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TOUS MATTERS

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utes for dinner!" yelled
porter.
claimed the editor. "The
was three dollars!"

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remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty
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The Inkstand's Mission

Rev. Dr. Talmage Descants Eloquently on Its Power For Good or Evil

A Washington report says. In a new way and from a peculiar text Dr. Talmage discourses of good influences brought to bear for the world's improvement. The text is Ezekiel ix, 2: "And one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side."

The poem from which my text is taken is epic, lyric, dramatic, weird and overpowering. It is more than Homeric or Dantesque. No one ever had such divine dreams as Ezekiel. In a vision this prophet had seen wrathful angels, destroying angels, each with a sword, but in my text he sees a merciful angel with an inkhorn. The receptacle for the ink in olden time was made out of the horn of a cow or a ram or a roebuck, as now it is made out of metal or glass, and therefore was called an inkhorn, as now we say inkstand. We have all spoken of the power of the sword, of the power of wealth, of the power of office, of the power of social influence, but to-day I speak of the power for good or evil in the inkstand. It is upon your tables, holding a black or blue or red liquid. It is a fortress, an armory, a gateway, a ransom or a demolition. "You mistake," says someone; "it is the pen that has the power." No, my friend. What is the influence of a dry pen? Pass it up and down a sheet of paper, and it leaves no mark. It expresses no opinion. It gives no warning. It spreads no intelligence. It is the liquid which the pen dips out of the inkstand that does the work. Here and there a celebrated pen with which a Declaration of Independence or a Magna Charta or a treaty was signed has been kept in literary museum or national archives; but for the most part the pens, whether, as of old, made out of reed or later of wing of bird or still later of metallic substance, have disappeared, while the liquid which the pens took from the inkstand remains in scrolls which, if put together, would be large enough to enwarp the round world. For practical, for moral, for religious, for eternal purposes, I speak of the mission of "the writer's inkhorn."

First, I mention that which is purely domestic. The inkstand is in every household. It awaits the opportunity to express affection or condolence or advice. Father uses it; mother uses it; the sons and daughters use it. It tells the home news; it announces the marriage, the birth, the departure, the accident, the last sickness, the death. That home inkstand, what a mission it has already executed, and what other missions will it yet fulfill! May it stand off from insincerity and all querulousness. Let it tell only that which it would be well to read after the hand that wrote it and the hand that received it can write no more. Dip out of that inkstand only that which is paternal, maternal, filial, sisterly, brotherly. Sacred let it be not to what are sometimes called the "household gods," but to the one and the only one God who "setteth the solitary in families." Dip out of it solace for parents on the descending grade of years and encouragement for those who are climbing the steeps.

The carvers and glass blowers are ever busy making more ornate and skilful bowls for the ink, but not one of them will be so sacred as the old-fashioned inkstand out of which was dipped the liquid for the making of the family record on the blank leaves in the Bible between the old and the New Testaments not so many leaves now blank as before recent years made birthday or mortuary insertions. From that home inkstand the child dips out material for those large and awkward letters that one always makes when learning to write, and from it are taken the trembling letters that show the wrinkled hand is gradually forgetting its cunning.

O ye who have within recent years set up homes of your own, out of the new home inkstand write often to the old folks, if they be still living! A letter means more to them than to us, who are amid the activities of life and to whom postal correspondence is more than we can manage. They await the coming of the letter. Undertake no great thing in life without their advice. Old people for counsel; young people for action. Even though through decadence they may be incompetent to give valuable opinions on important affairs, compliment them by asking their counsel. It will do them good. It will make their last days exhilarant. Make that home inkstand a source of rejuvenescence to those who are near the terminus of the earthly journey. Domestic correspondence is not attended to at once. The newspaper, joining with the telegraph, bears the tidings of all the neighborhood, but swiftest revolving wheel of modern printing press and quickest flash along the electric wires can never do the sympathetic work of the home inkstand. As the merciful angel of my text appeared before the brazen altar with the inkhorn at his side in Ezekiel's vision, so let the angel of that filial kindness appear at the altars of the old homestead.

