If you wish to sell more goods, advertise in the Times. Business Telephone 368

Use the Times for Wants, For Sales, To Lets—1c per word, Daily and Semi-Weekly. Special price for three and six insertions. Always on hand—For Sale, To Let and Boarding Cards for windows.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

WANTED—GENERAL SERVANT FOR small family. Apply evenings. 66 East avenue south.

WANTED — YOUNG LADY STENOgrapher. Apply by letter. Buntin, Gillies & Co., Limited.

WANTED—FIRST CLASS COOK; REferences required. Apply Mrs. Gordon Henderson, Idlewyld, Duke street.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—SIX YOUNG MEN. APPLY Monday, the E. R. Marshall Co., 326 and 327 King street east.

APPLICATIONS IN WRITING, WITH REferences attached, will be received by A. T. James, Secretary of Fire and Water Committee, City Hall, until 4 p. m. on Wednesday, February 3rd, for a capable man to take charge of the city sand pump; applicants to state what experience, if any, they have had in this kind of work.

AFTER THE MIDNIGHT SUN, TRY THE old time tripe supper, 10c. 91 Merrick.

MISCELLANEOUS WANTS

ACCOUNTANT, FIRST-CLAS CREDENtials, wants position as ledger keeper or office help. Box 15, Times.

$700 LOAN; PRIVATE FUNDS, FIRST mortgage, fifty per cent margin. Box 17, Times.

WANTED—3 LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING rooms; modern, every convenience, near school. Box 14, Times.

WANTED GOOD STEADY BOARDERS. Good accommodation. 239 Barton east.

RETIRED CLERGYMAN DESIRES QUARters with a private and Christian family; suburbs preferred. Address Box 12, Times.

WANTED—BLACK HEARSE HORSE, sixteen and one-half hands high. Apply to A. H. Dodsworth.

PERSONAL

PERSON WHO PICKED UP BLACK Persian Lamb neckpiece Saturday evening on King Street west had better return it to Times Office and save further trouble. Reward Times.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—ON WEDNESDAY, A RED COCKER spaniel bitch. Reward, 65 Catharine north. Any one detaining the dog after this notice will be prosecuted.

LOST—BROWN MARMOT FUR, IN GRAND Opera House, Thursday night. Finder please return to 253 East avenue north.

LOST—MONDAY, EITHER IN HAMILTON or Dundas, a gold locket, marked A. M. C. G.; valued as a gift. Reward at Times Office.

LOST—SMALL PUPPY; WHITE WITH many black spots. Reward. Dr. H. S. Griffin.

LOST—ON MACNAB STREET, LADY'S gold watch. Reward at Times Office.

BOARDING

3 LADY BOARDERS WANTED AT 370 Hughson north.

GOOD STEADY BOARDERS WANTED. 275 Mary north, close Barton.

ROOM AND BOARD FOR TWO YOUNG ladies. 91 Elgin street.

LEGAL

BELL & PRINGLE, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Office Federal Life Building, fourth floor, James and Main. Money to lend in large and small amounts at lowest rates. Wm. Bell, R. A. Pringle.

HENRY CARPENTER, BARRISTER, SOlicitor, etc. Money to loan on real estate at lowest current rates. Offices, Room 45, Federal Life Building.

WILLIAM H. WARDROPE, K. C., BARrister, solicitor, notary public. Office Federal Life Building. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.

HARRY D. PETRIE, BARRISTER, ETC. Office Spectator Building. Money loaned on first-class real estate security.

C. LEMON, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, notary. Office, No. 52½ Hughson street south. N. B.—Money to loan on real estate.

MEDICAL

REMOVAL—DR. BRIGGS, DENTIST, has removed his office from 58 King street west to cor. King and West avenue.

FRANK D. W. BATES, M.D., EYE, EAR, nose and throat specialist, has removed his office to room 305, Bank of Hamilton Building. Hours 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. Telephone 24. Dr. Bates has opened an office in Detroit, and from now on will spend from the 1st to the 22nd of each month in his office here, and from the 23rd to the end of the month in Detroit.

DR. T. SHANNON McGILLIVRAY HAS removed from the corner of King and James streets to his residence, 164 James south. Specialist in heart and nervous diseases. Phone 140.

