

XMAS

WILL SOON BE HERE.

CANDY

We have the best Candy assortment
Be sure and visit our counter.
Below are a few prices.

Barley Toys30c lb.

Xmas Mixture . . .20c lb.

Princess Chocolates
45c per lb.

1/2 lb boxes30c

1 lb boxes50c

5 lb boxes \$1.50

Glenwood Chocolates
40c per lb.

5 lb. boxes \$1.35

Ganong's Hard Mixture
15c lb.

NEW MIXED NUTS

Almonds, Filberts, Brazils and
Walnuts. No peanuts.

30c lb., 2 lbs 55c.
4 lbs for \$1.00.

Fresh Roasted Jumbo
Peanuts25c lb.

Filberts25c lb.

RAISINS

Don't forget to lay in a stock of
NEW RAISINS

Seeded Progresso, 17c.
3 pkgs. 48c.

Bon Ton Seeded, 18c.
2 pkgs. 35c.

Bon Ton Seedless, 18c.
2 pkgs. 35c.

New Seedless (bulk) 18c
2 lbs for 35c.

25 lb Box Seedless
14 1/2c per lb.

African Raisins with
seeds, 16c lb.

New Currants . . 18c pkg.

New Currants, bulk, 16c.

A FEW

QUARTER TRADES

7 ROLLS TOILET PAPER25c.

4 1/2 lbs. ROLLED OATS25c.

5 lbs. BAKING SODA25c.

2 lbs. POPPING CORN25c.

8 lbs. ONIONS25c.

3 lbs. RICE25c.

4 cakes SURPRISE SOAP25c.

2 lbs. VILLAGE CAKE25c.

2 lbs. NEW DATES25c.

Don't forget our low
prices on Patent
Medicines.

YERXA

GROCERY
CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St

BIG SHARKS ARE IGNORED BY THE SPONGE FISHERS: SKIPPER GOES DOWN IN DIVING SUIT

"Sharks!"

Young Nick Anagnos, dashing his lead-shot feet over the gunwale of the Cleanthi, raised the danger cry just as two of his shipmates were about to place the big brass helmet on his head.

A school of the sharks, thirty or forty of the big white man-eaters, that infest the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, had appeared suddenly from nowhere. Triangular back fins projected above the water like sails of toy boats. Others darted about below, huge forms clearly outlined as swift black shadow-shapes in the translucent water, writes Frank P. Stockbridge in Popular Science Monthly.

It looked like a bad day for gathering sponges, after all.

Captain Cocoris watched the tigers of the sea for a few minutes, then turned and grinned a little bitterly at Nick Anagnos. The young Greek had clambered back on to the deck and snatched by the mast. He emphasized his refusal to take a chance with the sharks by asking for one of the tiny cups of Turkish coffee which comprise the sponge diver's entire daily nourishment until dinner at night. A single shark or two might be all in the day's work, but a school of them—well, Nick was just going to wait a while, that was all. He sipped his coffee with a deliberation that left no doubt.

Captain Unafraid.

A good captain never drives his men into danger; he leads them. Captain Cocoris owns five sponge boats, and rarely dives himself. Now, however, he walked over to Anagnos and said:

"Lemme have that suit!"

It was ideal weather for a good haul. The captain, who as owner, got one-third of the profits, besides his share as a worker, wanted to poke his leg among those fish, it was, in more ways than one, his business.

Nick neeled out of the heavy diving dress, and Cocoris shuffled into it. The four members of the crew were prompt to help him get into the air-tight, water-tight casings and the weighted shoes.

"Aren't you runnin' a big risk of getting an arm or leg snapped off?" I asked Cocoris, as they fastened the metal breastplate about his shoulders.

"Maybe," he answered. "Maybe they get me going down; maybe not." He smiled again, and fingered the knife, which hung at his belt. It was a sturdy-looking weapon, but not much to trust one's life to, it seemed to me, against a man-eater. Those beasts were as large, as swift, and as deadly, as submarine torpedoes.

"How long are you going to stay down?"

"Tut-tree hours."

Marvels at Nerve.

