LIVER Failure of the liver to filter bile from the blood, whereit is poison, and pass it into the intestines, where it aids digestion and keeps the bowels regular, gives rise to biliousness, headache, indigestion and constipation and also leads to diseases of the kidneys, because it throws all the work of blood filtering upon them. **KIDNEYS**

By their direct and combined action on the liver and kidneys Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively and thoroughly cure all diseases of these filtering organs.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Sale by Estate of D. M. Mead, Druggist.

OSWEGO CITY SAVINGS BANK

214 West First Street.

Incorporated March 4th, 1859. The largest and oldest savings institution in Oswego County.

Interest paid on deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent. Compounded Semi-annually Jan. and July

Deposits made on the first three days of any month will commence interest as of the first of the month.

Bank is opened every business day except Saturday from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. On Saturday from 10 a. m. to 12 m., and on Monday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock.

Safe deposit Boxes to rent in the burglar and fire proof vault of the bank. Price $5.00 Per Year.

Trustees.

Neil Gray Jr.	Edward H. Farrell,
Dr. Jas. K. Stockwell,	James B. Farwell,
Thomas F. Gleason,	Benjamin Denton,
John P. Phelps	Charles S. Newell
Karl Kellogg,	Charles H. Bond,
Jas. H. Cooper,	Luther W. Mott,
Edgar D. Johnson,	John Smith,

John P. Phelps, President.
James H. Cooper, 1st Vice-President.
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OSWEGO COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

East 2nd and Bridge Streets, Oswego

3 1/2 Per Cent. Compounded Semi-annually—January and July.

Bank is open every business day except Saturday from 10:00 a. m. to 4 p. m. On Saturday from 10 a. m. to 12 m. and on Monday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

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WITH ABUNDANT FACILITIES AND AMPLE CAPITAL

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SELECT YOUR SUMMER STRAW!

at TOVEYS, where you will find all that is stylish, durable, light in weight and at a moderate price. In a few days our hats will be seen on the heads of all well dressed men, so come early if you would not be left.

A. J. TOVEY, 107 East First Street
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We are Now Ready to Serve the Public with the Purest

Soda Beverages

All the Old Flavors and Many New Ones.

Malone & Hennessey
194 W. 1st Street.

IF YOU WANT A first class shave or an up-to-date hair cut go to

CROWLEY'S
77 East Second Street.
Hot and Cold Baths in Connection.

A Romance In Its Aftermath.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

CURIOUSLY enough it had never come home to Elizabeth Dunning that she was an old maid until this morning. She had been training the unruly arms of a clambering Seven Sisters rose when pretty Susie Wrenn came tripping by on her way to the mail.

"Oh, Miss Dunnin'," the girl had called, slacking her pace a little as she neared the gate, "ma wants to know if she can borrow your cake tins this mornin'. We're expectin' company, an' we've only got one."

"Why, certainly, Susie, you can have them and welcome. Stop on your way back from the mail."

"Thank you," moving up a little and then lingering as though wishing to say more, but hardly knowing how to proceed. "Them's awful nice roses you've got."

"Yes, they are nice," assented Miss Dunning, clipping off a handful and offering them across the fence. "You must come in some morning and look at my bed of teas and at my hedge of jacks." Then she smiled encouragingly into the blushing, upturned face. "Now, what is it, Susie?" she asked. "You have something else to tell me."

"Oh, it's nothin' much," protested the girl bashfully, but with eyes and cheeks which belied her words. "You see, I've only told ma so far, an' now it seems I must tell you next."

"Of course," with affected indignation. "Did I not know you as a baby in long clothes and have I not been your Sunday school teacher more than ten years? Certainly, you must tell me."

But still the girl hesitated, looking at her feet and down the street and across the fence to the pretty cottage whose verandas were embowered with clambering roses and honeysuckles. At last she broke into a frank, merry laugh.

