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THE GLORIOUS HERITAGE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE KING

They Have a Grand Family Name and a Regal Family Mansion--High Dignity of a Christian.

Washington report: In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii., 18, "Each one resembles the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance. "Each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of $40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they had loaned Russia $12,000,000, Naples $25,000,000, Austria $40,000,000 and England $200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war, they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain, are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives luster to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The star in the east with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages, but I hear the strike of the hoofs of the snow-white calvacade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him and the spear that pierced him and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Savior of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of the chariot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world of flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion or a dragon or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing against it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit and clung to the Cross and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dead friend,
On whom my hopes of life depend:
No! When I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble comes to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the end of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family the sorrows of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of his property is willed to his sons and so much to his daughters and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostles he says, "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log and beak against the bark and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for arching eyes and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blessed God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Savior's nativity. For us they will wheel into line and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." And once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors of heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth and its park nine miles in circumference and its conservatory that astonishes the world, its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire and the lowest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are abloom with the century plants of eternity.

The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil and Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these two last perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married and went off to St. Louis or Chicago or Charleston. But perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years. Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relics and rummage the garret and open old scrapbooks and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times, and, though you may be 45 years of age, act as though you were 16. Yet soon it is goodby at the car window and goodby at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eyes bright with the luster of heaven and their cheek roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there how could He wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What, child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And with His one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones He shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day, speed on! Toward Thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed Thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at Thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining-room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the river gather the twelve manner of fruits for the table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp and Gabriel with his trumpet and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

West Assiniboia Conservatives have renominated Mr. N. F. Davin, M. P., for the Commons.

The condition of Hon. Mr. Marchand, Premier of Quebec, is reported much improved.

The Department of Agriculture has decided to issue a directory of the Canadian breeders of live stock.

A. St. Louis car and foundry company has been awarded a contract for constructing 68 passenger coaches for the Government of New Zealand.

Mr. R. H. Ingram, Treasurer of the Central Vermont Railway, fell overboard from the steamer Bohemian, just above the Lachine Rapids. He was rescued by three Indians after being in the water twenty minutes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XII. SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

The Rich Fool.—Luke 12: 13-23.

Commentary.—13. One of the company—Probably a stranger in the crowd, who had been listening to the address Jesus had been delivering to His disciples. Speak to my brother—This was evidently a family dispute about the property that was to be divided.

14. Man—Apparently in reproof.—Hom. Com. A judge or a divider—In matters of this nature Christ would not assume either a legislative power to alter the settled rule of inheritances, or a judicial power to determine controversies.

15. Take heed—"Covetousness is a sin which we have need constantly to watch against." Of covetousness—All inordinate desires. Such a disposition of mind is never satisfied, for as soon as one object is gained, the heart goes out after another. Man's life consisteth not, etc.—"Our happiness and comfort do not depend upon our having a great deal of this world." The life of the soul doth not depend upon it, and the soul is the man.

16. A parable—To teach. 1. How short and transitory life is. 2. That riches are of no avail for prolonging it. 3. That the duty of all, both rich and poor, is to be rich towards God. Brought forth plentifully—He did not acquire his wealth dishonestly, but it was given him by his Creator. What good he might have accomplished had he used it in a proper manner instead of hoarding it up.

17. He thought within himself—The worldly rich are often miserable. They have, "1. Discontent. 2. Anxieties and cares. 3. False hopes. 4. The terror of losing their possessions." "Mere multiplication of his wealth, and the selfish enjoyment of it, take up all his thoughts." What shall I do—That his increased prosperity offers him opportunity to do something for his poor brethren, does not even enter his mind, selfishness strikes the key-note.—Lange. Because I have no room—The poorest beggar in the country, who did not know where to obtain the next meal, could not have been more anxious. To bestow my fruits—A wise man will desire no more than what he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—Bacon. One of the greatest evils today is the spirit of "greed" which has taken possession of so many.

18. This will I do—Man proposes. 1. How boastful! He says my fruits, my barns, my goods and my soul. 2. How shortsighted! He speaks of many years as a certainty. 3. How selfish! There is no provision made for others. 4. How unworthy! His idea of life is a low one: indolent ease, eating, drinking and merry making.—Taylor. Build greater—This was the decision he reached. He desired more room for his earthly goods. He was planning to hoard them "all" up.

