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Canadians Underestimate Enemy.

From time to time complaints have been made that recruiting in Canada is not all that it should be. There are probably a number of reasons for this. In the first place we are not a military people, and we are far removed from the scene of strife. Further, most young Canadians enter business life at a comparatively early age, and assume business obligations which more or less hamper their freedom. There is also the possibility that we have underestimated Germany, with the result that there is a widespread belief in this country that the war will soon be over, and that our young men will not be needed at the front.

This is probably the most disastrous view that could be taken of the situation. Despite the Allies' superiority in men, munitions of war, and everything which makes for ultimate success, we are face to face with a tremendous task. Germany has prepared for war, and has perfected a war machine which has never been equalled in the history of the world. She has built her railways for strategic purposes, has made her commerce and industry subservient to militarism, and, in brief, has bent every effort of the past forty years to building up a colossal army. The thoroughness which has characterized Germany in the fields of science, industry and commerce have been duplicated in connection with military matters, with the result that the Allies are face to face with the most powerful military machine ever created. To break down this power, to stamp out militarism and allow the world to escape the threatened domination of the German race, means the greatest possible sacrifice on the part of every individual in the British Empire. It will be far better for the young men of Canada to face militarism for a few months, and thereby put an end to it for ever than to allow German militarism to sweep away the ideals and principles which have been the foundation of the British Empire. In Canada we have underestimated the power of the German war machine. This more than all else is responsible for our lack of recruits. Young men are told and believe that they are not wanted, when, as a matter of fact, all our young men are urgently needed.

London Journalism.

London journalism, which is always of interest throughout the British world, is again marking some changes. The last important movement was the action of the Times in dropping its price from three pence to a penny per copy. The "penny paper" was at one time regarded as something beneath the dignity of the aristocracy, but the high character and great enterprise of some of the cheaper journals put an end to that feeling, or, if any remnant of it remained, it was destroyed when the Times came down to a penny. In recent years the Daily Chronicle, under the able editorial direction of Mr. Robert Donald, has grown to be one of the leading and most influential organs of the British Liberals. Now it is to enlarge the field of its activities by issuing an evening paper to be called the Echo. The name is that of a journal published some years ago which did not prosper. Probably the able management which has marked the Chronicle, and the strong financial backing of that paper, will make the new Echo more successful. It is not surprising to learn that just as this new candidate for public favor is beginning its work, another London daily, the Citizen, is about to end its career. The Citizen, an organ of the Labor party, has been issued in London and Manchester. Now the London edition is to be abandoned. It takes a little mint of money to establish a daily newspaper in the great city, as many promoters of journalistic ventures have learned to their cost. The Labor organizations, apparently, are finding the drain upon their resources too heavy to be continued.

The Nova Scotian Regiment.

A strange story respecting the First Canadian Contingent comes through the columns of the Halifax Chronicle. It relates to the Nova Scotian Highland Regiment, the formation of which attracted some attention when the arrangements for mobilization at Valcartier were being made. The officers of the Nova Scotians were anxious that their men should be formed into a distinctly Nova Scotian regiment, rather than they be merged into another corps. There was some hesitation about this on the part of the military authorities, but in the end the request was complied with. A prominent Nova Scotian lady presented the regiment with colors made by her own hands. Thus at Valcartier all went well. But at Salisbury Plain, according to the report now made, all went wrong. The regiment has been broken up. Reinforcements which were promised to complete the regiment were not sent forward. Equipment that was promised and needed was not supplied. The regiment was given uncomfortable and unhealthy quarters. Medical attendance on the sick was neglected. The officers were not recognized in the regular officers' mess. Finally, the colonel commanding, a well known officer from Pictou County, was superseded without explanation. Some troubles in this regiment were lately referred to in the English correspondence of Toronto and Ottawa papers, but the letter in the Halifax Chronicle goes into the matter more fully. The letter is by a reputable journalist of the Chronicle staff, Mr. H. C. Crowell, who went over on one of the Belgian relief ships. He now writes from England and signs his name.

In all matters of this kind it is well for the public to reserve judgment until inquiry has taken place. There is something like a permanent censorship re-

garding the internal affairs of a military corps, and the newspaper correspondent will always have difficulty in getting the exact facts in case of any trouble. But there can be no question that this affair needs careful investigation. The credit of the regiment, of the Province the name of which it bore and of our entire militia organization are affected by the reports that have been published.

