DUTIES OF PARENTS TO THEIR CHILDREN

Danger of Too Much Religion on One Hand and Too Much License on the Other--Personal Example Power.

A Washington report says: Discourse of Dr. Talmage will interest young men, while it is full of advice and encouragement to parents who are trying to bring up their children aright; text, Proverbs x., 1: "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right; if he turns out ill he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions and say, "Little lambs, take care of yourself."

Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look after their young. I was going through a woods, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the bird's nest, and I found that the old bird had left the brood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out rather than surrender her young to your keeping or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps; even the barnyard fowl, with its clumsy foot and heavy wing, will come at you if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have fathers and mothers as kind as the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and he says, "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children. What are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A lifeboat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the water. A mother with one hand beating the waves and the other hand holding her little child out towards the lifeboat cried out, "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this land to-day. "Save my child!" That man out there says: "I have fought my own way through life. I have got along tolerably well. The world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle. It doesn't make much difference what happens to me, but save my child." You see, I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them, but the probability is they will copy our faults and omit our excellences. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Someone meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you. What would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say and your mother say if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing. My father smokes." There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Then solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right. My sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion." They are routed out at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion, morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is nine o'clock, it is ten o'clock, it is eleven o'clock, it is twelve o'clock, it is half-past twelve o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says, "George, where have you been?" He says, "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure. No use of Westminster catechism. I have done my very best for that boy. Just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion. You had no sympathy with innocent hilarities. You had no common sense. A man of midlife said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion. My father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says, "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't. Let him off this time."

A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistakes by too great severity in the rearing of their children. Now, I will let my boy do as he pleases. He shall have full swing. Here, my son, are tickets to the theater and opera. If you want to play cards, do so. If you don't want to play cards, you need not to play them. Go when you want and come back when you want to. Have a good time. Go it!" Give a boy plenty of money and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after awhile the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After awhile one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking: "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and a bank officer says, "Is that your check?" "No," he says, "that is not my check. I never make an 'H' in that way. I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way. That is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is counterfeit. Send for the police." "Stop," says the bank officer, "your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity. I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion," and so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train our children for God and for heaven is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at and picked at and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old fashioned style of chastisement if that be necessary than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man there who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations.

Some man will come to the young people and try to persuade them that purity and honesty and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron strings. You must get out of that puritanical straight-jacket. It is time you were your own master. You are verdant. You are green. You are unsophisticated. Come with me; I'll show you the world. I'll show you life. Come with me. You need to see the world. It won't hurt you." After awhile the young man says: "Well, I can't afford to be odd. I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends. I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of sin you get rid forever of its consequences. I say farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back.

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down, until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes 12—the tolling of the funeral bell of a soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never died. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says: "Wake up, make up! Time to shut up!" "What?" says the young man. "Time to shut up?" Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the barroom of a Fifth avenue hotel and completed his damnation in the lowest grogshop.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design, but after awhile the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been opened for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say, "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it and all the rainbows played around the rim and then dashed into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha, ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

But now for the alleviations. First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble, Oh, parent, if you can early watch the children and educate them for God and heaven. "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Tom Paine. A vessel out to sea, and after it had been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with 250 passengers into a watery grave. What was the time to fix that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm? In the drydock. Ah, my friends, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the Narrows and out on the great voyage of life. It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The drydock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the sin now, correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be and what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You see how he divides that apple? He takes nine-tenths of it for himself, and he gives one-tenth to his sister. Well, let that go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death.

Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for 100 miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it was 30 or 40 years of age, or even 20, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go farther up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart, where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction. But, oh, my friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line, between innocent hilarity on the one and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat. There's something wrong. Father won't go in. If father stays out I'll stay out."

Are your children safe? I know it is a stupendous question to ask, but I must ask it. Are your children safe? A mother when the house was on fire got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask until too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up and the cry of "Fire, fire!" shall resound amid the mountains and the valleys, will your children be safe?

I wonder if the subject strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Christian ancestry? "Oh, yes," says one man. "If ever there was a good women, my mother was good." How she watched you when you were sick! Others wearied. If she got weary she nevertheless was wakeful, and the medicine was given at the right time, and when the pillow was hot she turned it. And, oh, then when you began to go astray what a grief it was to her heart!

