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Seeded 16c pkg.
Seedless 16c pkg.

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A FEW 25 CENT BARGAINS

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4 cakes SURPRISE SOAP 25c.
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3 pkgs. JELLO 25c.
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6 CHOCOLATE BARS 25c.
1 Bottle MINARDS LINAMENT 25c.
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STUDYING MODERN HISTORY IN THREE JUGOSLAV CITIES

(By JOHN GUNTER in Chicago
News.)

Cetinje, Yugoslavia, March 21—You've often seen it on the maps—Cetinje—usually with an asterisk attached. It was a capital in the old days, capital of the sovereign state of Montenegro. It looked remote, tucked away in the Dalmatian Alps. Well, it is. "Remote" hardly expresses it.

Once Napoleon had aims along this coast. He sent Marshal Marmont at the head of an army to seize Montenegro—the Black mountain. Marmont reached the foot of the mountain, took one look at Cetinje, poised like an eagle's nest above, and said to Napoleon:

"This country is too small to get my army into."

It's hard enough even now for an ordinary traveler to get in.

During the summer the road scaling the mountain from Cattaro to Cetinje, is fairly easy; in winter it is not. It isn't a road at all, but a ladder. Most mountain roads circle upward in spirals; this one does not. It climbs in terraces, cut sheer into the face of the Black mountain. There are seventy-eight turns in one mile—a mile measured downward. Cetinje is over 5,000 feet above the sea—almost a clear drop. With ice on the road and snow in the passes the trip is no joke.

It happened I entered Cetinje backward—crawled up on it from the rear—from Scutari, in Albania, and from Podgoritz, Montenegro's other city. But I had plenty experience of the road going down—to Cattaro and the sea—on my way out.

"I must lend you my car," said the general commanding the local Yugoslavia division after I had been in Cetinje a day as his guest. I remonstrated, hesitating to put him at such inconvenience.

"But I insist!" the general, proceeded. "The road is the most dangerous road in Europe, famously so." He paused proudly. "Thirty-seven people killed on it last year!"

"How long does it take to fall 5,000 feet?" I asked.

"Anyway" the general concluded, "you must take my car. It's the only one in town with brakes."

If you remember the map, the little asterisk marking Cetinje isn't an eighth of an inch from Cattaro and the sea. That eighth of an inch took four hours to drive—downhill. Cetinje, no longer a capital, now only a Yugoslav provincial town has decayed—largely through poverty. But it is certainly one of the most picturesque towns ever omitted from a Cook's tour.

It lies on a tiny plateau, I dare say the only level spot a thousand yards square on all the Black mountain. Half a dozen neat little streets intersect in the snow. It looks Swiss. Smoke comes out the red chimneys; sleighbells dingle, children skate on the ice. There is one hotel. Once Cetinje had a dozen European legations; now they're empty, or used as rooming houses.

On every side rise barren lumps of rock. On a clear day, if you climb an adjacent crag, you can see Lake Scutari to the east like a patch of blue silk stretched taut at the base of snow-topped peaks; to the west the Adriatic also is visible, where it makes three great blue indentations at the mouth of Cattaro. Then straight ahead is Mount Lovcen, portal to Montenegro, looking exactly like a marshmallow sundae.

The peasants, hardy folk, drift down the steep, narrow trails interlacing the bowl of rock and in Cetinje, on market day sell their poultry and vegetables and handiwork. They are very poor. Montenegro is smitten with poverty as with a blight.

The Montenegrin is a stout fellow. He likes to fight, and he knows how. But now there is no fighting to do and he must merely live; which is a good deal harder. As to costume he is picturesque in the extreme. Like his Albanian cousin (whom he hates), he wears stiff, woolen white trousers; his shoes are gayly painted moccasins, turning up at the toe like little canoes; his jacket is resplendent in silver and gold embroidery, usually on a fabric of blue. Men of

the town wear blue breeches, not the white trousers. The Montenegrin is tall—the tallest men in Europe—with fine, tempered stoic face; high bare cheek bones and shallowly set blue eyes.

But the old patriarchs of this type are going fast, dying out. The new generation is perfectly willing to sacrifice its former autonomy, and abide by unity with Yugoslavia; indeed, the Montenegrins themselves voted for the union. The Yugoslav king is a blood relative of old Nicolas the Karageorgovitchs stick together. Of course, in the Cetinje coffee houses, in the cafes where the young bloods whisper, there is talk of separatism; but not much.

They—the old ones—are dying out and for a very simple reason; they cannot wrench a living from black rock.

The Montenegrins are exclusively farmers. That is their life, as it has always been their life—when not fighting. But farming on rock is no easy job. The Black mountain is made of a kind of limestone called "karst"—a variety which when washed down by water does not form soil. It is too hard. Thus what little soil there is in Montenegro is treasured like gold. It is the great and finally precious commodity. The soil is spread in little terraces, treasured and apportioned; and on these sparse boxes and shelves of soil the people try to live.

