

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.



Ask for the Octagon Mark.

EASTER.

Bright, bright was the orb that illumined the morn When Christ, our Redeemer, arose Triumphant o'er death, from where, tortur'd and torn, His body was laid in repose.

White robed were the angels who watched through the gloom, While dark, sable night spread its pall; But when, inecorrupt, He arose from the tomb There flash'd a bright halo o'er all.

Then came holy women, ere sunlight appear'd, To anoint His dear body, alone; No one will be high for to open, they fear'd, The sepulchre sealed with a stone.

They found that the task had already been done— The body they looked for in vain— They have taken Him away," cried in anguish each one, "Where shall we Our Lord find again?"

Then heard they an angel, who stood by the spot Where the body of Jesus had laid, Say, "He whom you seek has arisen. Fear not; All now is fulfilled that He said."

Quick hasten'd they back, all their fear thus reliev'd, The faithful disciples to seek; Then Peter and John went, and all then believ'd, Save Thomas, whose faith was still weak.

Forty days did He stay, to confirm them anew, Whom He sent to all nations to preach, In a halo of glory then passed out of view, Having taught all He came for to teach.

Many ages have passed since that first Easter morn When Christ proved His power from above, And for past and for present, for those yet unborn, Redemption was won by His love. M. C. O'DONNELL, Toronto, April 9, 1903.

MYSTERIES OF CLAIRVOYANCE. We are indebted to a clergyman of the diocese of Omaha (says the St. Louis Review) for the following communication:

Some four years ago, in a sisters' academy at Omaha, there was a normally developed pupil, who, when blindfolded, was a pretty good clairvoyante. Archbishop Ireland, at that time a guest at the institution, mistaking the girl, who appeared at an entertainment, tested her ability.

Leaving the audience, he went through a few apartments to a distant room. Finding there an atlas, he concentrated his mind on an odd island in the middle of the book, noting well the name, place and page. Returning to where the blindfolded girl was, she took him by the hand and led him to the room whence he had come. He purposely tried to pull her in a wrong direction, in order to mislead her, but she insisted. Arriving in the room, she found the atlas, and turning the leaves, put her finger exactly on the name the Archbishop had in his mind. As soon as he got distracted or purposely thought of something else, and did not concentrate his mind on the subject, the girl seemed to lose the track. He could not explain what enabled her to do such strange things.

Some school sisters in Wisconsin had a similar experience. Among others they had a sister who never averted her eyes from or music. By accident she lost her eyesight, and as she was a good clairvoyante, she could perform the finest embroidery and became a teacher of music.

No doubt there is as much fraud in clairvoyance productions as in hypnotism, and often a sinister power has something to do with it; but the above illustrations go to show that some individuals possess a natural and so far unexplained clairvoyant power.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met in Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

FLORIDA THE EASTER LAND

Sketch of Its Past and Present

"The realm of flowers," a perfumed land, Girt by the sea, by the soft winds fanned; Ravaged by war in the years grown old, Its former glory a tale long told."

Such is the Easter country of America. Such is that part of the present United States which was first known to the Old World, and first seen by a white man on a bright Easter Sunday nearly four hundred years ago.

It was fitting that Florida should thus be discovered on such a joyous festival; no other part of the country is equipped to preserve so well the memory of such a day, no other State could remain practically all the year round so fitting a monument to the general joyousness, the brilliancy of verdure and the garlanded festivities which we associate with this day of the resurrection of Our Lord.

John Ponce de Leon, that gay cavalier, found indeed the one place in the Western hemisphere most likely to contain the fountain of which he had long dreamed when, after a disagreeable voyage, he saw the coast of Florida. When he made out long, bright stretches of white beach fading away in the distance to the north and south, and beheld the low hills behind with their fresh foliage of spring he must indeed have thought that he had come to El Dorado.

It was a most appropriate and picturesque discovery for such a land. Here was a sturdy warrior, famed for his skill in arms, cruising about on a mission not only of peace and good will, but with health and pleasure for its end. There were no sad tales of oppression and cruelty behind this band; they were not driven forth from their fatherland by tyranny; they were not to retrieve shattered fortunes or lost honor in a new land, but with light hearts they sought the realms of milk and honey, of gold and silver, and the fountain of eternal youth.

