

Grass Seed

TIMOTHY NO. 1 12c lb.
TIMOTHY NO. 2 11c lb.
(By Whole Bag)

Rolled Oats

90 lb. Bag \$3.35
20 lb. Bag 90 cents
5 lbs for 25 cents.

TEA

Try our BULK TEA
ONLY 55 CENTS LB.
5 lbs for \$2.65.

Coffee

Get a pound of our FRSH GROUND
COFFEE
ONLY 57 CENTS A POUND

Flavoring Extracts

LEMON or VANILLA—Good Quality.
2 OZ. BOTTLE 9c, 3 for 25c.
2 1/2 OZ. BOTTLE 13c, 2 for 25c.

Matches

RED HEAD or EDDY'S HOME
MATCHES
12c BOX. 3 BOXES 33c. 5 BOXES 55c.

Sugar Crisp Corn Flakes

12c PACKAGE—6 PKGS, 66c.

Starch

MIXED STARCH 10c lb.
CANADA CORN STARCH 10c pkg.

Butter Making Requirements

BUTTER COLOR 30c Bottle
BUTTER COLOR, large 55c bottle
PRINTED BUTTER PAPER, 20c lb.
70c for 400 sheets.
BUTTER SALT, large bag 30c.

Canned Tomatoes

We have too large a stock. In order
to reduce for this week
15c CAN. 2 CANS 25 cents.

Canned Corn

2 CANS 25 CENTS.

Flour

PURITY and 5 ROSES 98 lb. bag \$4.90
5 CROWNS \$4.70
SMALL BAGS, all kinds \$1.25
CORN MEAL \$2.25
CRACKED CORN \$2.25

YERXAGROcery CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

TOURING CHINA IS DESCRIBED AS A VERY BUMPY JOB; RUTTED ROADS, HEAT A MISERY MET WITH

(By Paul Wright in Chicago News.)

There were three foreigners who wished to travel from Tientsin to Peking, the capital of China. The distance was 80 or 90 miles ordinarily, meaning three or four hours in a comfortable train. This pleasant way was blocked by fighting armies. So we set off by motor car for Paoting-fu, far to the west, to cover the two long sides of a huge triangle.

Of the three men one was an Ohio globe trotter. The second was a young Scot, who spoke Chinese like a native and possessed the sympathetic manners of a gentleman of China and the wide world. There is no doubt that he saved the expedition from many a bad collision with Chinese convention. The third was this correspondent.

Tientsin and all the country around was a whirl of dust that hung in the air and blinded the eyes and choked the nose and lungs. Through gray obscurity moved the normal traffic of a great city and the panoply of war. Thousands of soldiers on foot. Countless officers on horses, ponies, in rickshaws, in automobiles, carrying swords of whips of rawhide. China is pacified no longer.

Nerveless Chauffeur.

Despite the dust the car swoops on, piloted with singular skill by the nerveless Chinese. Past miles of excellently built Chinese shops and warehouses, through miles of suburbs, where the old dark ages begin to press against the era of sanitation.

Eventually the last of the suburbs are left behind and we embark upon a land voyage through a shifting fog of dust over a vast land that has nourished and destroyed—Chinese civilization these 2,000 years and more. The land is rich and generous but unreliable. The rivers gave it and the rivers take away. This is a country of bountiful harvests when nature smiles and of flood and famine at other times.

Our road becomes a raised embankment, with little fields and farms on either side. There are no cattle grazing and no horses. Not a fence or hedgerow gives perspective. For miles at a time there is no house in sight and then presto we are rushing through, or around some yellow village of mud shacks, without a blade of grass, or a tree to give a shadow of protection from the summer sun, or any other thing to lessen the bitterness of life. The women stumble about on their crippled "lily" feet, or leap staggering away to avoid the car. The children huddle in their alley entrance as we flash by.

There are many travelers on the road—a little itinerant circus, with trained monkeys clinging to their masters' necks, and strange apparatus borne on backs of men and donkeys. Refugees, with all their worldly goods upon them, are hurrying from the wars to the asylum of Tientsin. The Chinese are used to this sort of thing and take to it more kindly than did the Russians whom we saw in flight a few years ago.

Man-Power Boats.

Countless wheelbarrows draw up at the edge of the road at our approach. They are huge and heavy affairs, the primeval vehicle of this land of one-track roads. Each wheelbarrow has its squeak, artificially contrived by its driver. Neither time nor distance nor apparently the greatness of his burden troubles him. He has all the time there is.

Now and then across the fields, behind a wall of mud there rises the dirty sail of a canal boat. With the wind behind, it makes good progress. With no wind at all it still goes on, pulled by two men. There are many canals. And there are many dikes, that seem to lead nowhere and to serve no purpose. They tell of floods gone and floods to come.