The Patricias have captured a German trench. Here's hoping they capture the Kaiser!

Apparently the "Bear that walks like a man" is able to keep on his feet and take a lot of punishment. Russia is again taking the aggressive along the whole eastern battle front, and it will only be a question of time before her armies break through the German defences.

The sale of a seat on the Montreal Stock Exchange for \$13,000 is a big drop from the price which prevailed previous to the outbreak of war. The last seat sold was for \$24,500, while the high record was \$30,000. The war, which caused the closing of the exchanges throughout the country, seriously interfered with the earnings of stock brokers.

General satisfaction will be expressed at the very satisfactory report which the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal made yesterday. It is cause for gratification to know that Montreal is the leading grain exporting centre on the continent, shipping out last year upwards of 75,000,000 bushels. It is also satisfactory to know that efforts are being made to improve the harbour facilities so as to keep Montreal in the very front rank.

Serbia, which is putting up such a gallant fight against Austria, has a total area of 33,312 square miles, and a population of 4,393,315. In both territory and population Serbia profited by the Balkan War, acquiring as a result of that conflict 14,888 square miles, and an addition to her population of 1,481,614. She is likely to gain additional territory as a result of the present conflict, and will emerge the strongest and largest of the Balkan States.

At a time when moving picture theatres are making serious inroads upon the attendance and earnings of regular theatres, it is interesting to note that the first theatre in the United States was opened 162 years ago. It was located at Williamsburg in the colony of Virginia. The first play performed was "The Merchant of Venice," and was played by a company brought over from England. Later theatres were opened in New York, Philadelphia and other centres. In Massachusetts, where the influence of the Puritans was strongest, the legislature passed a law in 1749 forbidding theatrical performances and prescribing a penalty for actors and spectators alike at \$5 sterling apiece.

THE PANAMA EXPOSITION.

But the influence of the World's Columbian Exposition was by no means confined to Chicago. It was as wide as the nation. The ideal of city planning has spread from the White City of 1893 not only because of the energy of Daniel H. Burnham but because thousands of Americans had dreamed a new dream in the Court of Honor, before the lake-reflected loveliness of the Art building, along the blue curve of Michigan. American taste was bettered generally. American architecture still feels the inspiration of that day, and it is not too much to say that the Columbian was aesthetically the mother of the Panama Exposition. That the daughter is more lovely than the mother we assume. It should be so. The best thing about the White City was the vista it opened, the sense of expansion, the creative impulse it quickened. Surely American art has gone forward in the twenty years intervening, and we believe that the Panama Exposition will set a new mark of high accomplishment and inspire another generation of Americans with a new message of superlative beauty.—Chicago Tribune.

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

A wise man said 150 years ago that it was better for a youth to learn to shave himself than to receive a gift of 1,000 guineas. The man who shaves himself every morning saves a great deal of time and also the income of a good \$3,000 bond for that day, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The man who cuts out one 10-cent cigar every day saves at least the dividend on 12 shares of Pennsylvania Railroad stock. One less drink of ordinary whisky a day would pay for the bread of two persons for that day. Uncle Sam will carry a letter for you 10,000 miles for what you paid for that one Turkish cigarette you are smoking. Russell Sage insisted that the easiest way he knew to earn the income of a dollar for a whole year was to walk to his office once.

FAMOUS WOMAN WARRIOR.

There was at least one great Englishwoman who distinguished herself in our wars—Boadicea, who led the British forces against the Romans and almost defeated them. That was in the year A.D. 62. And not until 1901 was this great old soldier given a monument. She may now be seen in bronze at the corner of Westminster Bridge, heading her chariot—drawn by a pair of fiery chargers without reins—direct for the Parliament House opposite.

When this statue of Boadicea was erected many distinguished men were invited to unveil it. But not one of them could be induced to perform the duty, and ultimately the poor woman had to be unveiled furtively by a workman at six o'clock in the morning.—Sunday Chronicle (British).

WHEN THE CABLES SNAPPED.

The Italian earthquake, coming in the midst of the great war, recalls one curious effect of a seismic shock in 1888. The cables connecting Australia with the outer world were suddenly broken by a distant earthquake, and the Government, under the impression that an enemy had cut the lines, mobilized the naval and military forces in readiness to repel attack.—Pall Mall Gazette.

VIOLENT ATHLETIC SPORT.

