MC 2035

POOR DOCUMENT

DYKEMAN'S

Our Annual After Stock-Taking Sale

COMMENCES ON FRIDAY MORNING

This is a money saving opportunity worth while. Everything in the store is to be reduced, but some more than others. The reason of that is that there are many lines that must be cleared out during this season, as it is this store's policy to have new goods to show you every season.

Many of the goods for 1912 have already arrived and while these will be reduced for the sale they will not be reduced as much as those that came in earlier.

LADIES' COATS, about 25 left, the majority to be sold at **$5.00 each.** One very handsome Navy Kersey Coat, regular price $24.00, will be sold at **$10.00.** One Fawn Coat, size 36, regular $24.00 quality, will be sold at **$10.00.** One very handsome Grey Pony Coat, regular $20.00, Sale price **$15.00.**

CHILDREN'S COATS, about 20 of them, reduced so that the price now runs from **75 cents to $4.50.** Some of them less than half price.

INFANTS' BEARSKIN COATS, ... **from $2.00 to $3.50.**
INFANTS' EIDERDOWN COATS, ... **from $1.00 up.**

CHILDREN'S ALL WOOL SERGE SAILOR DRESSES, from 6 to 14 years, **$2.69,** worth $4.50.

Other prices of **CHILDREN'S COMFORTABLE DRESSES, from $1.50 to $3.50.**

LADIES' TAFFETA SILK UNDERSKIRTS, $3.14 each, regular $5.00 quality, in black and colors.
A better quality at **$3.99,** in black and colors, worth $6.00.

CHILDREN'S TOQUES, 50 cent quality, ... for **25 cents**
WOOL SWEATER FRONTS, 50 and 75 cent quality, **25 cents**

GAUNTLET GLOVES, heavy Scotch knit, in white, black and colors. 65 cent quality, for **39 cents a pair.**

LADIES' WINTER UNDERWEAR. Splendid heavy quality, soft and warm, **22 cents a garment,** vests and drawers to match. **Union Underwear,** extra fine soft cotton wool vests and drawers, **45 cents a garment. Combination Garments,** regular $1.25 quality, Sale price **72 cents;** regular $1.50 quality, Sale price **90 cents.**

200 YARDS OF RIBBONS, worth up to 40 cents a yard, will be sold at **12 1-2 cents.**

LADIES' WHITEWEAR. The entire stock that has come in since 1912 will be reduced for this sale. Besides there are a lot of slightly mussed and soiled garments that will be sold at about half the usual price. For instance, Corset Covers, from **10 cents to 35 cents each;** and some in this lot were worth 75 cents.

500 PAIR OF LADIES' SILK HOSE to be sold at **35 cents a pair, or three pair for $1.00.** Better quality and heavier silk, regular 75 cent quality to be sold at **55 cents a pair, or 3 pair for $1.50.**

DRESS GOODS. Over 2000 yards of all sorts of materials to be cleared out at nearly half their usual price. The prices run now from **25 cents to 65 cents a yard.**

450 YARDS OF CORDED AND TAFFETA SILKS to be cleared out at **29 cents a yard,** all colors, regular widths.

IN THE STAPLE DEPARTMENT

ENGLISH LONGCLOTH, worth 12 1-2 cents a yard, will be on sale at **9 cents a yard.**

1200 YARDS OF VERY WIDE PRINTS, very fine quality, 1912 patterns, regular 15 cent quality, during the sale **11 cents a yard,** 33 inches wide.

17 INCH TOWELLINGS, 12 cent quality, Sale price **9 cents a yard.**

ENGLISH SHEETINGS, very fine quality, twilled, worth 35 cents a yard, Sale price **29 cents.**

TABLE LINENS, extra fine quality, Sale price **67 cents a yard,** 66 inches wide.

A small lot of **PAN SILK VELVETS,** worth $1.00 a yard, while they last **25 cents a yard.**

Besides our regular stock we have a balance of the Irving Jewellery stock which must be cleared out before the bulk of the spring purchases arrive. These goods have been further reduced so that now you can buy any jewellery from this stock at a mere fraction of the original price. Come and see them.

