

TOILET PAPER

LARGE SIZE—BEST QUALITY
4c Roll, 7 Rolls 25c.

Soap

LUX TOILET SOAP 10c.
PALM OLIVE,
10c, 3 cakes for 25c.
6 cakes GOOD LAUNDRY SOAP, 25c.
5 cakes CHAMPLAIN SOAP, 25c.
4 cakes SUN LIGHT SOAP 25c.
3 cakes LIFE BUOY SOAP 25c.

Beans

CLARK'S LARGE SIZE 23c.
CLARK'S MEDIUM SIZE 13c.
CLARK'S SMALL SIZE 10c.
CLARK'S VEGETABLE SOUP 10c tin.
CLARK'S TOMATO SOUP 10c tin.

Good Canned Salmon
18c tin, 6 tins for \$1.00.

Sugar

100 lbs. \$6.85
14 lbs. \$1.00
2 TINS CORN 25c.

McCormick's, Marven's
and Hamilton's
MIXED CAKES
18c lb, by the box.

Jello

3 pkgs. for 25c.

3 bot. Extracts 25c.
5 lbs. Oatmeal 25c.
8 lbs. Cornmeal 25c.
8 lbs. Cracked Corn 25c.
8 lbs. Oats 25c.

Money Saving Prices

FEED OATS \$2.30 BAG
BRAN \$1.80 BAG.
SHORTS \$1.90 BAG
WHITE MIDLINGS \$2.25 BAG
90 lb. bag OATMEAL \$3.35
20 lb. bag OATMEAL 90c.
98 lb. 5 CROWN 30c.
98 lb. SNOW WHITE \$4.75 bag.
98 lb. PURITY \$4.80 bag.

Good Quarter Bargains

3 pkgs. SNOWFLAKE AMMONIA, 25c.
5 lbs. BAKING SODA 25c.
5 lbs. ROLLED OATS 25c.
2 qts. WHITE BEANS 25c.
7 rolls TOILET PAPER 25c.
1 can BEST PINK SALMON 25c.
3 tins KIPPERED SNACKS 25c.
3 lbs. RICE 25c.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

THE SEVERN IS DESCRIBED AS LONGEST OF BRITISH RIVERS; RISES IN WELSH MOUNTAINS

The Severn is not only the longest but also the most beautiful of British rivers, flowing through scenery of wonderful variety in its two-hundred-and-ten mile journey from the mountains of Wales to the Bristol Channel; and its course, through verdant vale or barren moorland, quaint old farms and cottages, stately towns with ancient castles, ruined abbeys and picturesque bridges add their unfailing interest and charm, writes Allan Philip in the Sunday at Home, an English Church Magazine.

Its origin must be sought on the windswept heights of Plynlimmon, the great barren mass of mountain-land that lies inland from Aberystwyth, which, with its miles of trackless bog, its crags and sudden mists, has lured many an adventurous traveller into peril and death.

Rises in Pool.

But the birth of a great river has a fitting place in such dreary solitudes as Plynlimmon can offer, and the explorer of today who would stand at the source of the Severn cannot do better than follow the example of George Borrow, who, with a guide, set out from the Castle Inn on the Aberystwyth road and climbed the green slopes to the summit of the mountain, beyond which the water gushes up from the stony bed of a little pool.

It has been said of the Severn that it is not a socialable river, and one does not find along its course the velvet lawns and flower-beds at the water's edge which are seen along the quieter flowing of the Thames; for the Severn, though graceful in its ceaseless curving among the hills and meadows, is a river of moods. Its current is swift, its bed is rocky and boulder-strewn, and its task is the carrying away to the ocean of the floodwaters of an illimitable waste of mountain and moor. This is a task that tests its utmost ability, and at times, on a single night, the water rises ten feet above its normal level. The foaming stream, swollen with the turbid peat-water of bog and morass, racing to the sea, commandeers the fields for its overflow, inundates the houses along its banks, and brings ruin and loss to farmlands and stock.

River Gets its Name.