Ponce de Leon was a "gentleman," and a soldier of fortune of much renown in Spain. He came out with Columbus on his second voyage, having been recommended to the discoverer by King Ferdinand on account of his intrepid valor and achievements in the war against the Moors. Upon reaching the new country he soon gave evidence that his legs had chosen well. His military experience and bravery proved invaluable to Columbus in his difficulties with the aborigines. To reward him, therefore, he was made lieutenant-governor of Hispaniola, or Hayti, as it is now called. His new duties were not very burdensome, and having seen a beautiful island some leagues distant he found leisure to fit out a small fleet and capture it. Calling it Porto Rico, he had himself made governor thereof.

Ponce de Leon's term as governor was quite in keeping with the rest of his life; on every side he was surrounded by luxuries and gaiety. He strutted on a comic opera stage, all gilt and tinsel and spectacular at every move. What could be more Gilbertian, for instance, than his persuaing the natives in a long, solemn harangue that he and his men were supernatural beings, immortal, and safe from any onslaughts that could be made upon them? We can almost see him striding up and down near the footlights, singing it, with the chorus grouped properly on either side coming in at the right times with, "We are supernatural." There was one wily old chief, however, who was not easily fooled. He must have come in on a free ticket or have been a critic, for at any rate one day, when they were fording a stream, he caught one of Ponce's chorists, and held him under the water until he stopped kicking. Then, with profuse apologies for the "accident," he bore him to the shore and watched for three days and nights to see if he would wake up. When he did not, he made a decision about the gay band which was had for them, and he and his friends started in to clean them out. Ponce fought them well, but was soon removed from duty by his friend the King.

He went back to Hispaniola. Life there was a burden, and immediately he set out to conquer new fields; he had heard of the fountain of youth from the poor, benighted Porto Ricans, and when time began to hang heavy he fitted out a caravan of three ships and set sail to discover his "Bimini."

To stand in St. Augustine to-day and look about one, at the beautiful stretches of shell road outside the ancient city, and to gaze with wonder at the narrow streets and the old coquina houses everywhere, and perhaps to see a very pretty little park with green hedges and very well-kept shrubbery and the palm trees planted so obviously in regular order, and looming up beyond it a wonderful modern hotel, with towers and red-tiled roofs, so big that you gasp, one tries to imagine exactly what this

city owes to the days of Ponce de Leon. Probably the only glory that now remains for the discoverer is the mere fact of having discovered. Ponce de Leon was not careful to build up anything that might endure to be a respectable ruin for the occasional restorer. He was too bent on the fountain that would bring him all temporal blessings, and after several months spent in desultory wanderings he left the land almost as he had found it.

For those that came after de Leon Florida waited to derive any direct benefits from the sixteenth century. De Leon opened the way and his imitators crowded closely on his heels, all of them on some errand more or less fantastic. The majority may have given up the idea of the fountain, but there was not one who did not come seeking gold, and precious souvenirs. Miguelo, de Cordova, Alaminos, de Navaraz, de Soto, de Luna, and several more beside, followed one another with great rapidity. Yet little was accomplished until about 1562, when France and Spain together endeavored to effect a settlement on the eastern coast. From France came Ribault, and from Spain Menendez. In the bitter struggle between these two and their desperate methods of warfare Menendez was the most successful, and when he finally decided that he had been victorious, all the Frenchmen in sight were dead. He butchered all captives. Then about five years later another Frenchman came along and very cleverly got the Indians to take a hand in the struggle, and they soon had avenged the massacre of the French.

Menendez was the practical founder of St. Augustine, and has left his mementoes, which the modern voyager for the fountain of youth can behold for himself. There is the old city gateway, built by the men who fought with him in 1565. It is all that remains of a very wonderful fortification which stretched entirely across the small peninsula upon which St. Augustine is built, and is one of the few things in the quaint old city whose associations stretch back into past.