THIS SALE WILL LAST TILL SATURDAY, JANUARY 27TH

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

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Detectives Protect Morgan on Trip From Paris to London — Deported Man Was Not a Count

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company)

If J. Pierpont Morgan was shadowed the other day on his trip from Paris to London by several of the cleverest detectives of the Parisian police in obedience to orders from the French government, it was in order to protect him, during his transit from one metropolis to the other, from some of the most dangerous criminals of the universe. They infest this particular route and I know of no other journey that is so fraught with danger as this, owing to their presence at its railroad stations, in its railroad trains, on its channel steamers, and upon its piers of Dover and Calais.

Perhaps this is due to the colossal values in specie, jewels, marketable securities, dispatches of government, and of great financial concerns, and last but not least, in multi-millionaires, that are constantly passing to and fro, between London and Paris, several times during each twenty-four hours.

It is as if everything of value, animate and inanimate, passing between the two capitals were restricted to two relatively narrow chutes, along the borders of which there are posted, despite the vigilance of the English and French police, and of the great detective agencies, the upper crust of the criminal world, its cleverest and most desperate members, hovering all the time in search of pickings.

Of course, the introduction of the Wagon-lits or Pullman system, in lieu of the old-fashioned compartments has in a measure diminished the danger, and it is no longer as easy as in days of yore for some man to make his way along the footboard while the train is in motion, from one compartment to rob and murder the solitary occupant of another compartment, or for a feminine desperado to render her fellow occupants of a compartment gradually unconscious, by means of some insidious anesthetic or drug, before proceeding to divest them of their valuables.

But with every new obstacle placed in the way of these pirates of the Paris-London per Calais-Dover route, their ingenuity seems to increase. There are just as many mystifying robberies of jewels and of valuables, as ever, just as many bags of dispatches stolen, and just as much blackmailing done as ever.

Quite a long list too might be made of the people who have never reached their journey's end, and who have vanished for there is no more fertile subject or inspiration for the novelist and short story writer than the published and unpublished crimes of this particular route.

True, the railroad companies on both sides of the channel do all in their power to protect their passengers, and are assisted to the best of their power by the ablest of the English and French police, but in spite of this) I would warn every one making the journey in question, to be on his or her guard, to look upon every stranger with distrust, no matter how much appearance may seem above all suspicion, and above all to avoid making friends or acquaintances en route, no matter how tempting the advances.

If the French government and especially its prefect of police, M. Lepine, had not been keenly alive to the dangers of the trip to which I have referred, it would not have taken the trouble to have J. Pierpont Morgan escorted to London by their keenest detective officers, under the command of Durand, successor to old Xavier Paoli, who has recently been publishing his reminiscences of the time when he was entrusted with the protection and safety of monarchs and royal personages visiting France.

M rgan Was Favored

One may be tempted to ask whether the French government would have manifested the same degree of solicitude in the case of John or William Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, or any other one of those American multi-millionaires whose name stands for great aggregations of wealth. I do not think so. Morgan's case is exceptional. In the first place, the French government has received several very handsome gifts from Mr. Morgan, who has returned to it treasures of national value and interest, that had come into his hands through purchase. Then, too, Mr. Morgan occupies to a far greater degree than any other American multi-millionaire, a commanding position in international finance, and international finance in its turn exercises no small influence on international relations. The French government realizes that, were his ill will to be aroused against the nation, through some untoward event resulting from the lack of proper protection his enmity might prove troublesome—if not worse. It realizes that his name, standing as it does for immense power, wielded through financial channels, constitutes an irresistible attraction alike to great criminals and to anarchists; that his sudden death might precipitate a financial crisis on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the greatest of Parisian bankers, some twenty years ago, a pillar of international finance, was kidnapped and marooned on an island while a financial coup was worked on the stock exchange. If the perpetrators were never brought to book, it was because a once famous beauty (now in jail), the bearer of a long list, had been induced by the organizers of the conspiracy to join them in the affair, that the financier had been foolish enough to accept an invitation to dejeuner on board her beautiful steam yacht off Treport, when he was spirited away, and that he had a frightfully jealous wife, whose wrath he was not quite prepared to face.