The wind rises, and flings the dust into the driver's eyes. Still he rushes ahead. He is lost and he knows we know it. We thread our way along a rutted cart-track across the fields. Before us looms the only landmark with-in a wide horizon. A temple, abandoned long ago by its worshippers and priests, is surrounded by a mud wall and its inclosure filled with scrubby pines and the mounds where dead are buried. Here we eat our luncheons and bottled water.

There are Chinese living here. From across the court appears a small boy, going blind of trachoma. His mother emerges from the door and says that she will "find the little devil's father." The little devil's father advances. He is an old man, and poor. The money we hand him he politely waves away and then accepts for the child, to whom he hands it, with a smile.

The land is now a trackless waste,

with no hills, no capals and no horizon. There is no sun nor moon, nor north or south. Yet we reach at length a mud-walled village and a road that circles it, and then a canal which we cross upon a pontoon bridge. A native man, wearing a bath towel upon his head, volunteers to pilot us. He has remarkably fine eyes—large, luminous and sympathetic. We disregard the garlic. The day is now bitterly cold, yet for an hour our guide stands upon the footboard, bitten by the wind, his cotton garments flapping, brown skin showing through, and directs us out of our bewilderment into a district where the road is once more to be recognized. Our guide drops off the board and refuses all gratuities.

In a little village the way is almost blocked by a huge motor truck. It belongs to the Chinese postoffice and is endeavoring to get the mails into isolated Peking, over the route that we ourselves have chosen. The post-office is one of China's most admirable departments.

The weather takes a turn for the worse. Rain begins to fall. It descends with brutal persistence. First it merely settles the dust and then it turns the dust into mud. Our high rate of travel becomes perilous. Three times the little car skids upon the greasy lay and only our guardian angels save us from death. The Chinese driver laughs, as Chinese always do, to hide embarrassment. But he slows down. Thereafter we creep along, sliding and slipping through muddy communities and across endless stretches of farm land.

Feeding on Bark.

The flood has been here. Yonder "house" has not a living soul. Its roofs have fallen in, its walls sag and, worse than all, the bark has disappeared from the trees and all its young leaves, twigs and buds have gone. Can you guess the answer? They were eaten by the starving people. Such things happen often here.

Then the land rises. The flooded area is behind. Villages in numbers dot the plain and considerable towns with high walls of heavy brick.

Dusk settles down. Through it we discern huge buildings, a pagoda and then the red twists about and we are skirting a railway, with freight cars. The large archway is guarded by many soldiers with drawn bayonets. They salute our motor car, mistakenly.

The streets are filled with soldiers, many of them marching under umbrellas.

It grows dark. The driver can not find the agency of the great company that employs him. He wanders up and down, asking of shop-keepers and passers-by. He is nervous and sick with fear lest the car be taken from him by the soldiers. Then a door opens, and Chinese gentlemen welcome us in.

FISHWAY TO BE BUILT AT ST. GEORGE

St. George June 6—Tenders are being called for the construction of a fishway at the falls on the Magaguadavic, and it is expected work will start with the low run of water. The river has been pronounced by experts one of the best in the province for salmon, and the fishway will give these gamey fish a chance to get to their natural spawning grounds. Smelt, gaspereau and other salt water citizens are expected to make use of the road to the beds of streams where they may propagate their species.

When the Magaguadavic comes into her own there will be everything to offer the true sportsman. Thousands of young salmon have been placed in the headwaters of the river and more will be put in.

BIG PROFITS IN MANITOBA

Winnipeg, June 6—The Manitoba Liquor Board had profits of \$1,234,113 during the fiscal year ending April 30, 1926. Of this amount the city of Winnipeg will receive \$218,079, as compared with \$201,548 last year, while 175 other municipalities will receive a share in the profits.

G. M. Anderson of Moncton is registered at the Queen.

HOW SIR JOHN MACDONALD WON A VOTE

(Toronto Globe)

Anthony Malone one of Kingston's oldest residents used to tell the following anecdote of Sir John and it explains one reason why the great statesman was able to remember people so well:

"Somewhere about the year 1866 Sir John A. Macdonald paid a visit to Garden Island—which is just across the harbor from Kingston. While standing gazing through one of the office windows he espied an aged Irishman, a sawyer by trade, working away at a huge stick of timber preparatory to fling it. Turning to me, Sir John asked:

"Who is the old man over there?" To which I replied, 'John Dignum.'

"Have I ever seen him before? Do you know if he ever attended any of my political meetings?"

"Yes, I replied; he was at one of your meetings in the City Hall in Kingston a few years ago when we all went over to hear you."

"Sir John went over at once to the man, and extending his hand, remarked:

"Why, is this my old friend Dignum? How are you? I have not seen you since that night you were at my meeting in the City Hall some years ago. How have you been since?"

"And lowering his voice almost to a whisper, Sir John continued: You stood by me nobly that evening and I am proud of you."

"Dignum was thunderstruck and went around among the men remarking:

"Did yez iver see the loikes av that? The gentilemin knowed me, and he niver sot eyes on me but onct afore. Tare-an-ouns, and if iver I had a boy vote agin that gentilemin I'd break his back."