The old gateway once marked the extreme northern end of the little city, but now has fallen quite a little inside the border, and bids soon to be father still. When the visitor first sees it he is apt to be disappointed, especially if he has become familiar with it from very striking pictures in the guide books or from ambitious water colors which represent the old ruin silhouetted against a sky beautiful with pink and golden sunset. It strikes one at first as being quite small, and entirely out of proportion with its surroundings. One is walking down George street, when behold, two stone pillars, with dwelling houses towering over them. When one tries to look back into the city and picture to himself the beautiful sunset that he saw in the picture book, his vision will be obstructed by the big hotels beyond and his eye will be so charmed with dwelling houses towering over them he will soon forget about the forlorn little gateway.

This relic, as well as most of the others of this quaint old town, is now perhaps more associated in the mind of the average tourist with a certain stratum of literature which was formed about twenty years ago than with the legends. The old gateway and Fort Marion reappear to the eye as the locale for some of Constance Fenimore Woolson's stories rather than as the spots where Menendez and his men fought and hung their toes. The coquina, and the weeds, and the shrubbery growing all round, look entirely too scenic and too peaceful.

The most magnificent things about St. Augustine to-day are the hotels. They simply cannot be described. It is enough to say that they are about the finest in the world, that they look as if they belonged to Spain itself, and that it takes a powerful income to stand against the onslaughts of their comforts.

Other ancient landmarks are the sea wall, Fort Marion and the Cathedral. This latter is typical of the Catholic faith, which has always prevailed in Florida, despite its many years of bloodshed, and its numerous and varying wars. Undoubtedly the present structure belongs to that class of relics which are generally known as "restored." The original was built in 1791, and so was comparatively modern when the relics of 1565 or even 1680 are taken into consideration. It was not the first Catholic chapel on the peninsula. The site has always been devoted to Catholic worship and before the Cathedral was built, various chapels occupied the ground. In 1887 there was a disastrous fire in St. Augustine and the old cathedral was destroyed. Parts of the tower and all of the bells were saved, and these now adorn the new edifice, which is an exact counterpart of the old building. One of the bells bears the date "1682," and is consequently not only the oldest bell in the country, but shows that there was a Catholic chapel in St. Augustine within a few years after it was settled.

The Catholic history of Florida covers as long a period as the story of its discovery. With nearly every expedition that came from Spain were priests who looked after the welfare of the sailors and many who remained behind to convert the natives, but their efforts were unavailing, and every one who attempted evangelization was massacred. In 1546, a special expedition went to Florida, led by the Dominican fathers Antonio de Montesinos and Las Casas. This met with moderate success, and in a certain measure restored peace and es-

tablished friendly relations with the Indians. Father Luis Cancer de Barbastro was especially fortunate, and by his mild way won the entire Indian province. It had been styled "Tierra de Guerra" (the land of war), but under him became known as "Vera Pax" (true peace). Menendez was sent by the King of Spain to prevent the Protestants of France from gaining a foothold in the land, and his expedition was blessed by the Pope. His methods were being strongly condemned by some historians, but John Gilmary Shea, in his contribution to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," wisely points out that the country was in a state of war, and that it had long been the custom between the two combatants that were engaged in it to make their tactics as relentless as possible. Neither side asked or gave quarter.

Florida has had a tempestuous career, but seems now to have settled down to a long life of ease and pleasure.—Boston Republic.

EXILED.

It comes to me often in silence, When the freight splutters low— When the black, uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of long ago; Always with a throb of heartache, That fills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of the cities, And of faces cold and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And the yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain, But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That never may die away, And it seems the hand of ages, On a mystic harp at play, Have touched with a yearning sadness.

On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording— When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Are the great world's clash and din, And slowly the autumn shadows Come drifting, drifting in, Sobbing, the night wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting, When I go home again.

Eugene Field.

NEWS NOTES.

(Edwin L. Sabin in St. Nicholas.) We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren and wife are back, and at the Leaves.

