Young Folks on the Eve of Matrimony

Should know that this store is conceded by all to rank first in the selling of all sorts of good housefurnishings.

No Hamilton store has anything like the variety of home things shown here. None devote anything like as much space to the showing and selling of furniture, carpets, etc. No Hamilton store carries better qualities than we do. No Hamilton store sells dependable homefurnishings for any less money than we do, and in many lines our prices are much less.

It is obvious there is one store that is best to buy home needs in—ONE STORE THAT IS FIRST—Where will you buy?

This store annually helps thousands of young couples on the high road to happiness, by providing home needs at the very smallest cost. CAN WE HELP YOU?

Dining Room

Many things briefly told to make buying pleasurable and profitable.

SIDEBOARDS—In solid quarter cut oak, golden finish and polished, British beveled mirror, handsome top, two small drawers and one long linen drawer, double cupboard, handsomely carved, regular price $35.00, special price **$28.85**

BUFFET—Quartered oak and polished, bevelled mirror, finished with linen and cutlery drawers and roomy cupboards, regular price $30.00, special price **$25.00**

SIDEBOARD—Solid oak, golden finish, swell front, three cutlery drawers, one long linen drawer, double cupboard, regular price $25.00, March sale price **$19.85**

SIDEBOARD—Royal oak finish, bevelled mirror, swell front, shaped cutlery drawers, long linen drawer, double cupboard, regularly $18.50, March sale... ... ... **$14.85**

EXTENSION TABLE—Imitation quartered oak finish top, solid oak legs, extends to 6 feet, five legs, special March price at **$7.50**

EXTENSION TABLE—Maple tops, quartered oak finish, large size, five fancy turned legs, extends to 6 feet, special March price **$8.00**

CHINA CABINET—Imitation quartered oak finish, mirror in top, four large shelves, regular price $17.50, selling for **$13.85**

CHINA CABINET—Solid quarter oak, polished finish, mirror in top, bent glass ends, shelves grooved for plates, regular price $24.00, Marsh sale at .. **$20.00**

CHAIRS—One arm and five small quartered oak, polished, upholstered in genuine leather, regularly per set $28.00, March sale price **$20.00**

BUFFET—In quartered oak, two bevelled mirrors, cutlery drawers and cupboards, handsomely finished, regular price $67.00, March sale ... **$50.00**

Spring Carpets and Rugs

An Extensive Showing of Handsome Floor Coverings

Our spring stock of Carpets and Rugs includes the most beautiful assortment of patterns that we have shown for many a day. In the assortment are all the popular and standard grades of Carpets and Rugs in floral, Oriental and conventional designs, a number of which are in handsome two-toned effects.

Many of these floor coverings are in designs exclusively made and confined to us for this district.

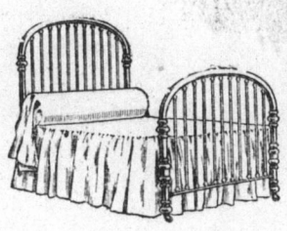
Wiltons, Axminsters, Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, Brussels, Tapestry and Axminster Rugs are to be seen in a variety of pleasing designs and patterns in the latest color combinations and effects. Satisfaction in sewing, laying and lining guaranteed.

As an inducement for early orders we will

Sew, Lay and Line All Carpets Free

until April 1st—one week in which to save from 12 to 14c on every yard of Carpet you need.

BRASS BEDS



Full size, 2 inch posts, heavy flat vases, full drop extension, bow foot, heavy husks and fillers, regular price $32, Six only to clear at **$23.95**

DRESSERS—In solid quartered oak or mahogany and polished, new style, low case, large oval British bevelled mirror, cast brass handles, regular $25, five to sell at **$19.85**

IRON BEDS—Full size, neat design, heavy posts and fillers, regular price $3, twelve to sell at **$2.25**

DRESSERS—In fine imitation of quartered oak, low case, fine large British bevelled mirror, oval shape, regular price $18.50, four to sell at .. **$15.85**

CHIFFONIERE—Golden oak, British bevelled mirror, cupboard for silk hat, roomy drawers, regular $14.50, selling at **$11.85**

IRON BED—Handsome design, scroll head and foot, fancy brass rod in centre, heavy posts and fillers, regular $5.25, on sale at **$4**