Was Not the Count

It is only fair to the members of the noble Polish house of Gurowski, who have both American and English affiliations, (I who am connected with the noble house of Spain by marriage, to state that the "Count" Andrew Gurowski "who has just been deported by the American immigration authorities after twenty-seven years spent in the United States, has no right either to his name or title. In one word, "Count Andrew Gurowski," whose expulsion from the United States as an undesirable alien is in the main owing to his conviction during one of his sojourns in Europe of a crime "involving moral turpitude" at Geneva, does not figure on any of the pages devoted to the Gurowski family, in the European standard works of reference.

There is, indeed, today but one bona-fide Count Gurowski who survives—his Christian name is Dudley—and he has within the last few weeks received from King George a warrant authorizing him and his successors in the male line direct to make use in England of the German title of count, conferred upon his ancestor(Raphael Gurowski, by King Frederick William III of Prussia, at the close of the eighteenth century.

This anglicised Count Gurowski is not only a British citizen, but also a large English land owner, in England. His father, the late Count Melchior Gurowski, was for forty years Austrian consul general at Nice, and his grandfather, Count Adam Gurowski, died in Washington in 1866.

It seems rather hard upon the real and only living Count Gurowski, who enjoys general respect in England, where he is widely known, both his wife and his mother having belonged to some of the principal families of Great Britain, that an ex-convict should have been driven out of the states by the government under his name anl title, unlawfully assumed.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

TEA AT ITS BEST
in all its garden freshness and fine flavour
"SALADA"
Sealed lead packets are proof against dirt. The tea can't be contaminated—and it costs no more than common tea.

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
The original and leading brand since 1857
WM. H. DUNN, Agent

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"OH dear, I do so hate to have to say, 'Haven't you something less expensive?'" I heard a young girl complain the other day. "I do hope the time will come when I shall have some money, so that I can go into a shop and order what I want and not even ask the price."

Let me tell you, little girl, and all your sisters who have felt the same way, when the time comes that you have "some money," as you put it, it is very likely that you will be just as much interested in prices, and not so much afraid to show your interest, as you are now.

That is, if you are like the average woman of means.

Do you know, I am constantly more impressed with the fact that it appears to be only the rich people who dare to be economical, only the people who don't need to count the pennies who are willing to be seen counting them.

A day or two after Christmas, the time when bargains are supposed to grow on every tree, I went shopping. And the thing that impressed me, even more than the bargains I found, was the number of richly dressed, and evidently well-to-do women, who were bargain-hunting.

You would certainly have thought, from the way these women were dressed, that they were of the class who might go into any shop at any season of the year and order anything they wanted without even inquiring the price. And yet they were, standingthree deep around the counter, waiting their turn for a share of the clerk's attention, and even enduring the manifold discomforts of shopping on a stormy morning, in order to take advantage of the bargains.

The other day a neighbor of mine, who has a very comfortable income, set off on a journey across the continent. And how do you suppose he started on that journey? He walked down to the station beside the gardener, who pushed a wheelbarrow loaded with his master's trunk.

Now I'll wager that none of his less prosperous neighbors would have dared to do that. They would have thought it absolutely necessary at least to have the trunk taken down by an expressman, and probably to have hired a cab.

So it goes. Those who need to look at the pennies before they spend them, don't even dare to be careful of the dimes And those who apparently can afford to be careless of their dollars aren't afraid to be seen counting their pennies.

"Perhaps," someone reminds me, "perhaps it's because these people didn't stop counting their pennies the moment prosperity threw a glance their way, that she continues to abide with them, instead of merely making them the fleeting visits she pays to most of us."

Well, there IS something in that, my friend.

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters)

As Melisse, wife of John Cummins, lies dying in her cabin home in the far Canadian north, she hears music. Presently the door opens and Jan Thoreau, with his violin, enters. After the death of Melisse, Jan, who soothed her last moments, is invited to stay on in the cabin with Cummins, who is a hunter.

The mother has left a little girl, also named Melisse, for whom Jan feels a supreme love.

In the frequent absence of the little Melisse's father, Jan, cares for the little baby, prevents her Indian nurse from bringing her up as a papoose, and often plays to her.

Of Jan's past no one knows anything. He tells simply that he came from the Barren Lands.

