Chatty Stock Letter from Chicago. (BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Following are the current and comparative prices for the clous grades of live stock:—

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TOXAS	3 50 to	4 60	3 75		6 00	ı
Texas C. & B	2 75 to	3 40	3 40	4 30	3 80	ı
Hogs.			3 10	3 65	2 80	ı
Mixed	3 35 to	3 574	3 60	3 45	3 57	١.
Alosyy	3 20 to	2 55		3 45	3 57	ŀ
LAKINO	3 30 to	2 55		3 45	3 57	1
E IKS	2 75 to	3 50		3 45	3 55	1
SHEEP.			0 10	0 10	9 99	1
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western	2 60 to	4 40		3 50	3 25	1
Lambs	4 00 to	6 40		5 50		0
The details of the					4 50	

Closing days approximated make the following showing:
Cattle—Receipts, 2,551,000; decrease, 46,176; shipments, 830,840. 830,840. Hogs-Receipts, 8,314,430; increase, 654,958; shipments,

Sheep—Receipts, 3,580,000; decrease, 10,655; shipments, Horses - Receipts, 111,000; increase, 5,025; shipments,

Sheep—Receipts, 3,580,000; decrease, 10,655; shipments, 622,376.

Horses—Receipts, 111,000; increase, 5,025; shipments, 99,294.

Total number of cars received, 279 000; increase, 1,563 over 1896; total number of cars shipped, 63,892.

When doctors disagree, who shall decide? A man who travels all over the country says:

"About 20 per cent. more cattle and 35 per cent. more sheep will be fed this season in the corn belt States than ever before. Swift alone has 310,000 sheep on feed, mostly in Nebraska, and at Fort Collins, Col., 200,000 sheep are being fed. He says there are 5,000,000 sheep and 2,500,000 cattle being fed in Nebraska alone, and that Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa will control the meat supply."

Another man who travels as much says:

"The shifting of feeding localities and unusual advances in stock cattle prices have during the past season brought more cattle in sight than usual, which has led to erroneous impressions concerning the probable number on feed for future use. Figures from the very best sources obtainable show that there are not 10 per cent. more cattle on feed than at, the corresponding period last year, while there is sufficient data at hand to say that they will average three months younger and 10 per cent. lighter in weight when marketed for slaughter. For nearly the same reason, with changes caused by tariff legislation, the number of mutton sheep on feed for market has been overestimated."

Here is the consensus of a good many opinions of men active in the cattle trade:

"Taking the country over, there is a shortage of cattle, buit will not be shown in market receipts for the next nine months. The unprecedented massing of cattle in the feeding States will make receipts very heavy up to August, 1898."

There are more cattle feeding in Texas than a year ago, but the number is not large at that. The number of cattle feeding wast of the Missouri River in Nebraska is larger than ever before. There is marked activity along the line among breeders and feeders of cattle.

W. H. Will

ago.

J. B. Gould, the exporter, is in Texas making up a consignment of 900 cattle, which will goto Cuba. They will be shipped from Galveston, Texas. It will be remembered that Mr. Gould, who is well known in Canada, made a shipment of Texas cattle last March to Liverpool by way of Galveston and New Orleans. It is reported that Cuba wants 10,000 cattle per month. A Texas cattleman, George Reynolds, says he never saw so easy a time to sell cattle as they have had this year. He sold 1,700 sucking calves in one lot at \$14 per head.

\$14 per head.

The number of Montana cattle inspected at the Chicago yard during the past season was 6.723 cars, or about 147,372 head. During the season of 1896 180,335 Montana cattle arrived, and in 1895 the total was 235,614 head. North Dakota had 619 cars here the past season—estimated 13,618 head.