"As such a dire catastrophe never occurred it is thought that his boys must have voted his way."

An Important Question.

Batsell Baxter, president of Abilene college, was telling examination anecdotes.

"A Latin professor," he said was giving a class of sophomores a few final words of counsel before the June examinations.

"And that I believe is all young gentlemen" he ended. "The examination will take place on Tuesday morning and the examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions any one would like to ask?"

"The printer's name, please," said a voice from a back seat."

Mrs. Newlywed—Are these eggs fresh?

Clerk—As fresh as your cheeks look, ma'am.

Mrs. Newlywed—I'll take two dozen.

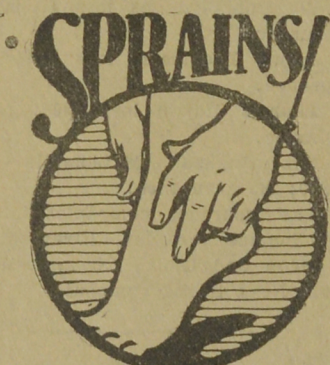
Ancient History Professor—If Caesar were alive today would he be as famous as he was before he died?

Pupil—Surely. He'd be famous for his old age.

Young Bride—I want a piece of meat without any gristle bone or fat.

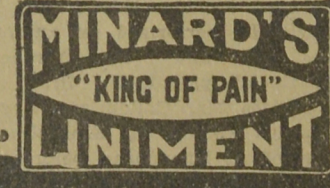
Butcher—Lady you don't want meat—you want an egg!

A Scotch physician says if your pulse is slow and your temperature low, you have a high intellect. That's what the Scotch physician says.



Soothe the sore ligaments by rubbing in Minard's Liniment. It penetrates, soothes and heals. It eases inflammation and rapidly brings back the use of the limb.

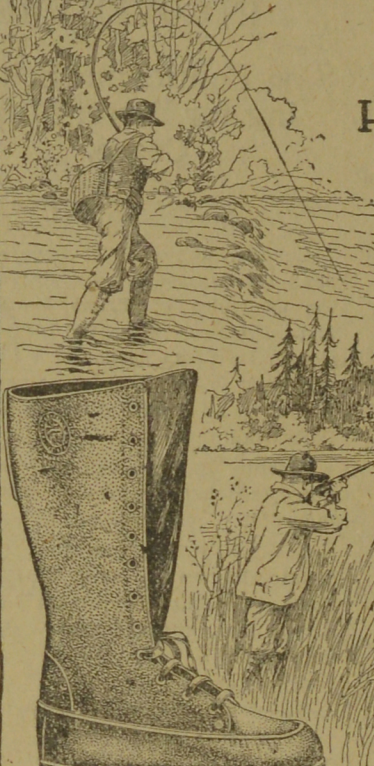
The Family Medicine Chest 36



SEEDS

NO. 1 TIMOTHY SEED
NO. 2 TIMOTHY SEED
ALSIKE CLOVER SEED
RED CLOVER SEED
MAMMOTH CLOVER SEED
at Lowest Market Rates.

G. W. HODGE

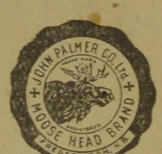


PALMER'S

Moose Head Brand

Hunting & Fishing Boots

For generations hunters and fishermen all over the continent have appreciated the utter dependability, honest materials and sterling construction of these time-tested boots. Through bush, streams and the roughest going, these sturdy yet flexible boots will ensure your entire foot comfort. And their wear is proverbial. Knee High, waterproof with noiseless Flexible Sewed-on Sole of heaviest oil-tanned leather. Hand made to your individual measure. Send for Catalogue, showing our complete line. A Boot For Every Purpose. JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED FREDERICTON, N. B.



WE HAVE IN STOCK OUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUITINGS OF GRANITES AND SPORTEX TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTEDS AND GUARANTEED BLUES AND GREY SERGES. Also a nice line of SPRING O'COATINGS. English and American Style plates. PRICES RANGE FROM \$35.00 TO \$65.00.

WALKER BROS.

Queen St. Fredericton

Anglers, Attention!

SALMON ANGLING SEASON OPENS MON., MAY 24th.

IN anticipation of this we have imported from England a complete stock of angling equipment from the best and largest fishing tackle manufacturers in the world. It consists of Salmon and Trout Rods, Reels, Lines, Leaders, Fly Boxes, Leader Boxes, Flies, Spinners, etc. Our Flies were selected by experienced anglers and are especially adapted to New Brunswick waters.

We have some astonishing bargains in two Handed Salmon Rods, also Reels and Lines.

If you are in need of a Pair of Hip Boots for the fishing season we can supply them at the Right Price.

Buy Your Fishing Outfit From Fishermen.

CURRIE BROTHERS

CALL ON US FOR BARGAINS