

FLOUR

TRY
5 CROWNS

\$4.50
BAG

You cannot get a better grade.

Small Bags, all kinds
\$1.30.

98 lb. Bag
SNOW WHITE, .. \$4.70
PURITY \$4.75

CORN MEAL \$2.20
CRACKED CORN \$2.20
BRAN \$1.85
OATS \$2.30

TOILET PAPER
Best Quality 4c Roll.
7 Rolls for 25c.

MATCHES
Red Head Matches
10c Box

CLARK'S BEANS
Large Size 23c can
Smaller Sizes, 10c, 13c.
With or Without Tomato Sauce.

BORDEN'S MILK
St. Charles, tall 14c.
St. Charles, medium 12c.
Eagle 23c.

LAMP CHIMNEYS
Large Size 13c.
2 for 25c.
Medium Size 12c.
Small Size 10c.

LANTERN
CHIMNEYS
Short or Tall. 12c each.

SOME GOOD
25c. BARGAINS
5 lbs. BAKING SODA 25c.
1 PK. COARSE SALT 25c.
6 lbs. WASHING SODA 25c.
7 Rolls TOILET PAPER 25c.
5 lbs. ROLLED OATS 25c.

YERXA
GROCERY
CO.
2 STORES
York St. Queen St.

WELL TO DO DRUSE FAMILIES ADOPT THE WESTERN IDEAS; RETAIN OWN FAITH, HOWEVER

In a small town quite high in the Lebanon dwell several wealthy Druse families, said—last year, at least—to be pro-French. People of that sect of which so much is surmised and so little really known, they have made their headquarters there for generations past, says Dorothy Mackay in the Christian Science Monitor. It seems that the Druse faith must have some affinity with high places. Though its followers are much divided and dwell in isolated groups, it is always among mountain fastnesses that you must look for them, the Lebanon, Mount Carmel, the lofty Galilean hills overlooking Tiberias and on the Jebel Druse.

Recently I went with friends to visit a Druse family, whose daughter had attended a European school in Beirut. Our car passed along a ridge overlooking the sea far below, then turned to descend a valley. But what a valley, and what a road!

Moslem's White Mansion.

On the heights above, outcrops of gray rock shimmering through blue haze and purple cloud shadows drifting over mountain slopes gave an effect of lustrous Damascus silk, shaded in its folds by gray olive-trees and darker ones of the pines. Tall poplars swaying in the breeze turned the silver under-surfaces of their leaves to the sun.

Far below us on an opposite slope we saw the glittering white mansion of a Moslem "notable"—useful word of all-embracing amplitude! I tried to keep my eye on it as we turned and twisted our tortuous way down. But it constantly eluded me. I counted the hairpin bends, fifty-two in all, and felt thankful for the fat placidity of our Syrian driver. At last when my bewildered "bump of locality" had quite succumbed I suddenly found that Moslem mansion again—many hundreds of feet above us now.

We crossed a picturesque bridge over a stream which rent its course through huge boulders of curious hues. Heat rose about us. Vines hung their clusters from fig and walnut trees beside the road, pomegranate blossoms glistened scarlet among their glossy foliage, and cactus hedges stretched out grizzily fringed with rosy prickly pears.

Olive Press and Silk Factory.

We rapidly mounted the narrow valley's opposite side, but without adventure. As we turned a hairpin bend there suddenly loomed above us an enormous circular stone, eight feet at least in diameter and about eighteen inches thick. Twenty stout "fellahin" were trundling it down the road from quarry to olive press, guiding it with a pine tree passed through a hole in its middle. We hastily edged our car off the road to let the picturesque group of huge gray stone and gayly clad men pass by.

On past a silk factory, whence the strange and clinging order of cocoons drifted out into the road, we came to a castle built a century ago. Immense and most imposing it looked, on a beetling crag overhanging the deep gorge below. We arrived at our destination through the winding lanes of the mountain village, where our car was oft-times a very close fit.

From the usual flower-decked balcony with the marvelous view that every house in the Lebanon seems to command, we were shown with pomp and ceremony into the reception room which is the pride of every "notable's" house in the East. And then we received a shock. Instead of soft-cushioned divans covered with glowing Eastern rugs and silks, there stood around the room in stiff and solemn state, fourteen chairs, six large, eight small, and two huge sofas. And they all wore starched white covers of startling cleanliness.

The sofas faced one another primly at either end and two large chairs stood back beneath an enormous central chandelier of glass, clearly intended for ornament rather than for use. Heavy tasseled, velvet brocade curtain, rugs of strident aniline hues and a huge portrait of the grand-father seated in a red plush-upholstered chair completed the furnishing of this wondrous room. Nothing of the rich hangings, mellow-hued carpets and quaint copper and brassware of the East. All such things had been banished.

