

WOODS' FAIR

Buy where a dollar gets you the most value.
It is not always the low price that makes the bargain—it's what you get for the price.

Friday's Big Values in Basement

Engraved Tumblers, Each 6c

If you want something neat and fine in a tumbler, come down in our basement on Friday; three designs—plain hand, star and floral pattern—Friday's price 6 for 30c

54 Clothespins and Bag for 25c

Have you seen our clothespins bags to hang on the front of the apron when hanging out clothes, made of good strong canvas—a very necessary article for washday; 54 pins and bag on Friday for 25c

Large, Smokeless Oil Stoves, Price \$5.00 Each

These stoves are just the thing to heat a room or office with, are perfectly safe, and smokeless. We have four left, and will clear them out at, each \$5.00

J. M. THOMSON, Proprietor.

HANDS HER BABY TO BIG BEAR

Thinking It Was Her Husband Whom She Was to Meet in the Dark.

Alton, Va., Feb. 6.—James Ingram, a young farmer of Nelson County, had occasion to go to a neighboring plantation on business yesterday afternoon. Knowing that he would not be able to return until late, and that his wife desired him to accompany her to the home of a neighbor, where there was to be a dance, it was agreed that the woman should start alone, taking the child with her, meet her husband at a fence near a small body of woods, where he would relieve her of the infant and accompany her the rest of the way.

The young woman started from her home later than she intended. It was dark and cold when she started, and she then noted that the figure traveling low on the ground and not upright like a man.

When she reached the second fence and looked up she was astonished to see the figure disappearing without a word and taking the baby with him. She then noted that the figure traveled low on the ground and not upright like a man.

Frantic from fear, she jumped to the ground and ran screaming and calling to her husband, whom she met coming toward her along the road. He also had been delayed longer than he had intended. Lights were immediately procured, the alarm given and a thorough search made, but nothing could be seen or heard.

This morning the tracks of an immense bear were found leading from the point at the fence where the child disappeared upward through the woods toward the mountain. No trace has yet been found of the missing infant.

During the intense cold of the past few days wild animals from the mountains have been forced down to the settlement for food. There is scarcely any doubt that the infant was devoured by the hungry bear to whom the delicate morsel was handed in the dark by the mother.

3 POWERFUL INSTANCES

Of Zam-Buk's Wonderful Healing.

Here are three powerful instances of the varied ways in which Zam-Buk the great herbal balm, is doing good throughout the Dominion. Have you yet enjoyed its benefit?

Baby Cured of Eczema.

Mrs. L. Taylor, of Pine Ridge, Man., says: "I will never be without Zam-Buk in the house, as I have thoroughly proved it. It cured irritating rash and eczema on my baby's feet during teething. Where there are children it is invaluable, as it heals their sores and injuries in wonderfully short time."

Trodden on by a Horse—Bad Bruises.

Mr. D. Cumming, of Springfield, Ont., says: "I have proved that Zam-Buk has extraordinary merit. I was trampled on by a horse and my foot was all black and swollen. I could scarcely move it the pain was so bad. A few applications of Zam-Buk cured the pain and removed the discoloration. The foot was soon all right again. It is a wonderful balm."

Running Sore Healed.

Mrs. S. J. Holden, of Hannu street, west, Hamilton, says: "My little girl had a running sore on her leg which defied all manner of treatment. Within a few days of trying Zam-Buk there was a distinct improvement and the wound is now completely healed. I have since used Zam-Buk for other skin diseases, etc., and find it excellent."

Zam-Buk is an all-round household balm. It is compounded from purely herbal essences, and cures eczema, ulcers, sores, chapped hands, bruises, cuts, burns, etc. It also cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and rubbed well in over the chest in cases of cold removes the tightness and aching. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Six boxes sent for \$2.50.

SETTLES DATE OF THE BIG WIND

Danny Burke's Death in Buffalo Proves That the Calamity Occurred in 1837.

Buffalo, Feb. 6.—By the death of Danny Burke in the Erie County almshouse a short time ago the date of the "Big Wind" in Ireland has been judicially settled.

