

THE HAMILTON TIMES

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1909

LINCOLN, THE MAN.

One hundred years ago today, in a little hut on a poor pioneer farm on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgenville, Ky., Abraham Lincoln, who was to fill such a large place in the eyes of his countrymen and the world, first saw the light. Probably no man began his career under more auspicious circumstances. He was without prestige of family, influence of wealth, brilliancy of talent or polish of education. He had no powerful friends to make the way easy for him. And yet he left a name that ages hence will be honored and revered by the world.

Perhaps the secret of Lincoln's place in the affections of his people and those of the world is not to be explained by any one formula, but if we were going to attempt to account for it in such a way we should probably essay to do so by saying that the world then specially needed a Man, and that Lincoln filled the Occasion and supplied the Need. Great crises make heroes. Success is won by grasping Opportunity. Lincoln's life story shows that he appreciated that fact. Above all, he impressed those with whom he came in contact with his humanity. He was no sham. He despised with true Carlylian intensity the whole race of simulacra: he was himself. He lived very near his fellows, to whom he never was, and never pretended to be, the genius, the demigod, which some of his admiring biographers have painted him. He was simply a big-hearted, generous, manly Man, and as such he won the hearts of those with whom he mingled. He had his weaknesses, and his faults, and they also were human, but even they were of a kind to attract, rather than repel, the people who knew him personally.

His public career was not all, or always, of his own shaping. Abraham Lincoln was a politician of the period. He was far from being the equal in astuteness or the peer in dominating influence in the councils of his party of some men who shaped its course; but he was a power to be reckoned with. Perhaps his influence with the people—the power of the Man, not the politician, over men—when it could be directly exercised, was paramount, although doubtless a mass of legendary fiction yearly tends to obscure the facts of his life. In many respects Lincoln's official career was a matter of compelling circumstances, in which the things done were less than the Man would have desired. The bloody war which marked his time, and which none more regretted than he, would never have taken place had he been able to prevent it. Looking back over its causes and the political steps that led to it, we think that had Lincoln's personal views and plans prevailed in the Washington councils, it might have been averted. He was a peace man, and, unfortunately, with too many politicians peace men are not popular. It is idle now to speculate upon what might have been gained had his ideas succeeded; he used his personal influence in the cause of peace; he was ready to yield much to secure it. But unyielding friends and firebrand foes rendered his efforts vain. The war was not Lincoln's war. Even the issues to which it is today ascribed were not Lincoln's issues. But when it was undertaken, he brought to his share of its conduct the same devotion that he gave to all his public duties. When the rebellion was crushed, he held no rancour, but was ready to take the erring back into the fold. The South lost by the assassin's bullet a good friend in Abraham Lincoln.

It is as the Man rather than as the politician that Lincoln appears at his best. Politics was to him not life itself, but a necessary incident thereof. He was essentially social. He loved human friendship and joyed in the amenities of life. He was a great raconteur, and the national capital even to-day revels in his stories. He was a kindly man, to whom cruelty, suffering, harshness were abhorrent. He was truly a Good man, one who loved his fellows and delighted in contributing to their happiness. That was his religion. He made no pretence to formal religion, and had little patience with the cold, hard dogmas of the formalists; at one time he even prepared for publication a M.S.S. embodying his views on the subject, but fearful friends suppressed it. Yet who shall deny to Abraham Lincoln the merit of true religion of the sort that speaks in the living deed and uplifts and ennobles his fellows? He filled a large place. He shrank not from a hard task. He sealed the finished book with his blood. His people and the world have minted the gold of the Man into a great medal of Honor to hang in Humanity's Hall of Fame.

IRRIGATION IN AUSTRALIA.

In a report to the Department of Trade and Commerce, Mr. J. S. Larke, the Canadian Commercial Agent at Sydney, Australia, gives some interesting facts about water conservation and irrigation. In the course of his discussion of the subject he tells us that once Australia was divided into two islands. The remnants of the dividing sea are yet to be seen in Spencer's Gulf, the Salt Lakes of the north, which are yet little above the sea level, and the Gulf of Carpentaria. The eastern portion, comprising Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria and parts of South Australia, upon which nine-tenths of the population dwell, is rimmed on its ocean side by mountain ranges, the dividing line being from 30 to 130 miles from the coast. These mountains are usually of no great

height, yet suffice to make the interior a comparatively dry table land or low plain. This is drained by the Murray River with its various tributaries, the principal of which is the Darling, flowing through New South Wales. It ought to be one of the greatest rivers in the world, as its length from the head waters of the Culgoora to the sea is 3,800 miles, and it drains an area of 414,233 square miles. The mountain ranges, though rarely rising beyond 5,000 feet, intercept the clouds and make the coast well-watered, but the interior comparatively dry. Thus, in New South Wales, while the average rainfall of the northern coastal district varies from 60 to 73 inches per annum, along the Darling River and the western boundary of the state it ranges from 9 to 10 inches only with an average over its country of but 13 inches. Mr. Larke says the Darling River is navigable at some periods from its mouth to Walgett, a distance of 1,735 miles. In the drought of 1902 the river bed was ploughed almost at its mouth, and grain sown in the hopes that the soakage would produce some herbage to preserve alive remaining stock.

Australia is devoting much attention to irrigation. The Victorian Government has set apart 250,000 acres on the banks of the Murray, which was to be irrigated by the Canadian firm of Chaffey Bros. After expending a large sum they were obliged to obtain Government aid, and the work is now done by a trust. Land is irrigated as high as the 90-foot level at Mildura, a direct tax of 10s an acre and a variable rate of £1 up being charged. Fruit and dairy farming is found to be profitable under such conditions.

PUTTING IN THE CORK.

The growth of temperance sentiment makes it probable that within ten years New Zealand will all be under prohibition. The battle against the bar is being carried on there systematically and without intermission, and notwithstanding a hostile enactment which requires three-fifths of the votes cast, and also that three-fifths of the qualified voters be polled, great gains are being made. There are 62 license districts in the State, and before the last campaign six of them had gone "dry." In the recent fight the "drys" won six more districts, even under the three-fifths handicap, and in no fewer than 43 districts a majority for no license was polled. The liquor men's majorities in the big cities are becoming smaller, as witness the figures in the years 1905 and 1908:

Table with 3 columns: Year, For, For. Wellington 1905, 2,178, 963. Auckland 1905, 1,723, 788. Christchurch 1905, 3,059, 1,976. Dunedin 1905, 2,098, 658.

Taking the country as a whole the percentage of the voters casting ballots in recent contests was:

Table with 3 columns: For, For. Continuance, No license. 1896, 34.9, 29.8. 1899, 30.7, 43.7. 1902, 47.9, 45.6. 1905, 46.8, 51.2. 1908, 45.5, 52.

END PRETENCES.

Let there be an end to the pretences made for the advocacy of Default, Delay and Dishonor in the matter of the power by-law.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Darwin and Lincoln—two great emancipators and friends of their kind.

"It ought not to surprise any one if they [the waterworks pumps] broke down."—Engineer McFarlane.

An increase of \$21,000 over last year's estimate shows that the School Board does not recognize the existence of any financial stringency.

Now we have the Toronto World eulogizing the efficiency of public control of public utility service companies. And yet it remains a rampant socialist.

Justice Riddell, in sentencing Blythe to be hanged, attributed his demoralized crime to drink. Will some of Hamilton's aldermen move to increase the number of bars?

A New York judge holds labor unions and their individual members liable for the cost of guards for property which they have picketed. He gives the owner recourse against the unions involved and the men who give or take pecuniary

support and abet the picketing. But we hardly think these men will walk in and pay their share without objection.

That Steel-Coal case just decided by the Privy Council in favor of the former company is another illustration of the need of law reform—of the wisdom of avoiding lawsuits. It will cost a pretty penny.

So that Herald yarn about Mayor McLaren's deputation talk with Whitney, and all its circumstantial details, was a pure bit of faking on the organ's part, the deputation not having seen or talked with the Premier!

T. J. Stewart, M. P., Hamilton's great municipal Ex-Failure, is said to be cramming for a volcanic effort at eloquence in attacking the Government's immigration policy. And foxy Sam Barker smiles and smiles!

The dreaded tree pest, the brown tail moth, has made its appearance in Michigan. It is a matter of much importance that it should be kept out of Ontario. Our provincial entomologists should take early action.

That terrible "Cataract man," John Patterson, on the Industrial Committee to boom Hamilton! While you are trying to "smash the Cataract," Mayor McLaren, why put its men forward as seeking the good of the city?

Twenty-four applications for divorce are to be heard by the Senate this session. Some day Canada will get rid of the disgrace of its divorce system by removing the trial to the courts. Divorce should not be made easier, but the cases should be decided upon their merits in a proper court of law.

All will join in the hope that the movement for the protection of our forests will result in the adoption of a forward policy. There is much land in the country capable of producing timber, and of little use for anything else. Properly managed, this land should by forest growth contribute to the agricultural and manufacturing prosperity of the Dominion for all time.

The startling advance in municipal debt and obligation is causing some alarm in Nova Scotia, and measures for Provincial supervisors of municipal debentures are suggested. Ontario is in a far worse position. Within a comparatively few years the bonded debt of the municipalities has doubled, taxes constantly increase and municipal statesmen press for higher assessments and pester the Legislature for more means of raising taxes. It is time to put on the brake.

The Toronto Globe, a devoted Hydro-Electric advocate, admits that "wires carrying a high voltage are always more or less dangerous to those who have to pass beneath them." Then, somewhat inconsistently, it seeks to make it appear that the Hydro line, without any enclosed right of way, and under a tension of 110,000 volts, will be no more dangerous than the line of the Electric Development Company, for which the Legislature insisted upon a fenced-in right of way, although its voltage is 50,000 volts.

The Hydro-Electric Commission pays for its current \$104.00 at Niagara Falls, cost of line, transportation, the loss, and all other items to be added. The city under the contract with the Cataract Company is entitled to order what power it wishes to pay for, at its pumping house and other places at which it wishes, ready for use at \$0 per horsepower per annum! Is it any wonder that Mayor McLaren thought the contract made by last year's Council, and which he now wishes to "break," was based on the Hydro-Electric Commission?

The other day Premier Rublin, of Manitoba, attempted a huge bluff by noisily challenging the Provincial Liberals to prove that voters were cheated out of their franchise in the preparation of voters' lists for the last election. His bluff has been called, and now he is trying to hedge by putting forward the plea that he meant that no one was improperly kept off the list. This will not be allowed to serve him, and the Manitoba Liberals expect to prove, if given a chance, gross corruption and partisanship in the preparation of the voters' lists.

Some fool Tory organs seek to claim glory for Borden in the matter of the appointment of committees on the conservation of Canada's resources. Why, Borden's motion was utterly impractical. The debate had to be adjourned to enable him to shape his proposal according to Sir Wilfrid's amendment! There must be several committees, and when Mr. Borden moved the House had already agreed to one on fisheries, advocated by J. H. Fisher, M. P., in last Parliament, and the Government had accepted Roosevelt's invitation to joint international action.

To-day is the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin, who, in his earlier years, when he was evolving the great theory with which his name will be inseparably associated, was regarded by many good people as something in the nature of a monster of heterodoxy. To-day none but the ignorant and bigoted think of him but as a benefactor of his race, and one whose work has shed light upon many of the difficult problems that confront mankind. Like Lincoln, who was born on the same day, he made his fame enduring by his loyalty to truth in the application of his transcendent abilities.

OUR EXCHANGES

Wants the Set. (Brantford Courier.) The Hamilton Times claims that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has given the Toronto News "a cuff." With money flowing so freely at Ottawa, why wasn't he generous enough to make it a pair of them.

More Triangles, Fewer Gallows. (Toronto Mail and Empire.) Walter Blythe slew his wife, and the sentence of the court is that he be hanged by the neck until he is dead. The law, which is thus again proved effective for retribution, might have been made equally effective for prevention.

Thinks We're Sleeping. (Guelph Mercury.) Hamilton is to vote on the Hydro-Electric power by-law again. Being a somewhat little place, Hamilton generally does fall to waken up in time for anything so important as this instance, the forty winks indulged in by the citizens of the Ambitious City should just about cost them their chance of participating in the benefits of Niagara Power.

Can't Beat Your Wife. (Toronto Globe.) It is worth recording that nothing in Judge Riddell's charges to the jury in the Blythe wife murder case could, taken with the context, suggest that a man has any right to "chastise" his wife. In sentencing Blythe yesterday the Judge had in mind quite a different case. He said, "that our law gives a man no more right to strike his wife than to strike any other woman."

Better Canadian Spirit. (Montreal Star.) As for "reluctant Colonial Governments abroad," once it is seen that a Colonial preference makes the people of the Mother Country "hungry and angry," the only reluctance they will feel will be to continue the policy another day. It can't be said too often that the Canadian farm does not want a bonus at the expense of the British workingman.