The Robbins occupy again Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Gardens restaurant reports A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that favorite of resorts— Has bought to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a water-spout Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn, Don't wonder why he looks so queer. 'Tis only that he's undergone His first short hair-cut of the year.

COULDN'T LIVE

Without Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Mrs. Thos. Board of Glen Williams, Speaks from Her Own Experience.

"I think I could not live without Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets." These are the words Mrs. Thos. Board, of Glen Williams, Ont., uses in speaking of the relief she has felt through the use of these Dyspepsia banishers. Mrs. Board knows what Dyspepsia means through bitter experience. She can tell all about the depression, the discomfited, the aches, the pains that accompany this most dreaded of all chronic complaints. That's why she is so enthusiastic over Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

She has proved that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a specific for all forms of indigestion and Dyspepsia, a safeguard against the disease itself and consequently against those other terrible and fatal diseases, such as Appendicitis, that medical authorities now declare spring from indigestion. "Mrs. Board has learned the truth of the statement, 'If you want to be well and to feel well you must keep the stomach well.'" She has learned also that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will keep the stomach well. Mrs. Board is one of many. You cannot find a Dyspeptic who has used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The Breakfast Food P.a.g.

Discussing the breakfast food fad, a writer in an English exchange says: Since I began to write this article I have invented a new food, or rather, the name of one, which is the only important thing. Of course you must understand that I would use about one part of sawdust to a thousand of ordinary nutritious substance. Now observe how it is advertised, and agree with me that the game is really one of the imagination. Indeed, in the breakfast food craze I see the one path to fortune left open to the craftsman of pure letters.

First, I would take large plain spaces of newspaper and boarding with the words "Watch this space for the new Breakfast Food" printed in a field of white. Stage number one: the imagination is awakened. Second, I would, retaining the same space, substitute for the printed words a bold picture of a growing oak tree. Stage number two: curiosity is excited. Third, I would take away my oak tree, and in type of simple boldness announce:

PILGRIM OAKS.

That's All. And this completes stage number three, which would set all the world of breakfast-food eaters agog.

But the serious affair of fortune would be the fourth stage. I should stand or fall by that. Here it is, only you are to suppose it bursting on the world in half-page displayed advertisements in every daily newspaper:

ABOUT OAKS. English Oak is strength and substance. It is stouter and lasts longer than any other wood. There is more strength in an Oak than in an Oak or an Oak. Then why not EAT OAKS?

YOUR BREAKFAST does not satisfy you. Why? Because your day's work is built on your breakfast, and you cannot safely build on sand—you must use timber. All Breakfast Foods except ours are like sand; they support energy for an hour or two and then Sink Away, leaving a sudden vacancy and weakness. But Oaken timber does not sink, and we have invented a new Food that has all the supporting strength of the stoutest timber. Try it. It will support you.

PILGRIM OAKS is a pure breakfast food, prepared, under medical supervision, from the hearts of sound English forest oaks, cut with silver saws.

In breakfast loaves, ready to serve, 2s 0d per dozen. In faggots for children and invalids, 1s 0d per dozen. No Cooking, No Milk, No Condiments.

JUST OAKS. "A log or faggot of Pilgrim Oaks, with a teaspoonful of clear spring water, makes a delicious breakfast."—"Stethoscope."

Suggestions for a Short Spring Course of Lectures. (To be delivered before any audience of sufficiently advanced Socialistic views.)

Lecture I.—Shakespeare as the True Socialist should see him. Synopsis of Lecture: 1. Fundamental Maxim of Society—"All Men are, or ought to be, born equal."

2. First Commandment of the Social Decalogue: "Thou shalt not excel thy fellows," who who violates this law an enemy to the commonwealth and a breaker of the Social Bond.

3. The pre-eminence of Shakespeare plainly established by existence of such works as "Hamlet," "Macbeth," etc., etc.

4. The generally accepted estimate of Shakespeare a mistaken one, and founded on a false conception of merit.

5. Shakespeare in his true light as the Arch-"Out-Topper," and enemy of the community.

6. Final verdict upon Shakespeare—Anathema Meridiana.

Lecture II.—Wordsworth and His Work as the outcome of a Crying Injustice. Synopsis: 1. The natural beauties of the Lake District the chief inspiration of Wordsworth. Probable arrest of his poetic development had his surroundings been those of the Black Country.