All the scene comes back. You remember the chairs, you remember the table, you remember the doorsill where you played, you remember the tones of her voice. She seems calling you now, not by the formal title with which we address you, saying "Mr." this or "Mr." that or "Honorable" this or "Honorable" that. It is just the first name, your first name, she calls you by this morning. She bids you to a better life. She says, "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy. Turn into paths of righteousness. I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes. God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Angels of God, send forward the news! Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

COLONIES AND EMPIRE.

Representation in the Imperial Parliament.

NOT RIPE FOR DISCUSSION.

Mr. Charles Phillips Trevelyan, Liberal member for the Elland division, west riding Yorks, suggested that the agents-general of the colonies be allowed a voice in Parliament, but not a vote.

Mr. Chamberlain said that if the object of the promoters of the resolution was to make closer the union of the colonies with the Mother Country, they could have no more strenuous supporter than himself. He doubted, however, whether this object would be promoted by an abstract resolution on a question of the greatest complexity.

"Such a change," continued the Colonial Secretary, "must come gradually, with the full consent of the colonies. No praise could be too high for colonial patriotism. The colonies did not wait for a call, but voluntarily offered their assistance, which was gladly accepted. Great as has been this assistance, and great as has been the sacrifice, if under any stress we should call upon the colonies their offers would be immensely greater still, and if any demand upon the Mother Country were made by the colonies, nothing would be surer than the favorable reply of Parliament.

"So far the colonies have not made any definite suggestion with respect to representation; and I am convinced that nothing would be more fatal than a premature discussion of details. I do not think the time has arrived to suggest to the colonies the form which imperial unity should take. It is absurd to suppose that self-governing colonies like Canada would sacrifice independence for the sake of a single vote in the House of Commons.

"We are not going to interfere in the domestic affairs of the colonies. Nor are they going to interfere in ours. I have never advocated, as has been reported, the formation of an Imperial zollverein, but I have pointed out that, if there were to be any kind of fiscal arrangement with the colonies, I believed the only form that would meet with the slightest favor would be an Imperial zollverein in which there would be free trade between the portions of the Empire and duties as against strangers. At any rate, the suggestion must originate with the colonies. There is no suggestion from ourselves. The present resolution is premature, is necessarily academic, and might be mischievous."

The resolution was then withdrawn.

Beware of him who hates the laughing of a child.—Lavater.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. III. APRIL 15, 1900.

The Daughter of Jairus Raised—Mark 5; 22-24;35-43.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text? School.—Be not afraid, only believe. Mark v, 36.

What is the Central Truth? Christ has destroyed the last enemy, which is death. 1 Cor. xv, 26.

What is the Topic? Christ raising the dead.

What is the Outline? I. Jairus coming to Christ. II. Announcement of the daughter's death. III. The daughter raised.

When was the Time? November, A. D. 28.

Where was the place? Capernaum.

Who were the Persons? Jesus, Jairus. The damsel. The apostles. The mother of the damsel. The crowd.

What is the Special Reading? Mark v, 25-34.

Commentary.—Connecting links. After preaching the Sermon on the Mount Christ made a tour in southern Galilee. Before leaving Capernaum He healed the centurion's servant, and the next day at Nain raised the widow's son. Luke vii, 1-17. During this journey He ate at the house of a Pharisee, and His feet were washed by a woman who was a sinner. Luke vii, 36-50. When He returned He healed a dumb demoniac. He was strongly opposed by the Pharisees and left Capernaum and taught in parables by the sea. He then sailed to the country of the Gadarenes on the east of the sea of Galilee. On this voyage He stilled the tempest. Mark iv, 35-41. Near the village of Gergesa He restored two demoniacs, permitting the devils to enter into a herd of swine. The swine were choked in the sea, and the people urged Him to depart out of their coasts. He returned across the sea to Capernaum and raised the daughter of Jairus, the ruler of the Synagogue.

22. One of the rulers of the synagogue—There were two principal officers of the synagogue. Fell at his feet—This was giving Jesus great honor.

23. Besought Him greatly—Jairus must have been well acquainted with Jesus. It was with the consent and incitation of this ruler that Jesus had frequently spoken in the synagogue. My little daughter—An only daughter twelve years of age—At the point of death—Why had he waited so long? Why do we wait so long before going to Christ? Lay Thy hands on her—Christ could heal either with or without being in personal contact with the disease, but ordinarily He touched those whom He healed. This is still the divine arrangement.