One night during the annual caribou roast, in which all of the hunters at the post took part, Jan sees a newcomer whom he recognizes as a missioner that he has sworn to kill. The man makes his escape on a sledge pulled by fleet dogs and when Jan follows them and they fight, he leaves Jan for dead in the snow.

A hunter friend of Jan's named Gravois finds Jan and revives him and also finds, a little distance away, the dead body of the missioner.

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

He looked again at Cummins. The man was sleeping with his face to the wall. With the hooked wire which he used for cleaning his revolver, Jan fished gently at the very end of the box, and after three or four efforts the wire caught in something soft, which he pulled toward him. Through the bulge in the F-hole he dragged forth a small, tightly rolled cylinder of faded red cloth.

For a few moments he sat watching the deep breathing of Cummins, unrolling the cloth as he watched, until he had spread out upon the table before him a number of closely written pages of paper. He weighted them at one end with his violin, and held them down at the other with his hands. The writing was in French. Several of the pages were in a heavy masculine hand, the words running one upon another so closely that in places they seemed to be connected; and from them Jan took his fingers, so that they rolled up like a spring. Over the others he bent his head, and there came from him a low, sobbing breath.

On these pages the writing was that of a woman, and from the paper there still rose a faint, sweet scent of heliotrope. For half an hour Jan gazed upon them, reading the words slowly, until he came to the last page.

When there came a movement from over against the wall, he lifted for an instant a pair of startled eyes. Cummins was turning in his sleep. Soundlessly Jan tiptoed across the floor, opened the door, without disturbing the slumbering man and went out into the night. In the south and east there glowed a soft blaze of fire where the big spring moon was coming up over the forest. As Jan turned his face toward it, a new and strange longing crept into his heart. He stretched out his arms, with the papers and his violin clutched in his hands, as if from out of that growing glory a wonderful spirit was calling to him.

For the first time in his lonely life it came to him—this call of the great world beyond the wilderness; and suddenly he crushed the woman's letter to his lips, and his voice burst from him in whispering, thrilling eagerness:

"I will come to you—some day—w'en ze leetle Melisse come too!"

He rolled the written pages together, wrapped them in the faded red cloth, and concealed them again in the box of his violin before he re-entered the cabin.

The next morning Cummins stood in the door, and said:

"How warm the sun is! The snow and ice are going, Jan. It's spring. We'll house the sledges today, and begin feeding the dogs on fish."

Each day thereafter the sun rose earlier, the day was longer, and the air was warmer; and with the warmth there now came the sweet scents of the budding earth and the myriad sounds of the deep, unseen life of the forest, awakening from its long slumber in its bed of snow. Moosebirds chirped their mating songs and flirted from morning until night in bough and air; ravens fluffed themselves in the sun; and snowbirds—little black-and-white beauties that were wont to whisk about like so many flashing gems—changed their color from day to day until they became new creatures in a new world.

The poplar buds swelled in their joy until they split like overfat peas The mother bears come out of their winter dens, accompanied by little ones born weeks before, and taught them how to pull down the slender saplings for these same buds. The moose returned from the blizzardy tops of the great ridges, where for good reasons they had passed the winter, followed by the wolves who fed upon their weak and sick. Everywhere were the rushing torrents of melting snow, the crackle of crumbling ice, the dying frost-cries of rock and earth and tree; and each night the pale glow of the aurora borealis crept farther and farther toward the pole in its fading glory.

The post fell back into its old ways. Now and then a visitor came in from out of the forest, but he remained for only a day or two, taking back into the solitude with him a few of the necessaries of life. Williams was busy preparing his books for the coming of the company's chief agent from London, and Cummins, who was helping the factor, had a good deal of extra time on his hands.

Before the last of the snow was gone, he and Jan began dragging in logs for an addition which they planned for the little cabin. Basking out in the sun, with a huge bear-skin for a floor, Melisse looked upon the new home-building with wonderful demonstrations of interest. Cummins' face glowed with pleasure as she kicked and scrambled on the bearskin and gave shrill-voiced approval of their efforts.