2. The inequality in the beauty of natural surroundings a glaring injustice.

3. Total number of natural beauties of England counted and classified; thus: number of mountains, number of lakes, of trees, of meadows, and so on, ascertained.

(b) Average number of natural beauties as ascertained, e.g., one hill, one lake, forty trees, one-fourth of an acre meadow-land, and so on.

(c) Funds supplied from Imperial Treasury to carry out transference of natural features from one part of England to another, thus making the scenery for each square mile uniform.

Mountains displaced by dynamite, solid matter conveyed by a nationalized railroad, water by canals and pipes.

(d) Expense a drain on Treasury, but justice thereby done to all citizens in all parts of England.

Lecture III.—The Marriage of King Coquetus and the Beggar-Maid no pleasing incident, but an act of the highest injustice. Synopsis:—1. Beauty of Beggar-Maid apparently the sole reason of King Coquetus's choice.

2. Plain or even equine-eyed beggar-maid just as worthy of promotion to rank of Queen, hence injustice of marriage.

3. Suggestions for removal of inequality of beauty in Society. (a) All women to be placed by Local Commissioners in five classes of descending values of beauty, A, B, C, D, E—C representing the average.

FIGHTING IN MOROCCO.

Reports of Rebel Victory at a Frana.

Madrid, April 8.—It is announced in a despatch received here from Melilla, Morocco, that 4,000 insurgent Moors recently attacked and surrounded the fortress of Frajana, and that Muley Amrani, the Sultan's uncle, has fled to Melilla, the garrison of which has been ordered to be in readiness for all emergencies. A despatch from Tangier says 180 men have been killed in a tribal fight in the Ujda district.

Tangier, Morocco, April 8.—The Sultan's brother, Mula, has been proclaimed Sultan of Morocco by the Rif tribes.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

An Improvement in Live Stock—The Grain Trade—Latest Quotations.

Tuesday Evening, April 7.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

There was not much doing at St. Lawrence Market this morning, receipts in all lines being light. The grain receipts amounted to 23 bushels. Wheat—One hundred bushels of white sold in easier at 72c per bushel, and 100 bushels of good solid steady 68c. Dressed Hogs—The market is reported firmer. Light-weights are quoted at \$8.40 per cwt. and heavy at \$8.20. Butter—Trade was quiet, there being many farmers in. Quotations are steady at 12c to 13c for pound rolls and 10c to 11c per lb for large. Eggs—The market is steady at 12c to 14c per dozen for quality and 10c to 11c per ton, and mixed or clover \$6 to \$8. Straw—There was none on the market. Quotations are steady at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per ton.

Toronto Live Stock.

There was a fairly brisk trade in all lines at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning. The demand for cattle was good, and as the run was not heavy, everything was sold, and prices were steady, with the last day's quotations. About the only change in price was a drop of 12 1/2c per cwt in the price of dressed hogs. Most of the cattle offered were of very fair quality, and the large number of the car lots were made up of mixed butchers' and exporters. The total run amounted to 50 cars, including 211 cattle, 648 sheep, 217 hogs and 528 calves. Export Cattle—There is the usual amount of space offered, and export cattle, especially good ones, are in demand. To-day's offerings were mostly composed of car lots of mixed butchers' and exporters, there being few straight lots of exporters on the market. The run was about sufficient to fill the demand, and everything was sold. Prices continued about steady, with choice cattle selling from \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cwt, and medium to good at \$4 to \$4.50. One lot of good steers sold at \$4.85.

Butcher Cattle—There was a fair demand for all the cattle, and with the rather light run everything was sold before the market's close. Prices continued about steady for all grades, and quotations are unchanged. Choice stock sold at \$4.10 to \$4.50 per cwt, and medium to good sold at \$3.50 to \$4.00. Four car lots of mixed butchers' and exporters brought about \$3.65 to \$3.80, and rough to common about \$3 to \$3.50.