24. Jesus went with him—Jesus is always ready to go to the assistance of those who are suffering. Much people—Great opposition had lately been stirred up in Capernaum by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the people had come together to see what He would do. There was general excitement.

35. While He yet spake—After Jesus had started to go with the ruler a woman, who for twelve years had been seriously ill, came in the crowd behind Him and touched His garment. Jesus turned and spoke to her and healed her. While He yet spake to this woman the messenger came from the ruler's house. Thy daughter is dead—The servant who brought this news had no idea of Christ's ability to raise from the dead.

36. Heard the word—The news was not carried to Jesus directly, but He heard it. Be not afraid—Fear would destroy his faith. This is a severe test. From a human standpoint the case is hopeless. Jairus might have been in doubt about asking Jesus to go farther. Only believe—God sometimes deprives us of all other sources of help, and thus draws us to Himself. Faith had to be called out, tried, purified, and so perfected.

37. Save Peter, and James, and John—A competent number to be witnesses of the miracle, but not so many that His taking them might look like vainglory.—Henry, the brother of James—John is thus described because when Mark wrote this gospel, soon after our Lord's ascension, the memory of James, lately beheaded, was so fresh, that his name was more known than that of John himself.—Benson.

38. Seeth the tumult—They were already making preparations for a funeral. That wept and wailed greatly—Both real and hired mourners, wailing women and musicians. "It is a custom still prevailing in the East to hire wailing women."

39. Why make ye this ado, and weep—"Christianity moderates our grief, and shows us a Father's hand holding the rod." This must have been very distressing to Jesus. The apostle tells us to sorrow not as those which have no hope. I Thess. iv. 13. "Pompous funeral ceremonies are ridiculous in themselves and entirely opposed to the spirit and simplicity of the religion of Christ." Not dead, but sleepeth—She is not dead so as to continue under the power of death, but shall be raised from it as a person from natural sleep.

40. Laughed Him to scorn—"Evidently those around Jairus shared not his faith, but all the greater was the faith of Jairus." Had put them all out—Those who scorned the Lord and His benefits were not deemed worthy to witness his miracles—Lange. The father and the mother—It was entirely proper that the parents of the child should be present, and then He desired to comfort them and strengthen their faith. Entereth in where the damsel was lying—Jesus could have raised her without being present, but if we assist in bringing souls dead in sin to life we will have to go where they are.

41. Talitha-cumi — Damsel, arise. "This was a common term of endearment used by loving mothers to wake their children." Their words seem to tell us that in the glad waking, on the resurrection morning, there will be nothing startling, or unnatural, but "the old familiar love which has blessed us here will greet us there."

42. With a great astonishment — They knew it was supernatural. There is nothing to show, however, that it was the means of causing saving faith to spring up in any heart.

43. That no man should know it—The reasons for this were. 1. That He might prevent a great concourse of people. 2. It would further enrage the scribes and Pharisees. 3. Christ's miracles were intended to aid, not to supersede, faith. 4. He desired to make disciples, and direct the people to His teaching. 5. It might excite their carnal and selfish expectations. It was not His miracles, but Himself that they needed. Given her to eat—She was raised not only to life, but to health. Although raised by divine power, yet life was to be maintained by the ordinary means.

Teachings.—If we desire to receive from God we must. 1. Come to Him. 2. Humble ourselves before Him. 3. Be in earnest. 4. Ask in faith. Great need will drive us to God when, under ordinary circumstances, the obstacles around us would prevent our going. The Lord may delay long, but he will come at the right moment.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Jairus' daughter, her death. Death at any period in life is sad, but especially so in the youthful, in view of the fact that they are naturally more hopeful than those who are further advanced in life, and consequently the greater the wreck of their future prospects. The reason why the youthful die has been the query of many, but must be left with an all-wise God, who doeth all things well. Death may come at any time in life, and even the youthful should hold themselves in readiness. Death is always in the way of to-morrow (see James iv. 13-14), and we are thus required to consider the uncertainty of life in connection with all of our plans for the future by saying, "If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that."

Her resurrection. As we behold the cold form of the dead, it would seem, if viewed from an earthly standpoint, that death would never relinquish its grasp. How natural the quest on, "If a man die, shall he live again?" In view of the fact that we shall live again we are relieved of much of the terror of death by its being called a "sleep," a "departure," or being "gathered to our fathers," all of which implies an awakening, an arrival, and a reunion. The time is coming when there shall be no more death.

