

Grain—Wheat: Market unchanged.—**Oats:** This market remains firm, a fair demand existing for both milling and export, and also for local requirements. Quotations—Prime milling, 1s 11d to 1s 11½; best short feed, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; medium to good, 1s 8d to 1s 9d; inferior, 1s 6d to 1s 7½ (ex store, sacks extra, net).—**Barley**—There is but little business passing. Prime malting is worth 3s 9d to 4s; medium to good, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s 3d to 3s 2d (ex store, sacks extra, terms).

Grass seed—There is a steady demand for ryegrass seed and a moderate business has been done during the week. Best perennial is worth 3s to 3s 1½; extra prime a shade more, farmer's best, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; inferior to medium, 1s 9d to 2s 6d, (ex store, sacks extra net). There is but little inquiry for cocksfoot. Best dressed (nominal) 3½ to 3¾; medium, 2d to 3d per lb.

Potatoes are in short supply, prices therefore in consequence have been more satisfactory. Best are worth L4 to L4 10; others, L3 10s to L3 17s 6d per ton (ex store, sacks weighed in, net).

Chaff—The supply of inferior and medium chaff exceeds the demand while prime bright heavy chaff is in short supply, and is keenly competed for, and realises good prices. Quotations, best, 50s to 55s; medium to good, 40s to 47s 6d per ton (ex truck).

MESSRS DONALD REID AND Co. report as follows:—

Wool—We disposed of a moderate catalogue. All the buyers were present and bidding was spirited. Green pelts, 10d to 1s 6d; do lambs, 1s 9d to 2s 3d; dry crossbreds, 2s 2d to 3s 4d; do merinos 2s 6d to 5s 1d.

Hides—During the week we cleared all on hand. Prime heavy, 2½ to 3d; medium, 2d to 2½; light, 1½ to 1¾; inferior and bull's 1d to 1½; calf skins, 6d to 1s 6d.

Tallow—Sales are effected immediately on arrival. Prime rendered, 20s to 21s 6d; good, 18s to 19s; medium, 15s to 17s; inferior 13s to 14s 6d; rough fat, 10s to 13s 6d.

Wheat—During the week a considerable amount of new wheat is to hand. We quote—Prime milling, velvet and Tuscan, 2s 9d to 2s 11d to 3s (extra); do do other descriptions, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; medium, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; fowl wheat and inferior, 2s to 2s 3d.

Oats—Prices this week are hardly so firm. We quote—Prime milling, 1s 11d to 1s 11½; do long oats, 1s 9d to 1s 10½; do short feed, 1s 8d to 1s 9d; discoloured, 1s 6d to 1s 7½.

Potatoes—Prices a little firmer. Prime derwents, L2 17s 6d to L3; medium do, L2 12s 6d to L2 15s.

Chaff—Ready sale for new oatsheaf chaff. Prime oatsheaf, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d; old, L2 15s; medium, L2 to L2 5s.

Ryegrass—Fair demand for prime machine-dressed seed suitable for shipment. Machine-dressed, 3s to 3s 2d; farmers' do, 2s 2d to 2s 5d.

Flax—Inquiry for good fair average quality at L16 10s to L17. We sold some bales of superior quality locally at L18 per ton.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

MESSRS. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co. report as follows:—

The sale to-day was made up almost entirely of town and dealer's lots, and considering the class offered a fair demand was experienced. Any good young draughts or spring cart horses were well competed for, and as we have several private inquiries for these, we can recommend consignments. Inferior hacks and harness horses were dull of sale, as were also low-priced draughts. We quote: For first-class draughts (extra-heavy), 125 to 30; good ordinary (young), L18 to L22; medium, L12 to L16; aged, L6 to L10; good hacks and harness horses, L12 to L16; medium, L7 to L9; light and inferior L2 10s to L5.

MR F. MEENAN. King street, reports:—Wholesale price—Oats: 1s 7d to 1s 11d (bags extra). Wheat (sacks included): Milling, 2s 9d to 3s 0d, demand dull; fowls', 1s 9d to 2s 2d. Chaff: Inferior to medium, good supply, demand dull, £1 10s 0d to £2 5s 0d; prime up to £2 15s 0d, good demand; hay, oaten, quality old, inferior, demand dull, £2 10s to £3 0s; ryegrass, £3 0s, of good quality. Potatoes, new kidneys, £2 10s 0d; derwents, £3 0s 0d, market dull. Flour: Roller, £8 10s to £9 0s; stone, £7 10s to £8 5s, demand quiet. Oatmeal, bulk, £9 0s; 25lbs, £9 10s to £10 0s. Butter, fresh, 7d to 9d; potted, demand easier, 7d for prime. Eggs, 1s to 1s 2d per dozen.

The D.I.C., High and Battray streets, Dunedin, have commenced their autumn and winter shows. Their goods are, as usual, of the finest qualities possible.

Booth's golden remedies are gaining ground rapidly in New Zealand. Their effect in quenching the thirst for drink and all longing for stimulants is described as marvellous.

Mr Peter Dick, Moray Place, Dunedin, may be consulted with advantage by all who are interested in the repairs or the selection of watches and jewellery. His prices will be found extremely reasonable. Mr Dick's stock of spectacles is also deserving of trial.

Messrs Dwan Brothers, hotel brokers, Wellington, are now offering for sale, on particularly reasonable terms, several admirably situated and most remunerative houses. Persons in the trade wishing to change, or persons desiring to enter it, will find ample means of doing so placed at their disposal by the firm in question.