JOHN P. MORTON, M. D., F. R. C. S., "Edin." James street south. Surgeon—Eye, ear, nose and throat. Office hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8. Telephone 1372.

G. E. HUSBAND, M.D., Homeopathist. 129 Main street west. Telephone 256.

DR. McEDWARDS, SPECIALIST, Eye, ear, nose and throat, corner King and Bay streets. Office hours—9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 889.

DR. DEAN, SPECIALIST, DIESASES OF men. 39 Charlton street, Toronto.

ORTHODONTIA

DR. A. B. C. DANDO, SPECIALIST IN orthodontia, which is commonly known as "straightening crooked teeth." Office 44 Federal Life Building. Phone 2712.

PIANO TUNING

M. RAYMOND, PIANO TUNER AND REpairer, removed to 126 Hess Street north. Phone 1078.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEYS ADVANCED ON BUILDING and other loans, first mortgages, real estate. Martin & Martin, Federal Life Building.

MONEY TO LOAN—AT LOWEST RATES of interest on real estate security in sums to borrowers. No commission charged. Apply Lazier & Lazier, Spectator Building.

PATENTS

PATENTS TRADE MARKS, DEsigns, etc., procured in all countries. John H. Zendry, corner James and Rebecca Streets. Established 1880.

Advertise your Wants in the Times. 10 cents will do the trick.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

MODERN HOUSE, 5 ROOMS, 40 FOOT lot. 226 Bay north.

LARGE COMFORTABLE ROOMS. GOOD locality, central. 18 Walnut south.

BOWERMAN & Co., REAL ESTATE dealers, Bank of Hamilton Bldg. Properties bought, sold and exchanged.

FOR SALE—SITE FOR BRICK YARD, also a sand and gravel pit that gives the buyer a chance to make a fortune. Bowerman, Bank of Hamilton Bldg.

FOR SALE—EXTRA CHOICE FRUIT AND garden lands adjoining city limits, with or without dwellings, three to four hundred dollars an acre; special snap for quick sale. Bowerman, Bank of Hamilton Bldg.

FOR SALE—SIX-ROOMED BRICK COTtage, basement and fine cellar, natural gas, bath, w.c., all in finest order; large lot, fruit trees, grape vines. Apply to owner, 18 Inchbury street.

HOUSE FOR SALE; EVERY CONVENience; cheap. 82 Macauley east.

ROOMS TO LET

4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS AT 64 YORK street.

WARM, FURNISHED ROOM; VERY CENtral; private family. Box 16, Times.

4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS; MODERN CONveniences. 266 Gibson avenue.

2 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, SUITABLE for light housekeeping; all conveniences. 408 Barton east.

2 ROOMS TO LET, DOWNSTAIRS. 96 Catharine street.

TO LET

FOR SALE—NEW HOUSEHOLD FURNIture at 238 Bay street north.

BOARDING OR ROOMING HOUSE; CENtral. Apply 65 York street.

BRICK HOUSE, 8 ROOMS, MODERN. 321 Emerald north.

HOUSE, MODERN, EVERY CONVENience. 87 Sherman avenue north.

BOARDING OR ROOMING HOUSE; CENtral. Apply 65 York street.

BRICK HOUSE, 8 ROOMS, MODERN. 321 Emerald north.

TO LET—213 JOHN NORTH, ALL CONveniences; $20 clear. Ed. W. Pope, 4 Queen street south.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—GROCERY BUSINESS IN ONE of best locations in south west part of City; small cash capital required. Bowerman, Bank of Hamilton Bldg.

THREE HORSES FOR SALE, FROM 1,400 pounds down. Apply G. W. Carey, 99 King street west.

HOCKEY SHOES, SKATES, STICKS, boys' and girls' sleighs; all at lowest possible prices. Wentworth Cycle Works' Store, adjoining new armory.

KEEP YOUR HORSE WARM AND DRY with blankets and rain covers; large assortment; you need them now. Robert Soper, Bay and Simcoe streets.

NEW PIANO BARGAINS — FACTORY prices; $1.50 per week without interest or notes. Squares from $25 up. Pianos to rent with privilege of purchase; rent to apply. T. J. Baine, John street south, 3 doors from Post Office, dealer in pianos and real estate.

BICYCLES—CASH OR ON EASY PAYments. 257 King east. Phone 2488.