He saw my look of surprise. I wondered at his nerve in exposing himself so long to the danger of being ripped in two by the sawlike teeth of the sea monsters. He hastened to explain that there was comparatively little risk—that is, once he reached bottom.

"Sharks don't bother you much when you're underneath. Sharks bite you maybe sometimes going down; they go to be under what they go after. When you down, they 'fraild of you. You got this helmet on and you look ugly devil, like they do. If you see one coming you squeeze your hands between your knees, so, like this. You got your hands out free and the fish know by the smell that you something to eat. But when you cover your hands up the fish don't know you. Then you knock your feet together like this way—see, they got iron in them, these shoes, and under the water it make big noise; scare the sharks away, all of them."

"But divers do get eaten by sharks, or lose their arms or legs, don't they?" I pursued.

He glanced quickly toward his crew, and made his answer partly for their benefit.

"Never been seen' anybody bite by shark in this country. In Greece, maybe, sometimes some diver—skin-diver, what doesn't wear no suits like this—get hand bite off. But not in this country."

They fitted the Captain's helmet to his breastplate, and for a little while he was cut off from conversation. His face could be seen, oddly distorted, through the three glass windows in the sides and front of the helmet. The great brass dome attached to the cumbersome balloonlike suit, and the heavy clamping shoes, made him indeed look like some kind of devil. Only the exposed hands, sticking out through the tight rubber wristlets, disclosed to any curious shark that there was something inside alive.

Some needed adjustment of the air hose made it necessary to take off the helmet again, and I took the op-

portunity to ask questions about what went on on the floor of the ocean when a sponge-fisher dives.

"Can you see anything when you get all the way down there, Captain?" I asked.

"You see a little green daylight up there—sometimes you can see the boat. Pretty dark sometimes. You have to have light here in your helmet." He pointed to the port in the top of the helmet through which a tiny electric storage light could be played.

"Are you able to hear anything?" "You can hear the air pumping in the helmet. And you can hear the coral go 'crook! crook!' when the waves make it rub together."

Among the equipment Captain Cocoris was taking below was a net for holding sponges and a three-pronged hook for clawing them off their moorings on the bottom.

"Do you come back up as soon as you get your net filled?"

"Now, I got this rope, see, to make signs with. You goin' down empty. You fill the net with sponges, you make it, three times, signs with the rope, then they pull up full and send down empty."

With a final glance around for lurking sharks, the Captain inclined his head to receive the helmet, which was fastened to the metal breastplate with screws locking on one eighth of a turn. At the same time the little air pump was turned on and his diving dress began to swell out like a pillow.

Three lines of communication connected him with the Cleanthi; the air hose, a hawser with which to lower him to the bottom and haul him up again, and another line to which his sponge net was attached, used also for the simple code of signals.

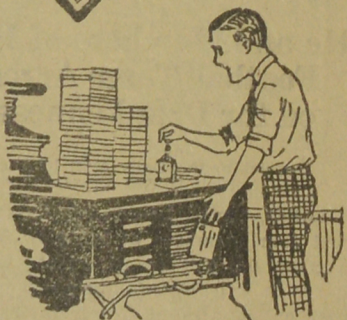
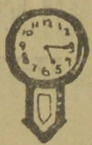
Over the Side.

He clambered laboriously down the ladder swung overside. As his helmet disappeared below the surface, air bubbles told of his downward progress. The descent was slow, for the air pressure in the suit has to be increased in due proportion with every foot of descent. For every thirty-five feet of water, the air pressure increases fifteen pounds. The diver requires time to accustom his internal blood pressure to the strain. The depth indicated on the air hose increased steadily—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—sixty-five—seventy feet; deeper already than he had expected; and so on to eighty feet. It took ten minutes to let him go so far, anxious minutes, prolonging the danger of attacks by sharks.

At last the hose stopped playing out, and a tug at the signal rope caused Nick Anagnos, who held one end of it, to call out "Bottom!" with obvious relief. The man who had taken his place was now relatively safe.