Some persons have doubted that there ever was any such event as this tremendous big wind in Ireland. Others have asserted that there was one year marked above all other years in the memory of man by a mighty hurricane in Ireland, but the date was in dispute. But Danny Burke never was among the doubters. Whenever the question of the meteorological disturbance was brought up in his hearing he always came out with this decision:

"Av course there was a big wind! Shure, wasn't I bor-r-n in the year av it?"

"Danny" of the "Big Wind" he came to be called for his frequent references to the event. Every one of his misfortunes, and he had nearly as many of them as he had failings, he blamed upon his conjunction of his nativity and the big wind.

But while he was positive as to the cause of his troubles he never knew in what year the big wind blew. That was because he never knew the year of his birth.

Danny of the Big Wind was a figure about the streets of Buffalo for many years. In his decline he had chosen about the Homeopathic Hospital during the summer and retired to the almshouse for the winter.

He would disappear for months at a time and rumor said he had a farm somewhere near Rochester. Finally he died and his body was forwarded to the county undertaker for burial. The coroner's jury discovered in the lining of an old shirt that Danny was \$4,200 in United States gold certificates.

Danny was never known to have a relative, but upon the discovery of the money kinmen came forward in swarms. The surrogate instituted an inquiry which sifted out the false kinfolk from the true, and then Danny's life history became fully known.

It appeared that his father really did own a farm in Knockree, called Paddy Burke's acre, and that Paddy left them in 1845 to sail for America with his wife and four children, leaving behind 2-year-old Bridget. He sent money back to take care of her and ultimately to enable her to rejoin the rest, but the hard-hearted uncle in whose care she was left stole the money and never let her know that any had been sent to her.

She died in the workhouse, as Danny related. The fate of the two brothers who died under the Stars and Bars of Confederacy was also as related. But, nothing satisfactory of all, was the confirmation of the truth of Danny's statement as to the historical event attending the year of his nativity. For the parish priest of Killeely, who certified to the foregoing facts, added the following information:

"It was true as claimed that Daniel Burke was born in the year of the Big Wind. The town records, which contain the history of the parish, and the church register, which contains the record of his baptism, show that Daniel Burke's birth was in the year of the Big Wind, and that was in 1837."

A PLUCKY LOVER

Peterboro, Feb. 6.—A broken leg on the wedding day did not prevent the bridegroom, Thomas Gings, an employee of the Cavendish Lumber Company, of Lakefield, from being married yesterday to Miss Queen, a popular young lady at Young's Point. Gings was driving from Lakefield to the Roman Catholic Church at Young's Point, when the sleigh was upset and his leg fractured near the thigh.

Though suffering intense pain he heroically continued his journey and, smilingly went through the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Phelan, in the presence of a large number of guests. After the nuptials the disabled bridegroom was driven to the train, and on his arrival in Peterboro was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, where the fractured limb was set. Gings will have to remain in the hospital for several weeks.

GREAT BRITAIN'S MERRY MONARCH; HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH KING

Here's a Write-Up of His Majesty That Explains His Charm and Popularity.

London, Feb. 4.—The departure for Paris last week of His Majesty again draws attention to the fact that Edward VII. of England is the merry monarch of Europe. No other man living today knows better than he how to be happy though reigning.

Now this is his credit, since crowned heads are not as a rule the most cheerful folk to be met with in a day's journey. The young and old rulers alike, from Alfonso of Spain to Francis Joseph of Austria, are so busy dodging anarchists and living their duties that they have no time, and, worse still, no courage, to enjoy themselves, but King Edward is altogether different from his brother sovereigns.

He does not have to dodge anarchists and he refuses to allow the responsibilities of kingship to sour the milk of human kindness within him. "Contentment, like charity, must begin at home," and "the first duty of a ruler is to be popular," are some of the simple but genial maxims by which the head of the British empire lives, with the result that all his German nephews with mingled disgust and envy and the English nation with satisfaction.

His subjects like him for numberless reasons, and for none more than that since the days of Queen Elizabeth, they have never had a more indefatigably sociable monarch. Unlike his mother, King Edward is not over fond of stopping at home and like Queen Elizabeth, he loves to visit with his subjects.

Only a strict sense of duty and etiquette ever persuades the most friendly ruler in Europe to stop for any length of time under his own royal roof, and having both an inclination and a real talent for visiting, he gratifies himself by spending at least eight months of every year on the wing.