A well-known hog dealer is looking for liberal supplies of hogs throughout the present season, and expects to go a little higher after the holidays. The hogs are coming more freely than dealers generally expected, and the fact is enabling the packers to buy hogs at present really cheaper than they had planned to do. They generally begin to think about buying provisions about Christmas time so as to stimulate values early in the year on the products they have stored away during the fall. Lately the packers have shown very plainly that they want all the hogs offered, and have felt that they were laying in a grand harvest at low prices. For a couple of years they have had to contend against high prices during the packing season and low prices during the unloading season, and they think they have the hogs bought low enough, so there is no chance of having to sell the product at less than a fair profib. However, the current receipts are much larger than looked for, and it might turn out their \$3,251,350 hogs were not so very cheap after all.

The demand for provisions is good and promises to be better, but should the supply of raw material be very much heavier than usual it will hold down the price of manufactured products. A well-known hog dealer is looking for liberal supplies of

Canadian Horses in London.

It appears that Canadian horses are growing in favor in the Metropolis, and displacing horses from America and the Continent. This increase is notable because several of the companies have given up these horses on account of their not wearing well. The great terminal railway companies have almost entirely tabooed the foreign draft horse, and wherever weight shifting is wanted the home-bred article rules the market. The displacing of the foreign element by Canadian is welcome enough, but if many more of the latter are imported prices will decrease to a point at which profit will be invisible.—Scottish Farmer.

R. J. KELLY, Essex County, Ont., says: "We like the premium for getting new subscribers far better than we ever expected; and I must thank you for it, and for your promptness in sending it. I would not like to lose a single copy of the AD-VOCATE, and the more I read it the more I want to read it. I think it is one of the best farmer's papers printed in the Dominion. I know by it who breeds the same kinds of stock as myself, which are Oxford Down sheep, O. I. Chester White swine, and B. P. Rock fowl. I hope that you may long be spared to fight in the interest of the farmer and right.'



A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

(Continued from page 558.)

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae wished ony man tae hev seen Saunders—for it wull never pass frae before ma een as long as a' live—but a' wish a' the Glen hed stude by MacLure kneelin' on the floor wi' his sleeves up tae his oxters and waitin' on Saunders

Saunders—for it wull never pass frae before ma een as long as a' live—but a' wish a' the Glen hed stude by MacLure kneelin'on the floor wi' his sleeves up tae his oxters and waitin' on Saunders.

"Yon big man wes as pitifu' an' gentle as a wumman, and when he laid the puir fallow in his bed again, he happit him ower as a mither dis her bairn."

Thrice it was done, Drumsheugh ever bringing up colder water from the spring, and twice MacLure was silent; but after the third time there was a gleam in his eye.

"We're haudin' oor ain; we're no ben' maistered, at ony rate; mair a' canna say for three oors.

"We'ill no need the water again, Drumsheugh; gae oot and tak a breath o' air; a'm on gaird masel."

It was the hour before daybreak, and Drumsheugh wandered through fields he had trodden since childhood, The cattle lay sleeping in the pastures: their shadowy forms, with a patch of whiteness here and there, having a weird suggestion of death. He heard the burn running over the stones; fifty years ago be had made a dam that lasted till winter. The hooting of an owl made him start; one had frightened him as a boy so that he ran home to his mother—she died thirty years ago. The smell of ripe corn filled the air; it would soon be cut and garnered. He could see the dim outlines of his house, all dark and cold; no one he loved was beneath the roof. The lighted window in Saunders' cottage told where a man hung between life and death, but love was in that home. The futility of life arose before this lonely man, and overcame his heart with an indescribable sadness. What a vanity was all human labour, what a mystery all human life!

But while he stood, a subtle change came over the night, and the air trembled round him as if one had whispered. Drumsheugh lifted his head and looked eastwards. A faint grey stole over the distant horizon, and suddenly a cloud reddened before his eyes. The sun was not in sight, but was rising, and sending forerunners before his face. The cattle began to stir, a blackbird burst into song, and befo

As he dozed off, the last thing Drumsheugh saw was the doctor sitting erect in his chair, a clenched fist resting on the bed, and his eyes already bright with the vision of victory.

He awoke with a start to flud the room flooded with the morning sunshine, and every trace of last night's work removed.

The doctor was bending over the bed, and speaking

The doctor was bending over the bed, and speaking to Saunders.