Christianity shall knock at the gates of the tomb and demand her dead; yea, more, Jesus holds the keys of death, which implies that He has authority and can release its captives when He pleases. If physical death is a part of the wages of sin, then the wasted bodies of the dead generations of the past are so many monuments to the blighting power of sin and the universal reign of death. The triumph of Christianity will not be complete until these monuments are destroyed.

A real resurrection. In the case of Jairus' daughter Jesus raised the same body that died, otherwise it was not a resurrection, but rather a creation. If there is to be a new body, then the reign of death is not conquered, for death would still hold the old body. Paul says, "This corruption must put on incorruption. This mortal must put on immortality." The location of the body that is to be raised settles the matter. "And many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake." Dan. xii. 2. Again, "For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." If there is to be a creation why open the graves? The covenant of God holds firmly with the dust of the dead all of the days of its appointed time in the grave. Death puts an end to all other bonds, but it cannot disannul the covenant of God with men.

A sudden resurrection. Although the body may be years going back to dust it will be suddenly restored. Paul says, "In the twinkling of an eye." In the case of Jairus' daughter He had but to take her by the hand and speak, and "straightway" she arose and walked. One has said there is no record that Jesus ever met a funeral procession but what He suddenly broke it up.—S. K. Wheatlake.

SHE WAS A REAL LADY.

Three Policemen Had a Tussle With Edith.

HER TEMPER RATHER TROPICAL.

A handsome woman, about 30 years of age, richly gowned, and with diamonds blazing in her ears, suddenly bobbed up on upper Broadway about 9 o'clock last night. It was apparent that she had been partaking heavily of the cup which cheers and also inebriates. She staggered into the lobby of Weber & Fields' Music Hall, and, moving upon the box office, demanded an admission ticket. After considerable loud argument she finally consented to leave the house.

Her failure to break into the Weber & Fields' establishment developed a bellicose spirit in the lady. She zig-zagged up Broadway until she reached Floyd's saloon and Rathskeller. At this point she decided that a few more drinks would do her a world of good.

Descending into the Floyd Rathskeller, the lady ordered a "hooker, and a good one at that."

"Sorry, madam," said the polite waiter, "but I can't serve you."

"Can't serve me," she shrieked. "Me—a perfect lady."

With this the lady jumped into the air, seized the waiter by the throat with one hand, and with the other tried to gouge his eyes out. Three other waiters sprang to the assistance of their co-worker and a general skirmish followed.

The lady first seized a glass decanter, and put the four waiters to flight. Then she amused herself by trying to smash all the glassware and mirrors in the Floyd Rathskeller.

Officer O'Donnell, of the Nineteenth Precinct, was called in, but decided that the task of arresting the lady was too much for him single-handed, so he sent to the Thirtieth Street Station for the patrol wagon, and fifteen minutes later it arrived with two lusty officers on the dashboard and a crowd of 200 people trailing on behind.

The lady made a gallant fight for liberty. It took the four waiters and three policemen to get her into the wagon.

At the station house she said she was Edith Mannering, an actress, and had played in some of the best companies in this city. She was locked up.—N. Y. Telegraph.

More than 10,000 dogs are treated every year in the Royal Veterinary Hospital of Berlin.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

The world credits us with what we accomplish; heaven, with what we attempt.

Market Reports —OF— The Week.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Following are the closing prices at important wheat centres to-day:

	Cash.	May.
Chicago	—	$0 67 1-8
New York	—	0 74 1-8
Milwaukee	0 67 1-2	—
St. Louis	0 72 1-8	0 71 1-8
Toledo	0 72 1-2	0 73 5-8
Detroit, red	0 72 1-2	0 73 3-4
Detroit, white	0 72 1-2	—
Duluth, No. 1 north.	0 66 3-8	0 67 1-2
Duluth, No. 1 hard	0 68 3-8	—
Minneapolis, No. 1 northern	0 65 3-8	0 64 7-8
Minneapolis, No. 1 hard	0 66 3-4	—

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New York	—	0 74 7-8
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St. Louis	0 72 5-8	0 71 5-8
Toledo	0 73 1-2	0 74 1-2
Detroit, red	0 73 3-4	0 74 3-8
Detroit, white	0 72 3-4	—
Duluth, No. 1 Northern	0 67 1-4	0 68 1-4
Duluth, No. 1 hard	0 69 1-4	—
Minneapolis, No. 1 Northern	0 66 1-8	0 65 5-8
Minneapolis, No. 1 hard	0 67 1-8	—

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—One load of white sold at 70 1-2c per bushel.