MYERS AND Co., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and set's equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

DUNEDIN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society gave a highly successful concert in the Garrison Hall on Wednesday evening, the 1st inst, in aid of the Queensland Flood Relief fund. The performances of the orchestra were remarkably good, reflecting infinite credit on the conductor, Mr James Coombs. They included Gung's "Gamera" March; a selection from "Patience"; Massenet's "Angelus" and "Bohemian Festival"; a selection from the "Gondoliers"; Desorme's "Serenade de Mandolines"; and Kéler Bela's "Am Schonen Rhein." In every instance a complete success was achieved. If it were necessary to choose, we should perhaps prefer the "Angelus," a truly admirable performance, and the "Gondoliers," in which a cornet solo was particularly pleasing. The vocalists were the Misses Rose Blaney and Treseder, and Messrs Jago and Packer. Miss Rose Blaney was in capital voice and gave a charming rendering of Garcia's "Salve Maria," with violin *obligato* by Mr E. Parker. Miss Treseder sang Sullivan's "Will he come?" with great sweetness and expression. Both young ladies received an encore which was declined. Mr Jago gave a fine interpretation of White's "Golden Angony," and Mr Packer sang in a very acceptable manner, Tours' "Because of Thee." Mr W. E. Taylor, F.C.O., accompanied the singers on the piano. The hall was well filled.

IT'S GONE, ALL GONE, AND I'M GOING TOO.

FOR many a year did the same man sweep a certain street-crossing in Hampstead. Though all seasons and in all weather, there he was, sweeping the crossing and taking such gratuities as were given him. Time wore away, and he came to be eighty years old. He appeared at his post no more. A lady district visitor looked him up at his lodgings. What a picture of squalid destitution. No fire, no food, no friends. Wife and family he had none—never had. The poor old fellow was perishing of starvation, of want. Some money was raised for his benefit and he was removed to a London Hospital. Here he lay several weeks sinking daily. One night he was clearly very low. Near him stood one of the hospital physicians and a nurse. Seeing him clutch nervously at his pillow, the nurse, supposing the patient desired to be raised up, put his arm beneath him to perform that service. In doing so the nurse's hand came in contact with an object which he withdrew. It was a dirty little canvas bag tied with a leather string. As it was laid aside the old man perceived what had been done, lifted his skeleton frame partially from the bed and, trembling with excitement, said in a shrill whisper—"Ah my treasure, my treasure! It's gone, all gone, and I'm going too!" and sack back dead. The bag contained £500 in notes—the savings of his miserly life. And he, there, dead of starvation, even more than of age. Well, what of it? you say. The wretched old man was better dead than alive. Quite so, but most human events have a moral, a lesson, about them, if we keep an eye out for it.

What, for example, can we learn from the following facts?—One night about ten years ago a man whose name we can furnish, went to bed as usual, apparently in good health and spirits. A few hours later he lay unconscious on the floor. In explanation he stated that he had been seized, suddenly, with a pain of such violence that he was compelled to rise,—a pain in the chest. After rising he lost his senses and sack down on the spot where he had stood. His wife aroused by the noise, struck a light and saw her husband in that situation. She afterwards declared he had gone black in the face, and that his eyes looked as if they were starting out of his head.

Restoratives were applied which brought him to, but he was not as before. So quickly and unexpectedly do we cross the boundary line between two opposite bodily conditions. It is like stepping from the broad blaze of day into a damp cavern packed with darkness. He felt weak and sick with a strange "all-gone" sensation throughout his whole system. His mouth tasted badly, and was filled with a slimy sort of phlegm, his head ached, he was unable to draw a deep breath, he walked with difficulty, and went about his business like a man who is haunted by a paralysing dream.

Perplexed and alarmed he consulted physicians, who prescribed for him, without however, producing any noticeable improvement. The strong, clear-headed man of previous years was gone—changed as by the wand of a vicious magician into the feeble being he now was. Even with this dismal prospect before him our friend travelled not on level ground; his path led downward; he grew worse. In December, 1888, he had a distinct and bad attack, gave up business, and went to bed. There he remained for a weary, painful month—thirty days, as long as thirty years of power and occupation. The doctor said there was something wrong with the stomach and bowels.

After he once more rose from his bed he still suffered dreadful pain and could rest neither day or night. Indeed, some nights he never slept a moment. So weak had he become that when he attempted a short walk he was obliged to abandon the effort, return and go to bed.

His own words are these:—"To give you an idea how reduced I had become I may mention that I lost over three stone weight and was wasting away. I kept on like this until January, 1891, when Mr Everson, of Occold, told me of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup and the good it had done. I tried it and in three days I felt better. Cheered and encouraged by this I continued to use it, with the result that I wholly recovered from my mysterious malady. I am now strong and hearty, and business is again a pleasure. The Syrup did me more good in a few weeks than all my ten years doctoring put together." (Signed) Albert Thorndyke, Proprietor of the "Grapes Inn," Church Street, Eye, Suffolk. May 1st, 1891.

What do we learn from this? We learn that while a miserly fool like our crossing-sweeper may starve for money, a wise man with more reverence for his bodily temple, seeks and finds a remedy for a tendency to starvation, induced by disease:—that the disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, and the remedy Mother Seigel's Syrup.