"What a fool I am, Miss Dunnin'," she cried. "It's only that I'm goin' to be married. I'll stop for the tins comin' back," and she ran lightly down the sidewalk, only pausing for a moment to glance over her shoulder.

"It's Mr. Gray," she called with something that was almost exultation in her voice, "an' he's real nice, if I do say it."

Miss Dunning's face had been full of the kindliest interest, and its expression did not change now as she watched the girl speed buoyantly down the street. But her long, tapering fingers trembled slightly as they left the paling and turned to the rose clipping. Long years ago—she did not care to remember how many—she had tripped down the sidewalk like that and had been pretty and vivacious and hopeful. And with her in those days it had also been Mr. Gray, and she, too, had thought him real nice.

And still the golden oriole sang on, oblivious of all but his mate and the rapture of his own music. Miss Dunning listened with a tender smile on her face. Had she chosen for the best?

"YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO TELL ME."

She thought so unflinchingly, even when her very heartstrings were crying for redress. He had succeeded wonderfully, as he could not possibly have done had there been a weight to clog his flight.

She was glad to remember that she had told him to go, impetuously, with unflinching eyes and lips, and she was glad to remember also that he had looked at her with expostulation and entreaty and that he had flatly refused to consider so cold blooded a thing and then had flamed out and declared she did not love him as he did her and that he would follow her command and make ambition the rule of his life.

She had not been able to keep up with his progress very closely, for even a brilliant career on the other side of the world only comes back in stray paragraphs and the most meager of reports. But she knew the success was there and that it was of the kind they had dreamed.

Long ago she had given up all thought of their ever being to each other more than they had been. Perhaps they would never see one another again in this world. Even when she learned that he was coming home, renowned for his intellect and noble work, she looked forward to meeting him with unquestioning gladness. It was not so much her youth returning as it was the great success of her planning coming back for approval and commendation. Their youth was very near and dear, but it was something that was past and laid away in the lavender and rose leaves of her memory.

She had always remembered him as the young man who had gone away from her—strong, erect and with black, curling hair thrust carelessly back from his forehead. Now, looking clearly into the past through the revelation which had just come to her and without the glamour of her own love to idealize him, she had tried to imagine how this man who had been hers, but was now another's, might appear. He was older than her by two years. That meant he was forty-one. Here she broke resolutely from her retrospection. Why was she so foolish? Forty-one was young for a man, even as thirty-nine was old for a woman. Of course he was just the right age for pretty, simple minded Susie and would have the clear judgment and experience which she lacked, and of course a strong, beauty loving man who had been so long away from the world would prefer a pretty young girl to a faded old maid. But as she walked resolutely to the house, forgetting alike the roses and the perfect June day, there was for the first time a hard, bitter pain at her heart. She could spare him to greater usefulness, to a noble ambition, but this—oh, this was different!

And yet when she came from her room an hour later there was no sign of disquiet in her brown eyes or trace of agitation on the delicate flush of her cheeks. The rest of the unruly arms of the Seven Sisters were cut away or trained toward usefulness, and she was standing with her head tipped slightly to one side in contemplation of her work when again came the familiar tap, tap, tap down the sidewalk, ending with the sharp click of her gate latch.

"Here I am again, Miss Dunnin'," a blithe voice called, "beggin' for roses this time. The cows have eaten ours off clean, an' we must have a good spread for our company. I don't know what the place would do without your rose garden an' lilies an' strawberry bed—or we girls, for that matter, without you," catching a hand and raising it to her lips with a pretty, graceful caress that caused the older woman to throw an arm across the young girl's shoulder in sudden tenderness.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Dunnin'," Susie cried roguishly. "He's come."

Miss Dunning's hand closed a little more closely upon the pruning shears, but her face was calm, even smiling.

"I thought he was not expected until next week," she observed. "At least that is what the paper said."