19. I will say to my soul—"The soul, considered as an immortal spirit, was no way interested in a barn full of corn or a bag full of gold. The soul has exigencies and desires which these things will in no way satisfy." Take thine ease, etc.—This was exactly the creed of the ancient atheists. What a wretched portion for an immortal spirit! And yet, those who know not God have no other, and many of them not even this.—Clarke. Eat, drink, and be merry—The ambition of many worldlings seems to rise no higher than this.

20. But God said—Sooner or later God will speak and our worldly plans will be interfered with. Thou fool—His folly is fourfold. 1. He forgets God. 2. He appropriates all he receives to himself. 3. He counts these things soul food. He thinks not of death. This night—Immediately, with no time for preparation. Is thy soul required of thee, (R. V.)—That is, thou shalt be called upon to leave this world and meet thy God. He has lost all. "He comes before His Judge with a lost name—God says, "Thou fool"; a lost soul; a lost world—his possessions must be left behind; and a lost heaven." Whose shall those things be—"It will not matter to him into whose hands they pass. This is only an emphatic way of saying that they will not be his."

21. So is he—Here is a personal application of the truths taught to His hearers and also to us. "This is not an individual case. All who make this life their portion and are destitute of the salvation of God shall sooner of later be surprised in the same way." For himself—For himself only. A covetous man gains riches to please and gratify himself, with no thought of the good he ought to do with his wealth. Is not rich towards God—Does not lay up treasure in heaven. We can be rich towards God by turning what we possess over to God.

22. Be not anxious for your life, (R. V.)—Do not allow the things of this life to cause undue anxiety and unrest. "Prudent care is not forbidden, but only anxious, distracting care." We should be diligent in business and yet trust God for all things.

23. The life is more than meat—The God who has given the greater things—the life and the body, will surely give the smaller—food and raiment. The God who provides for the ravens, the lilies and the grass (vs. 24-28) will surely provide for His disciples. The farmer who feeds his chickens will certainly feed his children. "O ye of little faith," "your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Thoughts. Covetousness is a gross form of selfishness and is very offensive to God. Those who trust in riches are sure to come to want. The soul is the real man; the body is only the house the man lives in. The way to lay up treasure for one's self is to be rich towards God.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

How necessary the injunction, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness!" Truly it is an awful sin, since the covetous are classed among idolators, adulterers, thieves, drunkards, revilers, etc., of whom it is said they shall not inherit the kingdom of God. However, there is not a word in the Scriptures to prove that this rich man was vile, profane, or a wicked sensualist. He was lost through being a covetous worldling.

His circumstances. One word tells it; he was rich. He had a great property. His income was great. Prosperity attended him. His ground brought forth plentifully. The pleasures and positions that money could bring to him he had. From this parable, as also from Psa. lxxiii. 3-12, we learn that this world is not a world of retribution, and that temporal prosperity may attend the wicked, but that it is no sign of divine approbation. God is displeased with the wicked, yet he causeth the sun to shine and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust. Good generalship, a wise and careful financiering, economy and frugality exercised, will bring rich returns to the wicked, as well as to the righteous. One thing, however, is very certain, that those who are rich are exposed to many temptations and are in great danger.

His character. "Thou fool." God calls him such. In the midst of plenty his covetous, avaricious disposition hungers for more. He had been, and was still, making temporal and financial matters his greatest aim and end. For this he has great concern, spends his time chiefly, gives all his labor, and utterly neglects his infinitely greater interest—the salvation of his soul. All who do so are extremely foolish. Again, his foolishness is seen in his trying to satisfy his soul with temporal things. This cannot be.

His end. "Thou fool, this night," etc. Thinking only of time and temporal good; presumptuously calculating on years to come; boasting of to-morrow; he will tear down his barns and build greater. Having many years in which to live he will lay up for ease and pleasure; he will eat, drink and be merry. While thus thinking; careless, heedless and forgetful of God who had permitted him his prosperity, he is startled by a voice saying, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Temporarily blest, but eternally lost! From plenty and riches he goes into eternity a spiritual pauper. "Take heed and beware of covetousness."—H. D'Forest Gaffin.

A GOLD BRICK STORY.

A Good One, Too, But of Doubtful Veracity.

SWINDLED A BANK PRESIDENT.

Denver report.—William Kerr, the kind-hearted Nebraska bank president, who thought he was buying an $18,000 gold brick for $13,000, will in all probability have a chance to see behind prison bars the man who swindled him. The gold brick for which Kerr paid $13,000 was worth $6.81.