Jan was the happiest youth in the world. It was certain that the little Melisse understood what they were doing, and the word passed from Cummins and Jan to the others at the post, so that it happened frequently during the building operations that Mukee and Per-ee, and even Williams himself, would squat for an hour at a time in the snow near Melisse, marveling at the early knowledge which the great God saw fit to put into a white baby's brain. This miracle came to be a matter of deep discussion, in which there were the few words but much thought of men born to silence One day Mukee brought two little Indian babies and set them on the bear-skin, where they continued to sit in stoic indifference—a clear proof of the superior development of Melisse.

"I wouldn't be surprised to hear her begin talking at any time," confided Cummins to Jan, one evening when the boy was tuning his violin. "She is nearly six months old."

"Do you suppose she would begin in French?" asked Jan suddenly, stopping the tightening of his strings.

Cummins stared.

"Why?"

Jan dropped his voice to an impressive whisper.

"Because I have heard her many times say, 'Bon-bon—bonbon—bonbon' — which means candee; and always I have given her candee, an' now ze leetle Melisse say 'Bonbon' all of ze time."

"Well," said Cummins, eying him in half belief. "Could it happen?"

Like a shot Jan replied:

"I began in Engleesh, an' Jan Thoreau is French!"

He began playing, but Cummins did not hear much of the music. He went to the door, and stared in lonely grief at the top of the tall spruce over the grave. Later he said to Jan:

"It would be bad if that were so. Give her no more sweet stuff when she says 'Bonbon,' Jan. She must forget!"

The next day Jan tore down the sapling barricade around the woman's grave, and from noon until almost sunset he skirted the sunny side of a great ridge to the south. When he came back he brought with him a basket of the early red snow-flowers, with earth clinging to their roots. These he planted thickly over the mound under the spruce, and around its edge he put rows of the young shoots of Labrador tea and backneeh.

As the weather grew warmer and spring changed into summer, he took Melisse upon short excursions with him into the forest, and together they picked great armfuls of flowers and Arctic ferns. The grave was never without fresh offerings, and the cabin, with its new addition complete, was always filled with the beautiful things that spring up out of the earth.

Jan and Melisse were happy; and in the joys of these two there was pleasure for the others of the post, as there had been happiness in the presence of the woman. Only upon Cummins had there settled a deep grief. The changes of spring and summer, bringing with them all that this desolate world held of warmth and beauty, filled him with the excruciating pain of his great grief, as if the woman had died but yesterday.

When he first saw the red flowers glowing upon her grave, he buried his head in his arms and sobbed like a child. The woman had loved them. She had always watched for the first red blooms to shoot up out of the wet earth. A hundred times he had gone with her to search for them, and had fastened the first flower in the soft beauty of her hair. Those were the days when, like happy children, they had romped and laughed together out there beyond the black spruce. Often he had caught her up in his strong arms and carried her, tired and hungry but gloriously happy, back to their little home in the clearing, where she would sit and laugh at him as he clumsily prepared their supper.

Thoughts and pictures like these choked him and drove him off alone into the depths of the wilderness. When this spirit impelled him his moccasined feet would softly tread the paths they had taken in their wanderings; and at every turn a new memory would spring up before him, and he longed to fling himself down there with the sweet spirit of the woman and die.

Little did he dream, at these times, that Jan and Melisse were to cherish these same paths, that out of the old, dead joys there were to spring new joys, and that the new joys were to wither and die, even as his own—for a time. Beyond his own great sorrow he saw nothing in the future. He gave up Melisse to Jan.

At last, his gaunt frame thinned by sleepless nights and days of mental torture, he said that the company's business was calling him to Churchill, and early in August he left for the bay.

(To be continued).

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

Daily Hints For the Cook

ROAST CHEESE

Grate three ounces of Cheshire cheese, and mix it with the yolks of two eggs, four ounces of grated bread-crumbs, and three ounces of butter. Add a dessertspoonful of mustard and a little salt and pepper.

Toast some small rounds of bread, lay the mixture thickly upon them, and put them into an oven to get hot all through, and to allow the cheese to brown a little. Serve very hot.

RAMEKINS

To make ramekins, grate half a pound of cheese and beat it in a mortar with half a pound of butter, the yolks of three eggs, and the inside of a small French roll, boiled in cream until it is soft.