"Oh, I don't know," doubtfully. "We don't have the paper, but I think Charlie was expecting him before next week. Charlie's my brother-in-law, you know, an' owns that pretty house near the river. Mr. Gray's goin' to stay with him. They used to know each other. But, there! I'd better get the roses and be goin'. They're all comin' up this evenin', and ma said for me to hurry back an' get through with my fixing' an' fussin'. An', say, Miss Dunnin', if you don't mind, I'd like to bring him to see you 'fore he goes," looking up with a roguish, pleading expression on her pretty, baby face.

"Of course," the strained lips forced themselves to say. "You must bring him by all means."

But after the girl's departure Miss Dunning left the roses and hurried away to the seclusion of her room. Bring him to her, this young girl who had been but a baby when the two had been so much to each other! What did it mean? And he had not even written to her or in any way announced his coming.

The next day was spent on the front veranda, reading or playing with her squirrels and dog or idly touching the strings of the guitar, which was another of her pastimes. But through it all her mind was elsewhere, listening for long absent but familiar footsteps, recalling incidents which she had stored away among the treasures of her memory and sending swift, eager glances to that point of the road at which Susie first appeared. She was getting old, she told herself weakly. This lack of self control was proof of it. But still she sat there and listened and thought and watched.

But the day wore away, and he did not come, and then the next and the next. Through all these years her eyes had retained their brightness and buoyancy, and her cheeks had lost but little of the delicate bloom of their youth. But now her face grew strained and piteous, and dark circles began to inclose her eyes. If only he had gone by once and lifted his hat or had given some sign of remembrance or recognition! But, no; he did not even pass along her sidewalk or in any way evince a consciousness of her existence. On the fourth day Susie hurried by to the postoffice and back, but was apparently too much occupied with her thoughts to glance at the rosebushes or vine inclosed veranda. Miss Dunning watched her until she disappeared behind a hedge of altheas and then turned hastily in search of some work to occupy her tremulous fingers. Evidently Susie was too happy to divide her thoughts, and probably he was happy, too, but somehow, for the first time in her life, Miss Dunning could not bring herself in thorough sympathy with the happiness of others.

One day as she sat there with a book in her lap and her eyes fixed upon that last visible point of the street before it was shut out by the other hedge a firm, eager step came up the sidewalk from the opposite direction. But she did not notice until her gate latch clicked. Then she turned inquiringly.

She knew him in an instant, for the years had brought but a stronger step and nobler carriage, with perhaps a too liberal sprinkling of gray hair, which she could discern even from the veranda. She was conscious of a curious thrill of awe and tenderness as she rose from her chair, for even in that brief instant she remembered there was not a single gray intruder among her own soft hair, and his she associated with the work which had conquered obstacles and adversity.

There was no reserve or ceremony in her movements, and by the time he had closed the gate she was halfway down the walk. But it was an older sister greeting her brother hero, or rather, as one who had sent her best thoughts out to conquer the world and was now eager to wreathe them with the laurel of victory.

"Alfred!" she said as she went forward with outstretched hands.

"Elizabeth!" And then he bent forward and touched his lips to her forehead. And she received the kiss with her eyes looking straight into his and with only the faintest possible color stealing into her cheeks. It was not a wrong to her girlish admirer or an act of presumption or breach of faith on

"I'VE BROUGHT HIM AT LAST, MISS DUNNIN'."

his part. It was merely the seal of the success of their twenty years of joint labor.

"Come up to the veranda, Alfred," she said, with her eyes full of frank welcome. "I want to hear all about it. Of course I know in a fragmentary way, but it will seem new and more real from your lips."

And he told her, sitting in his old place behind the honeysuckle, with the swaying sprays sending alternate lines of sunlight and shade across his face in the same old way, and she listened, with eyes full and lips half parted and with her head nodding commendation or sympathy from time to time. It was a story of heroism and triumph, told in a straightforward matter of fact way, without egotism or self depreciation, knowing that it was her right to have it all, even as he had lived it.