Furthermore, the inkstand of the business man has its mission. Between now and the hour of your demise, O commercial man, O professional man, there will not be a day when you cannot dip from the inkhorn a message that will influence temporal and eternal destiny. There is a rash young man running into wild speculation, and with as much ink as you can put on the pen at one time you may save him from the Nigara rapids of a ruined life. On the next street there is a young man started in business, who, through lack of patronage or mistake in purchase of goods or want of adaptation, is on the brink of collapse. One line of ink from your pen will save him from being an underling all his life, and start him on a career that will win him a fortune which will enable him to become an endower of libraries, an opener of art galleries and builder of churches.

Furthermore, great are the responsibilities of the author's inkhorn. All the people, or nearly all the people, read, and that which they read decides their morals or immorals, their prosperity or failure, their faith or their unbelief, their purity or corruption, their heaven or hell. Show me any man's library, great or small, and after examining the books, finding those with leaves uncut, but displayed for sake of the binding, and those worn with frequent perusal, and without ever seeing the man or knowing his name, I will tell you his likes and his dislikes; his morals, good or bad or indifferent; his qualifications for business or artistic or professional or mechanical life. The best index to any man's character is the book he prefers above all others. Oh, the power of a book for good or evil!

Abraham Lincoln in early life read Paine's Age of Reason, and it so influenced him that he wrote an essay against Christianity, but afterward some Christian books came into his hands and gloriously changed his mind and made him a most ardent friend of the Bible and a man of prayer.

While passing, as in parenthesis, I advise: Read books of poetry, that the bells in your soul may be set achiming. Read history, that you may know how wrongdoing in time comes to defeat and righteousness to victory. Read books of law, that you may see that anarchy has no right in a world so precisely governed. Read books of wit and humor, that you may experience the healthfulness of laughter. Read books of religion, that you may appreciate how small is the vestibule of time compared with the palaces of eternity.

Through books we sit down and talk with the mightiest spirits of all the ages. We accompany Tennyson on his springtime walk as he falls upon his knees in the meadows, crying to his companion: "Violets, man, violets! Smell them." Or we ride with Trajan in his triumphal march, or stand with Godfrey at the taking of Jerusalem, or with arctic explorer hear the crash of the icebergs, or are received with Hernando Cortes in the halls of Montezuma, or watch in the observatory as Herschel with his telescope captures another star, or the ink in the inkhorn turns red as blood, and we are at Marengo and Arbela and Eylau and Borodino and Leipsic; or we sail with Hamilcar from Carthage to Palermo, or we see Galileo fighting for the solar system, and around us gather for conversation Aristotle and Plato and Robert South and Sydney Smith and Chaucer and Paul Richter and Swift and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt and Talleyrand and Burke and Edward Irving, while to make music for us Handel and Mozart and Mendelssohn come in, and we watch Columbus landing, and see John Harvard's legacy of £900 paid over for the founding of Harvard university, and Joshua Reynolds and David Wilkie and Rembrandt tell us of their pictures. Oh, the books! Thank God for the books, and thanks be to all the authors! May the inkhorn ever be under divine inspiration!

When a bad book is printed you do well to blame the publisher, but most of all blame the author. The malaria rose from his inkstand. The poison that caused the moral or spiritual death dropped in the fluid from the tip of his pen. The manufacturer of that ink could tell you that it is made of tannin and salt of iron and nutgalls and green vitriol, but many an author has dipped from his inkstand hypercriticism and malevolence and slander and salaciousness as from a fountain of death. But blessed be God for the author's inkstand in 10,000 studies which are dedicated to pure intelligence, highest inspiration and grandest purpose. They are the inkstands out of which will be dipped the redemption of the world. The destroying angels with their swords seen in Ezekiel's vision will be finally overcome by the merciful angel with the writer's inkhorn.

Among the most important are the editorial and reportorial inkstands. The thick ink on the printer's roller is different from the ink into which the writer dips his pen and is compounded of linseed oil and lampblack and made thick by boiling or burning. But the editorial and reportorial pens are responsible for that which the printer's ink roller impresses upon the flying sheets. Where one man reads a book, 5,000 men read a newspaper. What change of opinion in regard to the printing press since the day when the great Addison wrote concerning it: "One cannot but be sorry that such a pernicious machine is erected among them," and when, under the reign of Charles II, only one newspaper, the London Gazette, was allowed to be printed, and that only on Mondays and Thursdays! Not until the judgment day, when the forces which have influenced the world shall be compared and announced, will be known the power of the modern newspaper.

