

THE HAMILTON TIMES

FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1905.

A SHOCKING MURDER.

The horrible murder of Miss Ethel Kinrade in the family home on Herkimer street yesterday is one of those crimes well calculated to shock our citizens out of their sense of security in the orderly habits of our society and the protection which its organization affords to person and property.

It would seem that the man had been noticed, and that his actions were regarded with suspicion by the family, his hanging about having been reported to the police. Miss Kinrade has been able to give a fairly definite description of the criminal. Little time intervened between the shooting and the presence of the police in force upon the scene.

PRIDE IN CANADA.

There were 49,154 homestead entries in the west in 1904; the number in 1905 was 29,436. In September, 1904, there were 14,279, the new Dominion Lands Act coming into force with that month.

COAL STRIKE PROSPECTS.

For six years there has been peace in the anthracite coal region. Most of its have unpleasant reasons for remembering the last labor difficulty in 1902. The Coal Strike Commission appointed in that year set about not only settling the strike then existing, but to provide means for avoiding future disputes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't you think you see the walls of that Great Technical College that Whitney is (or isn't?) to give Hamilton rising in majestic grandeur?

ROBLIN DODGES.

Recently Tofy organs throughout Canada have been making much of the statement that Premier Roblin was about to compel the Opposition in the Manitoba Legislature to withdraw or make good the statement that there had been grave irregularities affecting the compilation of the voters' lists of that Province during recent years.

merical and residential lighting, it is possible that the clause will be of value. Great Scott! What would the organ have us think Toronto is spending from two to five millions in a lighting distribution plant for? Does it think our people are all fools? Does it think Toronto is foxing?

The "Indian" provision of the License Act will become ineffective and farcical unless there is devised some means of identification; for it is not to be supposed that every licensed vendor and his servants can recognize by sight every one of a list of several hundred of the forbidden. It would be unreasonable to expect them to do so. It would be no hardship to compel the "Indians" to wear an official badge, the decoration to be exposed at all hours under a penalty of ten days at the stone heap.

OUR EXCHANGES.

A Funny Paragraph. (Brantford Expositor.) A honeymoon to be spent in Galt ought to be called a honeymoon.

TALK OF AN APPEAL.

But it isn't likely that Malone's Counsel Will Go Further. Since, Feb. 25.—Although Malone's lawyer has announced an intention of appealing to a higher court to quash the conviction and the life sentence imposed yesterday on the ex-chief of police, it is not believed that this step will be taken.

CLAIMS YOTT IS INNOCENT.

Letter From Wm. Riley, of New York, Saving He Stole the Horse. Chatham, Feb. 25.—A letter was received here today, dated New York, signed by Wm. Riley, stating that the late Yott, convicted on a charge of stealing the horse of Dr. MacFarlane, of Dover, now serving a seven-year sentence at Kingston, was innocent. Riley being the actual thief.

THE OUTSIDE SERVICE.

The truth is that in the Ottawa post office last year no fewer than 30 men got increases of \$30, four got an increase of \$20, one got an increase of \$500, one got an increase of \$100, three got \$8 a month more, and 31 got an increase of 25 cents per day. This was in the Ottawa city post office proper.

MR. PICKUP.

A young man named Pickup, who is in his last year at Knox College, has already been chosen as assistant to Rev. Dr. Gilray, pastor of the College Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, at a salary of \$1000 a year. Mr. Pickup is to be congratulated on living up to his name. It is a nice job to pick up so early in the game.

HUMAN LIMITATIONS.

There is this to be said on the other side: that the man who cries for light knows that there is light, though he himself is sitting by the wayside blind. The man too who longs for truth knows that there is such a thing beneath the edifying currents of thought and the wavelike disputes of men. The Oxford professor concludes his letter with a narrow question: "Is it easy to reconcile this Italian catastrophe with the providential government of the world?" It may be difficult for us who see but dimly and whose vision is limited. If we take particular events and measure them by our own ideas of God's providence, we shall wither away through fear or perish in our own conceit. After we have laid down our premises with all possible self-satisfaction, after we have drawn with intellectual pride our conclusions, and added a corollary, there remains the greatest act of the mind to

perform—to believe where we cannot see, and bow when we should not contend. "The Marines Are Always in the Way" Peek up your kit and knapsacks, for the launch is overdue, Furl up the old corps colors, We're used to being on the tide. Say good-by to the snip, lads, That's been some time, many a day, Give her a cheer and make them hear That say we're in the way.