"But it is good to be home again, Elizabeth," he concluded with a satisfied sigh as he leaned back in his chair and surveyed the veranda and rose garden beyond. "The memory of these flowers and their owner has been with me through all the twenty years, and many times have I been on the point of giving up the struggle and returning to them. And, indeed," a trace of reserve coming into his voice, "I might have done so but for what you said and the look you gave me when we last stood together among your honeysuckles. I knew I could only return to the sentence of a deserter who had forsaken his colors."

"But—you never wrote, Alfred."

"Yes, twice. One of the letters was lost, however, for I heard of the ship going down in midocean. The other I never heard from. Perhaps it was lost too."

"I never received it." Then, "But you have been in the place a week, Alfred, and only just called."

He looked puzzled.

"I came in on the train an hour ago, Elizabeth, and would have been here before but for a complication over a telegram. It seems there is another man of the same name in town."

"But Susie."

He raised his hand impatiently.

"Never mind, Susie. I have gone through my probation and have done my work with all the strength that God gave me. Now I have come 10,000 miles for my reward—for you. If there is more work, bid me do it, but for charity's sake do not refuse your companionship in the labor."

She was not looking at him now. Her heart was too full for speech, almost for thought. A squirrel ran down a pillar of the veranda and sought her lap, and the oriole lifted up his voice in a sudden ecstasy of song.

Then the gate clicked, and she roused herself with an effort. A young man whom she did not know stood before her, and with him was Susie.

"I've brought him at last, Miss Dunnin'," the girl cried merrily, "but I just had to drag him, he's so bashful. Mr. Gray, this is the Sunday school teacher I've told you about." Then, disregarding further formality and with bubbling gladness in her voice: "An' oh, say, Miss Dunnin', we've coaxed him to stay with us for good and all. He's goin' to open a grocery next the postoffice." Here she caught sight of the gray haired, soldierly figure in the background and stopped in sudden confusion.

"This is Mr. Gray, too, Susie," Miss Dunning said with something in her voice the girl could not understand, "and he, too, is going to stay here 'for good and all.'"

Rheumatism

Badly Cripples a Baldwinsville Farmer

URIC-O QUICKLY CURED HIM

Treated Two Years with a High-Priced Physician with No Success.

Mr. Frank Howe, a prominent farmer in the town of Van Buren, says: "I visited the best physician in this country, who treated me for about two years for rheumatism. I spent in that time several hundred dollars and seemed to grow worse instead of better each day. Being on crutches and forced to drive to the train and hobbling to the doctor's office became very discouraging, let alone the sleepless nights and fearful hours of pain. Being advised by a friend I purchased Smith's Uric-O prescription, took it home and used it that day as directed.

"Those fearful sciatic pains left me, my blood seemed to let loose and flow freely, I felt different and knew the next morning I had found a cure, as I slept and rested well all that night, something I had not done before in two years. I used in all six bottles of Uric-O and have never felt a return of the disease, had no use for crutches or cane since the first day's treatment.

I have since recommended Uric-O to hundreds of friends and acquaintances and in every instance it gave remarkable relief. To every person who suffers from Rheumatism I say, take Uric-O at once and your suffering will soon end.

FRANK HOWE, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Anyone who doubts Mr. Howe's experience is invited to write him for further details.

The manufacturers have so much confidence in the remedy that they will gladly give a large 75c bottle of Uric-O free to all Rheumatics who have never used it and are looking for a permanent, lasting cure for this most distressing disease. Address for free trial, Smith Drug Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Uric-O is personally recommended by C. J. Vowinkel.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Center of Population.

It's a merry tug of war between the east and the west for the decennial location of the center of population. For more than 112 years these have been contending, the line of the thirty-ninth parallel being their skirmish ground, and just so long has the youthful and vigorous west gained upon its venerable and declining rival. Following its present course and scaedule, the center of population will in thirty or forty years cover the intervening space between Columbus, Ind., its present location, and the Mississippi river and make a ten year sojourn near the city of St. Louis. It would require a force more potential than a civil war to alter this itinerary.—Southwest Magazine.