After some twelve miles of moorland it meets the highways of man at Llanidloes on the Aberystwyth road, and here it receives the name of Severn in exchange for its earlier appellation of Hafren; for now it ceases to be a diminutive stream and becomes a river. Llanidloes is a charming little town of some two thousand inhabitants, where the flannel industry is still carried on, and important sheep and cattle markets are held. Its half-timbered market is an architectural gem, and, in its setting of verdant hill and rich meadow lands, it is worthy to be the first town upon the Severn banks.

From Llanidloes road and river keep company through green ways of peace and verdant beauty, wild pasture lands, radiant in early summer with meadow flowers, glorious in autumn with the golden brown of dying foliage, where the trees climb in masses up the hill side, and Nature revels in her unchecked liberty.

Here and there the scenery gains charm from a half-timbered cottage or the thatched buildings of a farmstead; but for the most part there is stillness and silence in the fields that border the windings of the river.

Ancient Battlefields.

At Montgomery, for the first time in its course, the river is overshadowed by the ruins of a castle, high-set on a steep hill. Many battles were fought in olden days in the level lands of Montgomery, for the peoples of south and north met here in conflict in their age-long quarrels. The reputed grave of Caractacus, last of the great British chieftains to withstand the arms of Rome, is on the slope of the Kerry hills; and stone circles and isolated cromlechs tell of ancient faiths and the worship and the burials of early dwellers in these lands.

Just before Montgomery is reached the river runs in a shallow ford, the Ford of Montgomery, famous in the peace-makings of those restless days for petty kings and barons, knights and princes, as well as leaders of the church, met at this ford to settle terms of peace, and thus end for a season the strain of exhausting hostilities.

From the fragment of Montgomery Castle there is a glorious view over the surrounding country, and almost at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands lies the borderlines between England and Wales.

The river here is, in parts, beautiful

beyond description in the dewy light of morning or the golden haze of sunset; still shallow, it sparkles over its stony bed, and the trees that crowd its banks cast their dark shadows across its flashing wavelets.

Thence the river runs almost due north to Welshpool, the history of which is closely wrapped up in the annals of Powis Castle, and the Lords Powis of succeeding generations. Standing in a richly timbered park this great castle is the only surviving example of the native royal castles of Wales.

In a course that twists and winds in a most amazing fashion through the fields, the Severn flows beneath the great mass of the Breidden Hills; and, from the bridge near Llandrinio, there is a charming picture with the curving river stretching away to the precipitous cliffs. Once a great Cistercian abbey stood in these meadows, but it has long since disappeared.

High on the central hill a monument has been erected in honor of Admiral Lord Rodney by the loyal residents, although Rodney himself had no connection with this part of the country.

Some two miles east the Severn receives the waters of the River Vyrnwy which add to its volume the uncertain rainstorms on the Arran and Berwyn mountains. This is a peculiarly level district, where the water moves with unwonted sluggishness, with the result that storms on the hills produce great floodings about the fields of Melverley. No portion of the Severn valley is so subject to sudden and serious floods as this, and the phrase, "God held Melverley!" has become a byword in the land.

Reaching Shrewsbury through the beautiful Shelton Roughs the Severn encircles the hill upon which the old town is built. It passes through the beautiful Quarry, with its avenue of mighty lime trees, and flows beneath the Welsh and English bridges, the one on the west, leading into Wales, the other on the east, giving access to the heart of England.

Shrewsbury is a town rich with architectural gems, while its historical importance is largely due to its position as a frontier town of the borderland, and involved in the disputes and the warfare, waged for many years, between England and Wales. The Court of the Marches met in its old Council House, David Llewellyn was executed within its walls. Henry VII slept on Wyle Cop on his way, as yet uncrowned, too Bosworth Field; and through its narrow streets the interminable stream of traffic passes east and west between London and Holyhead all the year round.

Stories of the old coaching days abound in the inns of Shrewsbury, and the daring of the drivers on the hills and at the corners of the streets forms a keen subject of debate; but, with all the changes on the roads, the river pursues its sleepy way round the walls of the town as it did centuries ago, save that a weir now bars its flow and raises the level of the water to add safety to boating and avoid the inconvenience of grounding at the many shallows.

