

JELLY POWDERS

De Lux 7c.
4 pkgs. for 25c.
Nujell 9c.
3 pkgs. 25c, 90c dozen.
Jello 3 for 25c.

NEW CANNED GOODS
Corn 14c can
Peas 14c can
Tomatoes 15c can

MATCHES
Red Head 10c box
5 boxes 45c.
Home Matches 11c box
5 boxes 50c.

CHIMNEYS
Large Lamp Chimneys
13c, 2 for 25c.
Medium 12c.
Lantern Chimneys 12c.
Tall or Short

FRESH HERRING
6c per pound.

TOILET PAPER
Good Quality
7 Rolls for 25c.

NEW RAISINS
Bulk Seedless ... 16c lb.
Best Seeded .. 16c pkg.
Best Seedless.. 16c pkg.

SPLENDID PRUNES
Good Prunes, 2 lbs. 25c.
Larger Prunes, .. 15c lb.
Largest Prunes. .17c lb.

COFFEE
Try our Fresh Ground
Coffee.
57c per pound.

TEA
Our sales are very large
on our Bulk Tea.
55c lb., 5 lbs for \$2.65.

Don't forget we still can
save you money on Pat-
ent Medicines, Pills and
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YERXA GROCERY CO.
2 STORES

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Perth Man Writes Of Terrible Floods In Southern California

Rivers Normally Without Water Rose at the Rate of Four Feet in an Hour and Overflowed Their Banks — Conditions Made Worse by the Bursting of a Huge Oil Tank — Real Estate Agents Numerous in Los Angeles.

Mr. George E. Armstrong of Perth, who is wintering in California writes in part as follows to The Daily Mail from Los Angeles under date of February 21st:

"Well, we are having a lovely winter, in fact I cannot make myself believe it is winter as we have so much sunshine and it is so much like our June weather. I was down to Ocean-side, fifteen miles down the coast, a couple of weeks ago, and saw peas and beans in blossom and potatoes ready to bloom. We were out to Pasadena yesterday, and saw peach trees in blossom and travelled over roads lined with roses in full bloom. Everything looked lovely and I must say that it is a great country to spend the winter.

Some Wet Weather.

"There was a regular flood here last week. It did not rain forty days and forty nights, as in the days of Noah, but there was a downpour that lasted one hundred hours. I never saw it rain harder in my life. The Los Angeles and Gabriel Rivers, the largest in these parts, are usually without water except when it rains, the beds being grown up in bushes. Say, when this flood got properly underway, these rivers rose at the rate of four feet an hour, and soon overflowed their banks. The water overflowed in all directions, just like a mill-race, and seemed to be full of mud and other kinds of dirt. In some of the streets the water rose to a height of five feet, and low lying portions of the city were completely flooded. I happen to be located in one of the city's high spots and pulled through all right.

In some of the streets that were flooded the mud and sand settled on the pavements to a depth of one foot, and such a dirty mess you never saw. Hundreds of men have been busily engaged in cleaning up these streets since the flood.

Piles of Debris.

"I was down to Long Beach on Saturday, and noticed that the flood did a lot of damage along the water front. The debris that came down the two rivers was piled up in awful shape for a mile or two. Big crews of men with motor trucks are now trying to clean it up and the job will cost thousands of dollars. The ocean waves sent the rubbish right up to the doors of the inhabitants. To make matters worse one of the Oil Company's tanks burst, letting loose eighty thousand gallons of crude oil, which went into the river. This oil covered everything that was touched by the water and the smell from it was something awful. Wherever it flowed on a lawn or came in contact with vegetation it quickly killed it. As soon as the rain stopped the river receded almost as rapidly as they rose.

Roads Are Splendid.

"The roads in this country are the finest I have ever seen. The main boulevards are seventy-five feet wide, paved all the way and lined on either side with palm trees. This class of road is to be found everywhere one goes. As for automobiles, there seem to be millions of them here and they drive fast all the time. There are lots of accidents, about one person being killed on an average every day. Yesterday the casualties numbered four, but things seem to go along just the same. They have good traffic laws, but there is an accident as soon as one is broken. The cost of an auto license here is only \$300, regardless of the size of the car. Six gallons of gasoline costs \$1, and as a set of tires will run thirty thousand miles it does not cost much more to run a car than it does at home.