Pineules are for the Kidneys and Bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, tired, worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by C. J. Vowinkel's Drug Store.
mon,wed,fri3m

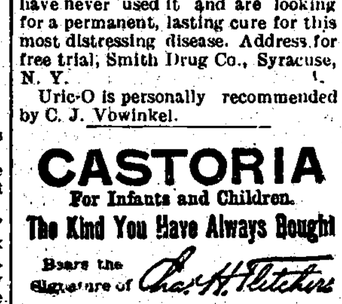
Necessary Thon.

"It ain't true," said the milkman, "that we always put chalk in our milk."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Housekeep, "that you never do it?"

"Well—er—never except after a heavy rain when the water gits brown and muddy."—Ohio State Journal.

Fine Times.



"I hear you attended the Tough Mug ball the other night. Did you have a fine time?"

"No; I had it next morning. Ten dollars and costs."—Philadelphia Press.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where the soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Guaranteed. Sold by C. J. Vowinkel's Drug Store.
mon'wed,fri3m

Boston Exterior and Interior Varnish.

F. L. Smith, Opposite Theatre.

AMBOY

JUNE 5.—N. P. Stanton has gone to Syracuse to replenish his stock of goods. Mrs. George Burgotorff is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

John Getmar is convalescing from an acute attack of bronchitis.—Mrs. J. W. Cole of Oriskany, formerly of this place, is the guest of friends in West Amboy.

Crops are very backward and almost a failure in this vicinity. Farm work is also late on account of the season and the lack of help.—Oat sowing has just ceased and corn planting just commenced.—Apple trees are in full bloom and the prospect for a full crop is encouraging.

William Black continues quite ill from a protracted attack of bronchitis.—Mr. Jennings and wife of Cleveland were in town last Sunday the welcome guests of their many relatives and friends.

Dr. Pero has twenty-five young cows which he offers for sale.

Decoration exercises at West Amboy under their Commander, Timothy Brackett, were well executed and largely attended.

The dance at the hotel at Amboy Centre last Thursday night was a success socially and financially. The attendance was large and the music enchanting.

Old stock of hay is all gone and the new not very promising at present.

Potatoes cost 40 cents per bushel and eggs 16 cents per dozen. Butter twenty cents per pound. From various causes many cows have died in this vicinity.

JUNE 4.—On Thursday evening May 23, at her home occurred the death of Mrs. Isabel Flint. Funeral services were held Sunday from the church at Carterville, Rev. H. Potter of Gayville, officiating. Interment was made in Hillside Cemetery, at Hillsboro, beside her husband. Deceased was well known in this community, having lived here nearly all of her life.

Her maiden name was Isabel Wakefield. She was born at Belleville, Jefferson County, June 4, 1848. When four years of age she moved with her parents to Carterville, where her father worked. On May 22, 1864, she was married to Philip Shetelman of Constableville. They lived happily together until his death, March 21, 1895, and with the exception of a few years in Michigan, lived their life in this vicinity, settling their farm on Broadway, where she lived until two years ago, when she moved to the "Ezra Hall Farm" at Hall's Corners. Three children were born to them, the eldest (Jennie) dying at the age of four years.

In January, 1898, she was married to Alvin B. Flint of Palermo who survives her. She also leaves her father, Albert Wakefield, aged 89 years; one sister, Mrs. Orla Harrington of North Constantia; two daughters, Mrs. H. I. Drought of Amboy Center and Mrs. Zack Dunn of North Constantia; also three grand-children.

For several months she has been afflicted with cancer. An operation was performed at the House of the Good Shepherd, Syracuse, early in March. When the news was broken to her that her condition was incurable she became reconciled. She was a member of the Methodist Church for nearly thirty years and was also a member of the W. R. C., of West Amboy. She waited patiently for the end, not murmuring against her lot, when in the severest pain. Mother is gone! but what is our loss is her gain, for we feel that she is safe with the dear ones awaiting her on the other side.