The court physicians, knowing what is expected of them, always solemnly insist on the royal digestion being taken to a sprightly German spa for annual repairs and at some period of the twelfth of the twelve months the King looks in on the inspiring French capital for a happy week. But for a daily diet of enjoyment he finds rounds of visits in fine old English country houses just about as satisfying as any recreation he knows, and year after year he goes to stop only with his old friends, but with new ones, for at sixty odd he is still interested in enlarging his circle of hospitable acquaintances.

From August until after Christmas and even until the spring season, when London wakes up socially, the King manages to be most of the time out of his great capital, and according to the ideas of the German Emperor, he shows a most reprehensible desire to avoid gold uniforms and a taste for plain, loose, easy clothes and for junketing about among his subjects that is manifestly unkingly.

Nevertheless, and in spite of his imperial nephew's point of view, King Edward evades velvet robes and gold uniforms as often as he can, and when he goes a-visiting he seems to find that nothing like royal state hampers his movements.

Months ahead, it is true, he is booked for his visits, and a list of guests to be invited is submitted for his approval, or he is asked to mention those whom he would like to see; otherwise no unusual arrangements are made in his behalf, except when he is to be the guest of one of the great powers of the realm, who enjoy stately shows.

Some State Receptions.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord Rothschild and the Marquis of Londonderry, for example, are among the personages who greet the King with troops, brass bands and six horse coaches and horchies, processions. Once a year Edward makes it his business to spend a few days at Dalmeny or Chatsworth witnessing stately entertainments.

On these occasions the Queen goes with him, and there is a great show of gorgeous, costly glitter. But as the years slip by he cares less and less for visiting in state, and for a jolly good time he prefers something vastly more informal and without fuss and feathers. In a plain gray sack suit, that is neat but certainly not more spick, span or gaudy than the clothes of a Canadian man of business might wear, and in a gray derby hat and gray gloves and carrying a stout crook handled walking stick, the King likes to dress for a trip to a friend's. Sometimes the derby is exchanged for a soft felt, sometimes the sack suit is brown, but, with the exception of Leopold of Belgium, no European monarch dresses so plainly as Edward VII., and the wonder is where he got his reputation as an arbiter of fashion. The German Emperor is not only far more of a dandy, but it is known that he deeply deprecates his uncle's fondness for wearing loose gray tweeds.

Last summer, when King Edward went to see his German nephew, William appeared in uniforms of ever increasing splendor, his breast blazing with orders, but his amused looking elderly English relative stuck contentedly to his sack suit, calf-skin boots, derby hat and the brand of fragrant cigars which, when he visits at home or abroad, are always carried about in quantities by his valet.

And out in his own home country, all precedents to the contrary, he makes it his business to be comfortable and enjoy himself, and one of all his hosts and hostesses vouch for it that he is an easy and agreeable guest to entertain.

When the shooting season is open he likes to be asked to visit by subjects whose preserves are well stocked, whose garages are full of motor cars, whose cook has a good reputation; and he has like his favorite American, a hand pony invited, too. This stout, sober-sided little nag is the one on which he enjoys riding about the moors.

A valet and chauffeur and one gentleman attendant are all he requires, and with him when he visits friends crowned state, he really knows how to

who have small houses or such old acquaintances as the Cassels, the Sassoons, the Cavendishes, the Coburns; and, unlike his mother, he does not demand that his bedding and bathtub and his own cook shall be included in his invitation.

Besides a supply of his favorite brand of cigars he sometimes has his valet put a caddy full of special tea in his luggage; yet he does not, in details of luxury, take himself too seriously, and when he visits he requires good food and plenty of outdoor recreation, for the royal digestion copes readily with the least excess.

Before rising he takes a round of tea and toast, and at 9:30 he appreciates a hearty British breakfast. By 1:30 he is ready for a hot luncheon and plenty of it; and at 4:30 he will juggle skillfully with a dish of bacon and eggs, not to mention large cups of tea, sandwiches, crumpets, buns, cake and other trimmings.

Shoots and Motors.