A wrong theory is abroad that the newspaper impression is ephemeral. Because we read and cast it aside in an hour and never see it again we are not to judge that we are parted from its influence. No volume of 500 pages makes such impression upon the people as the daily newspaper. It is not what we put away carefully upon the shelf and once in awhile refer to that has as close relation to our welfare as the story of what the world is now doing or has recently done. Yesterday has more to do with to-day than something occurring a century previous. The engineers who now guide the rail trains, the sea captains who now command the ships, the architects who now design the buildings, the batons that now control the orchestra, the legislators who now make the laws, the generals who now march the hosts, the rulers who now govern the nations, the inkhorns that now flood the world with intelligence—these are what we have most to do with.

You have all seen what is called indelible ink, which is a weak solution of silver nitrate, and that ink you cannot rub out or wash out. Put it there, and it stays. Well, the liquid of the editorial and reportorial inkstands is an indelible ink. It puts upon the souls of the passing generations characters of light or darkness that time cannot wash out and eternity cannot efface. Forever indelible. Be careful how you use it. The impression made with it will be resplendent or repulsive on the day for which all other days were made.

All Christendom has been waiting for great revivals of religion to start from the pulpits and prayer meetings. I now suggest that the greatest revival of all time may start a concerted and organised movement through the inkhorns of all Christendom, each writer dipping from the inkhorn nearest him a letter of gospel invitation, gospel hope, gospel warning, gospel instruction. The ink is already on a hundred thousand tables, and beside it are the implements with which to dip it out. Why not, through such process, have millions of souls brought to God before next summer? By letter you could make the invitation more effective than by word of mouth. The invitation from your lips may be argued back, may evoke querulous reply, may be answered by a joke, but a good, warm gospel letter, written in prayer and started with prayer and followed by prayer, will be read over and over again and cannot be answered in a frivolous way. It will speak from the table by day and night, or, if pettishly torn up, will, in its scattered fragments, speak louder than when it remained whole. Within arm's reach of where you sit there may be a fluid that you may put on wing with message of light and love. Oh, for the swift flying angel of mercy which Ezekiel saw in vision "with a writer's inkhorn by his side!"

The other angels spoken of in my text were destroying angels, and each had what the Bible calls a "slaughter weapon" in his hand. It was a lance or a battleaxe or a sword. God hasten the time when the last lance shall be shivered and the last battleaxe dulled and the last sword sheathed, never again to leave the scabbard, and the angel of the text, who, Matthew Henry says, was the Lord Jesus Christ, shall, from the full inkhorn of his mercy, give a saving call to all nations. That day may be far off, but it is helpful to think of its coming. As Dr. Raleigh declared, that when 50 miles at sea off the coast of New England the cattle on board the ship, as well as themself, scented the clover on the New England hills, so we amid all the tossing waves of the world's controversies, inhale the redolence of the white lilies of universal peace. Is it not time that the boasted invention of new and more explosive and more widely devastating weapons of death be stopped forever and the gospel have a chance and the question be not asked, How many shots can be fired in a minute? but How many souls may be ransomed in a day? The world needs less powder and more grace, fewer fortresses and more churches, less power to destroy and more power to save. Oh, I am sick of the war cries and the extinguished eyesight and the splintered bones and the grave trenches and the widowhood and orphanage and childlessness which sob and groan and die in the wake of the armies on both sides of the sea! Oh, for less of the slaughter weapon and more of the evangelising inkhorn! Oh, for the stopping of the science of assassination, that crime of crimes, that woe of woes, that horror of horrors, that hell of hells—war, which this moment stands reeking with blood and washing itself in tears and blaspheming the heavens and pushing off the edge of this life men who have as much right to live as you and I have and blasting homes in which there dwells as much loveliness as in our own! Would that the merciful angel of my text take the last weapon of war and fling it off and fling it down with such force that it shall clang on the lowest round of the perdition where the first keen edge of human strife was sharpened! War! In the name of Almighty God and of all the homesteads it has destroyed and is now destroying, I hate! I denounce it, I curse it!