Bitter Pill to Swallow.

It was indeed a blow to have to look this parody of our Western civilization in the face and be called upon to admire it. Under a battery of eyes—very friendly they were and many of them really beautiful—we did our best though our little stock of Arabic was at first gone. We sat around the room, our three selves and the grandmothers, mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, nephews and nieces of our

hostess, even unto the fourth generation of them. Every chair was filled and children were grouped about our feet. And a dreadful dumbness threatened to seize upon us. But when the humor of it all flooded over us in reaction, then smiles blossomed all around in flourished in the strange mixture of response to ours and conversation Arabic, French and English which is the lingua franca of the Syria of today.

Our hostesses wore silken dresses of pseudo-European style, but their thick raven locks and heavy plaits were covered with the white veil with which every Druse woman must cover her hair, even if her face be unveiled.

The door opened and a curly-headed boy, dark, shoe-eyed and martially erect, brought in an tray of cheap white metal—in that land of gorgeous brass and copper ware—with ruby-colored glasses of fragrant fruity syrup. Sweet English biscuits and small, heavily embroidered napkins were passed round with the glasses. We left a small quantity of the liquid as Eastern etiquette requires, admire the embroidery of the napkins and talked of needlework, flowers, houses—everything we could think of that was tangible, and concerned neither with books nor with politics.

At times the conversation drew near to collapse, but the two hours that appeared to be expected of us eventually passed away. Then with many adieus and a tight little nosegay each of the flowers which did their best to glorify the empty paraffin tins in which they flourished we were at length allowed to take our departure.

They are charming in their kindly simplicity and friendliness, these Eastern women; it is impossible not to feel very warm affection for them. In the fullness of time they will learn something of Western ideas as well as of more concrete things, for many desire to learn. Then will the women of East and West find the road to mutual understanding not quite so difficult as was once the case.

PINE NEEDLES BRING RICHES TO MISSISSIPPI

In that section of Mississippi where the tall long-leaf pines cast their lazy shadows on the hillsides, and a brown carpet of needles forms a soft bed for the autumn flowers, busy fingers are picking, sorting and polishing the long needles to work up into gift baskets for the Christmas trade, says a Wiggins, Miss., dispatch to the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Vases, baskets, floor lamps, caskets and boxes fit to hold the jewels of a queen all are woven from the homely pine needles that brown our timbered hillsides.

A Mississippi woman studying in Chicago went into a gift shop to purchase a gift to send to a friend back home. Something typical of the windy hustling city on the water was what she wanted. A swanky gift that would set Southern tongues to talking of the beauty of the city that heads the Magnolia trail.

And all she could find was baskets made by the deft fingers of Mississippi women.

Thousands of dollars were brought into the State last year by this fire-side industry that utilizes the pine needles and the native honeysuckle vine and turns them into shapes as graceful as Grecian urns and as colorful as Navajo pottery.

Necessity was truly the mother of invention in this instance, for the basket weaving of native materials began back during the war between the States, when materials were scarce and the need was great.

"Fix bayonets!" roared the hard-boiled sergeant on the drill-grounds. "Please, sir," quavered the very new recruit, "there's nothing the matter with mine."

Absent-Minded Business Man (after kissing his wife)—"Now my dear, I'll dictate a couple of letters."

A. H. PARSONS
PHONE 147-32 332 SMYTHE ST
FREDERICTON, N. B.
PAPERHANGING, WHITEWASHING
GRAINING, VARNISHING, and
ENAMEL WORK.
ESTIMATES FREE.
OUTDOOR PAINTING A SPECIALTY

F. L. PACKARD PRODUCES GREAT MYSTERY NOVEL

The Red Ledger One of
Best Adventure Thrillers of Year—A Great
Story.

If any doubt exists in your mind as to who is Canada's greatest writer of adventure thrillers you need only pick up a copy of Frank L. Packard's new novel, THE RED LEDGER to be thoroughly convinced that he is supreme in his field. When you pick up a five wire you want to let go but you can't, when you pick up THE RED LEDGER you can't let it drop till the back cover comes in sight and the tension is relaxed.

Those who have read the Jimmie Dale stories will find in this later book the same gripping, eventful qualities of underworld intrigue and adventure that made the earlier series such a huge success that over 4,000,000 copies of his books have been sold and yet the similarity ends there and we find in the picturesque figure of old man Charlebois a character entirely new to the world of fiction and unweakened by a too familiar acquaintance.