Only relatively safe, for the life of a deep-sea diver is at all times hazardous. If the air pressure slackens or is allowed to escape altogether, through failure of the pump to work or some other mischance, the weight of water may easily crush the life out of the imprisoned diver. If his air hose is fouled so that fresh air is cut off, or so that water can get into the helmet, the choice between suffocation and drowning is very slight. And if his system is not strong enough to stand the air pressure, he may suffer heart failure, or paralysis due to clogging air bubbles in the arteries, or a sudden attack of compressed air disease, "the bends," as the deep-sea divers call it. As he, was now working in a pressure of about fifty pounds, sharks weren't the only danger.

BI UNDERS



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.

Here and There

The fourth Eastern International Dog Derby to be held from Quebec city February 21, 22 and 23, promises to be the most keenly contested ever held. It is expected that over 20 teams will be entered for the race.

Christmas tree shipments from Quebec to the United States ran to 450,000 over Canadian Pacific lines last year, and present expectation is that this number will be equalled at least this year. Revenue to farmers of the province from this source ran to \$100,000 last year.

Four carloads of silver foxes, valued at \$750,000, have left Prince Edward Island in one shipment for the Western States: Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Oregon and Washington. Viewed as a livestock shipment, it is said to be a record one. A number of prize winners were among the pack.

Dog teams will be used this winter by the Hudson's Bay-Marland organization to prosecute oil development work in the Ribstone field in North-eastern Alberta. This is the area where the quest for oil started following a favorable report by Dr. G. S. Hume, head of the Dominion Geological Survey.

Christmas travel over the Canadian Pacific routes to the Old Country has been heavier this year than ever before experienced. Special trains have been run from Winnipeg directly to the ship's side at Saint John, N.B. The westerners credit this heavy movement to England for Christmas to the excellent conditions that prevail throughout the west.

The hundred settler families from the British Isles brought out by the Scottish Immigrant Aid Society to form the Clan Donald Colony are doing splendidly, according to a field supervisor's report just submitted. When they landed at their destination they found farms, houses, barns and equipment ready so that no time was lost in preliminaries.

Turkish tobacco, grown in Alberta, is better than that grown in Turkey or Greece, according to a Mr. Baker here, who grew 1,000 pounds as an experiment this season. He plotted out three-quarters of an acre to ten varieties of tobacco seed. The crop was harvested ripe before the coming of frost, and of the ten varieties Turkish, White Barley and Orinoco thrived best.

Nearly 1,050 overseas vessels entered the Harbor of Montreal and over 350 coastal vessels docked there in the season just closed. This makes a very favorable showing compared with the 1,255 overseas and 215 coastal vessels of the previous season. During the period of open navigation over 113,850,000 bushels of grain were shipped from the port and flour shipments totalled 2,090,000 barrels.

Canada scored again at the Chicago Exposition when the blue ribbon grand championship in the Clydesdale stallion division went to Forest Favorite, owned by Haggerty and Black of Belle Plaine, Saskatchewan. Last year the University of Saskatchewan took the coveted honor with Green Meadow Footsteps. This year, it is said, the veteran Canadian stallion was an easy winner over all others.

"There is better hunting today in the Canadian Rockies than was the case when white men first began systematic exploration of them nearly fifty years ago," said Tom E. Wilson, of Banff, one of the outstanding pioneer mountain guides, when interviewed at Canadian Pacific headquarters recently. Mr. Wilson was the first white man to discover Lake Louise and Yoho Valley. A plaque or statue has been erected in the Yoho Valley in honor of him, by the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

A HINT TO ALL.

Give me a flashy necktie, sir
I'm not averse to that,
Or a pair of floppy slippers
To wear around the flat.

Give me a bathrobe, if you must.
A size too small, somehow
But please don't send me handkerchiefs,
I've seven thousand now.

—JASPER WHITLEY in Chicago News.

Chicago beauty doctor says any woman can be made beautiful in six minutes. And get it on straight! Doesn't seem possible.

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea" TEA

Next time try the finest grade
-- Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

FOR CHRISTMAS COOKING

PURITY BRAND—

Best quality of Bread Flour. Barrels,
98 lb. bags, 24 lb. bags.

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98 lb. bags, 24 lb. bags.

CROWN BRAND—

Best quality of Pastry Flour. 98 lb.
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