Three gold brick swindlers were arrested at Montreal, Canada, a day or so ago, as they were about to turn another trick, and the police believe they are the men who swindled Kerr. Kerr is the President of the First National Bank of Hastings, Neb., and when a man came along with a gold brick to sell he took to the scheme like a summer girl to ice-cream. He went out into the woods, where he met an Indian with the brick. Kerr took filings from it and had them assayed. The assay was so high that he figured it out that the brick was worth $18,000. It is evident that genuine gold filings were adroitly exchanged for the brass filings that were taken from the brick, else Kerr would have discovered the fraud. The men making the sale said they needed money and would sell for $13,000. Kerr has been in the banking business a long time, and has learned that when a man wants money he will accept considerably less than he first asks, so he purchased the brick for $13,000. He shipped the brick to the First National Bank in Denver, and the cheat was at once discovered. The brick was brass, and worth $6.81.

Another Similar Case.

A few days ago a gold brick man approached W. T. and L. Gordon, wealthy men of Danville, Que., and wanted to sell them a brick. All the details were gone through with as in the case with Kerr, and an assayer said the brick was worth $10,000. The swindlers were willing to sell it for $5,000, and this aroused the suspicions of the purchasers. They notified the detectives, but went on with the scheme, and as the swindlers were having cashed the cheque which the Gordons had given them they were arrested and thrown into jail. They gave their names as Stephen Pratt, Abner C. White and John Saunders. They answer the description of the men who swindled Kerr, and they are thought to be the same.

Insult Added to Injury.

In possession of Pratt was found the following letter, which he evidently intended to mail after he had got out of the country:

"My Dear Mr. Gordon,—I write to tell you that you have been taken in by the old game called the gold brick. Take a knife, scratch it, and you'll find nothing good inside. You're a good thing, tho— and always will be. You can't make an imbecile of yourself.

"The brick isn't worth $8.

"If you try to sell it your neighbors will take you for an escaped lunatic. They won't feast a man who goes into the woods to follow his business—honest men don't hide themselves. Cry, howl, and do the water cart act—that makes no difference to me.

"I'm too foxy for you to pinch. "Your shame will follow you to the grave. I'll send you a copy of a paper which publishes an account of your deception, so that you'll not take me for the snidest kind of a robber. Your old friend,

"From Arizona."

These swindlers are unknown to the police here by the names they gave.

Significant Signs.

There are many signs that the military authorities regard the end of the war as close at hand. Lord Roberts is making preparations to return to England, and has already sent four of his chargers down to Cape Town. The general belief is that Lord Roberts is coming home to take up the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British army, which Lord Wolseley will vacate in October. Another indication of the same kind is that the personnel of the army transport in Orange River Colony has been paid off and disbanded, and the Imperial Yeomanry and Scouts employed in that country have arrived at Cape Town, also with the object of receiving their final pay prior to embarkation. It is hoped that the war may be declared officially over before the general election, which is almost certain to be held in October.

MARKET REPORTS —OF— The Week,

Leading Wheat Markets.

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

	Cash.	Oct.
Chicago	$—	$0 73 7-8
New York	—	0 79 1-4
Milwaukee	0 75 1-2	—
St. Louis	0 71 3-4	0 72 1-4
Toledo	0 75 3-4	0 77
Detroit, red	0 76 1-2	0 77 1-4
Detroit, white	0 75	—
Duluth, No 1 north	0 75 3-4	—
Duluth, No. 1 hard	0 77 3-4	—
Minneapolis, No. 1 northern	0 73 3-4	—
Minneapolis, No. 1 hard	0 75 3-4	—

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—Two hundred bushels of red fall wheat sold unchanged at 69c, and 200 bushels of goose steady at 65 to 66c.

Oats—Three hundred bushels of new oats sold 1-2c higher at 29 to 31c.

Barley—One load sold steady at 43 to 44 1-2c.

Rye—One hundred bushels sold 1-2c lower at 53c.

Hay and Straw—Ten loads of hay sold steady at $10.50 to $13 a ton, and two loads of straw at $10 to $10.50 a ton.

Toronto Seed Market.

The fall trade has not yet fully begun. Local dealers quote offers for timothy, alsike and red clover.

Alsike is quoted at $6.50 to $7 per bushel and $7.50 for fancy lots.

Red Clover—The new crop has not yet been harvested. Dealers here quote $5.50 to $6 per bushel.

Timothy—The market is developing at $3.75 to $5 per 100 lbs.

In Toledo to-day October opened at $6.40 and closed at $6.37; cash closed at $6.