"It's me, Saunders, Doctor MacLure, ye ken; dinna try tae speak or move; juist let this drap milk slip ower—ye 'ill be needin' yir breakfast, lad—and gang tae sleep again."

Five minutes, and Saunders had fallen into a deep healthy sleep, all tossing and moaning come to an end. Then MacLure stepped softly across the floor, picked up his coat and waistcoat, and went out at the door.

Drumsheugh arose and followed him without a word. They passed through the little garden, sparkling with dew, and beside the byre, where Hawkie rattled her chain, impatient for Bell's coming, and by Saunders' little strip of corn ready for the soythe, till they reached an open field. There they came to a halt, and Doctor MacLure for once allowed himself to go.

His coat he flung east and his waistcoat west, as far as he could hurl them, and it was plain he would have shouted had he been a complete mile from Saunders' room. Any less distance was useless for adequate expression. He struck Drumsheugh a mighty blow that well-nigh levelled that substantial man in the dust, and then the doctor of Drumtochty issued his bulletin.

"Saunders wesna tae live through the nicht but he's livin'

"Saunders wesna tae live through the nicht but he's livin' this meenut, an' like to live,
"He's got by the warst clean and fair, and wi' him that's

"It 'ill be a graund waukenin' for Bell; she 'ill no be a weedow yet, nor the batrnies fatherless.
"There's nae use glowerin' at me, Drumsheugh, for a body's daft at a time, an' a' canna contain masel, and a'm no gaein' to try." gaein' to try."

Then it dawned upon Drumsheugh, that the doctor was

Then it dawned upon Drumsneugh, that the doctor was attempting the Highland fling.

"He's ill made tae begin wi," Drumsheugh explained in the kirkyard next Sabbath, "an ye ken he's been terrible mishannelled by accidents, sae ye may think what like it was, but, as sure as deith, o' a' the Hielan' flings a' ever saw yon was the beautiest.

"A' hevna shaken ma ain leg for thirty years, but a' con-fess tae a turn masel. Ye ma lauch an' ye like, neeburs, but the thocht o' Bell an' the news that wes waitin' her got the better o' me" Drumtochty did not laugh. Drumtochty looked as if it

Drumtochty did not laugh. Drumtochty looked as if it could have done quite otherwise for joy.

"A' wud hae made a third gin a' hed been there," announced Hillocks, aggressively.

"Come on, Drumsheugh," said Jamie Soutar, "gies' the end o't; it wes a michty morning."

"We're twa au d fules, says MacLure tae me, and he gaithers up his claithes. 'It wud set us better tae be telling Bell."

Bell.'
"She wessleepin' on the top o' her bed wrapped in a plaid, fair worn oot wi' three weeks' nursin' o' Saunders, but at the first touch she was oot upon the floor.
"'Is Saunders deein', doctor! she cries. Ye promised tae wauken me; dinna tell me it's a' ower.'
"There's nae deein' aboot him, Bell; ye're no tae lose yir man this time, sae far as a' can see. Come ben an' jidge for varsel.'

Bell lookit at Saunders, and the tears of joy fell on the

bed like rain.
"'The shadow's lifted, she said; 'he's come back frae the

"A prayed last nicht that the Lord wud leave Saunders till the laddies cud dae for themselves, an thae words came intae ma mind, "Weeping may endure for a nicht, but joy cometh in the mornin'."

cometh in the mornin'."

"The Lord heard ma prayer, and joy hes come in the mornin'," an'she gripped the doctor's hand.

"Ye've been the instrument, Doctor MacLure. Ye wudna gie him up, and ye did what nae ither cud for him, an'a've ma man the day, and the bairns hae their father.'

"And afore MacLure kent what she was daein,' Bell lifted his hand to her lips an' kissed it."

"Did she, though?" cried Jamie. there wes as muckle spunk in Bell?" "Wha wud hae thocht "MacLure, of coorse, was clean scandalized," continued Drumsheugh, "an' pooed awa his hand as if it hed been

burned.