But they do not live well. Poverty is killing Montenegro. It is going fast.

Somehow Cetinje—this neat, white friendly city perched on a mountain—maintains a certain zest. It isn't dead yet. It will hold out as long as it can. And even—miracle!—little by little it is growing western.

In Cetinje there isn't one person who speaks English. I know. I looked hard. But in the little movie house on the snowy street there was a sign—an old American poster. That night Cetinje was watching Mack Sennett's "A Pool of Peaches."

MONCTON TO BUILD A FINE NEW SCHOOL

Moncton, N. B., March 20—H. S. Brennan, architect Saint John was on Saturday selected by the Moncton Board of School Trustees to prepare plans and specifications for the new school to be erected in the west end of the city this year at the corner of West and Lime streets on the property acquired by the Board for a school site some three years ago.

The new building will be one of eight class rooms together with all other necessary accommodation and in interior design will be practically along the same lines as the King George school, built here three years ago and of which the late F. Neil Brodie was the architect. The outside design, however, it is stated will be different from that of the school mentioned, while the exact cost of the new structure is not yet available, it is understood to be in the vicinity of \$150,000.

Acid Stomach

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia"
Better than Soda

Hereafter, instead of soda take a little "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly.

For fifty years genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gases. It neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges the souring waste from the system without purging. Besides, it is more pleasant to take than soda. Insist upon "Phillips." Any drugstore.

TRICKS OF INDIAN MAGICIANS ARE LAID BARE; TELLS HOW ORIENTAL FAKIRS OPERATE

There are magicians in India—thousands of them—and they present certain mysteries which are baffling to the untrained observer. To a magician, however, their methods are simple and the tricks they perform are far inferior to the illusions exhibited by American conjurers, says Howard Thurston in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The magicians of India are not miracle workers. Their tricks are easily detected by an expert, yet their magic is a real art. The present generation of fakirs show tricks which have been passed down to them by their fathers. Many of the appliances used are of crude construction and this adds to their effectiveness as they do not excite suspicion.

The "Mango Tree" is one of the most celebrated performances of Indian magic. I have heard tales of mango trees which grew from tiny roots to ten feet high before the eyes of the spectators but while I have seen the trick performed dozens of times, never did the tree exceed three feet in height. That in itself would be rather miraculous if the tree developed in full view but actually the trick is done under cover.

How Fakir Does It.

The fakir takes three short poles and makes a tripod about four feet high. He has a number of clothes lying about and he uses one of these to drape about the poles, so that a miniature tepee is formed. In the centre of this is a small flower pot filled with earth in which the magician plants a magno seed.

He then plays some weird music on a flageolet and then removes the cloth from the little tent. The mango seed has grown to a tiny sprig. The cloth is replaced and when it is removed again the sprig has grown taller. This procedure is repeated until finally a two or three foot "tree" is developed. Under the loose cloths which are on the ground the fakir has hidden branches of a mango tree. These he picks up under the larger cloth each time he forms the tent. The tent is merely a branch from a large magno tree, and it is also concealed underneath a cloth close by with its lesser branches folded together.

The secrets of many good tricks are quite simple; it is the method of performance that creates the mystery. So it is with the smallest tricks of the Hindu fakirs. They present their tricks with an air of mystery

which causes the spectators to look for some complex solution for example the "Bowl of Rice."

Uses "Lota"

The magician has a "lota" a bowl with bulging sides, and fills it to the brim with rice. He takes a knife and inserts the blade into the rice until the knife is buried to the hilt. Then he calmly lifts the handle of the knife and lo! up comes the bowl. The fakir swings the knife around his head, defying the law of gravity. The explanation is simple. When the knife is inserted the rice is pressed into the bulging sides of the bowl and the blade is gripped so firmly that the whole affair can be lifted at once. When the magician wishes to remove the knife he gives the blade a twist.

I had heard many marvelous stories of the celebrated Indian "rope trick," supposedly the greatest of all mysteries. Each description bordered on the miraculous; every story involved a master fakir, who took a coil of rope, tossed it into the air and caused it to remain there, suspended. In some accounts the end of the rope was said to have gone out of sight. Then a boy was supposed to have climbed the rope and disappeared followed by the fakir, who also vanished.

It was the only trick of the kind I saw the fakir take a coil of rope and tossed it in the air, where it remained rigid like a pole, some six feet in length. He balanced the rope for a moment, then dropped it and it immediately coiled itself when it struck the ground.

Rope Contains Wire.

The rope, I soon learned, contained a pliable wire, which made it temporarily rigid. As soon as the rope struck the ground the impact caused it to coil and it appeared to be an ordinary piece of rope. I offered a reward of 5000 rupees to any fakir who could perform the trick of the boy's disappearance but the reward was never claimed.