Toronto Fruit Market.

Receipts of fruit to-day down at the wholesale depot were heavy. Tomatoes, 10 to 20c.; cucumbers, 10 to 15c.; pears, 20 to 40c.; apples, 20 to 40c. per basket; choice apples, per barrel, $1 to $1.50; green corn, 3 to 5c. per dozen; potatoes, 30 to 35c. per bushel; Canadian peaches, 25 to 35c. per basket; yellow peaches, 40 to 60c.; Crawford peaches, 65 to 85c.; Lawton berries, 5 to 7c. per basket; plums, 30 to 40c.; musk melons, 15 to 20c. per basket, and 30 to 40c. per case; celery, 35 to 50c. per dozen; huckleberries, 65 to 90c. per basket; southern grapes, $2.75 to $3 per crate; Canadian grapes, 15 to 25c. per basket; bananas, $1.25 to $2 per bunch.

Toronto Live Stock Market.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 85	to	$5 10
Export cattle, light, per cwt.	4 25	to	4 50
Export bulls, choice, per cwt.	4 12½	to	4 25
Export bulls, light, per cwt.	3 12½	to	3 35
Loads good butchers and exporters, mixed	4 25	to	4 37½
Butchers' cattle, picked	4 35	to	4 70
Butchers' cattle, good	3 30	to	4 00
Butchers' medium, mixed	3 90	to	4 10
Butchers' common, per cwt.	3 12½	to	3 40
Butchers' inferior	2 75	to	2 85
Feeders, heavy	3 75	to	4 00
Feeders, light	3 25	to	3 25
Stockers	2 25	to	3 10
Milch cows, each	30 00	to	50 00
Sheep, export ewes, per cwt.	3 50	to	3 75
do. bucks	2 75	to	3 00
Sheep, butchers', each	3 00	to	4 00
Spring lambs, each	2 50	to	3 50
do. per cwt.	4 00	to	4 50
Calves, per head	2 00	to	8 00
Hogs, choice, per cwt.	6 00	to	0 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.	5 25	to	0 00
Hogs, heavy, fat, per cwt.	5 25	to	0 00
Hogs, corn fed	5 37½	to	0 00
Sows	3 00	to	0 00
Stags	2 25	to	0 00

Wheat Crop Abroad.

From the Toledo Market Report: It is too early for conclusions respecting the foreign wheat crop, and yet, as the crop has been reached, indications are worth something. The crop in the United Kingdom is likely to be deficient 6,000,000 bushels to 8,000,000 bushels, and the quality lowered as compared with last year. But Beerbohm estimates the quantity in store in first hands, Aug. 11, the stock afloat and the reserve in farmers' hands at 38,440,000 bushels, compared with 41,656,000 bushels last year—an additional deficiency of 3,216,000 bushels. The French crop is largely short of last year's bumper crop, but the current estimate of reserves of previous crops indicate a supply of French wants in this crop year. The grade of the wheat has been stated to be lowered, but all this may yet be modified. Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia, all are reported by some authorities as deficient, either in wheat or rye crops. It is not unreasonable to place the indications of deficiency abroad at 10,000,000 bushels, compared with last year. But all these countries have just reaped a new crop, and, while speculation may advance the markets now, or soon, it looks safer to expect good prices in the last half of the present year.

Bradstreets' on Trade.

Wholesale trade at Montreal shows a little more activity this week. Country remittances are fair for this season. With more grain moving they would be better.

The presence of many country buyers in the Toronto market this week created considerable activity in wholesale circles. The house sales this week have been large. There is a better feeling in business circles at London. The good harvest has improved the feeling in the country. There is a fair movement in wholesale trade circles at the coast cities. The business situation at Winnipeg is encouraging.

Business at Hamilton is quite active. Large shipments of fall and winter goods continue to be made and orders coming forward are very encouraging. Labor in the city is well employed and the outlook for the local trade is bright. Prices are generally firm. Country remittances are fair for this season.

The Siberian Railway.

The British commercial agent in Russia, Mr. Cooke, has just issued a very optimistic report on the great trans-Siberian railway. Siberia, he points out, is no longer a mere Russian penal settlement, but a young country with a great future before it. The railway has already diffused hundreds of thousands of settlers over the vast domain, and is opening gold deposits which it has not hitherto been possible to work at a profit. Siberia already ranks among the leading gold-producing countries, and other important industries are expected now to develop rapidly. In many respects the history of Siberia is curiously like that of Australia.

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