If our Bible is true—and no other book that was ever printed is as true as that book, which Moses began and John finished—then the time will come when all the weapons of cruelty will stop and the inkhorns of evangelisation will have their way. The red horse of carnage that St. John saw in a vision, and the black horse of famine, and the pale horse of death will be stabled, and the white horse of prosperity and peace, mounted by the King of Kings, will lead the great army with banners. Through the convicting, converting, sanctifying power of the Eternal Spirit, may we all march in that procession! Hail, thou Mighty Rider of the white horse in the final triumph! Sweep down and sweep by, thou angel of the New Covenant, with the inkhorn of the world's evangelisation! "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

A Brutal Crime.

At Bristol Assizes, Daniel Allport, an unctuous professing Christian, who had taken a prominent part in local evangelistic work, was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude for attempting to murder one of his children by the atrocious process of gradual starvation. The prisoner had lived with a woman named Chappell, who was found guilty on the same charge, but escaped with the lighter punishment of five years, and the evidence showed that while the offspring of their illicit union had been well fed and cared for, the two little boys who were Allport's legitimate children by his wife had been the subject of systematic and diabolical cruelty on the part of both criminals. Deprivation of food and constant exposure to cold had reduced the strength of the two poor children to such a low ebb that the preservation of their lives was almost a miracle, and Allport had a narrow and undeserved escape of being hanged for murder. Most fathers and mothers who retain the natural instinct of parents will regret that it was not legal to hang the scoundrel, or to doom him to a more lingering form of death. The system that permits the insuring of children's lives is altogether at fault. Child insurance as it is practised puts a premium on the death of children, and tempts parents to forget the primitive instinct of parental love.—Weston, Eng., Mercury.

George T. Bliss, the well known New York retired banker, is dead, as the result of complications developed from the grip.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1. APRIL 7, 1901.

The Resurrection of Jesus—Luke 24:1-12

Commentary.—It was of the utmost importance, though they knew it not at the time, that the fact of Christ's death should be proved beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt, for otherwise distrust would be thrown upon the fact of His resurrection. Every precaution was taken, not by His disciples, but by the enemies of Jesus. The women who had remained near the cross saw where the body was laid, and went home to prepare spices and ointments for the completion of the embalming and then rested over the Sabbath.

1. The first day of the week—Christ was in the tomb part of Friday, all day Saturday and part of Sunday, which was called three days according to Jewish reckoning. He arose very early in the morning on the first day of the week. At the appearance of the angel the Roman guards were so frightened that they fell as dead men, and it would seem that they fled from the tomb before the women came. Very early in the morning—They came at the earliest moment after their Sabbath. John says, "When it was yet dark," cometh Mary. Mark says, "They came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun." Bringing the spices—Powdered aromatic substances and fluid perfumes appear to have been used in laying out the dead body for burial.

2. The stone rolled away—As the women journeyed they questioned who should roll away the stone, but when they reached the tomb they discovered the stone was rolled away.

3. They entered in—Mary Magdalene seems to have been in advance of the rest and only looked in (John xx 1); the others entered. Found not the body—the linen grave clothes were there, but the tomb could not hold Christ. The empty grave was the boundary line between the old dispensation and the new.

4. Much perplexed—They did not know what to do or where to go. Their thought was "They have taken away the Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him." Two men—Angels. Matt. xxviii. 5.—Matthew speaks of but one, the one who did the speaking, and Mark speaks of him as a young man. Shining garments—Matthew says his countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow. "The raiment was emblematical of the glad tidings which the angels came to announce, and also of purity and fellowship with God." Rev. iii. 4, 5.

5. They were afraid—It is no wonder that the women were afraid. Matthew says that through fear the keepers "did shake and become as dead men." They—The angels, said—"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

6. He is risen—He was crucified, but is risen. Instead of anointing him as dead they may rejoice in his being alive from the dead. "Death hath no more dominion over him." The resurrection morn was a time of gladness to the disciples of Jesus.

7. Saying—See chap. ix. 22, 44, 45; xviii., 31-33; Matt. xvi. 21. Rise again—Jesus had tried to impress them with this truth in order to comfort them in the hour of their great sorrow, but they failed to comprehend its meaning.