DRESSER—In royal oak, two drawer cases, good sized mirror, all well finished, regular $7.75, selling at **$5.50**

CHEFFONIERE, in solid quartered oak, full, swell front, large cupboard, four large drawers, two small drawers, regular price $26, on sale at **$21.85**

DAVENPORT BEDS—Iron ends covered in best grade of velours, makes a handsome Davenport by day and a comfortable bed at night, and so simple a child can operate it, regular $30, selling at **$25.00**

IRON BED—Heavy posts and fillers, brass rod and ornaments, brass knobs and caps, regular price $6.25, March Sale **$4.85**

Steel Go Carts

These Carts are collapsible, fold up in a small space, so that they can be readily carried in the hand and taken on the train; regular price $9.50, on sale Monday at **$6.50**

Allwin Go-Carts, same as illustration, with hood complete **$12.00**

Ostermoor Mattresses

Are not the usual kind that most people consider good enough; not the cheap kind, dear at any price, but cheap in the end by far than the cheapest of all. Quality only bears the Ostermoor label. One suggests the other; not a Mattress for one taste, but for all tastes; not for one pocket, but for all pockets—an underpriced luxury.

The first cost of an Ostermoor is the last, and only cost. It will never cost you a cent for repairs of any kind; full size, one price to all **$15.00**

Cheaper Mattresses from **$2.50** up.

Springs

Every desirable make of Spring from the woven ware at **$1.50** to **$16.50** for the best box Spring that is made. You cannot afford to sacrifice sleep for the sake of a few dollars. A comfortable bed will save you many dollars in doctor's bills.

Parlor Suites

Two fine Mahogany Parlor Suites, with polished frames, three pieces upholstered in French silk damask, regular prices $46 and $48, March sale price **$37.85**

Solid Mahogany Parlor Suite, Louis XV. style, three pieces, upholstered in French silk damask, regular price $137.00, March sale **$98.00**

Five-piece Parlor Suite, upholstered in fine grade of figured velours, regular price $30.00, March sale **$24.00**

A. M. Souter & Co.,

CORNER KING AND PARK STREETS

THE MARINE DEPT.

HOW THE SYSTEM OF BOOKKEEPING WAS CHANGED.

Kenneth Falconer Talks of Salaries Received by Himself and Subordinates —W. B. Richards Also on the Witness Stand—The Work That Had to be Done.

Ottawa, March 20.—(Special)—Kenneth Falconer was again examined at the Public Accounts Committee to-day in reference to the new accounting system in the Marine Department. The witness said that he was doing business for the past six years as a production engineer. He gave the names of some of the patrons he worked for, and the pay he received, which at times was as low as $70 a month and as high as $30 per day. He was getting $2,000 a year from Gunn, Richards & Co., and 10 per cent. profits of the Canadian business. Mr. Richards owned 96 per cent. of the Canadian company. The charges of the staff varied from $15 a day for juniors to $20, $30, $50 and $75. The contract for $43,000 with the I. C. R. he turned over to Gunn, Richards. The living expenses of the staff at Ottawa, when engaged at the Marine Department, was put at $3, $4 and $5 a day. That amount, charged to the Government, did not meet the bills, and the company had to pay from $1,000 to $1,200 more money for living expenses for its staff than the Government gave. His own living expenses at $5 a day did not meet his bills.

W. B. Richards, of Gunn, Richards, of New York, being examined, said that he was a productio nengineer and public accountant. The term production engineer was a new one, first used by his firm in 1901. The salaries of his staff of about 60 ran from $15 to $75 a day. His firm did work for the War Department and the Interior Department at Washington, and charged the same rates as they did to the Intercolonial and Marine Department in Canada.

The witness (Richards) said that the system of bookkeeping on the Marine Department was hard. It was the single entry system, by which nothing could be paid out. His firm put in an entire new system of books, visited the agencies, and instructed the employees in the work.

Saturday Sale at Shea's.