QUARTER CORD DRY MIXED WOOD for $1.50. Kelley's Wood Yard, also carpet cleaning, corner Cathcart and Cannon streets.

MISCELLANEOUS

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED; NO witnesses required. Bowerman, Bank of Hamilton Bldg.

THE JOBBORN TRANSFER AND FURniture moving vans; pianos moved; distance no object; packing, crating or storage; teaming, single or double. Terms for moving van, $1.00 per hour for two men; 75c for one man. Estimates free. Telephone 2025. 545 Hughson street north.

HASLEWOOD & CO., AUCTIONEERS and estate agents, 217 King east.

SEE MISS PARGETER'S FINE STOCK OF hair; one glance will convince you. Finest French, German and English goods; also American novelties and latest device transformation bangs, jenice curls, wavy switches, pompadour fronts. Headquarters for theatrical wigs, etc. Remembr the place, 107 King street west, above Park.

ROY HING WISHES TO INFORM THE public that he has opened a first class laundry at 437 Barton street east. Parcels called for and delivered. Family work, 35 and 45c dozen.

MONUMENTS AND MANTELS

WOOD MANTELS, GRATES, FENDERS, Tiling. Choice Granite Monuments. Middleton Marble & Granite Co., Limited, Furniss & Eastman, managers. 232 King east.

UMBRELLAS

UMBRELLAS MADE TO ORDER, REcovered and repaired at Slater's, 9 King William.

DANCING

BEGINNERS' CLASSES FORMING. J. Hackett's, 29 Barton street east. Telephone 1848.

PHOTO SUPPLIES

CALL AND SEE OUR DARK ROOMS, ENlarging room best in the city. Absolutely free. Seymour, 7 John street north. Phone 2630.

FUEL FOR SALE

FOR SALE, CHOICE KINDLING WOOD; best in city. Ontario Box Co., 106 Main east.

DENTAL

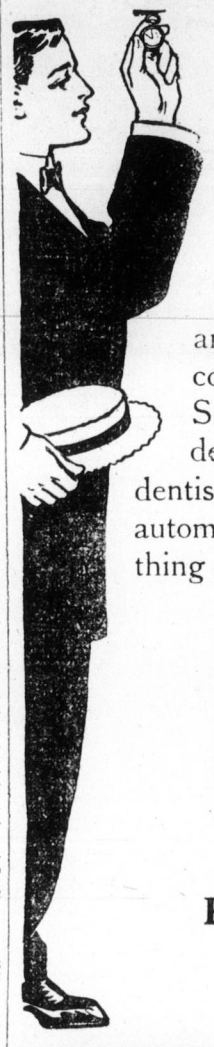
DR. M. F. BINKLEY, DENTIST, PRICES that appeal to the working classes. ARTIFICIAL TEETH receiving special consideration. MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP no better to be had at any price. Office, 17½ King street east, Hamilton.

DR. JAMES F. McDONALD, DENTIST, Grossman's Hall, 67 James street north. Telephone 1909.

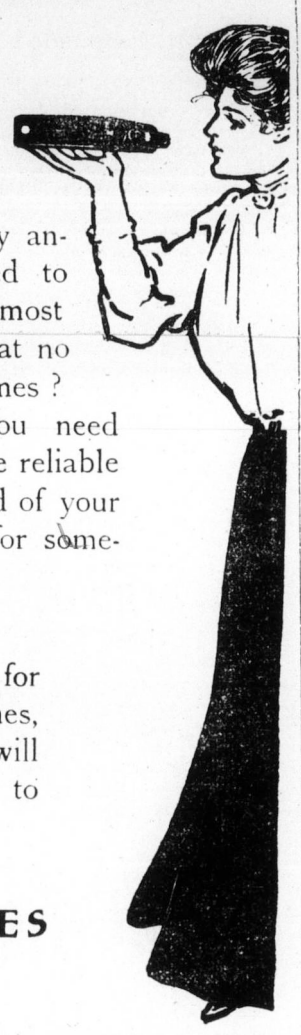
JEWELRY

GOLD FILLED WALTHAM WATCHES seven fifty; alarm clock eighty-nine cents, guaranteed. Peebles, 213 King East.