9. Returned from the sepulchre—Matthew says the angel told them to go quickly and tell his disciples that He was risen, and that they departed quickly with fear and great joy, and did run to bring the disciples word.

10. Mary Magdalene—"She was a native of Magdala, a town on the Sea of Galilee, and was foremost among the honorable women who ministered unto Christ and His disciples, being especially devoted to Christ for His mercy in casting out from her seven evil spirits. Mary, the mother of James—Called James the Less to distinguish him from James the brother of John. She was the wife of Alpheus, who seems also to have been called Cleophas.

11. Believed them not — They thought they must surely be mistaken; they could not understand or comprehend their words.

12. Then arose Peter—John went with him and reached the sepulchre first. John xx. 2, 3. They had heard the story from Mary Magdalene, before the women returned. The linen clothes—This was the fine linen in which Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped the body.

Teachings.—Jesus lay in the grave during the Sabbath, which signified that henceforth the Jewish Sabbath, like all other Jewish institutions, was dead. The first day of the week—the resurrection day, which was called by John the Lord's day, has always been observed by Christians as the Christian Sabbath. The first day of the week was the first day of a new dispensation, which was in every respect better and grander than the old. The resurrection of Christ gives assurance of our own resurrection, with spiritual bodies like His glorious body.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

The resurrection of Christ is a doctrine of revelation. The angels at the tomb attested the fact of his resurrection. "He is not here, but is risen." V. 6. And the women reported the fact to the "eleven and to all the rest." V. 9. In I Cor. xv, 1-4, St. Paul treats of the resurrection of Christ as a fundamental doctrine of the Scriptures. He declares that Christ was crucified and buried, and that He rose again "according to the Scriptures."

The doctrine of a general resurrection is based on the resurrection of Christ. St. Paul affirmed his belief in the resurrection of the dead in unmistakable terms. But he adds, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

On the doctrine of the resurrection is founded the Christian's hope of immortality and eternal life. It proves that "death does not end all," but that the soul lives after the body is dead. As Christ rose triumphant over death and the grave, even so the bodies of those who die in Christ shall be changed and "fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

Christ, the risen Saviour, lives to intercede for fallen man. He died for our sins and rose for our justification. Through Him we approach the altar of mercy; on Him we place our affections; in Him we trust as our present deliverer and ever-present helper; through Him we advance to ever increasing heights of moral excellence; and in His name we expect to triumph over the last enemy and receive our spiritual body that can never die.

This lesson teaches the possibility and necessity of the moral resurrection. Those who are dead in sin may be made alive in Christ. But death must precede resurrection.

All men will rise again—Some to "glory and honor"; "others to shame and everlasting contempt." The certainty of the resurrection, of the day of judgment, and the retributions of eternity, should lead all to make it their great object to "learn and do the will of God; hearken daily to His voice, believing heartily His declarations, and obeying cheerfully and perseveringly His commands." Such, and such only, shall have a resurrection to everlasting glory.

MUNICIPAL SALOONS.

Prominent Englishmen Seek Control of Public Houses.

TO LESSEN DRINK SALES

A London cable says: 'Municipal saloons," conducted to discourage the sale of intoxicating drink, are about to be established throughout the United Kingdom. "The Public House Trust Company, Limited,' under the direction of Earl Grey, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Northumberland, purposes to lease or purchase the existing saloons, acquire all the new licenses, and manage the properties so obtained for the benefit of the local communities.

The company expects to return five per cent. interest on its capital and to devote its surplus earnings to the construction and maintenance of churches, schools, parks, theatres, libraries, hospitals and baths.

In an interview to-day Lord Grey said:

"No modern temperance advocate willing to take a practical view of the liquor problem any longer believes in prohibition. It has proved a failure in the United States as well as in Great Britain. Regulation is the only weapon with which we here in England, at least, can successfully fight the trade intrenched behind £100,000,000 ($100,000,000) of annual net profits.

"We figure that so long as the people will and must drink their spendings should come back to them instead of merely still further fattening a gluttonous private monopoly. We hope to promote temperance, first, by revolutionizing the entire saloon atmosphere, and, second, by pushing forward the sale of non-intoxicants. A third means is by giving tea and coffee and food prominence over beer, whiskey, and spirits.