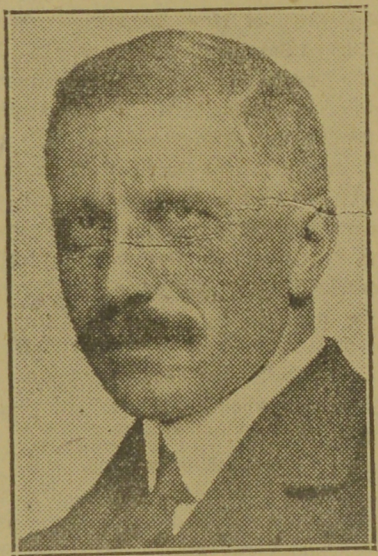
Realty Agents Galore.

"I don't think there is a country on earth that can boast of as many real estate agents as this one. You can hardly get along the streets for them. I was talking to one of them the other day and told him the country was all right, and told him that the real estate

agents were a nuisance and spoiled the impressions of tourists by trying to sell them building lots miles out of the city. There are some of the cleverest men in the country and also some of the biggest crooks trying to sell real estate to tourists at ten times its value. Right in the city there are thousands of vacant lots carrying nothing except a "For Sale" sign. I would say that nearly one quarter of the city is without buildings, and I think that the reason is that the people who bought these lots paid well for them and find it impossible to unload. I might add that the owners of these lots are scattered all over the United States and Canada. If our people would boost our own country like they do it here there is no doubt that we could sell real estate and also get people to come in.

"I was to a Canadian picnic on February 5th and met a lot of New Brunswick people. Among those I met were Mr. and Mrs. Murdock McKenzie of Glassville, who wintered in Fredericton from Campbellton and others ton last winter. I also met a Mr. Har- from Woodstock, Sussex and Moncton. There were 22,000 people present, mostly Canadians. They had booths for each province and everybody registered their names, with their former and present addresses. Seven brass bands were in attendance.

"We expect to remain here until the 8th of March, and then go on to San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria. At Vancouver I will visit a brother whom I have not seen in 23 years. I expect to reach home some time in April."



LABRADOR MISSION NEEDS FUNDS
Dr. Harry L. Paddon, co-worker with Dr. Grenfell in the Labrador Mission, urges Canada to establish a sinking fund to enable the Mission to engage more workers.

THE MARCH ROD AND GUN

With the spring and summer months looming ahead, the lovers of outdoor recreation are again looking to their tackle. The March number of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News which has just appeared, has many interesting articles for those outdoorsmen. A very complete article on outfitting a long canoe trip by C. P. Storey is an outstanding feature of the issue. Many other useful wrinkles are included in the regular "Fishing Notes" and "Outdoor Talk" and "Guns and Ammunition" departments.

Many interesting experiences are told in the hunting stories such as "A Holiday in the Rockies." Bonnycastle Dale writes this month on the subject of the Nova Scotia men who fish for lobsters. Number 3 of Canadian Silver Fox News contains a great deal of useful material.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ontario.

MONTREAL PAPER HAS PRAISE FOR THE PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK; HAS REMARKABLE RECORD

(Montreal Standard.)

Thirty-five years of public service in municipal, provincial and federal spheres, without experiencing a single personal defeat, is the rather remarkable political record of Hon. Dr. John B. M. Baxter, K. C., Premier of the Province of New Brunswick, who this week observed his 55th birthday by being busily engaged at Fredericton with the affairs of State.

The harsh wear and tear of more than a quarter of a century in the



HON. J. B. M. BAXTER.

rough and tumble game of politics has been rather lightly borne, physically and mentally, for today the premier is probably the most active man in his Cabinet.

Attention to Details.

He gives a vast amount of time to details, which, in the case of many public men, are left to secretaries.

He goes through his voluminous mail personally and answers every letter addressed to him.

A descendant of Empire Loyalist stock, his great-grandfather during the Revolution, narrowly escaping the guillotine in New England, en route to New Brunswick, Premier Baxter was born and educated in St. John.

A FASCINATION MIXED WITH ROMANCE ABOUT THE N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE; A NOISY PLACE

(By William H. Fort in Chicago News)

There is a fascination about the New York stock exchange, a fascination when he finally turns away, is a bit strangely mixed with romance which daily lures hundreds of visitors to its galleries where many of them stand for hours, watching blankly for something to happen. It is the place where millions are made and lost—and they want to see how it is done.

Shrill calls echoing through a high vaulted room. Crowds of brisk, nervous men, who walk about, peer intently at one of a score of mahogany columns to which are affixed automatic bulletin boards, and accept slips of paper from gray-clad messengers, hundreds of them making their way across the floor, weaving in and out, depositing their bits of paper in the proper hands and returning again for others; not running, but patiently hurrying, like an army of ants building a hill. Rows of telephones. Hoarse shouts as some one calls a name. A steady murmur of voices, the monotonous sound of treading feet and the steady flop! flop! of numbers dropping into sight and disappearing again on the huge boards at the ends of the rooms. The dropping of one of those numbers, which calls a broker to the phone, may be the signal which will mean the gain or loss of millions to some one. Who knows? Bits of paper fluttering to a floor already as untidy as that of the traditional newspaper office. Well-dressed men sitting in rows along the wall calmly reading the paper, walking leisurely about joking with friends, or matching coins for lunches. Looks as if it were a game, with every one keeping his own score. Watching these joshing, joking men, and listening to their laughter as it floats up to the gallery, it is hard to

Was Councillor at 24.