Two convicts in Sing Sing, engaged in knitting for the Belgians, became involved in argument over the proposal to change the name of their self-governing society from Golden Brotherhood to Mutual Welfare League, and to enforce his opinion one snatched the other in the neck. Warden Osborne should be careful about allowing his charges to take part in violent athletic sports.—New York Sun.

TO-DAY'S FASHION NOTE.

"I will tell you what I wear in the trenches to keep warm," writes a soldier from the front; "two thick undershirts, two flannel army shirts, two pairs of jorts, a cardigan jacket, tunic, a fur skin coat, then my overcoat, and, if it rains, a waterproof cape, a pair of mittens, and woollen gloves. I forgot the body-belts, have three of those on, and when keeping guard at night time I wear a balacava and thick muffler."

THE DOOM OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, wiped out all of its more than eighty liquor licenses on Monday last. The traffic marshalled its full strength in its own defense. But it failed. Public opinion declares that the saloon, the bar-room and the drinking club are all gone, gone, past recall. This, of course, is only a straw. But it is a straw which shows the way the wind is blowing. The currents of life in all parts of the United States are running strongly, and presently will run irresistibly, against the liquor traffic and the social drinking customs. Newspapers in all the States of the Republic declare that the trade is already ostracized in business circles, and that in ten years it will be outlawed. It is doomed.

In Europe the same movement has set in, especially among the nations of the Allies in the war. The prohibition of the use of vodka already is making a new Russia. France, delivered from the curse of absinthe, will be a new France. If Britain really awakens to the peril of intemperance, as seen in the liquid war light, there will emerge a new Britain. The handwriting on the wall foretells the doom of the liquor traffic in all the progressive nations.—Toronto Globe.

THE GENTLE GERMAN AGAIN!

The cardinal archbishop of Munich publicly declares that "no appreciable number of Belgian prisoners were put to death by German soldiers." Wonder what his eminence would regard as an appreciable number—a number sufficiently large to arouse concern.—Hamilton Herald.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN"

It took the Israelites forty years to cross the desert, and the Turkish army is proceeding across the Sinai desert towards Egypt at about the same rate.—London Free Press.

"What if Fido should go mad!" exclaimed the woman who wastes affection.
 "Don't worry," answered her husband. "That dog hasn't enough sense to be sure enough mad. The most he'll ever do is to go peevish."—Washington Star.

A correspondent of the Chicago Herald, taking a fall out of the Kaiser for pinning a decoration on his little grandson, asks: "Could you imagine, President Wilson pinning anything on his grandson?" Yes, we could imagine his doing just that, but it would be a rough job and awkwardly done.—Nashville Tennessean.

A booking agent for a Chautauque bureau visited the most prominent man of the town. "Mr. Jones," said he, "I called to see you in regard to a Chautauque."
 "It won't do a bit of good," spoke up the prominent citizen. "My wife and I have looked over all the catalogues carefully, and have already decided on another machine."

The river Clyde has been brought to its present draught by dredging, and the Scotch are very proud of it. A party of Americans scorned it one day. "Call this a river?" said they. "Why, it's a ditch in comparison with our Mississippi, or St. Lawrence, or Hudson." "Aweel mon," said a Scotch bystander, "you've got Providence to thank for your rivers, but we made this one ourselves."

A doctor who had been summoned hastily alighted from his carriage to find a woman awaiting him on the doorstep and without the anxious look he expected under the circumstances. "I understand," he said, "that your wife has swallowed a sovereign. Where is he?" "Oh, sir," was the reply, "I'm glad to tell you we made a mistake! It wasn't a sovereign; it was only a halfpenny."

An Irishman, who is now at home for a brief spell from the trenches, having stopped a German bullet with his hand, was asked by a doctor the other day what he was doing for his wound. "Sure, and I'm bathing it with soft water," was the answer. "What do you mean by soft water?" demanded the doctor. "Why—water you wash in," said the Irishman. "Then what do you call hard water?" "Oh, to be sure—that's ice!" was the warrior's reply.

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.
 "Bedad!" he said. "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."
 "Be aisy, now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right!"

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.
 "Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."—Lippincott's.

THE GENTLEMAN MUCKER.

(Collier's Weekly.)
 The gentleman mucker comes out from the East. In his lightest college clothes, and the cleanest sort of hose. And he changes his tweeds for overalls, His coat for a flannel shirt, And down on a level he works like the devil, Shovelling copper dirt!