"Nae man can those that kind o' fraikin', and a' never herd o' sic a thing in the parish, but we maun excuse Bell, neeburs; it wes an occasion by ordinar," and Drumsheugh made Bell's apology to Drumtochty for such an excess of feeling.

made Bell's apology to Drumtochty for such an excess of feeling.

"A' see naething tae excuse," insisted Jamie, who was in great fettle that Sabbath; "the doctor hes never been burdened wi' fees, and a'm judgin' he coonted a wumman's gratitude that he saved frae weedowhood the best he ever got."

got."
"A'gaed up tae the Manse last nicht," concluded Drumsheugh, "and telt the minister hoo the doctor focht aucht oors for Saunders' life, an' won, and ye never saw a man sae carried. He walkit up and doon the room a' the time, and every other meenut he blew his nose like a trumpet.
"'I've a cold in my head to-night, Drumsheugh," says he; 'never mind me.'"

"Tve a cold in my head to-night, Drumsneugh, says he; 'never mind me.'"

"A've hed the same masel in sic circumstances; they come on sudden," said Jamie.

"A' wager there 'ill be a new bit in the laist prayer the day, and somethin' worth hearin'."

And the fathers went into kirk in great expectation.

"We beseech Thee for such as be sick, that Thy hand may be on them for good, and that Thou wouldst restore them again to health and strength," was the familiar petition of every Sabbath.

The congregation waited in a silence that might be heard, and were not disappointed that morning, for the minister continued:

and wore not disappointed that the hearty thanks that Thou didst continued:

"Especially we tender Thee hearty thanks that Thou didst spare Thy servant who was brought down into the dust of death, and has given him back to his wife and children, and unto that end didst wonderfully bless the skill of him who goes out and in amongst us, the beloved physician of this parish and adjacent districts."

"Didna a tell ye, neeburs?" said Jamie, as they stood at the kirkyard gate b sfore dispersing; "there's no a man in the county cud hae dune it better. 'Heloved physician, an' his 'skill,' tae, an' bringing in 'adjacent districts'; that's Glen Utrach; it wes handsome, and the doctor earned it, ay, every word.

word.

"It's an awfu' peety he didna hear yon; but dear knows whar he is the day, maist likely up

Jamie stopped suddenly at the sound of a horse's feet, and there, coming down the avenue of beech trees that made a long vests from the kirk gate, they saw the doctor and Jess.

One thought flashed through the minds of the fathers of the commonwealth

the commonwealth. It ought to be done as he passed, and it would be done if were not Sabbath. Of course it was out of the question on The doctor is now distinctly visible, riding after his fash-

There was never such a chance, if it were only Saturday; and each man reads his own regret in his neighbour's face.

The doctor is nearing them rapidly; they can imagine the

shepherd's tartan. Sabbath or no Sabbath, the Glen cannot let him pass without some tribute of their pride.

Jess has recognized friends, and the doctor is drawing

Jess has recognized friends, and the unclose to the diam's rein.

"It hes to be dune," said Jamie, desperately, "say what ye like." Then they all looked towards him, and Jamie led.

"Hurrah," swinging his Sabbath hat in the air, "hurrah," and once more "hurrah," Whinnie Knowe, Drumsheugh, and Hillocks joining lustily, but Tammas Mitchell carrying all before him, for he had found at last an expression for his feelings that rendered speech unnecessary.

It was a solitary experience for horse and rider, and Jess bolted without delay. But the sound followed and surrounded them, and as they passed the corner of the kirkyard, a figure waved his college cap over the wall and gave a cheer on his own account.

own account.

"God bless you, doctor, and well done."

"If it isna the minister," cried Drumsheugh, "in his goon an' bans'; tae think o' that; but a' respeck him for it."

Then Drumtochty became self-conscious, and went home in confusion of face and unbroken silence, except Jamie Soutar, who faced his neighbours at the parting of the ways without shame.

"d' wyd dea it a' over comin it all additional the silence." "A' wud dae it a' ower again if a' hed the chance; he got naethin' but his due."

naethin' but his due."

"It was two miles before Jess composed her mind, and the doctor and she could discuss it quietly together.

"A' can hardly believe ma ears, Jess, an' the Sabbath tae; their verra jidgment hes gane frae the fouk o' Drumtochty.

"They've heard about Saunders, a'm thinkin', wumman, and they're pleased we brocht him roond; he's fairly on the mend we ken noo.

and they're pleased we brocht him roond; he's fairly on the mend, ye ken, noo.

"A' never expeckit the like o' this, though, and it wes juist a wee thingie mair than a' cud hae stude.

"Ye hev yir share in't tae, lass; we've hed mony a hard nicht and day thegither, an' yon wes oor reward. No mony menin this warld 'ill ever get a better, for it cam frae the hert o' honest fouk."

IV.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY.

Drumtochty had a vivid recollection of the winter when Dr. MacLure was laid up for two months with a broken leg, and the Glen was dependent on the dubious ministrations of the Kildrummie doctor. Mrs. Macfadyen also pretended to recall a "whup" of some kind or other he had in the fifties, but this was considered to be rather a pyrotechnic display of Elspeth's superior memory than a serious statement of fact. MacLure could not have ridden through the snow of forty winters without suffering, yet no one ever heard him complain, and he never pled illness to any messenger by night or day.

plain, and he never pieu inness to any incomparation or day.
"It took me," said Jamie Soutar to Milton afterwards, "the feck o' ten meenuts tae howk him an' Jess oot ae snawy nicht when Drums turned bad sudden, and if he didna try to excuse himsel for no hearing me at aince wi' some story aboot juist comin' in frae Glen Urtach, and no bein' in his bed for the laist twa nichts.

juist comin' in frae Glen Urtach, and no bein in his bed at the laist twa nichts.

"He wes that carefu' o' himsel an' lazy that if it hedna been for the siller, a've often thocht, Milton, he wud never hae dun a handstroke o' wark in the Glen.

"What scunnered me wes the wy the bairns were ta'en in wi' him. Man, a've seen him tak a wee laddie on his knee that his ain mither cudna quiet, an' lilt. 'Sing a song o' saxpence' till the bit mannie wud be lauchin' like a gude ane, an' pooin' the doctor's beard.

till the bit mannie wud be lauchin' like a gude ane, an' pooin' the doctor's beard.

"As for weemen, he fair cuist a glamour ower them; they're daein' naethin' noo but speak aboot this bcdy and the ither he cured, an' hoo he aye hed a couthy word for sick fouk. Weemen hae nae discernment, Milton; tae hear them speak ye wud think MacLure hed been a releegious man like yerself, although, as ye said, he wes little mair than a Gallio.

"Bell Baxter was haverin' awa in the shop tae sic an extent aboot the wy MacLure brocht roond Saunders when he hed the fever that a' gie oot at the door, a' wes that disgusted, an' am telt when Tammas Mitchell heard the news in the smiddy he wes juist on the greeting.

"The smith said that he wes thinkin' o' Annie's tribble; but ony wy a' ca it rael bairnly. It's no like Drumtochty, ye're setting an example, Milton, wi' yir composure. But a mind ye took the doctor's meesure as sune as ye cam intae the pairish."

It is the penalty of a cyric that he went he was a received.

It is the penalty of a cynic that he must have some relief or his secret grief, and Milton began to weary of life in Jamie's hands during those days.

Drubut th marked "He twisted till the dinna l

JANU

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doctor's all its ro hearts, Mitchel the doc for Ann honey a couga, a last he u me noo i there's hoose, ti "Oo, a' ken th plan o' h
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grip. awfu' da

up, an'ye wark an' Weelum; Drumsher ''Na, n t'aen, an' a fouk mair "A've chitis—an Drums

did nothin powerfully
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"A' did memory, so and ye 'ill I "But t offerin' ye puir body, money, and Gin it be a for a Drum stances; an see he's no "Nae f hundred's s spent.
"Yon w

Saunders; fling."
The rem sheugh, and "What" time o' need o's frae anit