She will be greatly missed by friends and neighbors, she being ever ready to speak a kind word or do a kind act when the opportunity offered. She was tenderly cared for by two daughters, Mrs Drought and Mrs. Dunn. Many friends extend sympathy.

Dade's Little Liver Pills keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Prompt relief for headache and biliousness. Good for all the family. Sold by C. J. Vowinkel's Drug Store.
mon,wed,fri3m

New York Butter Market.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Receipts to-day, 13,689 pkgs. The consumptive requirements of the trade are still keeping so close to the receipts that sellers do not have much surplus stock and the market in consequence is well sustained. There is good trading. Only a few of the goods are really salable to hold, and values so high operators unwilling to store at present rates. Perhaps the general trading on the open market for average fine creamery was 24¾c, but where the quality was strictly fancy 24¾@25c was obtained.

Creamery—Extras, ₩ lb	24¾@25
Firsts	23 @24
Seconds	21 @22
Thirds	19 @20
State Dairy—Half-tubs, fresh, finest	@24
Tubs, good to prime	22 @24
Tubs, common to fair	19 @21
Western Imitation Creamery—Extras	@
Firsts	21 @21¼
Western Factory—Firsts	20½@
Seconds	19½@20
Lower grades	18 @18½
Renovated—Extras	21 @21¼
Firsts	@20½
Seconds	19 @20
Lower grades	16 @18
Packing Stock—No. 1	@18¼
No. 2	@18
No. 3	@16¼

The New York Mercantile Exchange official quotation for extra fresh creamery is 24c —*N. Y. Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.*

The bites and stings of insects, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized Acts like a poultice. Draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold by C. J. Vowinkel's Drug Store.
mon,wed,fri3m

M. P. Neal & Co.

Lime, Cement, Lumber, Sackett's Plaster Board

WALL PLASTER, BRICK, Etc.

Office and Yard, West Second St. Between Cayuga and Seneca Sts.

TRADE & COMMERCE

OFFICE DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES.
OSWEGO, N. Y., June 6, 1907.

WHEAT—State $1.00 ₩ bush.
OATS—53@55c ₩ bush.
CORN—63c ₩ bush.
MILL FEED—Shorts $24.00, middlings $25.00 ₩ ton.
MEAL—Unbolted $24.00, bolted $28.00 ₩ ton.
RAILROAD FREIGHTS—To Albany, Troy and Schenectady: flour, feed and grain, $1.40 ₩ ton; lumber, $1.60 ₩ M to Hudson River points $2.30 ₩ ton with lighterage; flour, feed and grain, $1.80 ₩ ton; Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington, Del.: lumber, $2.30 ₩ M; flour, feed and grain, $1.80 ₩ ton. To Boston and New England points: flour, feed and grain, $2.00 ₩ ton, lumber $2.80 ₩ M.

Wholesale Prices of Farm Products.

BUTTER—Dairy 21@24c; creamery 25@26 ₩ lb.
CHEESE—12@14c ₩ lb.
EGGS—Strictly fresh 16@17c ₩ dozen.
BEEF—Carcass, $8.00@9.00 ₩ cwt.
MUTTON—12@13c ₩ lb.
PORK—8@8½c ₩ lb.
LAMB—14@15c ₩ lb.
VEAL—10c ₩ lb.
CHICKENS—Alive, 12@14c ₩ lb.
FOWLS—Alive 12@14c, dressed 18c ₩ lb.
TURKEYS—Alive, young, 12@14c, dressed do 20c ₩ lb.
LETTUCE—.....c ₩ lb.
POTATOES—65@70c ₩ bush
HAY—Quoted at $14.00@16.00 ₩ ton.
BUCKWHEAT—85c ₩ bush.
LAMB PELTS—75c@$1.00.
SHEARLINGS—15@30c.
HIDES—Slaughter 10½c ₩ lb.
DEACON SKINS—50@75c. calf skins 12@14c.

Retail Prices.