For he is a gentleman mucker Who's learning the miner's trade, Who acts as an ore-car trucker And pushes it up the grade. He has to sweat, you bet, to get The wages that he is paid; But he's learning a lot in his new employ— The gentleman mucker's Quite Some Boy!

The day's work ends and the miners troop Toward home or a near hotel, And the gentleman mucker eats his soup And his porterhouse steak as well; Then he tumbles out of his flannel shirt And his muddied overalls, And away he goes in his evening clothes Making a round of calls!

For he is a gentleman mucker In the sweetest of "happy duds," In his noblest bib and tucker His shirt with its gleaming studs. At night, all right, he's a handsome sight, The gayest of gay young bloods! The hostess' pet and the ladies' joy, The gentleman mucker's Quite Some Boy!

VIVID WRITING.

The present war is being conducted without the assistance of war correspondents. In most of the great wars of the past, the war correspondent played an important part and some of their writings, such as those of Russell in the Crimean War, furnished by all odds the best account of that great struggle. Through his writings, Russell was able to mould public opinion and forced an inefficient government to properly equip and look after its soldiers.

In more recent times, the war correspondent has been shoved to one side, until in the Balkan War he played little or no part. Even in the Russian-Japanese War very little latitude was furnished the war correspondent. In the South African War, correspondents were given more latitude and some very fine and patriotic writings resulted from the presence of these men with the army. As a matter of fact, one of the finest pieces of descriptive writings ever penned appeared in the papers during the Boer War. This was from the pen of the correspondent of the London Daily News and depicted the attack of the Highland Brigade upon Magersfontein and the subsequent burial of General Wauchope and his slain soldiers. The story of the burial follows:—

"Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th December, a long shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, runs murmuringly; to the eastward, the heights, still held by the enemy, scowled menacingly; north and south, the veldt undulated peacefully; a few paces to the northward of that grave fifty dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle; they had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave.

"How grim and stern those men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clutched in the last agony, and brows still knit with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaid deer to every Highland clan were represented there, and as I looked out of the distance came the sound of pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bare head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all their regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high, until the soldiers' heads went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel, now sinking to a moaning wail like a woman mourning for her first-born, until proud heads dropped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

"Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the general lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers while the solemn service of the Church was spoken.

God Help the Boers.

"Then once again the pipes pealed out, and "Lochaber No More" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more.

"Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form in the shallow grave towards the heights, where Cronje, the "Lion of Africa" and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson and strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled to almost bursting with the fervor of grip, and that look from those silent armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood. God help the Boers when next Highland pibroch sounds; God rest the Boers' souls when the Highland bayonets charge; for neither death, nor hell, nor things above, nor things below, will hold the Scots back from their blood feud.

"As the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the general was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row wrapped in their plaids. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campwards as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt."

ONLY ONE-THIRD STRENGTH IN FIGHT.

So far the allies have thrown only one-third of their strength into the battle against the Teutonic alliance. Kitchener spoke truly when he intimated that the war had not yet begun as far as Great Britain and its allies were concerned.—Nelson News.

IN TORONTO THE GOOD.

Toronto's fire department so reeks with scandal that it ought to be Toronto's fired department.—Hamilton Herald.

The Day's Best Editorial

NEWSPAPERS AS MONEY RAISERS.

It is a common thing in time of stress or world disaster for the newspaper, big or little, to start a fund for the relief of the needy or the stricken. In this country sums that we have considered great have been collected, but nothing we have done in this line can compare favorably with what two London newspapers have accomplished.

Toward the end of last year the London Daily Telegraph asked King Albert, of Belgium, if he would distribute among his stricken people on Christmas Day any money it raised among its readers as an humble tribute of the debt Great Britain owed to Belgium. The King said he would. Thereupon the newspaper called for shilling subscriptions from the people of England. The shillings came in by the thousands, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. Early in December the million shilling mark was passed. By the middle of the month it was a million and a half, and it kept climbing until it was nearly two million shillings.

Now the London Times has made what probably is a world's record. Its fund for the sick and wounded of the war passed \$5,000,000 on February 18.

Greater than the evidence of the prestige of either newspaper is the proof of the undying strength of the lesser yet the noblest of the three graces with which the Maker endowed mankind—Charity.—Commerce and Finance.

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THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA
 A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

RUSSIA AND A SUMMER SEA.
 Sir Edward Grey's declaration in the House of Commons yesterday that "with Russia's desire for access to the sea, England is in entire accord," registers the reversal of a once tenacious British policy and points to the realization of a long Russian hope, bitterly frustrated for the moment by the result of war with Japan. But Russia, a mystic of the East, dreams in centuries.