Women's cloth suits at cut rates for to-morrow, Saturday: $12.50 values for $8.95, $15 values for $10, $20 values for $15; some of the above are sample suits bought at a discount; others are oddments, to be cleared. The fact is, we have too many costumes, and are obliged to unload. Our line of misses' spring suits at $8.95 are worth $12 to $15. Spring jackets at cut prices, selling for $3.95, $4.50, $6.50 and $7.50; women's winter coats, a few good ones left, $12, $15 and $20, clearing at $5, $7.50, $10; coats with fur collars and satin lining for $15; women's white lawn waists in the greatest quantity; Persian lawn waists, worth $5, for $3.50; $3.50 waists for $2.75; $2.75 waists for $1.95, and at $1 and $1.50 we can give you waisfts that are worth a fourth more. Beautiful qualities of wash goods at less than regular prices; bargains in table linen and sheetings; a special line of dress goods, 54 inches wide, at 59c, that is worth up to $1.25; newest and best in millinery and ladies' headwear at ordinary dry goods prices. This means something to you.—James Shea

YOUNG MEN TAKEN.

Death of Thomas Nixon and Frank Battershell.

Thomas Nixon, a well-known young man of this city, son of the late P. C. Nixon, passed away last evening at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. B. B. Jones, 103 Oak avenue, after an illness of four weeks' duration. Deceased was 25 years of age and was popular with his many friends, who will learn with regret of his demise. He was born and spent all his life in this city. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nixon, and also leaves one sister, Mrs. A. J. McDonald, of this city. He was a member of Court Excelsior, A. O. F., and had been married only five months. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon, from the above address.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Battershell will be shocked to learn of his rather sudden death last evening at the City Hospital. Deceased fell and broke his leg on an icy walk about March 1st, and had been in the Hospital since that time. He was progressing favorably and hopes were entertained for a quick recovery. Last evening about 10 o'clock he took a turn for the worse and failed rapidly, until he passed away. Deceased was 38 years of age and was connected with the Commercial barber shop. He had been a resident of this city for four years, and was well and favorably known to a large circle of friends. The deceased has relatives in Illinois. The funeral arrangements have not been completed.

The following floral tributes were omitted from the notice of Kathleen Sykes' funeral yesterday afternoon: Cross, Grayson family; sprays, Knowles family, Lunn family, Fever family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grayson, Lena Peace, Mr. and Miss Walker, Misses Ridley and Mrs. and Miss Kenedy; wreaths, Misses Dingwall, father, mother and Arthur.

KILLED FOR 70 CENTS.

Norfolk, March 20.—John B. Blayor, a contractor of Lambert's Point, was shot and killed last night by Henry Hystop in a quarrel over 70 cents. Hystop, who was a route agent for the Virginian Pilot was at Blayor's home to collect a bill. The latter attempted to eject him and was shot. Hystop surrendered to the police.

INVITES U. S. FLEET.

Washington, March 20.—The Japanese Government has extended an invitation to the United States Government to have the Atlantic battleship fleet visit any port in Japan on its homeward cruise around the world.

LEFT MUCH MONEY.

Toronto, March 20.—The will of Wm. Crowley Jephsott, who died in this city on February 6, 1908, has been filed for probate in the Surrogate Court. The estate is valued at $75,150, and is left to the children and grandchildren of the deceased.

LOST HIS MONEY.

Toronto, March 20.—In the Police Court this morning Andrew Marsicano was accused of stealing $196 from Jonathan A. Small, of Brantford. The case was dismissed.

BAND STRANDED.

Famous Canadian Kilties on the Rocks In Arkansas.

The famous Belleville Kilties' Band, which toured the world over, is stranded in Jonesboro, Arkansas, U. S. This information, which, to say the least, is very surprising, was received by letter to-day by Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, who was leader in the days of the band's glory. The band always had an enviable reputation among the concert bands touring the country, and up to a year ago was doing great business. Lately, however, it has been going back, and about eight weeks ago it went all to the bad. A new bandmaster, Mr. W. J. Robson, came over from England to take charge recently. At the present time the band is about 25 strong, with no hope of getting away from the little burg in the big State of Arkansas. It is understood that no salaries have been paid the men for the past eight weeks, and they had to leave the band to shift for themselves. The stringency of the money market and the lack of engagements caused the trouble.

THAT SQUABBLE.

Conmee Refused to Withdraw In Henderson Fracas.