FLOUR—World's Fair $1.60; Gold Medal, $1.60; Ontario and Globe, $1.30 ₩ sack; graham, 25c ₩ 10-lb sack.
OATS—5c ₩ bush.
CORN—8c ₩ bush.
CORN MEAL—Bolted, $1.35; unbolted, $1.30 ₩ cwt.
MILL FEED—Shorts, $1.25; middlings, $1 30; ground corn and oats, $1.40 ₩ cwt.
HAY—$20.00 ₩ ton.
BUTTER—24c; creamery, 30c ₩ lb.
EGGS—Fresh 19@20c ₩ dozen.
CHEESE—18c ₩ lb.
OAT MEAL—10@c ₩ lb.
BEEF—5@20c ₩ lb.
MUTTON—8@20c ₩ lb.
LAMB—10@22c ₩ lb.
VEAL—5@20c ₩ lb.
PORK—8@16c ₩ lb.
POULTRY—Fowls 20@22c ₩ lb.
TURKEYS—24c ₩ lb.
LETTUCE—5@10c ₩ head.
POTATOES—75@80c ₩ bush.
CURRANTS—12c ₩ lb.
CABBAGE—5c ₩ lb.
SMOKED HAMS—17@18c, bacon 18@c; shoulders, 11c ₩ lb.
SMOKED BEEF—20@25c ₩ lb.
LARD—Tierce, 11c ₩ lb.
BALED HAY—$10 00 ₩ cwt
WATER LIME—85c ₩ bbl.
PLASTER—75c ₩ bbl.

Little Falls Dairy Market.

LITTLE FALLS, June 4.—The sales of cheese on the Little Falls dairy market yesterday were as follows:

Cheese.	Lots.	Boxes.	Price.
Large colored	2	175	12c
Small colored	18	1,320	12c
Small colored	5	325	11¾c
Small white	24	1,320	12c
Small white	6	275	11¾c
Twins, colored	17	1,024	12c
Twins, colored	3	175	11¾c
Twins, white	13	824	12c
Twins, white	6	350	11¾c
Total	91	5,838	

Utica Dairy Market.

UTICA, June 4.—Most of the cheese sold on the Utica Dairy Board of Trade yesterday afternoon was grass made cheese. The transactions were:

Cheese.	Lots.	Boxes.	Price.
Large colored	4	240	11¾c
Large colored	14	875	11¾c
Large white	5	200	11¾c
Small colored	39	3,424	11¾c
Small white	6	432	11¾c
Total	67	5,301	

Butter—The sales of creamery butter were 89 pkgs at 24@25c.

Montreal Cheese Market.

MONTREAL, June 5.—Cheese market dull. Quebec, 12¾@12¾c; Ontario, 12¾@12¾c.

Syracuse Market

SYRACUSE, June 6.—To-day's quotations on the Syracuse produce market:
FRUITS—Apples 80c@$1.50 ₩ bu.
BUTTER AND EGGS—Butter, dairy, 25@26c ₩ lb; eggs, 18@20c ₩ dozen.
POULTRY—Fowls live, 14@15c; do dressed 18@20c; chickens, live, 14@15c; dressed 22@24c; broilers, 30@35c; ducks, live, 16@18c; do dressed 21@22c; geese, live, 14@16c; do dressed, 20c; turkeys, live, 17@19c; do dressed, 22@25c ₩ lb; squabs, 25@30c ₩ pair.
VEGETABLES—Asparagus, 65c@75c ₩ dozen bunches; lettuce, 65@75c ₩ box; potatoes, 70@80c ₩ bu; radishes, 10@20c; rhubarb, 15@20c ₩ dozen bunches; green onions, 10@20c ₩ dozen bunches; beans, $1.75@2.25 ₩ bu; spinach, 60@70c ₩ bu.
COUNTRY DRESSED MEATS—Veal, 8@9½c; lamb, 11@13c ₩ lb; pork, light, $8.00@8.25; do heavy, 8.00@8.25; beef, $6.00@7.00 ₩ 100 lbs.
—*Syracuse Post Standard.*

Apple Market.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Receipts of apples today, 2,423 bbls. Apples in light demand and slightly lower.