Oats—Firm; 100 bushels sold at 33 to 34c.

Hay—Easier; 10 loads selling at $11 to $12 per ton.

Straw—Two loads sold at $9 to $9.50 per ton.

Dressed Hogs—Market firm, at $7.25 to $7.40 per cwt.

Wheat—One hundred bushels of red and white fall wheat sold a trifle weaker at 70c, and one load of goose steady at 70c.

Oats—One hundred bushels sold unchanged at 33 1-2c.

Barley—One load sold unchanged at 44 1-2c.

Hay and Straw—Fifteen loads of hay sold 50c higher at $11 to $13 a ton, and six loads of straw, steady at $9 to $9.50 a ton.

Dressed Hogs—Light receipts. Prices steady at $7.25 to $7.50 per cwt.

Butter—Small offerings to a poor demand at 19 to 20c.

Eggs—Light demand to-day. Prices steady at 15 to 16c for strictly new laid.

Poultry—Offerings small and demand weak at 60 to 80c for chickens and 13 to 14c for turkeys.

Butter and Cheese.

Andrew Clement & Sons, of Manchester, England, report the butter and cheese market as follows on March 7th:

Arrivals this week show a slight increase. Retailers have fairly got hold of the market and practically dictate their own terms. The majority of them have reduced the prices over their counter to 1s for Danish, and 10d to 11d for colonial. This will cause a very large demand, and will certainly clear the market. Indeed, were it not for the heavy stock of Australian in London, we would be inclined to look for an advancing market. We quote:

Choicest Danish and Swedish	100s	to 106s
Choicest Finnish	97s	99s
Choicest Australian	92s	94s
Choice Australian	84s	88s
Finest Canadian creams	88s	90s

Cheese—Some holders have shown signs of weakness, and have reduced prices 6d to 1s, to force sales. We quote:

Finest colored	63s
Finest white	61s

Manitoba Wheat Markets.

The local market has been a little more active, influenced by increased activity in the speculative markets, and the volume of business has been slightly enlarged during the last three days. The price of No. 1 hard spot Fort William closed at 66c last week and remained unchanged until Tuesday, when 66 1-4c was obtainable. Wednesday saw an advance to 66 3-4c and Thursday to 67 1-2c, although 67-1-4c was best price the later part of the day. Yesterday prices started at 67c and advanced to 67 1-2c, which was value at close of business. Some parcels for May delivery have been sold, the best figure being 69c, but there are few buyers for May delivery, shippers preferring to take the spot wheat at the difference in price. No. 2 hard sells for 2 1-4c under No. 1 hard and No. 1 northern 2 1-2c under No. 1 hard; No. 3 hard is 5c under No. 1 hard; No. 1 frosted 58c and No. 2 frosted 53c, all in store Fort William. Wheat declined to-day in sympathy with the drop in United States markets. Very little business doing. No. 1 hard was quoted at 67 1-2c to 67 3-4c in store Fort William early in the day, but at the close 67 1-4c was quoted.—Winnipeg Commercial, March 31.

Bradstreets' on Trade.

Trade at Montreal has received further stimulation this week by additional advances in the prices of staple goods. Retailers realize that the upward rise of values has not yet been exhausted, and they are now buying rather more freely. Shipments continue on a large scale. The reports of trade in the country are encouraging. The prospects indicate a large turnover the coming season. Country remittances are very fair.

Business at Hamilton is of fair volume for this season, and the outlook promises a larger movement in staple goods than last year. Values of all classes of manufactured and imported goods continue very strong. Payments are fair.

At the coast cities there is a fair demand for staple goods. Business for March has not been as large probably as some expected. The purchasing of supplies for the northern gold fields is contributing largely to the demand from jobbers at present.

The volume of business at Winnipeg has been stimulated lately by spring-like weather. The retailers are now busy opening up spring goods, and the sorting business has been very fair. There is a good demand for lumber and other building material, and the coming season will doubtless be a busy one in building operations. Labor is well employed.

There has been more activity in Toronto this week. Shipments continue on a large scale. Values continue very firm for all classes of goods, and the further advances in Canadian manufactured fabrics this week stimulated the demand.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO