MC2035 POOR DOCUMENT

DYKEMAN'S
GREAT SALVAGE SALE

A short time ago there occured a big fire in the building adjoining the Warehouse of W. R. Brock & Co. Limited, Montreal, a large manufacturing and jobbing house. This firm had stocked in its warehouse over one million dollars worth of stock, about three hundred thousand dollars worth of which was more or less damaged by the sprinkler system, with which their warehouse is equipped, being turned on. This three hndred thousand dollars worth of Dry Goods was not damaged in any way but by water and it being clean water direct from the sprinkl ers has left but little trace on any of the goods.

We have secured a large portion of this $300,000 of their stock and it will be placed on sale Wednesday Morning.

The largest quantity of goods which we secured was from the DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT. These consist of 1911 Spring Styles and were stored ready to be shipped to their customers, so in buying from this lot you do not get any old style materials, but the very newest that is shown, and they consist mostly of staple colors such as Blacks, Navy Blues, Browns, Greens and all the leading shades that are now in vogue.

There are also a lot of Cream Serges which we found when the papers were removed to be in perfect condition and not soiled in any way, so these with all the Staple Colors may be classed as perfect goods, but yet we secured them at about one-half their usual price.

Nine-tenths of the entire lot of Dress Goods are all wool materials, consequently any water that did get on the edges of the goods has not effected their appearance one particle. Any of the few pieces that are showing any dampness at the present time can be sponged by us at a cost of 5 cents a yard for all widths, during this Sale. The sponging would eliminate any difference there might be in the wet part and the portion that did not get wet.

Goods to Be Found in This Sale Are

Many hundreds of yards of Dress Goods, White Cottons, Pillow Cottons, Pillow Slips, Towellings. Men's Shirts and Drawers both Winter and Summer Weight. Men's Braces.

In the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department,

Whitewear, Ladies' Sweaters, Ladies' Waists, Childrens' Dresses, Ladies' Summer and Winter Underwear, Shaker and Wool Blankets, Comfortables, a Large Assortment of Small Wares, and many other goods which will be on sale throughout the store.

Nearly all these goods are ***On Sale at One-Half and Less Than Half Their Regular Price.***

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.,
59 Charlotte Street.

JANUARY SALE

Men's Winter Caps, regular 75c. values for **48c.**

Men's Pants, regular $2.25 values for **$1.58**

Men's Coat Sweaters, regular $1.25 values for **89c.**

— AT —

CORBET'S
196 Union Street

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With the help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body, and throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and invigorates the nerves—in short establishes sound, vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But if you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

INORDINATE AMBITION

By Henry Clay

From a speech in support of the compromise tariff bill in the U. S. senate Feb. 25, 1833.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure. Ambition! inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe for themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass the bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "By Force of Circumstances," etc.

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CHAPTER X.

THE DIARY, AND ROSALIND.

Strange as a process of nature is the way in which events, themselves unimportant, work into one another to produce some foredestined result that shall astonish the world.

The sudden appearance of Inspector Clarke before Pauline Dessaulx at the front door of Mrs. Marsh's lodgings produced by its shock a thorough upset in the girl's moral and physical being. And in Clarke himself that diary of Rose de Bercy which Pauline handed him produced a hilarity, an almost drunken levity of mind, the results of which levity and of Pauline's upset dovetailed one with the other to bring about an effect which lost none of its singularity because it was preordained.

To Clarke the diary was a revelation! Moreover, it was one of those sweet revelations which placed the fact of his own wit and wisdom in a clearer light than he had seen those admitted qualities before, for it showed that, though working in the dark, he had been guided aright by that special candle of understanding that must have been lit within him before his birth.

"Well, fancy that.55 cried he again and again in a kind of surprise. "I was right all the time!"

He sat late at night, coatless and collarless, at a table over the diary, Mrs. Clarke in the next room long since asleep, London asleep, the very night asleep from earth right up to heaven. Four days before a black cat had been adopted into the household. Surely it was that which had brought him the luck to get hold of the diary!—so easily, so unexpectedly. Pussie was now perched on the table, her purr the sole sound in the quietude, and Clarke, who would have scoffed at a hint of superstition, was stroking her, as he read for the third time those last pages written on the day of her death by the unhappy Frenchwoman.

. . . I so seldom dream, that it has become the subject of remark, and Dr. Naurocki of the Institute said once that it is because I am such a "perfect animal." It is well to be a perfect something; but that much I owe only to my father and mother. I am afraid I am not a perfect anything else. A perfect liar, perhaps; a perfect adventuress; using as stepping stones those whose fond hearts love me; shallow, thin within; made of hollow-ringing tin from my skin to the tissue of my liver. Oh, perhaps I might have done better for myself! Suppose I had stayed with Marguerite and le pere Armaud on the farm, and helped to milk the two cows, and met some rustic lover at the stile at dusk, and married him in muslin? It might have been as well! There is something in me that is famished and starved, and decayed, something that pines and sighs because of its utter thinness—I suppose it is what they call "the soul." I have lied until I am become a lie, an unreality, a Nothing. I seem to see myself clearly today; and if I could repent now, I'd say "I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, 'Father.'"

Too late now, I suppose. Marguerite would draw her skirts away from touching me, though the cut of the skirt would set me smiling; and, if the fatted calf was set before me on a soiled table-cloth, I should be ill.

Too late! You can't turn back the clock's hands; the clock stops. God help me, I feel horribly remorseful. Why should I have dreamt it? I so seldom dream! and I have never, I think, dreamt with such living vividness. I thought I saw my father and Marguerite standing over my dead body, staring at me. I saw them, and I saw myself, and my face was all bruised and wounded; and Marguerite said: "Well, she sought for it," and my father's face twitched, and suddenly he sobbed out: "I wish to Heaven I had died for her!" and my dead ears on the bed heard, and my dead heart throbbed just once again at him, and then was dead for ever.

Clarke did not know that he was reading literature, but he did know that this was more exciting than any story he had ever set eyes on. He stopped, lit a pipe, and resumed.

I saw it, I heard it, though it was in a black world that it happened, a world all draped in crape; black, black. But what is the matter with me today? Is there any other woman so sad in this great city, I wonder? I have opened one of the bottles of Old Veuve, so there are only seven left now; and I have drunk two full glasses of it. But it has made no difference; and I have dined with Lady Knox-Florestan, and go with her to the opera; and Osborne may be coming. They will think me a death's-head, and catch melancholy from me like a fever. I do not know why I dreamt it, and why I cannot forget. It seems rather strange. Is anything going to happen to me, really? Oh, inside this breast of mine there is a bell tolling, and a funeral moving to the tomb this afternoon. It is as if I had drunk of some lugubrious drug that turns the human bosom to wormwood. Is it my destiny to die suddenly, and lie in an early grave? No, not that! Let me be in rags, and shrunken, with old, old eyes and toothless gums, but give me life! Let me say I am still alive!

"By Jove!" growled Clarke, chewing his pipe, "that rings in my ears!"

Yet I have curious tokens, hints, fancies, of late. Four nights ago, as I was driving down Pall Mall from Lady Sinclair's diner dansant—it was about eleven-thirty—I saw a man in the shadow at a corner who I could have sworn for a moment was F. I didn't see his face, for as the carriage approached him, he turned his back, and it was that turning of the back, I think, that made me observe him. Suppose all the time F. knows of me?—knows who Rose de Bercy is! I never wanted to have that Academy portrait painted, and I must have been mad to consent in the end. If F. saw it? If he knows? What would he do? His nature is capable of ravaging flames of passion! Suppose he killed me? But could a poor woman be so unlucky? No, he doesn't know, he can't, fate is not so hard. Then there is that wretched Pauline—she shan't be in this house another week. My quarrel with her this morning was the third, and the most bitter of all. Really, that girl knows too much of me to permit of our living any longer under one roof; and, what is more, she has twice dropped hints lately which certainly seem to bear the interpretation that she knows of my work in Berlin for the Russian government. Oh, but that must only be the madness of my fancy! Two persons, and two only, in the whole world know of it—how could she, possibly? Yet she said in her Friday passion: "You will not be a long liver, Madame, you have been too untrue to your dupes." Untrue to my dupes! Which dupes? My God, if she meant the Anarchists!

Clarke's face was a study when he came to that word. It wore the beatific expression of the man who is justified in his own judgment.

Just suppose that she knows! For that she is mixed up with some of them to some uncertain extent I have guessed for two years. And if they knew that I have actually been a government agent; they would do for me, oh, they would, I know, it would be all up with me. Three months ago Saurian Paulus in the promenoire at Covent Garden, said to me: "By the way, do you know that you have been condemned to death?" I forgot a propos of what he said it, and have never given it a thought from that day. He was bantering me, laughing in the lightest vein, but—God! it never struck me like this before!—Suppose there was earnest under the jest, deep-hidden under? He is a deep, deep, evil beast, that man. Those were his words—I remember distinctly. "By the way, do you know that you have been condemned to death?" "By the way," his heavy face shook with chuckling. And it never once till now entered my head!—Oh, but, after all, I must be horribly ill to be having such thoughts this day! The beast, of course, didn't mean anything. Think, though, of saying "by the way?"—the terrible, evil beast. Oh, yes, I am ill. I have begun to die. This night, may be, my soul shall be required of me. I hear Marguerite saying again, "Well, she sought for it," and my father's bitter sobbing, "I wish to Heaven I had died for her!" But if I am killed this day, it will be by . . . . or by C. E. F. . . . . .

That last dash after the "F." was not, Clarke saw, meant as a dash, for it was a long curved line, as if her elbow had been struck, or she herself violently startled. She had probably intended, this time, to write the name in full, but the interruption stopped her.

At the spot of the first dash lay thick ink-marks—really made by Pauline Dessaulx—and Clarke, cute enough to see this, now commenced to scratch out the ink blot with a penknife, and after the black dust was scraped away, he used a damp sponge.

It was a delicate, slow operation, his idea being that, since under those layers of ink lay a written name, if he removed the layers with dainty care, then he would see the name beneath. And this was no doubt true in theory, but in practice no care was dainty enough to do the trick with much success. He did, however, manage to see the shape of some letters, and, partly with the aid of his imagination, he seemed to make out the word "Janoc."

The murder, then, was committeed either by Janoc, or by C. E. F.—this, as the mantle of the night wore threadbare, and some gray was showing through it in the east, Clarke became certain of.

Who was C. E. F.? There was Furneaux, of course. Those were his initials, and as the name of Furneaux arose in his mind, Clarke's head dropped back over his chair-back, and a long, delicious spasm of laughter shook him. For the idea that it might, in very truth, be Furneaux who was meant never for one instant occurred to him. He assumed that it must needs be some French or Russian C. E. F., but the joke of the coincidence of the initials with Furneaux's, who had charge of the case, into whose hands the case had been given by Winter over his (Clarke's) head, was so rich, that he resolved to show the diary to Winter, and to try and keep from bursting out laughing, while he said:

"Look here, sir—this is your Furneaux!"

Clarke, indeed, had heard at the inquest how Furneaux had been seen on the evening of the murder in Osborne's museum, from which the "celt" and the dagger had vanished. Hearing this, his mind had instantly remembered the "C. E. F." of the diary, and had been amazed at such a coincidence. But his brain never sprang to grapple with the possibility that Rose de Bercy might, in truth, be afraid of Furneaux. So, whoever "C. E. F." might be, Clarke had no interest in him, never suspected him; his thoughts had too long been preoccupied with one idea—Anarchists, Janoc, Anarchists—to receive a new bent with real perspicacity and interest. And the diary confirmed him in this opinion; for she had actually been condemned to death as an agent of the Russian government months before. At last he stood up, stretching his arms in weariness before tumbling into bed.

"Well! to think that I was right!" he said again, and again he laughed.

When he was going out in the morning, he put some more ink-marks over the "Janoc" in the diary—for he did not mean that any other than himself should lay hand on the murderer of Rose de Bercy—and when he arrived at Scotland Yard, he showed the diary to the Chief Inspector.

Winter laid it on the desk before him, and as he read where Clarke's finger pointed, his face went as colorless as the paper he was looking at.

A laugh broke out behind him.

"Furneaux!"

And Winter, glancing round, saw Clarke's face merry, like carved ivory in a state of gayety, showing a tooth or two lacking, and brown fangs. For a moment he stared at Clarke, without comprehension, till the absurd truth rushed in upon him that Clarke was really taking it in jest. Then he, too, laughed even more loudly.

"Ha! ha!—yes, Furneaux! 'Pon my honor, the funiest thing! Furneaux it is for sure!"

"Officer in charge of the case!"

"Ripping! By gad, I shall have to apply for a warrant!"

Finding his chief in this rare good humor, Clarke thought to obtain a little useful information.

"Do you know any of the Anarchist crowd with those initials, sir?" he asked.

"I think I do; yes, a Frenchman. Or it may be a German. There is no telling whom she means—no telling. But where on earth did you come across this diary?"

"You remember the lady's maid, Pauline, the girl who couldn't be found to give evidence at the inquest? I was following the Anarchist Antonio, who seemed to be prowling after some ladies in a cab a day or two ago, and the door that was opened to the ladies when their cab stopped was opened by Pauline."

Then he told how he had obtained the diary, and volunteered a theory as to the girl's possession of it.

"She must have picked it up in the flat on coming home from the Exhibition on the night of the murder, and kept it."

They discussed the circumstances fully, and Clarke went away, his conscience clear of having kept the matter dark from headquarters, yet confident that he had not put Winter on the track of his own special prey, Janoc. And as his footsteps became faint and fainter behind the closed door, Winter let his head fall low, almost upon the desk, and so he remained, hidden, as it were, from himself, a long while, until suddenly springing up with a face all fiery, he cried aloud in a rage:

"Oh, no more sentiment! By the Lord, I'm done with it. From this hour Inspector Furneaux is under the eye of the police."

Furneaux himself was then, for the second time that week, at Mrs. Marsh's lodgings in Porchester Gardens in secret and urgent talk with Rosalind.

"You will think that I am always hunting you down, Miss Marsh," he said genially on entering the room.

"You know best how to describe your profession," she murmured a little bitterly for his parting shot at their last meeting had struck deep.

"But this time I come more definitely on business," he said, seating himself uninvited, which was a strange thing for Furneaux to do, since he was a gentleman by birth and in manners, "and as I am in a whirl of occupation just now, I will come at once to the point."

(To be continued.)

JEWELRY STORE

We carry a notable stock of Watches, Clocks, Gold and Diamond Rings, and many other useful and pretty things that make a fine display in the jewelry line. Our Repair Department is also worthy of notice.

Call in and look over our fine stock.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST JOHN, JAN 24.

	A.M.		P.M.
Sun Rises	7.39	Sun Sets	5.13
High Tide	7.13	Low Tide	1.33

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Arirved Yesterday.

Stmr Bray Head, 1,954, Campbell, from Sydney, Wm Thomson & Co.

Stmr Manchester Spinner, 2760, Payne, from Philadelphia, Wm Thomson and Co, cotton, etc.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Jan 23—Ard, stmr Durango from Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Fishguard, Jan 23—Ard, stmr Lusitania, from New York.

FOREIGN PORTS

New York, Jan 23—Ard, schr Wanola, from Halifax.

Rotterdam, Jan 23—Ard, stmr Trebia, Starratt, from Rio Janeiro for Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres, Jan 22—Ard, stmr Sellasia, Chandler, from Antwerp.

More than one-third million persons who had dealings with the Kansas City post-office last year neglected to put enough postage on the letters and packages mailed by them. The office collected $7570 from mail that was not stamped or did not bear enough postage.

A man's face is part of a barber's furniture—unless he shaves himself.

VISIT TO ST. PETER'S ENJOYED

Large Gathering of Members of Catholic Societies in Fraternal Visit to North End Boys

A jolly crowd of young men in all walks of life, and from all sections of the city gathered last evening in the rooms of St. Peter's Y. M. A. Douglas avenue, and were entertained royally by the North End boys as their guests at the annual fraternal visit. It was one of the happiest evenings ever passed in the commodious building, and the affair was generally voted as being one of the most successful of its kind yet conducted. Much credit is due to the efforts of the literary committee, whose chairman is James Burke. The members of the Y. M. S. of St. Joseph and of the Father Mathew Association were present in large numbers, and contributed several musical and literary numbers to the programme.

A. P. Delaney, president of the North End "Y" occupied the chair and the following programme was successfully carried out: Solos by C. A. Conlon, D. Higgins, G. Doherty, Hugh Campbell and Frank McGarrigle, who was assisted in several choruses by a sextette from St. Michael's Working Boys; harmonica solo, R. Garnett; reading, Stephen Hurley and step dance, W. McMann, and musical selections by St. Peter's orchestra.

A distinct feature of the evening was the reception accorded the veteran songster, Hugh Campbell, when he entered the hall, and especially when he gave some of his old time hits such as "The Friends of My Youth," "Tommy Todd," and "Jenny Johnson." His younger admirers chered repeatedly, and the welcome given Mr. Campbell was very hearty.

Interesting speeches were made by the representatives of the societies as follows: F. L. Barratt, A. O. H.; D. A. Barry, I. L. & B.; C. P. O'Neill, C. M. B. A.; W. J. Magee, St. Joseph's; J. B. Dever, F. M. A.; and Thos. Kickham, of the A. O. H. Mr. Delaney gave a hearty welcome to all present. All the speakers lauded the efforts of the worthy spiritual director, Rev. J. H. Bourgmann, C. SS. R. in the interests of St. Peter's and attributed almost entirely to him what success had been attained by the association.

Clam chowders and cigars served to make the evening a decided success, and when the gathering dispersed all voted that they had enjoyed themselves immensely.

A new signal apparatus intended to warn railroad trackmen of the approach of trains and thus lessen the number of accidents to this class of railroad employes has been introduced on the North British railway. A box mounted in a conspicuous place has indicators which show whether there is a train on the section and from which direction it is approaching. A similar box set up at stations will show at which platform a train will stop.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine**
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on box 25c

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1-2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-oz. bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. It usually ends a deep-seated cough in side of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada, that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto Ont.

New Colds are bad enough to be sure. But old colds are worse. Better stop your fresh cold at once. Never hesitate to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it or not, as he says. He knows. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SALE STILL ON

In Order to Clear Out Balance of Fall Stock

Among a few of the lines you will find:

160	Wrappers, worth $1.50, - - - - - -	For **98c.**
300	Bath Towels, worth 25c, - - - - - -	For **19c.**
200	Pairs Black Cashmere Hose, worth 25c,	For **19c.**
100	Pairs Corsets, worth 50c and 75c, - -	For **29c.**
250	Black Underskirts, worth $1.25, - - -	For **79c.**

Dock Street **WILCOX'S,** Market Square