"We shall operate in the beginning in the rural districts, invading the cities by degrees."

Among Earl Grey's associates in the new project are the Duke of Northumberland, Viscount Ridley, formerly Home Secretary; Sir Edward Grey, M. P., and others.

Lady Henry Somerset, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, asked her opinion on the scheme, wired to-night:

"I know Lord Grey to be a most enthusiastic and devoted philanthropist; but if his methods were to succeed he ought to have begun them two hundred years ago. It is impossible now for art or beauty to change the hereditary tendencies acquired by the Anglo-Saxon race. Alcohol has too long possessed the race's brain for them to kill these tendencies in any other way than by the total abstinence of several generations."

SOLUTION OF A MYSTERY.

A Pit, a Post, Handcuffs and a Skeleton.

VENGEANCE OF ANGRY HUSBAND

A Poultney, Vt. report: Workmen removing a cellar wall under a dilapidated building just north of the bridge that crosses Fairhaven River, a quarter of a mile above Carver's Falls, have apparently unearthed evidence which solves the mystery of a murder which occurred seventy years ago. The discovery was made by accident, the laborers having fallen into a pit while trying to lift some heavy stones. The pit was about eight feet deep, with a solid stone wall about twenty inches thick surrounding it. In the centre of the pit was set a solid iron post, attached to which was a heavy iron chain and an old fashioned pair of handcuffs. Near by was a heap of human bones.

Inquiry has disclosed the fact that in 1831 Perry Borden a young Frenchman, brought his young wife to Poultney to live in the house which the workmen are tearing down. She was witty and vivacious and attracted considerable attention. Before long Borden became jealous of her and forbade her visiting a certain tavern that was kept near by. The young and high-tempered wife would not submit to be dictated to by her husband. One night in November, 1831, she was at the place, when, about 10 o'clock, Borden called for her. She left the place with him and never was seen by her friends after that. Borden said his wife had deserted him and fled to Canada.

After a year Borden went away, and was not heard of again, until 1882, when he suddenly re-appeared in town. He said he had been at sea for the fifty years he had been away. His mind seemed shattered.

He went to the little house and remained two years, neighbors supporting him with provisions. He finally became sick and the town took charge of him. He died in 1887, and was buried in the potters' field.

The discovery made by the workmen has led everyone in this vicinity to believe that Borden chained his wife in the underground cellar and left her to die a horrible death.

The damage done to the Lindsay Post by fire amounts to about $5,000.

The Markets

Leading Wheat Markets.

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

	Cash.	May.
Chicago.....	$——	$0 76
New York...	——	0 80 3-8
Milwaukee...	0 75 1-2	——
St. Louis...	——	0 73 7-8
Toledo.....	0 78	0 79 1-2
Detroit, red...	0 79	0 80 1-2
Detroit, white	0 79	——
Duluth, No. 1 Northern	0 74 3-8	0 76 3-8
Duluth, No. 1 hard	0 76 3-8	——
Minneapolis, No. 1 Northern	——	0 74 1-4

Montreal Grain and Produce.

Montreal, March 28.—Flour quotations: Patent winter, $3.80 to $4; patent spring, $4.10 to $4.30; straight roller, $3.30 to $3.50; extra, none; superfine, none; strong bakers', $3.80 to $4; Ontario bags, $1.50 to $1.80.

Wheat—No. 2 Manitoba hard, 88 to 90c. Corn, 48 to 50c.; peas, 71 to 73c.; oats, 32 to 33c.; barley, 50 to 51c.; rye, 57 to 58c.; buckwheat, 55 to 56c. oatmeal, $1.60 to $1.70; cornmeal, 90c. to $1.

Pork, $19.50 to $20.50; lard, 7 to 8c.; bacon, 12 to 13c.; hams, 12 to 14c.

Cheese, 9 to 10c.; butter, townships, 20 to 22c., western 15 to 16c.; eggs, 12 to 14c.

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—Deliveries, 1100 bushels; prices steady to firm, 300 bushels of white sold 1-2c. higher at 69 1-2c., and 800 of goose at 67c. Red was quoted at 69c., and spring at 70 to 72c.

Barley was easier; 300 bushels sold 1-2 to 1 1-2c. lower at 45 1-2 to 46 1-2c.