At the age of 24 years, he was elected to the city council of St. John and served for thirteen years, being appointed city solicitor in 1910.

During those 13 years, he fought his own way through law school and opened a law office, having practised successfully ever since.

He was first elected to the New Brunswick Legislature in 1911 and then successively in 1912, 1917 and 1921, at one time serving as Attorney-General.

In 1921 he was persuaded to enter the Federal Cabinet as Minister of Customs for the Conservative party, but in the subsequent election that year his party was beaten although he himself was elected.

His Great Triumph.

He served at Ottawa several years where his keenness in debate stamped him as one of the leaders of his party.

An insistent call came, to return to his native province, voiced not only by his party, but by prominent business men, in 1925, could not be denied and Dr. Baxter came back and led the Opposition to a smashing victory at the polls in August, 1925, capturing 36 of 48 seats.

Dr. Baxter faced his doughtiest political foe, Hon. Peter J. Veniot, now Postmaster-General, across the floors of the provincial house for the time as leader of the Government last spring and in the big battle over the Grand Falls question of public or private ownership, he showed his tremendous powers of analysis to impressive advantage.

Is Natural Leader.

The Premier is by no means what is termed "a mixer," considered one of the essentials to a successful political career, his extraordinary ability alone counting for his mantle of leadership.

His bitterest political foes, however, concede him sincerity of speech and staunchness in his friendships.

He has long been a leader of Maritime rights and personally made the presentation of New Brunswick's case before the Duncan Commission.

SPENT RARE EVENING WITH SIR WILFRID

(Bystander in the Toronto Globe.)

In an exceptionally able article Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons, on "Canadian Parliamentary Oratory," Sir Wilfrid Laurier is characterized as "a man who harbored no hatreds." Frank Yeigh, writing to the Bystander, declares that he can affirm the truth of this tribute from a personal experience, having had the privilege of spending an evening with the then ex-Premier in his Ottawa home.

I had him all to myself for three hours, writes Mr. Yeigh. Sitting easily by a cheerful grate fire, he talked and talked—with delightful restraint. Led by questions from his guest, this most charming of hosts surveyed his forty years of public life, recalled its stirring incidents and leaders, and told many a rare story worthy of a wider audience. Near the close of an eventful evening, to this lucky guest, he ventured to ask:

"How have you surveyed all these years of political activity and conflict with political opponents? Do any of the ancient animosities survive?"

I shall never forget the answer: "I have no hard feelings against any human being."

And what is more: During this three hour talk the white-haired Leader did not utter a single harsh expression or criticism, even of his once bitterest opponents. The whole conversation was marked by a loftiness and magnanimity that was a lesson to his listener.

RUTH'S DEMAND MEANS MUCH IN ACTUAL CASH

New York, March 1—Babe Ruth's salary demand of \$100,000 a season would give the New York slugger an income at the rate of \$650 a game for 154 games.

For a regular nine-inning contest he would receive about \$72 an inning. Splitting the inning income in halves, for fielding and batting, he would get about \$36 for each half. Catching three flies in one inning to retire the side would net him about \$12 for each ball caught.

For each of four trips to the batter's box in a game he would receive about \$80 whether he makes a home run, walks or fans.

Rodney—I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.
Waiter—There was some but I wiped it off.

sure, but it is known as Mat' Brush's elephant just the same. The figure of an elephant adorns his invitation cards, and at a banquet given by him at the Hotel Astor there was a small bronze elephant beside the plate of each of his 250 guests, their names carved on the side.

His clocks drive his secretary almost to distraction. There are cuckoo clocks of several varieties, chime clocks, grandfather clocks, banjo clocks, ship's clocks, clocks that strike every fifteen minutes, clocks that play a tune on the hour, clocks with booming gongs and clocks with tinkling bells. And it is one of his secretary's jobs to keep all of these wound. It is Mr. Brush's pride that they all keep perfect time. It is known that he once traced a junkman for a week to locate a particularly old timepiece which finally was found and purchased for \$5. He spent \$20 to get it in running order and later refused an offer of \$500 for it.

Its fine qualities preserved in the modern Aluminum package.

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good.