Apples—Spy ₩ bbl	5.00@6.00
Baldwin ₩ bbl	5.00@6.00
Ben Davis ₩ d h bbl	4.50@5.50
Greening ₩ bbl	4.50@5.25
Russet, Roxbury, ₩ bbl	4.00@5.00
Russet, Golden ₩ bbl	4.00@4.50
Common as to kind ₩ bbl	2.50@3.50

—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce and Com. Bulletin.*

Potato Market.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Receipts to-day, 18,705 bbls domestic potatoes, including 2,103 bbls of Southern new. The market shows no change on potatoes; old held steady but demand light. New potatoes selling well when of attractive quality, but much of the stock from nearly all sections poor and dragging. Sweet potatoes in light supply.

Potatoes—Bermuda, new, No 1 ₩ bbl	3.00@3.50
Bermuda, new No 2 ₩ bbl	4.00@4.50
Texas, red, No. 1 ₩ bbl	4.25@4.75
Texas, red, No. 2 ₩ bbl	3.25@3.50
Texas, red, ₩ 100-lb bag	2.12@2.50
New Orleans, white, No 1 ₩ bbl	3.50@4.50
New Orleans, white, No 2 ₩ bbl	3.00@
Florida, Rose, No 1 ₩ bbl	5.00@5.75
Florida, Red Chili, No. 1 ₩ bbl	4.50@5.25
Florida, new, No 2 ₩ bbl	3.00@4.00
Ga. & S. C., No. 1, Rose, ₩ bbl	4.00@5.50
Ga. & S. C., Chili, white, ₩ bbl	4.00@5.25
Ga. & S. C., Chili, No. 2, ₩ bbl	3.00@3.50
N. C., white, No. 1, ₩ bbl	4.00@5.25
N. C., red, No. 1, ₩ bbl	4.00@4.75
N. C., No. 2, ₩ bbl	3.00@3.25
Maine, white, ₩ bag	2.30@2.40
Maine, red, ₩ bag	1.50@1.85
State & W'n, in bulk, ₩ 180 lbs	2.25@2.37
State & W'n, ₩ bbl or bag	2.10@2.30
Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, ₩ bbl	2.50@4.00
Jersey, ₩ basket	1.50@2.50

—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Hop Market

NEW YORK, June 5—Some Oregons described as choice were offered at 9½c and some medium Oregons were available on the market at 8½c. As far as reported no business was done and the market was quiet and uninteresting, with quotations still nominal. There were no advices from the Coast or up-States.

N. Y. State, 1906—	Pacific Coast, 1906—
Prime to choice.15 @16	Prime to choc.10 @11
Med. to prime..14 @15	Med. to prime. 8 @ 9
N. Y. State, 1905—	Pacific Coast, 1905—
Prime to choice. Nominl	Prime to choc. 7 @ 8
Common to fair. 4½@ 5	Ordin'ry to fr. 6 @ 7
German crop, 1906.....	@ 37

Liverpool, June 5—4 P. M.—Hops in London (Pacific Coast quiet at £2 10@£3 5s.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce and Com. Bulletin.*

Hay Market.

NEW YORK, June 6—The market is steady on all grades of hay. No change in quotations. Receipts about equal to the demand. Straw firm at the late prices.

Hay—Prime, large bales, ₩ 100 lbs	1.20@
No 1, do	1.15@1.20
No 2, do	@1.10
No 3, do	.90 @1.00
Clover, mixed, fancy	1.05@1.10
do do No 1	@1.00
do do No 2	85 @95
Clover, No 1	80 @
do No 2	80 @
Shipping	85 @
Packing	80 @
Straw—Long rye	@70
Short and tangled rye	50 @55
Oat and wheat	45 @50

—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce and Com. Bulletin.*

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