After the noisy passage of the weir the river moves quietly through the meadows, crossed here and there by ferry boats, which are strangely reminiscent of bygone days; and along the river may still be seen the old-fashioned coracles—boats of skin stretched over a wooden framework, large enough for one man, and light enough to be easily carried on the back.

The old bridge at Atcham has been scheduled as an "ancient monument," and its consequent preservation is a matter of thankfulness to all who love old structures. It is a handsome and historic bridge, although inadequate for modern traffic.

In a wide valley the river now flows to Ironbridge, passing beneath the new bridge as Cressage, which has recently been built to replace an ancient wooden trestle bridge 200 years old.

At Buildwas, five miles downstream stands one of the most beautiful of our ruined Cistercian abbeys, with its double row of seven massive pillars representing the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom. This abbey has now been given to the nation.

At Ironbridge there still stands the first metal bridge ever constructed in Europe, a somewhat quaint figure by contrast with modern bridges and doomed to early replacement.

Jack—I fell six stories once and wasn't even hurt. What's the matter? Don't you believe it?

Sprat—No. I know your stories too well.

WEEDS LOOKED UPON AS A GREAT PROBLEM

(Experimental Farms Note)

Travelling through Canada in mid-summer one is struck by the prevalence and diversity of weeds. Whole districts, certainly fields can be described as white, blue, yellow or green, the green too often unfortunately, of couch grass rather than of clean, vigorously growing crops. The occurrence, here and there, of exceptions to the rule, simply demonstrates the possibility of better things.

Losses to farmers and to Canada totalling many millions of dollars annually, are represented by this riot of color. Any means however partial, of reducing such waste, must therefore command respect.

Much of eastern Canada is fit only for a forest crop. Fire and axe have exposed to the incursion of weeds, millions of acres that can only be a menace to adjoining lands until restored, by governmental or municipal action largely, to its own proper use.

In large additional areas the farming can only be described as very low-pressure cropping indeed. The land lies in hay or pasture chiefly and in a year or two from the plow, produces herbage unmarketable as hay. Until brought under a more intensive agriculture, or correct permanent pasture management, returns from such farms will be meagre.

In more advanced farming districts there is a noticeable decrease of such conspicuous, but readily (under cultivation) suppressed weeds as buttercup, ox-eye daisy, and the hawkweeds. In their place, according to locality, appear various mustards, thistles and others. Certain weeds are more or less indicative of over-reliance on grain crops, others prevail in clover-seed growing districts, fruit or trucking lands, etc. Perennial sow thistle invades the richer soils, especially if poorly drained. Russian thistle the lighter regions; sheep sorrel those in need of liming. Everywhere some weed is ready to seize an opportunity. Man's only hope now, of comparative freedom from weeds is to occupy every inch with adapted crops, well planted and carefully husbanded according to sound principles of tillage and plant growth. Only so can he possibly forestall Nature's constant effort to replace lost vegetation—of forest, east and west, and prairie in the vast interior of Canada.

—HERBERT GROH, Division of Botany, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

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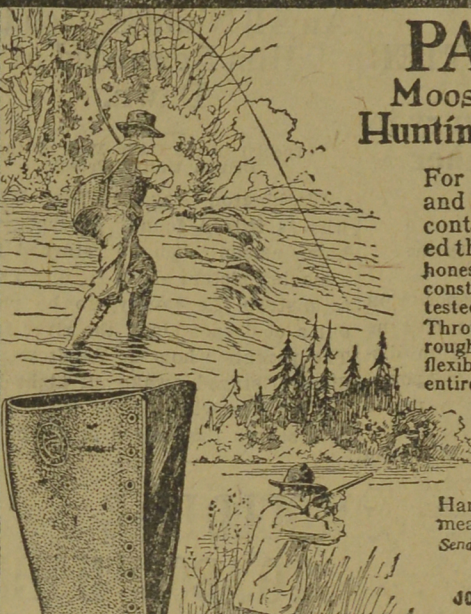
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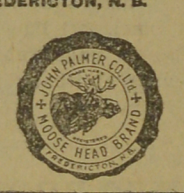
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