After a good dinner has been discussed and forgotten he feels the need of a trifle to eat and drink before retiring, and he likes to have his meals put on a table of silver, but he is not otherwise an unphilosophical guest. If the weather makes shooting or motor-ing impossible for a morning, he is as happy as a boy if he is taken out to see good horses or dogs, prize pigs or ribbon-winning chickens.

He can spend hours in a stable reveling in the sight of a bit of perfect horseflesh, or he will consider a noble bull, sheep or litter of priceless puppies with all the enthusiasm of a natural-born farmer and lover of fine animals.

Sitting indoors to discuss books or problems is about the only species of so-called recreation that bores the English King and he ardently hates to be left alone to find companionship in his own thoughts. This cheerful royal personality has cheerful people about him, he loves meeting new and lively men and women, he has a genius for drawing a companion out, putting shy folk at their ease, inducing clever ones to talk their best, and he never has any trouble in seeing the point to a subject, he is so subtly fine.

Whenever, then, as a consequence of these tastes, he goes to country houses his hosts are careful to ask not only high spirited, talkative folk and a few witty American women, but a number of expert bridge players. When dinner is over the King relishes a bit of music, a recitation, his cigar and then an absorbing game.

He would rather play old maid than cards at all, and he is not over fond of billiards. But let it be set down to his credit that of those who have the privilege of entertaining him, not one has ever been allowed to feel that his hospitable efforts were made in vain.

His courtesy is never failing, his appreciation of a good time is freely and frankly demonstrated, and as a guest he gives royal tips. When the King visits his gentleman attendant dips into the royal purse to the extent of many pounds. The local church and constabulary are all remembered, and the gamekeepers and hunters, the chauffeurs, and even the deserving old women in the villages, are all allowed to rejoice in the royal generosity.

In consequence of this custom, it may be easily recognized that in country house visiting the King is not pursuing a selfishly economical form of amusement. Sometimes this sociable monarch finds that his zest for visiting gives rise to troublesome misunderstandings.

Some years ago, for instance, a difficulty arose over a visit the King was due to pay at the house of a most dignified duke. As usual, a list of guests to meet him was submitted to the King. Many of the finest aristocrats in the land, with pedigrees as long as that of the Mikado, were included in the list, but they did not appeal to the King as likely to prove his guests.

By his orders the list was edited, with the result that the elderly duke nearly had a fit of angry apoplexy when he saw it. Never, he swore, should such a troupe of highlanders darken his doors. "No guests, no King," was the gist of the answers he received to his objections.

"All right, the King can stop at home," was the substance of the ducal retort, with the consequence that the King failed to honor that particular invitation, and the duke refrained from going to court.

Being a touchy man himself he thereupon took it for granted that he was down in the royal black books. However it was apparent that he did not know his legs long very well and it was an amusing sight to see the duke who received a gracious smile from his sovereign when, for the first time after their correspondence they met face to face.

An Ideal Visitor.

The King made no reference to their late difference of opinion, for he respects those who stick up for their principles and greatly regards their independence and the rights of his subjects. He rather likes to be independent himself and one prime reason why he can travel up and down the British Isles and never find a man or woman who is an enemy to the King is because he never makes angry or sarcastic speeches.

Being himself the very soul of comfortable good nature, and possessed of an entirely agreeable manner, he can make the best of his subjects' invective to visit them because they honestly enjoy having him as their guest. They call him the ideal visitor, for the reason that he is considerate and adaptable, and there is a story going the rounds, that he is capable of presiding at a chafing dish party when a fire broke out in his host's kitchen.

An elaborate luncheon just about ready to appear on the table was lost in the fire and the hostess was all but driven to tears when King Edward discovered in the ruins an American chafing dish quite intact. At his orders ingredients were brought from the pantries and under royal directions a capital hot meal was served to everybody's satisfaction, not to speak of his own amusement over the experience, for being in a modest man in spite of his takes with him when he visits friends crowned state, he really knows how to

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY.
Moderating.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Our February Cotton and Sheetting Sale A Huge Success

The ladies of this city have confidence in this store. When we give out the word that Cotton prices are going up—that we've something special to offer you—that now is the time to buy while our February Sale is in progress—people believe us and act accordingly.