Add the well-whipped whites of the eggs and pour the mixture into small and rather long-shaped paper pans, place in the oven and bake a pale brown. Serve at once. This batter is also very nice when poured over cauliflower, stewed broccoli, or celery.

HOT HAM SANDWICH

Put some boiled lean ham through a meat chopper, mix with a very little butter until a paste, and to half a cupful put a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard.

Spread this mixture on squares or rounds of standard bread, and put two together with a thin slice of good cheese. Saute in a hot chafing dish, with a tablespoonful of butter, only when the latter has begun to bubble. Have ready hot plates, and when the cheese has melted and the bread is browned slip one on each plate.

DIAPEPSIN IS SPLENDID FOR YOUR STOMACH

Makes Indigestion, Heartburn, Gas and Dyspepsia Go Five Minutes Later

The question as to how long you are going to continue a sufferer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia or out-of-order Stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking some Diapepsin.

If your Stomach is lacking in digestive power, why not help the stomach to do its work, not with drastic drugs, but a reenforcement of digestive agents, such as are naturally at work in the stomach.

People with weak Stomachs should take a little Diapepsin occasionally, and there will be no more Indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, Sour risings, Gas on Stomach, and, besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved in five minutes after taking a little Diapepsin.

Go to your druggist and get a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin now, and you will always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh, and you wil know there are not going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. They freshen you and make you feel like life is worth living.

TWENTY-SEVEN SKATERS DROWNED

While a large crowd of skaters were enjoying themselves on the Ems River in Germany last week, the ice broke and twenty-seven persons were drowned.

DRESS WARMLY TO AVOID COLD

Fully 80 Per Cent of Colds Directly Traceable to Insufficient Clothing

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Few people are careful enough in regulating the clothing to meet the changes of temperature. And until more attention is given to dressing suitably there is litle chance to check the increase of the great white plague.

By unduly exposing the throat and chest, by wearing thin shoes, by insufficient protection to the body, by passing quickly from overheated rooms to the chilly outdoor air—colds are contracted and too often neglected until serious developments arise.

Avoid colds by every means possible, and if so unfortunate as to contract a cold, check it quickly by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

No treatment for coughs and colds ever had such an enormous sale in this country. The reason is not far to seek. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is no mere cough mixture. It is a medicine of thorough and far-reaching action on the human system.

It is not a mere relief for coughing, but a positive cure for the cold itself. It loosens the irritated inflammation, soothes the irritated bronchial tubes, and brings about thorough cure.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size, 60 cents, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay
Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves
"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"
Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1835-21.
Fenwick D. Foley

SPLENDID WORK IN PARRY SOUND

Quick Cure of W. S. Kettyle by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Suffered for Ten Months, but Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills

Golden Valley, Parry Sound District, Ont., Jan. 17—(Special)—W. S. Kettyle well-known in this district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, no matter where it is found or in what form it is found.

"I suffered from backache, gravel and headache for ten months." Mr. Kettyle states, "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year ago and I have had no return of my trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have done a great work in this district. Numerous people can be found who have been cured by them of almost every kidney disease, including rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy and Bright's disease. They are looked upon by all who have used them as the one sure cure for kidney disease.

SHIPPING

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Wakanui, 3,751, Makepiece, Melbourne and other Australian ports. J. Knight & Co.

Stmr Montreal, 5,552, McNeill, Montreal London via Halifax. C P R.

FOREIGN PORTS

New York, Jan. 17—Arrd, stmr Olympic, Southampton.

MARINE NEWS.

The Battle line steamer Trebia, owned here, stranded yesterday on the Cape Lookout Shoals, near Beaufort, N. C. She had a cargo of cotton. It is expected that she will be saved. Alfred Porter left here for the scene last night.

The dominion government steamer "Lady Laurier" was beached yesterday at Perry Point, about twenty-five miles from Barrington, N. S., after she had got ashore at a spot not far distant.

The C. N. R. steamer Royal Edward arrived in Halifax yesterday afternoon from Bristol with 326 passengers and a large cargo. The steamer had a very rough trip. D. B. Hanna of the C. N. R. was a passenger.

COURTENAY BAY

That work in Courtenay Bay will be commenced during the coming summer, the announcement which Mayor Frink says he has been authorized to make on return yesterday from Ottawa.