Ottawa, Ont., March 20.—Special)—The Fort William Terminal and Bridge Company's bill came up again to-day before the Railway Committee. When the committee met, Mr. Henderson, of Halton, referred to the altercation that took place yesterday between himself and Mr. Conmee, and said that Mr. Conmee came to him afterwards and regretted what had taken place. He (Henderson) thought that Mr. Conmee should repeat this to the committee.

Mr. Conmee said that he met Mr. Henderson and told him that he was willing to let bygones be bygones. Mr. Henderson had said that he was told that he (Conmee) was interested in the Great Lakes Dredging Company, and refused to give the name of his informant, then he had nothing to withdraw.

Mr. Henderson—Very well, then.

GIVING UP OFFICE.

Reported Resignation of the Robinson Government.

St. John, N. B., March 19.—Though Premier Robinson declined to make a statement to-night, it is believed that the resignation of his Government, after the defeat at the polls on March 3, was tendered to Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie to-night, and that Mr. J. D. Hazen will be called on by Mr. Tweedie tomorrow to form a new Government.

Ninety Days of Sleighing.

Galt, March 19.—Ninety-five days of continuous sleighing to date. That is the record for this winter, and the "oldest inhabitant" is at a loss to recall any previous winter in which the sleighing has been continuous for such a length of time. Sleighing began on Dec. 14 and to-day, with the exception of the main thoroughfares, the roads still remain in good shape for sleighs.

EMMA GOLDMAN

Suffers From Nervous Collapse Worrying About a Hall.

Chicago, March 20.—Emma Goldman, Anarchist, suffered a nervous collapse last night and was taken to the home of a physician. Her sudden collapse was attributed to her strenuous efforts during the last few days to secure a hall in which to speak in defiance of the police.

Disturbing Innovations.

It is not always wise to force upon a people new customs, even those of advanced principle, in the face of long-established tradition. Lady Burton discovered this truth when she attempted to introduce European courtesy into the Orient. She tells of her experience in "Inner Life of Syria." The incident occurred at one of her own receptions.

"It is de rigueur every time coffee, tea or sherbert comes in for every fresh relay of the visitors that I should take it with them and drink first. When I first arrived I used to get up as a matter of course, make the tea and coffee and carry it round. The dragomans would sit lazily and watch.

"One day I asked them to get up and help me. They were pleased to do so, and willingly handed the refreshments to any of the Europeans, man or woman, but to their own ladies, who blushed, begged their pardon, and were quite confused when I made it known this attention was for them as well as for others. The women looked appealing at me, and stood up, praying not to be served. One man, who was really i nlove with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her teacup as if it were a good joke, with a little sneer. She bent, kised his hand, and begged his pardon.

"I felt quite indignant with the men for so behaving to their wives, mothers and sisters, but one said to me:

"'Pray Mrs. Burton, do not teach our women things they do not know about and never saw.'"

"After that I held my tongue, but I let him know that with Europeans it was the height of bad taste not to wait on any woman."

PREMIER WHITNEY'S REPLY.

Says Little More About Senator Ross' Views on Power Question.

Toronto, March 20.—"I am sorry that Senator Ross thinks that it was discourteous for me to mention his ancient admirer and helper. That's all I want to say and nothing more." This was Premier Whitney's reply to Senator Ross' second statement with regard to the power question which appeared in yesterday

Hugh Clark's Opponent.

Kincardine, March 19.—The Liberal convention for Centre Bruce was held to-day in Glamis. J. J. Hunter was the choice of the electors. Mr. Hunter is editor of The Kincardine Reporter, and is well known all over the riding.

Mr. Hunter contested South Toronto against Hon. J. J. Foy in the last general election.

Feminine Customer—What beautiful things you make of celluloid! Do you think you could make a pipe out of it? Shopman (aghast)—Why, madam, don't you know—— Feminine Customer—Oh, I don't care what it costs. I want to give it to my husband for a birthday present.—Chicago Tribune.

AN OLD BOY'S MEMORIES.

(Weekly Scotsman.)

It is some time now since I left Dr. Barnardo's Home in Limehouse, London, but I have not forgotten, and I trust I may never forget, the debt I owe to the man who is now silent in the grave. Dr. Barnardo did for me what he has done for thousands of others similarly placed. He took me out of the gutters of great, cynical London, and placed me where I would get the chance every creature is entitled to.