Sheep and Lambs—The demand for this kind of cattle continues good, with not much stock offering. Prices for feed cattle are about steady, and those for stock are about 25c per cwt. American Milk Cows—There were not many good cows offering, and quotations remain steady at \$8 to \$9 each. Good cows continue in good demand.

Calves—There was a very heavy run of calves, but nearly all were of poor quality and too young. Trade was fairly good, and the market is quoted steady.

Sheep and Lambs—There was a fair run of offerings, and trade was brisk. Sheep were steady, and lambs were somewhat dull. Quotations are unchanged all round.

Hogs—Hog prices declined 12 1/2c per cwt. Beasts are quoted at \$6.12 1/2 per cwt, and lights and fats at \$5.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

Chicago, April 7.—Cattle—Receipts light, steady. Veals—Receipts, 125 head; steady; tops, \$3.50 to \$4.50; common to good, \$3 to \$3.50. Hogs—Receipts, 4,100 head; fairly active; pigs, 10c to 15c lower, others steady; heavy, \$7.75 to \$7.90; bulk, \$7.85; mixed, \$7.55 to \$7.65; Yorkers, \$7.40 to \$7.50; pigs, \$7.10 to \$7.20; roughs, \$6.75 to \$7.25; light to good, \$5.50 to \$6.50; western, \$7.75 to \$7.85; a few at \$7.90; ewes, \$6 to \$6.50; sheep, top mixed, \$6.25 to \$6.50; culls to good, \$5.5 to \$6.15.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; steady; good to prime steers, \$3.90 to \$4.75; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$4.75; cows, \$1.80 to \$4.25; heifers, \$3.50 to \$4.25; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.50 to \$4.25; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; Texas-fed steers, \$4.10 to \$4.55. Hogs—Receipts to-day, 15,000; strong to higher; 2000 left over, \$3.00; strong to higher; mixed and butchers', \$7.15 to \$7.35; good to choice heavy, \$7.25 to \$7.60; rough heavy, \$7.10 to \$7.25; light to good, \$7.20 to \$7.45; mixed, \$7.15 to \$7.40. Sheep—Receipts, 12,000; sheep steady; lambs steady; others low; good to choice mixed, \$4.50 to \$5.00; native lambs, \$6.50 to \$7.75.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Cash. May. Cash. May. Chicago, Apr. 7, 72 1/2 75 3/4 75 3/4 75 3/4. Toledo, Apr. 7, 73 1/2 74 3/4 74 3/4 74 3/4. Minneapolis, Apr. 7, 75 1/2 76 3/4 76 3/4 76 3/4. Duluth, 1st, Apr. 7, 74 1/2 75 3/4 75 3/4 75 3/4. Do No. 1 not., Apr. 7, 74 1/2 75 3/4 75 3/4 75 3/4. Milwaukee, 2nd, Apr. 7, 75 1/2 76 3/4 76 3/4 76 3/4. Detroit, 2nd, Apr. 7, 75 1/2 76 3/4 76 3/4 76 3/4. St. Louis, Apr. 7, 68 1/2 69 3/4 69 3/4 69 3/4.

British Markets.

Liverpool, April 7.—Opening—Wheat, spot quiet; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, 2s 1 1/2d; new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures inactive; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Liverpool—Close—Wheat, spot quiet; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

London, April 7.—Opening—Wheat quiet and steady; Walla, white, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Liverpool—Close—Wheat, quiet and steady; Walla, white, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Liverpool—Close—Wheat, quiet and steady; Walla, white, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Liverpool—Close—Wheat, quiet and steady; Walla, white, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet; May, 4s 2 1/2d nominal; June, 4s 1 1/2d; July, 4s 1 1/2d nominal. Flour, Minneapolis, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Liverpool—Close—Wheat, quiet and steady; Walla, white, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 7d to 6s 8d; Walla, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 5s 9d; futures quiet; May, 6s 1 1/2d value; July, 6s 1 1/2d value. Corn, spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, new, 2s 2d to 2s 3d; futures quiet;