A Municipalization "Success." (Stratford Beacon.) And the much vaunted paying Guelph Street Railway would be in a similar hot water if it were not for the fact that the possession of the city at about one-quarter its cost, after its builder had ruined himself in establishing it, and the revenue derived from the Agricultural College in June of each year, and the revenue of the day college at one-tenth, would contribute fully three-quarters of the revenue.

Misstatements Challenged. (Toronto Farmers' Sun.) Some of the statements made during the discussions which occurred in connection with the proposed amalgamation of the Ontario and Quebec hog raisers, that at least some of those present were not conversant with the facts in the case and that others have not fully considered the effect that must be brought about if some of the proposals made are carried into effect. For instance, D. C. Platt, President of the Swine Breeders' Association, declared that half the pork consumed in Canadian cities is of American origin. It would be interesting to learn from what source Mr. Platt derived his information.

A narrow little trail of white through a vast forest of silent spruce trees smothered in snow—a trail running north in Northern Ontario, beginning where civilization ends and ending seventy-five miles away, where a handful of rough, bearded men with gleaming axes, have begun a town of log hounds on the shore of a frozen lake, and then a broken procession of picturesque garbed men travelling in groups of twos and threes and fours or even singly trudging along this trail, over a hundred hills, across a score of unnamed lakes, one bending under his yellow pack bag on his grey blankets, on plodding ahead of a straining dog team or one hauling his own long, narrow toboggan over the whispering snow on the trail—such is the new road into a new silver country, Gow Ganda, and such is the traffic. There is silver in this country; there may be none for many of the adventurers. A man may starve to death or freeze or drown or die miles away from a doctor, but every night in the road houses along the new trail or in the tents under the trees bits of stories pass from lip to lip of fortunes found and fortunes spent of men who have penetrated far into the corners of the north, and who, coming back, tall strange tales, or, never coming back at all, are only remembered by the tales of the men who were with them.

The Moose Mountain Iron Mines lie at Sellwood. Sellwood is thirty-three miles north of Sudbury, and three hundred miles north of Toronto on the line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. The Gow Ganda trail begins in the woods that surround Sellwood's few frame houses. One week ago the trail was completed by the two men who took the contract from the Canadian Northern Railway Company, "Big Jim Cowan" and "Big Archie Mackenzie." It took six weeks to cut. It cost \$35,000, and now the men who have built it have almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut.

The man who puts on airs about his will power may likewise cut off heirs in his will.

By Terrible Eczema—Head Became a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores—Would Scratch Till Blood Came—Much Money Wasted in Fruitless Treatments—Disease Was Soon CURED AT SLIGHT COST BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all a mass of it. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that she would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. At night we had to pin her hands down. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, and in three weeks—what a change! I kept using the Cuticura Remedies for two months and our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a new-born baby, and all the itching was gone. Mrs. H. F. Buckie, R. F. D. 4, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, 1907."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

SLEEP KILLED. By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

By a Itching Humor. Another Cure by Cuticura Remedies. "I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got almost 250 teams of horses hauling freight and passengers to Gow Ganda. It was built because somebody swore there was silver in that country; the world heard about it and the restless blood in some men behooved them to get to Gow Ganda, and because they wanted to get their trail was cut."

Annual February Sale of FURNITURE. It has long been our custom to make February a month of bargains. This is the month when we must start to place our Spring goods on the floors, and they must have room—hence the bargains. No better proof of the extraordinary savings this sale offers could be asked or given than the array of beautiful Furniture we now have ready for your inspection and the good news the special sale tickets tell. Come and see the display—examine inside and out—note the finish, the care and attention given to every detail, the fine designs, and you will soon see why our Furniture has gained its reputation for fine quality—THEN NOTE THE LOW PRICES ASKED. Our February Sale is for RIGHT NOW—Rooms which need Furniture not "sometimes," but to-day. You can save 25c per cent. if you buy that Furniture RIGHT AWAY. THE J. HOODLESS FURNITURE CO'Y 61-63-65 KING STREET WEST Limited