Before I went into the Home at Limehouse, and while I was yet a wild "street arab," I tasted the bitterness of abject poverty and experienced all the horrors attendant on my utter helplessness and friendless condition. I had hungered in the midst of plenty, and often enough had been glad to crawl in and out among the stalls at Covent Garden Market in the hope that I should find some damaged fruit or vegetables with which I could appease my ravenous hunger for the time being. Night after night have I tramped the interminable, bewildering streets of London seeking a place to "doss" in for a few hours without fear of being disturbed by the police.

Youngster as I was, I am not likely to forget the horrors of that period, the impressions of which are fixed upon my mind in ineradicable characters. I had tried all the numerous schemes and contrivances by means of which the average "gutter-brat" manages to keep out of the grave—sometimes selling papers or matches, and at others hanging around the great hotels or railway stations or "Tup'ny Tubes," on the off-chance of getting a tip in return for opening a cab door, or carrying a parcel, or some such slight service.

But none of these occupations brought me in a fortune, and, more often than not, I was without the bare necessaries of life. Then Providence directed my steps Stepney-wards, and from that day to this I have never ceased to be thankful of the more-than-fortunate circumstance. The "Father of Nobody's Children" became my father; the little man with the great heart became my guardian. My lot was changed, and I left the darkness of unutterable wretchedness for the light of unalloyed happiness.

Another year of the gutter, and the iron must assuredly have entered my soul and embittered the whole of my after-life. Another year of the squalor, the wretchedness, the misery, and I must inevitably have passed into the ranks of the morally and mentally damned. And my salvation was effected just at the right moment, as the salvation of thousands more had been and was still to be, by a God-like man who loved the least of God's creatures with a tenderness surpassingly great and beautiful.

I can see him now as he used to stand on the platform at the "Edinburgh Castle" Mission Hall, with his fine manly face aglow with the light of high resolve, his eyes bright and sparkling, a wonderful smile playing around the corners of the mouth that could set so stern when occasion required, his arms outstretched in mute appeal to the hundreds who waited in breathless expectancy for him to speak. Before him a wide sea of faces, some sad and sorrowful, some defiant and hardened, and behind him in many a row of crowded seats the living, breathing monument of his incalculable greatness—his boys

Suddenly, without any previous intimation of his intention, and in the middle of some eloquent and impassioned passage, he would wheel sharp round on his heel and face his mammoth "family," a thousand boyish faces radiating a devotion their thousand undeveloped minds were as yet in capable of comprehending or even realizing. Then he would speak to them, and his tones were as the tones of a woman, breathing a wondrous tenderness. His face would soften visibly, and a smile of inexpressible pathos would linger round the corners of his mouth as, with arms outstretched, he would exhort "his children" to consecrate their young lives to the highest service possible to mortals.

Think you that among those thousand boys there were none whose souls breathed a response to the love which shone from the Doctor's eyes? I tell you, "his boys" loved him, "his girls" loved him, his whole great "family" loved him; and well they might, for had he not saved them from the countless horrors inseparable condition of helpless childhood, and had he not toiled incessantly day and night, and endured scorn and reproach, that he might supply their wants, appease their hunger, clothe their nakedness, and train their minds that they should experience through the long after-years none of the ill effects of their daily environment?

There are thousands of "his children" scattered all over the world, in all parts of our great Empire, and to these the name of Barnardo is a sound synonymous with the highest and most hallowed things in life. What would have been the fate of these thousands had there been no Dr. Barnardo?

The vision this question conjures up is of too horrible a nature to bear steadfast contemplation, and we turn from its ugliness to the beauties of the existing picture of this great man's glorious labors for helpless childhood.

This is but a slight and simple tribute to the greatness and goodness of the man who raised me from the hell of destitution and lifted me to the heaven of his "Homes." To-day I am proud of being an "old Barnardo boy."—Harry Payne, Edinburgh.

The Shadow of a King.

(New York Sun.)

The following is not a fanciful sketch but a truthful account of a recent conversation between a reigning European monarch and an English friend:

We were alone—the king and I—seated at a little round table in the palace, and we were talking on any subject that came uppermost—the weather, the German Emperor, the Japanese. He was young—in kingship, not in years—and spoke with the earnestness of a prophet.