Alleged explanations have been given of how the trick could be performed, but they are generally unsatisfactory and impracticable. It has been suggested that the effect was created by hypnotic powers of the yogi. That might be possible if only one witness were present, but in cases where several persons are said to have witnessed the trick the theory cannot readily be accepted. Students of hypnotism have said that "group hypnotism" is an impossibility.

WEEPAH NOW CASHES IN ON THE GREAT GOLD STRIKE

Tonopah, Nev., March 21—The go through it will be followed by one world having been told that the sage-covered hills of Weepah hold perhaps some of the richest gold deposits in the United States, promoters, astute students of practical psychology, turned their efforts today toward cashing in on the alluring reputation the region has acquired.

Printers Kept Busy.

Reminiscent of the peak of the Gold-field boom, when the presses of the surrounding towns were operated 24 hours daily to keep pace with the demand for "Literature," the printing offices in this town nearest to the scene of the gold strike have been swamped with orders.

Three presses have been given over entirely to running out only air mail envelopes.

Air mail stamps also have leaped into great demand. One firm of brokers who bought \$1000 worth of ordinary stamps protested loudly when it was learned that air mail stamps had been available.

Negotiations for the purchase of the claims of Frank Horton, Jr., and Leonard Traynor, youthful discoverers of the gold field, were reported to be nearing consummation for the largest price yet paid.

It is reported that should the deal

of the greatest mining publicity campaigns ever staged, and later by intensive development.

Desert rats of 10 days' standing and without a penny, rub elbows with the real veterans of the hills. The former, lacking funds to carry on development chase around eagerly after financiers or their emissaries seeking to buy ground as close to the discovery as possible.

All Ask "Million".

The real veterans, although also without funds, have but one word when it comes to trading, and that is a "million." The seasoned buyer laughs and the claim holder ultimately comes back to earth.

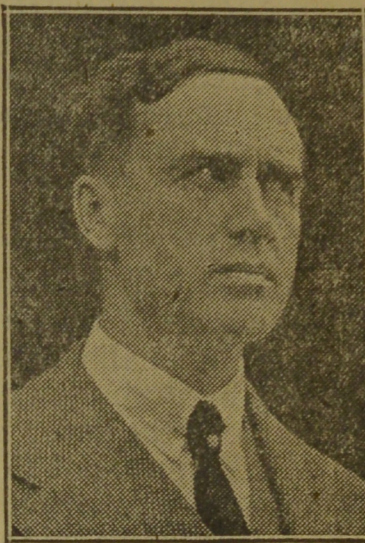
Ten thousand dollars will buy a promising group of claims, and shrewd traders have got in for as low as \$500 and a promise of a share of stocks.

Tonopah continues to be engulfed with newcomers. In addition to the long string of motor traffic, two Pullman loads of adventurers arrived yesterday and four more Pullman cars are due today.

With road improvements, the distance from here to Weepah has been reduced to 25 miles. Stage lines have been established. The fare is \$8 for the round trip, which figures 16 cents a mile.

P. E. I. FOXES TO BE SHOWN

Ottawa, March 20—Prince Edward Island is expected to exhibit a number of its choicest silver fox pelts at the coming World Poultry Congress here this summer. The Prince Edward Island exhibit is expected to be extensive and will feature production for export. J. W. Boulton, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for P. E. I., is in the city attending to the allocation of space for the Island's exhibit.



TO INVESTIGATE B.C. CLAIMS
Mr. Justice W. M. Martin of the Supreme Court of Saskatchewan, who has been appointed special commissioner to probe the claims of the British Columbia Government that lands granted to the Federal Government at the time of Confederation should be returned to that Province.

In addition to the outsiders, the new strike is attracting increasing numbers of the old desert characters. Among the late arrivals was Jack Salsbury, known now for his fondness for the ultra modes of attire. He cleaned up in Goldfield and Tonopah and then turned his money into cattle, which he unloaded before prices crashed. The desert he formerly tramped with a burro he now rides in a limousine.

While the rush continued here, similar conditions prevailed at Winkelman, Ari., where a rich showing of gold ore was reported in Rock Dyke. Rumors continued to spread on new findings of wire gold and prospects for development, while scores of prospectors and engineers arrived to inspect the ground.

Became So Weak Could Hardly Stand

Mrs. Wm. Palmer, Tomahawk, Alta., writes:—"Last spring I had a long spell of sickness and became so weak I could hardly stand. I could not sleep at night as the least little noise would wake me up. I tried blood tonics and other nerve pills, but they did me no good, and I was getting worse. I wrote my mother about my condition, and she sent me three boxes of



After the first box I was feeling much better, so I kept on until I had used the three boxes, and now I feel as well as ever I did when I was a young girl." Price 50c, a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?
When mail is allowed to accumulate in offices until closing time, it not only places an additional burden on the postal service, but is apt to miss important early afternoon train dispatches. This often causes a whole day's delay in delivery. Mail should be posted as soon as it is ready, and at frequent periods of the day.