GOW GANDA TRAIL. Path Cut Through 70 Miles of Spruce Forest. (Toronto Globe.) A narrow little trail of white through a vast forest of silent spruce trees smothered in snow—a trail running north in Northern Ontario, beginning where civilization ends and ending seventy-five miles away, where a handful of rough, bearded men with gleaming axes, have begun a town of log hounds on the shore of a frozen lake, and then a broken procession of picturesque garbed men travelling in groups of twos and threes and fours or even singly trudging along this trail, over a hundred hills, across a score of unnamed lakes, one bending under his yellow pack bag on his grey blankets, on plodding ahead of a straining dog team or one hauling his own long, narrow toboggan over the whispering snow on the trail—such is the new road into a new silver country, Gow Ganda, and such is the traffic. There is silver in this country; there may be none for many of the adventurers. A man may starve to death or freeze or drown or die miles away from a doctor, but every night in the road houses along the new trail or in the tents under the trees bits of stories pass from lip to lip of fortunes found and fortunes spent of men who have penetrated far into the corners of the north, and who, coming back, tall strange tales, or, never coming back at all, are only remembered by the tales of the men who were with them.

AT FINCH BROS. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909

Saturday's Events

SAVE MUCH 25c White Vestings and Muslins 15c. A special purchase of these just to hand for Saturday. Fine mercerized white Vestings in spots, stripes and small figures, also fancy cross-bar and overplaid White Muslins in fine qualities for blouses and dresses. All new snow white material in this great sale, secure your share tomorrow, value 25c, sale price 15c. 69c Natural Shantung Silk, 34 in., at 50c. A part shipment of these Silks to hand. Being bought months past when the market's quotations were low, they are exceptional value now. It is in the natural linen shade, 34 inches wide, fine "knobby" finish, splendid washing quality, you will find no better silk buying this season. Value 69c, sale price 50c.

Women's Dressing Sacques 59c, reduced from \$1.00. 88c, reduced from \$1.50. Taffeta Silk Sale 69c, reduced from \$1.00. 79c, reduced from \$1.25. Superior Black French Taffetas, in a good wearing quality, warranted qualities for wear, stylish for blouses, dresses, skirts, etc.

\$1 and \$1.25 Bonnets 79c. Baby Bear Bonnets, in white, castor or brown, trimmed with silk satin rosettes and ruff. At 30c, a clearing of Babies' White and Cardinal Knitted Woolen Overalls.

Children's Coats—Half \$3.00, regular price \$6.00. \$3.25, regular price \$6.50. \$3.50, regular price \$7.00. \$4.00, regular price \$8.00. Materials in plain Broadcloths and Kerseys, in brown, navy or fawn; broad trimmed, military loose box style; sizes for children 4 to 11 years. All are warmly lined throughout with flannel. A half price buying chance.

Women's Coats Reduced \$5.29, regular \$10.00 and \$12.50. \$7.29, regular \$12.50 and \$15.00. \$9.29, regular \$15.00 and \$18.00. They are in Kersey, Frieze, chevrons and Broadcloths, in all colors and black. New, graceful, handsome designs, in tight, loose, semi-fitting and Directoire styles. All sizes for women and misses. Faultless tailoring, with various trimming effects.

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

SWALLOWED BELLADONNA. A Young Canadian Attempted Suicide in New York. New York, Feb. 11.—Despondency over his inability to get work is the reason ascribed by the police for the attempted suicide of Abraham Isaacs, a well-groomed young Canadian, who was found unconscious in the streets of Brooklyn early today. A letter addressed to his mother by the would-be suicide is all that there is to explain the man's act. He was found unconscious by a policeman at the corner of Warren and Court streets, and was carried to the Butler street station, where a doctor worked over him for an hour before reviving him. The doctor said that the man had swallowed belladonna. Isaacs was removed to the hospital, and the physicians say there that he has a fair chance of recovery. The letter to the man's mother, which

was unaddressed and in the man's pocket, reads, in part: "Dear Mother, I hope you are getting on well. I have not yet found work. I feel miserable and don't know what to do. I feel sorry that I took your advice and came to New York from Canada. Here the unemployed are treated like dogs of the road. I wish I had met the fate of my chum, Sergeant Kenslow, at the battle of Paardeberg."

All that the police have been able to learn from the man so far is that he has been living for some time at 113 East Eleventh street, Manhattan.

Dean Bidwell Inducted. Kingston, Ont., Feb. 11.—The induction of Rev. Dr. Bidwell as rector of St. George's Church, and Dean of the Diocese of Ontario, took place at St. George's Church to-night, before the staff of the cathedral and a large gathering of clergymen of the diocese and members of the congregation.