Yes, the Japanese had roused Asia out of the sleep of ages; they had jostled the elbow of the sick man Mahomet and made him sit up and rub his eyes and look around at the great heritage slipping from his grasp. Buddha and Confucius and Mahomet were waking once more, and it behoove Christian Europe and America to keep watch and ward in their citadel, for the time was drawing near when these forces must meet in another Armageddon.

The German Emperor he had known since a boy. His admiration for his genius and energy was unbounded. Like all great men he was misunderstood. No monarch was more desirous of peace; none more anxious to be on good terms with his neighbors. He was glad the Emperor went to England. His presence would serve to remove some of the suspicion and jealousy that embittered the two great branches of the family of Teuton.

A cloud had swept across the face of the king. When he spoke again it was with the voice of sadness, and his eyes were filled with the faraway look of a man who communed with his own soul in the solitude of his chamber.

"It is a great and solemn thing to be a king. Time was—even in my father's day—when the king might hold opinions and declare them for the good of his people. But that time is gone, and I may have convictions and not dare to make them known. I am what is called a constitutional monarch—a snare and a mockery, for though the constitution may be a monarch the monarch may not be a constitution. I am a man, a thinking, rational being, and cannot escape the burden of opinions and convictions. But my ministers are my conscience, the bondsmen of my mind. Their beliefs and their aims may be mine and my conscience may be at rest and do no wrong to the soul that is within me. But ministers come and go like the seasons of sun and snow. To-day the sun shines and I feel myself a sentiment, responsible creature. To-morrow is clouded and cold, with the north wind of another and an alien ministry of men whom my people have set over me. Their gods are not my gods; their faith is not my faith; their hopes are not my hopes; yet I must be silent and breathe no word of reproach or warning. I am become a man without a soul—without a mind—a mirror reflecting a false and distorted vision. To speak might become a king—but not a constitutional monarch. My people have robbed me of my soul; they have said to me that in that electoral voice which must not be disobeyed: "Behold the men we have set over you; these shall be your soul and your conscience. Speak them fair or not at all," and I must suffer all things in silence.

"This is why it is a hard thing to be a king—to see my people astray and not raise my voice in warning—to be a shepherd and not speak when the wolf is in the fold. O, it is indeed a great and solemn thing to be a king!"

The voice of the king changed from sadness to hope and the cloud vanished and his face was bright with new and strange radience.

"But I have faith in my people. I remember their glorious history—the battles they have fought, the victories they have won—and I look with hope into the future. I can see but a littleway, for the path is dark; but the sun shines bright overhead and will scatter the darkness. My people will break down the altars of the false gods and turn a deaf ear to the false prophets of anarchy and socialism. They will turn once more to the eternal truth that is in man.

As I passed out of the palace through echoing halls I saw pictures of the dead kings—the men of sword and buckler who hewed this kingdom out of the north—the men who spoke and were obeyed.

And I knew that these were the substance and the king I had left was the shadow.

Her Claims to Patronage.

When Mrs. Leonard offered to recommend Miss Simpson to her friends as a dressmaker, she was honest in her wish to help the little woman, but her efforts bore more evidence of honesty than of tact.

"I wish you would try Dora Simpson," she said, earnestly, to three of her friends who were calling upon her one day. "She's such a good little body, and so unfortunate! Her old customers have dropped off one by one, till there's scarcely a person in the neighborhood who employs her now.

"As I often say to my husband," continued Mrs. Leonard, with haste, as she saw signs of inquiry on the faces of her friends, "suppose she doesn't fit very well, that doesn't alter the fact that she has an invalid brother to support and that she tried everything else, from stenography to cooking, and only took up sewing as a last resort, and just hates every stitch she takes and always has. Now do try her, some of you. She's been with me for the last four days, making a jacket for my Jim. Dora is just as patient about it as can be, thought we've had it all to pieces three times."

Didn't Slander Him.

Merchant—See here, I'm told you've been slandering my business.

Customer—I guess not. What did I say?

Merchant—That the pepper I sold you was half peas.

Customer—Well, spell it, and see.—March Bohemian