For years Great Britain's jealousy and hatred of Russia were almost a national obsession; and palpably their interests still clash in Persia; but the fear of Germany drew England to her old enemy, and no wise imperial vision necessarily that brought about the entente has brought the entente to Constantinople—when taken.

All this vague allotment of land and water rests upon the knees of the war gods, for Russian help and fidelity, will it be given to living men to see the long-awaited exclusion of Turkey from Europe and the restoration of Byzantium to Christian hands?—New York Sun.

UTILIZATION OF WASTE.
 Herman Frasch, chief chemist of the Standard Oil Company, who recently died worth \$5,000,000, made many millions for his employers by his utilization of waste. In an interview in New York, discussing the discovery that turned coal tar from a waste to a highly valuable by-product, Mr. Frasch once said to a reporter: "That one little change, that little chemical change did it all. There is never more than a tiny difference, you know, between a waste and a by-product, between wealth and poverty, between success and failure. Look, for example, into some great business office. Here is a haggard man in his shirt-sleeves on a high stool working for dear life; he checks the cash. Then, in a little glass office off by himself, look at that other frock-coated man leaning back in a tufted green leather armchair, smoking a cigar and reading the paper—he cashes the checks!"—Buffalo Commercial.

SMALL CAUSES OF WAR.
 Nine hundred years ago a dispute between Modena and Bologna over a well bucket began a war which devastated Europe. A Chinese emperor once went to war over the breaking of a teapot; Sweden and Poland flew at each other's throats in 1654 because the King of Sweden discovered that his name in an official dispatch was followed by only two et ceteras, while the King of Poland's had three. The spilling of a glass of water over the Marquis de Torey led to war between France and England, and a small boy, by throwing a pebble at the Duc de Guise, led to the massacre of Vassy and the thirty years' war.

SUGAR MARKET STEADY.
 New York, March 3.—All refiners quote standard granulated sugar on the cents, with the exception of the Federal whose list price is still unchanged at its spot quotation for centrifugals remains 4.64 cents.

COPPER MARKET OFF.
 New York, March 3.—The sharp drop in prices in London amounting to £1 2s. 6d. futures caused some unsettlement, but it did not continue to quote 14 1/2 cents for second hands reported sales as low as 14 1/2 cents. It is now figured that the price of copper in the country is now close to normal. What effect this additional news will have on the market when it reaches the marts to be seen.

P. LORILLARD & COMPANY.
 New York, March 3.—P. Lorillard & Company regular quarterly dividend of 2 1/2 per cent common stock and an extra dividend of regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent preferred stock was also declared. Dividends are payable April 1st to March 16th.

GEORGE W. HELME COMPANY.
 New York, March 3.—George W. Helme Company regular quarterly dividends of 2 1/2 per cent common stock and 1 1/2 per cent preferred stock was also declared. Dividends are payable April 1st to March 16th.

SILVER MARKET.
 New York, March 3.—Zimmermann quote silver 49 1/2; Mexican dollars 97 1/2.

NEW YORK STOCK BUT TRADE
 Market Was Evidently Rather Than Forced
BULLISHNESS IS CALLED

Distillers Securities Liquidated Assurances That April in Bonds Will Be Paid

(Exclusive Leased Wire to The Journal)

New York, March 3.—Initial price small and a number of them were slow but succeeding transaction tendency toward improvement. The more cheerful although the rank and favored buying only on reactions. A moment of earnings for January did not as it had apparently been discussed opened unchanged at 142 1/2 and at the end of a few minutes, U. S. ing unchanged at 42 1/2 almost 1/2 off. 43%. New Haven opened 1/4 off and Western was unchanged at 25; stocks persisted in their belief that trial of the latter would occur before

New York, March 3.—Just as Tuesday morning, the brakes were market gave indications of developed strength, but although business prices eased off slightly, a good interest, and at 10.30 stocks in general were a continuance of liquidities. There was in spite of the official April interest on the bonds would be sold as low as 46 1/2, and the stock to 8, fell back to 7 on a few sales. Third Avenue was notably strong 1/2 to 4/8 on dividend rumors. There sure on Southern Pacific, and the stock with the general market, sales being equivalent of Tuesday's low and closed Baldwin Locomotive common open 25 1/2, off 1/2.