THIS FOR THAT



How often have you wished that you could exchange things, rather than sell or pack them away? How many times do you sell one thing, that you may buy another? Wouldn't you be pleased to know that you can exchange almost anything for the thing you want, at no cost, if you advertise in The Times? Suppose you are a tailor and you need dentistry, why pay for it, when some reliable dentist wants tailoring? If you are tired of your automobile and want to exchange it for something else, put an Ad in The Times.



Think of exchanging a desk for board, jewelry for riding clothes, piano for garden work, and you will know that there will be no limit to their value to you.

PROFIT BY TIMES WANT ADS

HARD COAL

Large clean No. 2 Nut, quality Waverly, the best free burning coal on the market. $5.00

Stove and Nut $6.00

EASTERBROOK & BRYAN

Phone 2487. 14 John St. North.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLBEO INSURANCE COMPANY

CRERAR & BURKHOLDER

42 FEDERAL BUILDING.

Phone 610. House 276.

Show Cases—Counters—Desks

Buy of the Manufacturers

NEWBIGGING CABINET CO., Ltd.

164 King West. Phone 361.

Times Ads Bring Results

Call for letters in boxes 1, 3, 6, 7, 13, 34, 35, 36, 38, 47, 49.

MUST VACCINATE.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 29.—One of the most sweeping decrees to enforce a sanitary precaution ever issued has been made by President Cabrera, of Guatemala. It requires, according to those arriving here from that country, that every person in the republic must be vaccinated. The disease is said to be practically eliminated in that country.

This edict has given rise to exaggerated reports of prevalence of smallpox in Guatemala.

WITH CRUCIFIX.

South Bridge, Mass., Jan. 29.—Mary Rose Girouard, 21 years, was found drowned in a brook yesterday, her hand clutching a crucifix. She had been a sleep walker, but a verdict of suicide was given.

The Government officials are surveying the townsite of Gowganda, which will be withdrawn from the forest reserve.

Mr. Harry Dempsey, of Ameliasburg township, was elected Warden of Prince Edward county on Thursday on the eleventh ballot.

At a special meeting of the Goderich Town Council on Thursday night, Mr. Lynn Knox was appointed clerk in place of the late W. A. McKim.

"Captain, did you ever see a sea serpent?" asked the ocean voyager. "No," replied the captain of the liner, "I never drank a drop in my life."

IN A PRISON OF JERUSALEM

An Experience Which Involved No Little Danger.

A page of experiences of a Turkish prison is added to the long record of prison interiors by William O'Brien, M. P., in the Westminster Gazette:

Our excellent dragoman, Alexander, finding that his world of show places in Jerusalem, inexhaustible as it seemed, was panning out and that we were beginning to prefer to revisit the old scenes all by ourselves to muse in the delicious fragrance of the Franciscans' Garden of Gethsemane or in the gloomy depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, undisturbed by the chatter to which the best of guides are prone, discovered for himself and us a new world to conquer says his account.

He gave us to understand that by some unheard of devices of diplomacy between the Governor-General and the Consul and himself it might be possible to arrange a visit to the jail in which the most eminent murderers of the age—none of them ranking fewer than twenty years penal servitude, some of them crimson with the blood of half a dozen different victims and some choice spirits actually under sentence of hanging—were immured. In his own experience the privilege had been accorded only once before and that was eighteen years ago. He intimated that for all practical purposes of the tourist world we should be in a position to say with the Ancient Mariner:

We were the first who ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The distinction did not tempt us, but the chance of comparing the interior of a Turkish jail with the interior of Holloway and Kilmainham and Tullamore and many others, Irish and English, did. As a matter of fact, the presentation of my card demolished all difficulties, as, it must be gratefully acknowledged, it did everywhere in the land of the genial, if purchasable and unspeakable, Turk.

The penal prison is situate in the heart of the Mohammedan quarter, in a street of crumbling magnificence, and of precious Moorish stalactite arches hiding in mysterious shadows, such as an would almost welcome penal servitude to be incarcerated in, could he only be assured of imbuing his work with its mystical obscurities. The only thing which distinguished the prison from any of the other tumbledown rookeries, or latticed harems, of the street was a group of unwashed soldiers who hovered sleepily about the entrance and whose rifles were the only part that seemed to have enjoyed the care of a paternal Government.