Yes! you have made this Cotton Sale to date a huge success, and we thank you. But there are numerous opportunities to save which are yet to be taken advantage of. So come tomorrow, and pass the word along to your neighbors, that there are still many bargains to be snapped up here. Bargains due to our immense special purchases last May, before the sharp advances in the cotton market.

Just a few value examples are printed today. Come and see all the big surprises we have in store for you:

You will be visiting the Cotton Department tomorrow.

Armour's Extract of Beef Demonstration

is right at the entrance of that department, so stop awhile and visit.

Dainty Dishes served free.

Calendars given with orders.

Great Reductions in Sable Ruffs

This is the time of the year when we start to clear out what remains of our fur stock. Plenty of cold weather yet—still lots of time this season to get a great deal of comfort out of these Sable Ruffs, and they'll last for years, you know. Just notice the amazing reductions:

\$11.50 Sable Ruffs for.....\$5.50
\$10.00 Sable Ruffs for.....\$4.50
\$7.75 Sable Ruffs for.....\$3.50

These are all nicely trimmed with tails, but are a little shorter than the prevailing lengths. Reductions in other furs, too. Come to the Department and see how much you can save on your favorite fur.

Furs—Main Floor.

32-INCH WHITE COTTON
Good quality. English make.
Only, per yard.....8c
35-inch Fine English White
Cotton, two kinds to choose
from, at.....10c
36-in. English Madapolam.
This is one of the big value
surprises of the sale. Liberal
value at 12½c yard. February
Sale price.....10c

SCOURED GRAY COTTON, 9c YARD

We haven't stocked this previous to this sale, but we think it is a good line. It is not thoroughly bleached, but you can use it in place of bleached cotton and should get better results. By the way it has been picked up the last day or so quantity will not last long, so act quickly. 35 inches wide.....9c

ENGLISH QUEEN'S CLOTH, 12½c YARD

One of the most important features, from a value standpoint, is this English Queen's Cloth. A soft, even make of cambric. Don't confuse it with Queen's Cambric that we have formerly sold for 10c yard. This is a much better cambric. Regular 15c value. Just while this sale is on.....12½c

Other bargains for you in our Cotton Department.

Cotton Department—East Store.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151, 153 and 155
Dundas Street.

do more things than he commonly gets the credit for.

Though he indulges to the fullest his love of visiting and is seldom at home he never allows pleasures to interfere with duties. Being an ardent patron of automobiles as a sport and a convenience he keeps speedy and powerful cars at his command whenever he leaves London, and if there are ambassadors to see, ministers to interview or important papers to sign, he rushes back to London by motor, does his work and dashes off again.

The car in which he travels is always followed by a relief car, to be used in case of a breakdown, but he never leaves the part of his own chauffeur. He prefers to sit in the broad easy back seat, with his favorite canine traveling companion by his side, for King Edward dearly loves a good dog.

Since the death of his fine brindle bulldog who used to follow him to the continent and Scotland he has taken a loyal little Irish terrier, Caesar by name, into his intimate friendship. Caesar often goes on rounds of house parties with his master and goes crazy with excitement when the King is cheered by the British populace.

They like him for the way he comes familiarly among them and for the knowledge that when there is a falling out in any of the royal households, Edward of England is asked to act as private pacificator. To their easy going and carrying through the treaty which Emperor William and refusing to ride a high horse with his belittling nephew, and for accomplishing with tact and mere charm of manner very valuable and statesmanlike results.

So strong, indeed, has his influence among his own people grown that in his later years he has come into the enjoyment of a reputation for statescraft quite equal to his mother's gifts in that line, and when in robes and crown the King ascends his throne to address his parliament there are few among his subjects who do not agree in their affectionate admiration of his personal beauty.

In reality King Edward is short and stout, bald and gray. In repose the expression of his face is one of stolidity, and dressed in his beloved suit of tweeds he is as plain a gentleman as one can meet in a day's journey. But for his people, in tweeds or in purple they like him just as well, and when the other day he drove through London with no more parade of state than a well-to-do merchant, a nice old lady, cheering him from the sidewalk, voiced the sentiment of the crowd when she remarked, with tears of respectful admiration in her eyes:

"I do really think His Majesty grows handsomer every year he lives."

