

LINENS IN ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE VALUES.

This offering comes as a distinct, though pleasing, surprise to everyone, for Linens and high prices are generally associated in one's mind. We are fortunate that we are able to present them so very reasonably, and this has been accomplished by long, long searching in the interest of our patrons. TABLE CLOTHS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, SHEETS, PILLOW CASES and CHINTZ are offered at prices that would not be possible to purchase from the British mills to-day.

White Damask Table Cloths, \$1.70 to \$17
 White Damask Table Napkins, 34c to 70c
 Tea Cloths, - - - 70c to \$6.50
 Tray Cloths, - - - 45c to \$1.10
 Table Centers, - - - 30c to \$2.45

White Sheets, \$6.40 to \$12.00 per pair
 Pillow Cases, - 40c to \$2.30 per pair
 English Twill Sheeting, \$1.38 to \$2.45 per yard.

50 Pieces New Chintz
 Just Opened on Monday,

Made in carefully selected designs, suitable for every room in the house, including Chicago's newest Bedroom Patterns.

BISHOP, SONS & COMPANY, Limited,

335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345 WATER STREET.

2000 Miles on a Derelict.

"Just a pack o' rotten plates putted up with tar. In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar. Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we Eucured God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!"
 —Rudyard Kipling.

The adventure of the good ship Uldia, make a tale of the sea as thrilling as any in the proud record that stirs our island blood. After lying foundered for two years on the edge of the Polar regions, she was floated, and sailed away under the nose of the Bolsheviks. Rudderless, with a hasty patch over a huge hole in her hull, they brought her, half-sinking, through raging Arctic seas, pumping, pumping, pumping ceaselessly for more than two thousand miles, till they had towed her in triumph up the Tyne.

The first scene in that drama of the deep is a little fishing village over the way from Archangel. Although Soroka has stood there for eight hundred years, to-day it has a population of only eight hundred souls. They are simple folk, Bolsheviks for the most part, some of them in the grip of a queer passion for burning railway trucks.

Looted by the Villagers.

Besides winning a risky livelihood from the sea, the people of Soroka nowadays work in two timber mills, each with its yard attached, one belonging to a British firm, the other

LONG FACES

"Cascarets" for Liver and Bowels bring back Smiles

Turn the "kill-joys" out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and misery-making gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels, or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep.

"Reg'lar Fellers"



that it did not have time to find its true level, and, dipping, passed underneath the engine-room and shot harmlessly away to port. A matter of inches, and neither the White nor any other sea would ever have beheld First-Lieutenant Grey again.

This is how he became Captain Gray, D.S.O., R.N.R. One summer morning they were making the Island of Guernsey when their concealed wireless picked up a message to the effect that a U-boat was working hereabouts. Unfortunately, two French seaplanes picked up the message, too, much to the annoyance of the Stock Force, whom they took for an ordinary collier, and chivalrously conveyed till late in the afternoon.

Under the White Ensign.

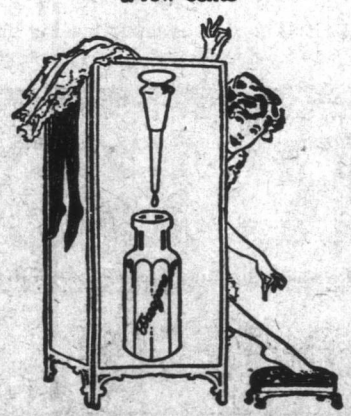
The mystery ship was, of course, unable to send them a message which would not at the same time have been received by the enemy below the waves.

At tea-time, when the seaplanes at last went home to France, a torpedo promptly rode towards the mystery ship. It hit her forward. Into the air went a cloud of odd objects, from live shells to the ship's cat—who lost only one of her nine lives. Down upon the hale and the maimed came a mountain of water, drenching all hands. Men told off for that duty now run arround in pretended terror, lowered a boat, pulled off, lay upon their oars to see the last of their ship.

The U-boat suspiciously watched them through her periscope, and then, slowly coming to the surface, she glided towards the boat's crew. They had

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only a few cents



Magie! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

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tricked her into believing that the Stock Force really was abandoned. They could have cheered. Two minutes later they did cheer. They yelled themselves hoarse. Down went the flaps of the sinking ship. Up ran the White Ensign. Two guns swung into position.

Their first shot carried away the U-boat's periscope and wireless gear. The second sent the conning tower sky high, accompanied by the commander. The third brought clouds of steam from the hull which they had proceeded to riddle with four-inch shells.

In Search of Adventure.

The U-boat sank first. The mystery ship followed when she had got twenty miles nearer Devon. Trawlers and destroyers had steamed up and taken off her crew. When the captain and his first-lieutenant at last got into the dinghy, it was only to see her heel over and disappear seven miles from shore. The captain was rewarded with the Victoria Cross, his first-lieutenant was given the D.S.O., and went to Soroka as a captain, R.N.R.

For, when peace made the world more or less tame again, Captain Grey, in search of fresh adventures, attached himself to the All Seas Marine Salvage Company, of Leadenhall Street, in the City of London.

Adventure came to him in generous manner. He arrived in Soroka to find the end of June, with a tough little "Geordie," named Reay, who had been working with the Admiralty Salvage Section throughout the war.