The order was read on the quarterdecks, And never a word was said, Though his glancing eyes, wired his eye, And our captain bowed his head. He said that we had to go, boys, And us Marines for the Philippines, Or some other old place ashore.

The guard they stood at attention, Like they didn't give a damn, To hear the word of the Overlord, The original great I Am. And he said, "You ain't wanted, But the jacksies will go to it alone. But I thought I heard an order word From a power behind the throne."

We was only a double file, Just a thin line of blue, Around about was the sailor rout, And they were all rowing on hand. But I didn't hear us cheering, When that little Tin God you know, Saw his war trumps and make them hear And hit up the grit and go."

I reckon we served him faithful, And his letters before he come, And in every way we were on hand, We certainly made things hum. But now he changes the motto, And he says, "You ain't wanted, Or the boys of the U. S. A." There's been many a time in a far off time When we were in the way.

Oh, it's boxes and boxes and boxes, And any old thing you can find, On the quarterdeck of Chapultepec. They all looked alike to me, Whenever there's something good, You can bet the last red in your jeans When the creditor's hell, they raise the long yell. To drink up the Buck Marines.

But say, what's the use of usin' it? And what is the use of usin' it? Let's go and get us a good one, and we'll have done our best for our country. We've fought and we've bled across our dead, Do you call that in the way?

They've been plenty glad to have us, And there's been some work that we didn't shirk. The papers never know, No, you needn't ask the Flat-foot. For a full married-up and three years' trip Is no ladies' boarding school.

But now it's us for the scrap here, We don't belong no more. So I'll be home in a few days to you, And take your kit ashore. I reckon they hardly need us, It seems like our work is done, Since they're sending the ships on excursion trips.

To the Land of the Midnight Sun, So gather your junk together And pass the word along, To keep the youngster steady When they come on their own. "From the Hills of Montezuma," "To the Walls of Tripoli," There's a roving crew and make 'em hear "For the old corps" (three times) "Dear old field in N. Y. Sun."

DEBATES IN THE LEAGUE.

St. John and Barton Young Men Were the Winners.

"Resolved that women have more influence than men," was the subject of a debate in St. John Presbyterian Church schoolroom last evening, when St. John Young Men's Guild and the Victoria Avenue Baptist Literary Society came together for a friendly discussion of the subject. This was one of the series of the Hamilton Debating League, which is making such splendid strides in the development of the young man in the art of public speaking. The affirmative side was taken by St. John Young Men and it was represented by Robert Manly and James Taylor. J. Peebles and W. McCullough were for the negative side. The Victoria Avenue Baptist Church. The affirmative was by a fair margin. The negative side, however, had nothing to be ashamed of, for the address of Mr. Peebles was indeed a masterpiece. He summarized the facts in his argument by one, with telling effect, and was well supported by Mr. McCullough. Mr. Manly proved very pleasing and forceful, and had his address well in hand. He spoke of the influence of the woman in the home, and said that the well-known adage, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" was more than likely true. Evidence could be produced to emphasize the effect of the adage, and he went on to produce it and show how women have influenced their husbands for right, and of how well great nations had progressed under the successful reigns of women.

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S WIFE.

The wife of the manager of a big uptown apartment hotel was unbosoming herself to a party of women friends. "The next time that I live in the hotel of which my husband is the manager—well, I won't," was her plaint. "The wife of a hotel manager who lives in the hotel is what my husband calls 'in bad.' The women guests carry all of their little grievances to her instead of to the hotel desk and take it out on her if the grievances are not fixed up instantly. My apartments has become a sort of kick bureau to which all of the women in the house promptly repair when things don't happen just to their liking.

WAS DELIRIOUS WITH ECZEMA.

On Chest, Back and Head—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Nerves in Exhausted Condition—Sleep Badly Broken.

CURE BY CUTICURA SEEMED LIKE MAGIC.

"Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for what Cuticura Remedies have done for my daughter, Adelaide. She has been afflicted for years with eczema, and had never had anything the matter with her skin until four months ago, when an eruption broke out on her chest. The first symptom was a redness, and then followed thickening of the skin. Remedies were used, but nothing would break and run matter. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but instead of being checked, the disease spread. It showed itself on her back, and then quickly spread upwards until the whole of her body was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and what with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. She became run down in health, and at times was very feverish, languid, and drowsy, and occasionally she was delirious. Her nerves were in such a low state that she could not bear to be left alone in the room, and she would insist on having her bedroom window open, and would lean out on the window-sill. She would not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first, and I really do not know what we should have done if we had not read how Cuticura cured a similar case. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Her hair is coming on nicely, and I still apply the Cuticura Ointment as I find it increases the growth wonderfully. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, 1, Ongar Place, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907.

A Display of Spring Suits and Coats

We have stepped from Winter to Spring in the Garment Section, which is resplendent with all the latest New York styles in coats and suits. Never has so much beauty been revealed as this year in the opening of them, styles and fitting effects are so different and yet they convey New York's latest fashion ideas. Space prevents us from telling you much about them here, but the "Princess" and semi-princess styles seem to be the favorite and, in fact, we are showing the largest range of exclusive styles and novelty weaves this store has yet made. We invite your inspection to-morrow in both Suits and Coats.

Prices in Suits at \$18.50, \$20.00 to \$35.00. Prices in Coats at \$5.00, \$5.50 to \$11.50.

Panama and Serge Suitings, 54 inch, 75c, Saturday 49c. A stylish, light fabric for spring suits, separate skirts and children's wear, 54 inch, all wool Panama Cloth in navy, brown, myrtle and black, also English all wool Serge in cream or navy, and Cheviot Serges in brown, myrtle, navy and black. See these goods; 75c, Saturday. Value \$1.50, Saturday. 49c.

Fancy Spring Suitings, \$1.50, for 98c. All wool shadow stripe effects in Scotch Cheviots, also best German makes in new chevron and radiant stripe effect, worsted finish. Dark grounds with brown, olive, navy and myrtle effects. Value \$1.50, Saturday. 98c.

Rush Out of Muslins, Etc. Values to 50c for 19c. A great price opportunity for Saturday shoppers. A clearing of Cotton Voiles, Dresden Organzies and Dotted Swiss (white, navy or black). Stylish patterns in stripes and floral effects in all the wanted colors for spring and summer wear. Consign Regular 35c to 50c, Saturday 19c. 25c special.

Grossbar Muslins 15c, Worth 25c. Fine white Grossbar and Overplaid Muslins, also white Figured Vestings in a new range of patterns, stylish for blouses, etc. Value 25c, special. 15c, special.

White Cambric Underwear, Specially Priced. All our new spring stock of Ladies' Cambric Underwear is in. Today we tell you of the Pretty Skirts and Night Dresses, in all the new styles, with pretty lace and embroidery trimmings; they are all specially priced at 75c, 98c, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

FINCH BROS., 29 and 31 King St. W.

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S WIFE.

"The wife of the manager of a big uptown apartment hotel was unbosoming herself to a party of women friends. "The next time that I live in the hotel of which my husband is the manager—well, I won't," was her plaint. "The wife of a hotel manager who lives in the hotel is what my husband calls 'in bad.' The women guests carry all of their little grievances to her instead of to the hotel desk and take it out on her if the grievances are not fixed up instantly. My apartments has become a sort of kick bureau to which all of the women in the house promptly repair when things don't happen just to their liking.

THE AIRFAIRIN' PIRATE'S TALE.

"From the Denver Republican." "Iuster fly in a pirate ship," says the airfairin' tar, says he; "She was named by the bloodiest airfairin' tar that ever sailed the sea. She'd six wings on her airboard side, if I rightly recollect, and I was the cap'n of the craft, an' I walked the parabolic deck.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE EYE.

Maladies of the eye can now be watched and their course recorded and diseases localized by means of a new photographic apparatus made by Doctors Kohler and Röhrl, under the direction of Dr. Dümmer, of Graz. On a massive and absolutely rigid table is fixed a powerful arc lamp, the rays of which are concentrated by a lens upon the eye, the rays first passing through a tank of water to absorb the heat. The light is directed upon the eye through the tube, at the end of which is a shutter, so that the light can be shut off instantly. By means of an arrangement of circular mirrors the light can be cast on the outer portion of the eye, whence it is reflected back into the interior, so that pictures of the back of the eye can be obtained.

THE IDEAL.

"Is your daughter learning to play the piano by notes?" "Certainly," answered Mr. Cummings, severely. "We always pay cash."—Universalist Leader.