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Extirpator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It clears away satisfaction by restoring health to the little one.

By careful measurement it has been determined that the largest raindrops are one-fifth of an inch in diameter.

STORM RAGES IN THE WEST

St. Paul Reports Zero Weather for Nearly Seventeen Days—Train Blocked.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 6.—With few exceptions, there has been below-zero weather in this section for 17 days, and for three days thermometers have registered 2 degrees below zero.

In North Dakota 30 degrees below was common, and this was coupled with terrific blizzards. For days the main lines of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads have been blocked, and many of the branch lines have been at a standstill for weeks and months.

There have been reports of many persons freezing to death, but these have been denied from North Dakota sources. It is, however, admitted by railroad managers that the spring tales of suffering, starvation and death.

Today all trains from Chicago were from one to five hours late. The " Soo" line sent out the first train to the coast in a week, but the officials made no promises that it would get farther west than Portland, N. D. Northern Pacific and Great Northern trains from North Dakota points were from three to eight hours late.

These roads are gradually getting their main lines and some branches clear after weeks of "snow bucking" with huge engines doubled up to perform rotary plows.

McHenry, N. D., sends a telegram that there have been no freight trains there since Dec. 18, and that all the fuel, including gasoline, is gone. Farmers are burning barley and fence posts. A Fessenden, N. D., special says that after a blockade lasting eight days, the "Soo" line managed to get a train through and in that train was a carload of coal and a car of beer. The latter shipment had been on the way for weeks, and its arrival when necessities were so sorely needed was looked upon as one of the ironies of the situation.

A DUKE SPIRITED AWAY

Beautiful Duchess! Almost Penniless Appeals to Vatican for Justice.

Rome, Feb. 6.—Almost penniless, fighting for her husband, who has been spirited away from her, and with a young child to care for, the Duchess Della Salle has arrived in this city to appeal to the Vatican not to annul her marriage. Although in deepest poverty the duchess refuses to accept

money from her husband's father, who is believed to have taken her husband from her, and who is attempting to have the marriage declared void. The story of the duke and his young wife is a romantic one. In 1905 the duke, while at Athens, fell in love with a poor girl of remarkable beauty, named Marika Karousos and made preparations to marry her. The duke's father, however, was opposed to the match and took steps to prevent the union of the young people.

The father of Marika immediately began an investigation of the bridegroom's disappearance, traced him to Vienna and went there and conducted him back to Athens, where the duke and Marika were married according to the rites of both the Greek and Roman churches.

Some months later an agent of the old duke succeeded in winning the confidence of the newly-married couple. Eventually he induced the young duke to go to Paris and make his peace with the family. From that time all trace of the young duke has been lost. His father has applied to the Vatican authorities here to annul the marriage. The young wife appealed to the Pope, but received an unsatisfactory answer, and with her newly-born daughter, came to Rome and is demanding justice from the Vatican.

The old duke, on hearing of Marika's arrival here, attempted in vain to induce her to accept money.

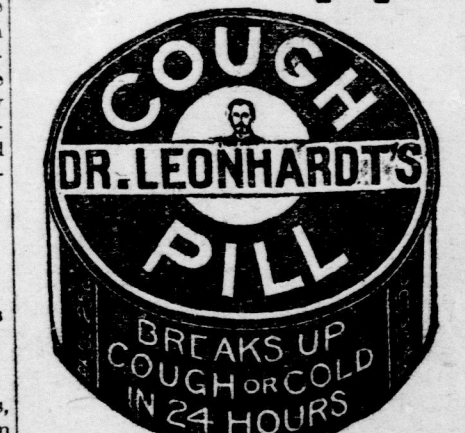
Pianos to Rent.
Pianos rented from \$2 per month upwards. Six months' rent allowed in case of purchase. Knechtelmeier Company, Limited, 138 Dundas street. S.H. 177

Newspapers in Berlin, not liking the Frenchness of "entente cordiale," have adopted the German equivalent

It Will Cure

Any Cold or Cough. It prevents and positively cures

La Grippe



Tell your Druggist you have got to have it. Sold by all druggists, or from THE WILSON-PRYDE CO., LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ont.