The derelict was in a dreadful state. It is true they floated her; she floated too well. She floated to the edge of her tableland rock. The rock slung to her stern. Her bows nosed into the deep water beyond. She was threatening to sink in real earnest; but she had to reckon with that grim young man of twenty-three from the banks of the Tyne.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Reay took charge of the Alcoa motor pump in No. 2 hold, where the worst damage was. He was up all that night. He was up all the next night. At ten o'clock on the third night, the Uldia was towed in safety to a pier in Soroka Bay. For fifty-four hours Reay had stuck it without a break.

Covered With a Patch.

Then, the pumps going all the way, the rescued derelict was towed for a day and a half to Archangel over the bay. At Archangel they put her into dry dock to be patched up for the great trip home. Anyone who knows anything about the sea will be agitated at the sheer impudence of these men. There was a great gash in the outer hull of the ship. They made a wooden patch to cover it, and held the thing on with chains. Once these were caught by a passing tug, and, for a breathless minute, patch and ship and crew were all in peril.

Between this patch and the actual

inside of the ship are what seamen call the tank tops—a sort of second bottom. This second bottom was already leaking furiously; the danger was that it might altogether give beneath the strain. So they jammed stanchions of timber between the tank tops and the main deck. They plastered up the inside with cement. They squeezed wooden plugs into the rivet-holes. They had the cheek to take aboard their floating lobster-pot a cargo of three hundred standards of timber, worth about £10,000, and they did it all the more gaily because they knew that they were cheating the Bolsheviks of part of their plunder.

On September 25th, the Uldia slid out of dry dock and down a narrow river with nine bends in it. They were just clear of this river when their Russian pilot—he may have meant it, or, on the other hand, he may not—ran them on the mud. Joyfully, the Uldia, who was certainly possessed of a highly malignant sort of shrewdness, began to leak again!

Ten Days of Torture.

They dared not go back; they went forward. With her mixed crew made up of a man from the West Yorkshires, the dour son of the Tyne, Captain Grey, and several other Australians, the Uldia was taken in tow by the tug Rollickeo and headed for the open Arctic.

For ten days they lived in peril. Towering seas crashed upon them. The great hold in the middle of the ship yawned upon them, and she shuddered yawned open to receive that deluge. Ice water swirled down the hatchless hatchways.

Everyone, from Captain Grey downwards, took his spell at the pumps. Six of these, three motor and three steam, were kept running without a

"ARMADA" Tea is delivered to you by your Grocer in a

FULL-WEIGHT
 AIR-TIGHT
 DUST-PROOF
 PACKAGE.

You have every practical And the quality of the Tea itself is incomparable.

break. Time and again the crew saluted death; time and again they leapt back to life.

Never did mariner greet the rugged North Cape with greater affection. Hugging the land, they now passed down the jagged coast into the quiet of Norway's fjords, on to Bergen, out across the North Sea to the Tyne.

And at North Shields they made the interesting discovery that their wooden patch would have been gone, and they with it, had that heroic voyage lasted for one other day!—Answers.

Spiders' Threads for Telescopes.

The threads of the garden spider are fixed by astronomers in their telescopes for the purpose of giving fine lines to the field of view, by which the relative positions of stars may be accurately measured.

For a century astronomers desired to make use of such lines of the greatest possible fineness, and procured at first silver wire drawn out to the extreme limit of tenuity attainable with that metal. They also tried hairs (1,500th of an inch thick), and threads of the silkworm's cocoon, which are split into two component threads, each only 1,200th of an inch thick. But in 1820 an English instrument maker named Troughton introduced the spider's line. This can be readily obtained three or four times smaller than the silkworm's thread, and has also advantages in its strength and freedom from twist.

In order to obtain the thread the spider is carefully fixed on a miniature "rack," and the thread, which at the moment of issue from the body is a viscid liquid, is made to adhere to

a winder, by turning which the desired length of firm but elastic thread can be procured.

NOTE OF THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. John Winter and family of Barin wishes to sincerely thank all those who sent messages and letters of sympathy and condolence to them in the event of the death of their dear son, George Morrill, who died at the General Hospital, St. John's, on December 26th, and to those who sent wreaths to adorn the casket. Also to Drs. Keegan and Carnell, Nurses and Sisters of Crowdy Ward, for their never-ceasing attention and a willingness at all times to do everything in their power to relieve his suffering up to the last.—adv.

T. J. EDENS.

80 cases Pure Jams. 1 lb. glass.

Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Plum, Gooseberry, Blk. Currant, Red Currant Jelly, Greenapple, Strawberry Jam, 4 lb. tins. Marmalade—Keller's, 1 lb. glass, 4 and 7 lb. tins.

200 Bags P. E. I. POTATOES, CARROTS, PARSNIPS, BEETS, TURNIPS. 10 barrels CABBAGE.

30 Boxes P. E. I. BUTTER, 2 lb. prints.

"KLIM" Milk Solids—nothing else. No chemicals. Has natural milk taste.

55c. tin. Makes 4 quart pure separated milk.

LAZENBY'S—Chef Sauce, Biscuit Tablets, Ginger Chips, Chiver's Carpet Soap, Chiver's Plate Powder, Goddard's Plate Powder.

FAMILY MESS PORK, SMALL JOWLS, PORK LOINS, NEW YORK BEEF.

T. J. EDENS,

151 DUCKWORTH ST. (Next to Custom House.)