On the Opposite Side

of the street stood the penitentiary, in which some hundreds of the minor fry of the criminal classes purged their peccadilloes; but having the tall poppies of the assassin world to choose from, the prison in which the common or garden criminal wasted his sweetness only interested us because it contained the Governor's house. House, did I say? Our worthy Governor's quarters were confined to one crazy room on the level of the street, his escritoire, surmounted by a gallery of photos of eminent miscreants of his acquaintance, lying in the only corner where any serious amount of sunlight penetrated, and his bed modestly stowed away in the corner opposite, while his official majesty was hedged around with so little ceremony that a one eyed thief, a soldier and a beggar woman stepped in friendly line off the street to join in our conversation. The Governor, like every other Turkish official I had the pleasure of meeting, was a model of simple courtesy and good fellowship. He began business by producing his cigarette case and treating us to a thimbleful of luxurious Turkish coffee as genially as an Irish host would produce his decanter. Linguistically we got on amicably, although hazily, by means of an exchange of abominably bad French and bad Arabic, for the Governor had little French and no English.

The duties of hospitality completed we steped across the street into a crypt, where Alexander and myself surrendered our sticks to the soldiers before an orifice was unlocked for us at the bottom of a heavy iron barred gate, through which we had to stoop to squeeze ourselves as into some subterranean shrine. We found ourselves locked in between the iron gate through which we had been admitted and a second iron gate, a yard in front, which opened into the prison courtyard. Here the misfortunes entailed on poor humanity from the days of Babel down by the confusion of tongues began to overtake us. As we presently discovered the Governor, the dragoman and myself got entangled in a hopeless riddles of misunderstandings in three languages. It never once occurred to me that the visit was to be otherwise than an ordered inspection of ranges of cells and private interviews with meek prisoners, cowering under the eye of the Governor—a mere commonplace ceremonial of the Irish or English order, with, of course, an element of Oriental backsheesh thrown in. There seemed to be some hesitation about unlocking the second gate, and Alexander, with a length of face I did not in the least understand at the moment, asked me if I really desired to go in. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "What on earth else did we come for?"

The Little Wicket

in the inner gate was thereupon unlocked, and the Governor was the first to step into the prison courtyard. I immediately followed. Alexander crawled through it, with a countenance lengthier than ever, but with the expression of resignation with which the Oriental accepts the maddest freaks of "English" eccentricity (for as to expecting the Oriental to master the difference between "English" and "Trish," however humiliating to our national pride may be the confession, you might as well expect him to understand the controversy whether the main street of Dublin ought to be called "O'Connell street" or "Sackville street.") The lock of the little wicket then immediately clicked, and we stood in the open courtyard with the two iron gates to freedom locked behind us. "But," I said, to the best of my two languages, "why should not the lady come in, too?" For my wife had been left in the space between the two iron gates, where they had introduced a chair for her comfort. The Governor shook his head mysteriously, and Alexander turned up his surprised eyes to heaven. I at once came to the conclusion that the difficulty was the universal Oriental one as to the equality of womankind in the assemblies of men.

per day, with water to wash them down (the loaves, I mean, not their faces, for water in Jerusalem is a commodity too precious to be put to such spendthrift uses.) But, in addition, the prisoner can make a tiny peculium by his own prison labor, and is permitted further to receive food or money from his friends outside—a development of Turkish prison barbarity which might be copied with advantage by more sanctimonious professors of prison philanthropy nearer home. We came, therefore, provided with a supply of 50 francs in medjidiehs and "metallics" to distribute in backsheesh as a humble tribute of sympathy from one who was haud ignarus mali in the matter of the discomforts of prison life. These I proposed to distribute in modest doles at our leisure, as we strolled from cell to cell and heard the individual stories of sorrow.

But the Governor

the dragoman and myself were no sooner landed inside the locked grilles than from all sides there poured in upon us a horde of savages about as undesirable looking as ever glared upon you from a chamber of horrors—with the additional drawback of being hungry flesh and blood instead of wax. We were, in fact, in the midst of 160 of the choicest bandits and assassins of the Turkish Empire, some of them waiting to be hanged, and all of them pretty well deserving to be, and from their throats came the yell which makes one word, at least, of the Arabic language as familiar as the name of Cook to the European traveller—the hoarse, hungry yell of "Backsheesh!"

