 at 8 13/16c; 325 at 8 7/8c; Colored—380 at 8c; 215 at 9 1/16c.

Campbellford, Ont., June 12.—Warrington, of Belleville, 400 white at 8 3/4c, and 180 white at 8 11/16c and 30 colored at 8 7/8c; Ayer, of Montreal, 180 colored at 8 7/8c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of ordinary stock at 11c to 11 1/2c; as to quantity, a few cases of fancy caudieu having been placed at 12c.

Beans.—Western hand-picked are quoted at \$1.60 to \$1.65, and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for ordinary to good. Inferior \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Honey.—At 8c to 8c for extracted. Comb honey 9c to 10c as to quality.

Hops.—We quote good to choice 17c to 18c. Poorer qualities 14c to 16c. Old hops 8c to 10c.

Maple Products.—Syrup in wood is slow sale at 4c to 5c per lb., and in tins 50c. Sugar 6c to 7c.

Baled Hay, &c.—Prices have advanced fully \$1 per ton, sales having transpired of No. 2 hay alongside steamers at \$13 to \$13.50, and holders are now asking \$13.75. At country points buyers have to pay \$11 to \$11.50 per ton in order to fill orders. Baled straw is quiet but steady at \$4.00 to \$5.00.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—Are quoted from \$2.00 to \$3.25 per bbl.

Oranges.—We quote \$1.75 to \$2.00, for half boxes, boxes \$2.75 to \$3.75. Blood oranges range from \$2 to \$4.25, as to size and quality.

Lemons.—We quote \$2.25 to \$3.75 for good sound fruit, common and musty a shade lower.

Pine Apples.—Prices are quoted at from 7c to 15c as to size and quality.

Bananas.—Are selling all the way from 60c to \$2 per bunch as to size and quality.

Cherries.—In boxes at from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per box

Strawberries.—Large quart boxes selling in crates at 25c per box.

Dried Fruit.—We quote dried apples 5c per lb., evaporated peaches and apricots 18c to 21c.

Cucumbers.—The market is quiet and easy at from \$2.25 to \$2.75 per crate.

Asparagus.—We quote \$1.10 to \$1.20 per dozen bunches.

Cocoanuts.—We quote \$3.75 to \$4.00 per hundred.

Onions.—Egyptian selling in bags of 100 lbs at 20c per lb. Bermuda in cases at \$2.75.

Potatoes.—At from \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Beans.—We quote \$2.25 to \$2.50 per basket. Potatoes.—One car bought on track at \$1 per bag on Saturday last, which are reselling to-day as from 75c to 80c. We hear of other sales at from \$1 to \$1.10 for good stock. Choice barrels of Havana selling at \$5.

FISH AND OIL.

Fish Oil.—We still quote 39c to 40c for Newfoundland cod, 37c to 38c for Gaspe, and 36c to 37c for Halifax. Cod liver oil, 65c to 75c as to quality.

PAILS

AND

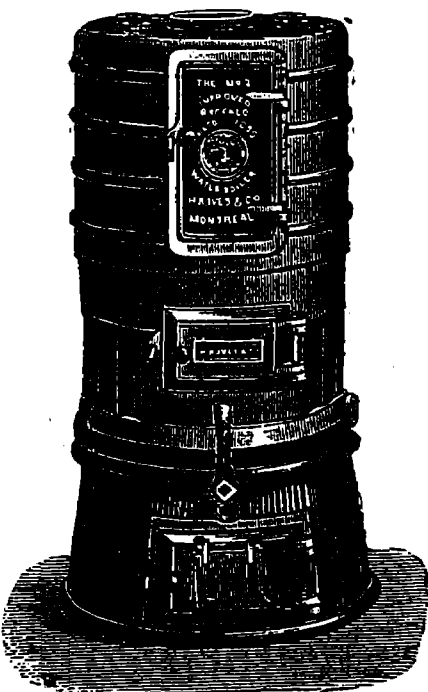
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of fibre and Pails of Wood,
reliable, strong and good;
for Pickles, lard, jam or sap,
for use at the well or the tap.

of the finest materials made
for your household, your farm or
your trade,
for every contingency ready
and pails made by E. B. EDDY.

The E. B. EDDY Co.,

MAMMOTH WORKS, Hull, Canada.

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HOT WATER HEATER,

EXAMINE THE

BUFFALO,

Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,

Queen Street, Montreal, Que.

Below is one of the many certificates received from
persons using them:

Butler street,

MONTREAL, April 20, 1893.

Messrs. H. R. IVES & CO.:

Dear Sirs,—The BUFFALO HEATER, which was
put into my house last October, has given every
satisfaction. The house is much exposed, and
although last winter was a severe one, we had a
warm and comfortable house. Besides it requires
very little care to look after the heater, which is
easily regulated.

(Signed),

Yours truly,

FRANCIS McCABE.
Montreal, April 21, 1893.

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The Best in the World, Dry in 8 Hours and Harden the Floor as Marble.

ISLAND CITY" PURE, READY-MIXED PAINT, in thirty different shades for inside
and outside painting. "ISLAND CITY," the model factory of PAINTS and VAR-
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