Oats—Steady; 100 bushels sold at 34 1-2c.

Hay and Straw—Twenty loads of hay sold 50c. to $1 easier at $14 to $15.50 a ton. Three loads of straw sold at $9.50 to $10 a ton.

Seeds.

The feature of the market here is the strength of red clover, the demand for which is active. Stocks are small. We quote for job lots here: Alsike, $6.70 to $8.50 per bushel; red clover, $6.75 to $7.80 per bushel; timothy, $2.40 to $3.25 per bushel.

Manitoba Wheat Markets.

There is practically no change in the local market since a week ago. At the beginning of the week, with the advance in the outside markets, there arose a stronger feeling, and prices were nominally 1-2c higher without causing any increase in the amount of business. This has been lost since. Holders are firm, but there is no demand and buyers are scarce. There is increasing caution as regards tough wheat. Prices at the close yesterday were exactly the same as a week ago: No. 1 hard, 84c; No. 2 hard, 79c; No. 3 hard, 68c; No. 3 northern, 63 1-2c; tough No. 3 hard, 63c; tough No. 3 northern, 59c; all in store Fort William, spot or en route, No. 1 hard closed at 84c and No. 3 at 68c in store Fort William. Business is very dull and inactive. The country wheat market is dull. The top price quoted to farmers is 65c per bushel for best grades of wheat, and from that prices range down to 50c, according to quality of grain and rate of freight.—Winnipeg Commercial.

East Buffalo Market.

Sheep and Lambs—Offerings, 40 loads; active demand; choice to extra lambs, $5.90 to $6; good to choice, $5.75 to $5.90; common to fair, $5.25 to $5.50. Sheep, choice to extra, $5 to $5.25; good to choice, $4.75 to $5; clipped $5 to $5.35.

Hogs—Supply light, 14 loads; prices 5c to 10c higher, under active demand. Heavy, $6.25 to $6.30; Yorkers, $6.10 to $6.15; pigs, $5.90 to $5.95; roughs, $5.40 to $5.70; stags, stags, $4.25 to $4.75. Closed firm.

London Wool Sales.

During the second series 218,000 bales were available, of which 168,623 were catalogued. The continent bought 62,000 bales, the home trade 94,000, America 4,000 and 58,000 were carried over. Following are today's sales:

New South Wales, 5,100 bales — Scoured, 4 1-2d to 1s 7 1-2d; greasy, 2 1-2d to 10d.

Queensland, 3,000 bales—Scoured, 8d to 1s 5d; greasy, 6d to 9 1-2d.

Victoria, 1,800 bales — Scoured, 7 1-2d to 1s 7d; greasy, 4 1-2d to 1s 1 1-2d.

South Australia, 1,200 bales — Scoured, 9 1-2d to 1s 2 1-2d; greasy, 4d to 8d.

West Australia, 300 bales—Greasy, 4 1-2d to 8d.

Tasmania, 200 bales—Greasy, 5d to 11d.

New Zealand, 2,100 bales—Scoured, 6d to 1s 6d; greasy, 4 3-4d to 9d.

Cape of Good Hope and Natal, 1,300 bales—Scoured, 1s to 1s 3d; greasy, 3 3-4d to 7 1-4d.

Bradstreets' on Trade.

Business at Montreal has been only fair this week. Country remittances, as might be expected at this season, are a little slow in some cases.

There is no reason for complaint about the amount of trade being done in wholesale circles at Toronto. There is a disposition apparent on the part of many retailers, however, to get their orders in the hands of jobbers in order to get the lines wanted and at current prices. Money is in good demand.

Trade at Winnipeg has been stimulated by mild weather. The feeling appears to be that the coming season will show a large improvement over last year.

The wholesale firms at Hamilton report another busy week. Travellers on the various routes are reporting a steady increase in business, and the general outlook for the spring and summer trade is very encouraging.

There has been quite an active movement in the jobbing trade at London. Values are firm for staple goods.

Business at the Pacific Coast cities is looking up.

At Ottawa there has been considerable movement in lighter goods, and many orders for heavy lines for shipment later are being booked by the wholesale trade.

At Quebec the outlook for the spring trade, received from reliable reports, is encouraging.

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