This unexpected invasion seemed no doubt to leave a good deal to be desired in the direction of Turkish prison discipline, but having been born myself to a sufficient contempt for "law and order," and being, moreover, one of those who, with Lord Mansfield, regard the criminal on his hurdle as no blacker than the Judge who sentenced him might have been in the same environment, I was not much perturbed by the blazing eyes and wild animal growls of my new acquaintances. I soon also began to distinguish amid the mob two prison warders, each carrying a whip, but in little else, either of dress, or, indeed, physiognomy, distinguishable from their murderous flock. The purse of medjidiehs and "metallics" had been confided to Alexander; but as it was now evident that the distribution of the coin was to be the first and indeed only practical business of our visit in the eyes of the wolves who were leaping in upon us, the purse bearer began to evince a nervousness that soon grew to panic.

A Happy Thought

however, of the Governor saved the situation for the moment. The purse was transferred to my wife, who from her seat on the safe side of the grille was able to make the distribution in small quantities without any danger of a general grab with tooth and claw. A short speeceh of remonstrance from the Governor reinforced by an unceremonious application of the warders' whips upon the bare shins of the ringleaders, obtained a temporary success for an arrangement by which the headsman of each dormitory of eight or ten convicts came forward to the bars to receive his comrades' allowance, which was thereupon ticked off by the Governor on his notebook.

But this was a slow process; it became more and more evident that nothing short of another miracle of the loaves and fishes would make the 50 francs of any avail to satisfy the multitude. They pressed in more and more aggressively, with eyes like dagger thrusts, and greedy yells, some of them brandishing the tools with which they had been employed on prison labor and others utilizing skilfully the irons with which their legs were chained. The warders' whips, even if there was room to wield them, were no longer of any greater efficacy than a pitchfork to keep out the sea. The Governor's face, I now noticed for the first time, was pale enough for a white man; but my first real suspicion of the situation came through a roar of pain from the unfortunate dragoman, who, with an agonized groan, whispered to me, "They'll murder us;"

So Little Had Either

my wife or myself realized the situation—for, understanding little of what was passing, and taking it for granted that all the passion and fury was simply for Oriental mode of scrambling for coppers. I was on the best of terms with our murderous friends, addressed some excellent observations to them in the English tongue, and was allowed to push them back in a rough and tumble way without resistance—so exaggerated, I say, seemed Friend Alexander's alarm that I burst out laughing. But the moment I saw his face, livid with terror, the laugh came to an untimely end. "They're pinching my arm like knives and threatening to kill me," he whispered, and I dare say by way of rebuke to my misplaced merriment, "what will happen to my wife and children?"

The argument was not to be answered. But how to get away? For the two iron gates were locked behind us; the Governor and the two luckless warders were tossing—rari nantes in gurgito vasto—amidst the black deluge of rascality around us, and if it had once come to a rush they could have had our money or our lives, or both combined, before there would be the slightest chance of our being able to creep out through the tiny iron wickets between us and liberty. Even in the high tide of his panic a stroke of genius worthy of his illustrious protonym inspired Alexander. "Our supply of money is exhausted. We must go out for change," he shouted with whatever ghastly cheerfulness he could muster to the wolves who had him by the neck and shoulders.

The Promise of a Fresh

prey had an instantaneous effect. The wolves fell surlily back while the iron wickets were being unlocked, and Alexander and myself were creeping through the next moment, the locks clicked comfortably behind us, and we were safe in the guardroom, receiving the congratulations of the soldiers who had been watching the drama through the bars. Like many another who has earned laurels on false pretences, I was amazed to find myself a hero in the eyes of the Turks for the cheerfulness and coolness with which, in utter ignorance of the danger, I confronted and kept at bay mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Turkish enough to undeceive them as to my own part in the scene, but honest Alexander was so little in the mood to compete with me for heroic fame he contented himself with silently wiping the sweat from his brow. I expected every moment to see him drop on his knees to thank Heaven for his deliverance. He told me it never occurred to him that I should desire to go further than the iron grille, but that as I was foolish enough to risk my life by venturing into the midst of the assassins, he felt in honor bound to follow me, but he drew the line firmly at allowing the lady to step into the menagerie after us.

You may naturally ask, why not have avoided the danger by intrusting the backsheesh to the Governor for distribution? Alas! (but let it be whispered not in Gath!) adepts in the Turkish theory of government had warned us that if the backsheesh was intrusted to an official not a tin "metallic" of it would ever reach the hands of a prisoner. If a further shock to European susceptibilities be not one too many, let me confide to you in a whisper which luckily can never reach either Gath or Ascalon, that the visit concluded with a modest handful of backsheesh to the worthy Governor himself, who received his pieces of silver with the dignity of an Oriental ruler raking in his rightful coin of the tribute. One incident more—perhaps the most charming of all. One of the soldiers who had witnessed the scene followed us after we left the prison, and with a face beaming with enthusiastic admiration murmured: "You are a brave man. That you may go to heaven!" and, shaking my hand, disappeared into his barrack. And the really astounding feature of the compliment was that this soldier had been about the only person, gentle or assassin, we had met in the course of our visit who had neither received nor petitioned for backsheesh.

SUDDEN CALL.

Death of Mrs. F. H. Lamb in Toronto Yesterday.

The many friends of Mrs. F. H. Lamb will regret her death, which occurred suddenly in Toronto yesterday afternoon. She had been spending the past few days there with her husband, and up to within half an hour of her demise appeared to be enjoying her usual good health. About 5 o'clock she was attacked with cerebral hemorrhage. Medical aid was called and everything possible was done for the stricken lady, but to no purpose, and she died about an hour and a half after. Mrs. Lamb had just returned from a shopping expedition, and was alone in her room when the attack came on.

Deceased was a daughter of Mr. Jas. Twiss, of Woodburn, and before her marriage was a very popular nurse in this city. She was a most estimable lady, was 33 years of age, and was prominent in church and social circles in this city. The remains arrived in this city at 10.25 o'clock this morning, and were taken to her home, 88 Robinson street, whence the funeral will take place on Sunday at 3 p. m.

The remains of the late Mrs. Frederick Zimmerman were laid at rest in Hamilton cemetery yesterday afternoon, the funeral taking place at 2 o'clock from J. H. Robinson's undertaking rooms. Rev. J. A. Wilson conducted the religious services. The pall-bearers were: R. T. Lampman, William Coffee, Jason Coffee and George Croal.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Hamilton Circle, No. 18, Order of Canadian Home Circles, held its annual election of officers last evening, with the following result: Past Leader, W. S. Cody, M. D.; Leader, W. F. Silcox; Vice-Leader, J. Bensley Kerr; Recording Secretary, Sister Helen A. Kerr; Financial Secretary, George Purrott; Treasurer, James Fairclough; Chaplain, Wm. H. Rewbury; Marshal, F. J. McCarthy; Warden, Sister Mary E. Cummings; Guard, Robert Hill; Sentinel, Sister F. Rossell; Medical Examiner, Drs. Cody and Silcox; Representative to Supreme Council, Edward Gurry, P. L.; Alternate, Helen A. Kerr, P. L.

SHORT OF ICE.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 29.—A falling off in the cut is reported generally from the ice harvesting sections of New England and wherever favorable to extensive operations or the quality of ice. On the Penobosis and Kennebec Rivers in Maine, where the cut is controlled by the American Ice Co., the estimated ice harvest this year is not expected to exceed 100,000 tons. This is less than one-fifth the size of the harvests that have been on the river in former years.

KNOX CHURCH.

At the meeting last night a very interesting and instructive talk was given by Rev. A. E. Mitchell, his topic being "Japan, the Land of Topsy-Turveydom." Many good reasons were given for calling Japan by this peculiar name. Next Thursday night the Union will be addressed by A. S. Cruickshank, whose subject will be "History." As Mr. Cruickshank is well up in this subject, he will be in a position to give an interesting talk.

FIREMAN BURIED.

Algiers, Jan. 29.—A fireman on the United States battleship Kentucky, while jumping from a small boat to the ship's ladder, fell overboard and was drowned. He was buried on land, and the coffin was escorted by detachments of French and American marines.

DISBANDING TROOPS.

Constantinople, Jan. 29.—The Governor of the Vilayet of Adrianople has telegraphed the Minister of the Interior that Bulgaria is disbanding the reservists recently concentrated on the Turkish frontier.

The favorite game of Jack Frost is freeze-out.