Odd Opening

The story opens with young Stranway unexpectedly finding a personal notice in a newspaper asking him to communicate with an unnamed advertiser who claims to be in his debt. As Stranway's parents have recently been killed in a motor accident and his father's estate has proved to be so badly involved that the twenty-four year old youth is left bewildered and in a state of penury, it looks as though somewhere, someone knows of his condition and is prepared to meet an old obligation, though who the someone is or what the obligation is entirely beyond Stranway's recollections.

Finds Charlebois

He follows up the enquiry however to a certain number in an out-of-the-way court in one of the quiet backwaters of New York known to few of the thousands passing its portals. The door is opened to him silently and by invisible means, and just as mysteriously closes upon his entrance. A voice from down the empty hallway calls to him and he finds himself facing "a clean-shaven little old man in a red velvet smoking jacket, his feet incased in red leather slippers, his scanty fringe of hair surmounted by a red skull-cap with bobbing tassel." And so he first meets old Charlebois, a perfect stranger to him yet from that time till the last entry had been balanced in the ponderous, red morocco covered ledger which the old man brought from a huge steel safe, their ways joined in a mutual purpose which led to such a series of breathless undertakings as surely have never been recorded before; for in the evening of his life Charlebois is intent on settling those debts, on both sides of the account, which had accrued in his earlier and less opulent days when friends were few and ill-wishers many, and in the settling process lies the theme of the tale, a rapid fire tangle of cunning and counter-cunning with peril and excitement, for all concerned.

Love Interest

Naturally there is a love story involving Stranway and a beautiful young girl known only as "the Orchid" a ward of Charlebois, and one of his most valued assistants, who has an uncanny way of appearing when Stranway is in his most hazardous predicaments yet as illusive as Jimmie Dale's heroine.

So exceedingly rare is a first class adventure with a touch of mystery and an honestly interesting love story that I recommend this one most heartily to you. Frank Packard has sometimes been called a "man's author"; but I cannot imagine anyone, man, woman or child, who likes a thrilling tale, failing to find enjoyment in The Red Ledger.

Special Bargains!

LADIES' LISLE HOSE 25c.
LADIES' SILK HOSE 35c.
MEN'S COTTON SOCKS 15c.
MEN'S BALBRIGGAN UNDER-WEAR, per garment 45c.
LADIES' SILK SCARFS 65c.
LADIES' CREPE DE CHENE SCARFS \$1.00
GINGHAM 12c per yard.
CURTAIN SCRIM 10c per yard.
LOTS OF OTHER BARGAINS.
Call and inspect our Stock.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THOMAS E. GEORGE
Queen Street West
Phone 358-11.

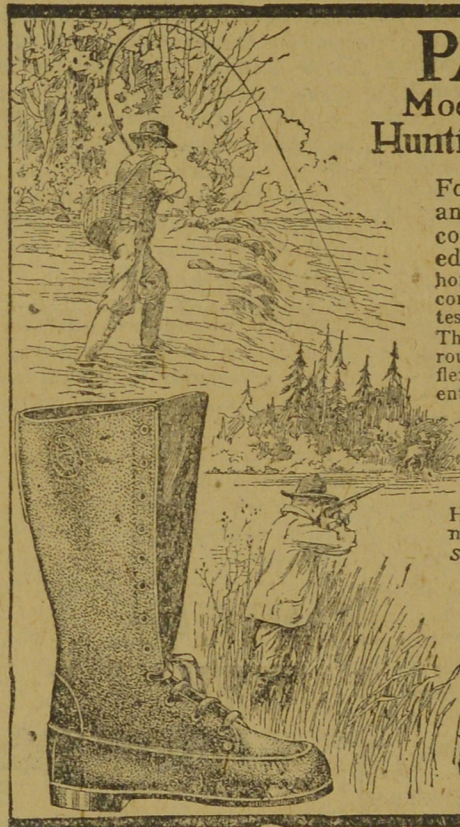
RED ROSE COFFEE "is good coffee"

FEEDS

Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, Whole Corn, Bran
Shorts, Middlings, Feed Flour, Oat Chop, Oat
Feed, Feed Wheat, Scratch Feed, Best West-
ern Oats, Crushed Oats

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.

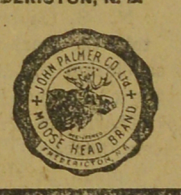
Knee High, waterproof with noiseless Flexible Sewed-on Sole of heaviest oil-tanned leather.

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.



THE Hunting Season is Now Here

We are Headquarters for

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES, such as
CLOTHING, FOOTWEAR, GUNS
and AMMUNITION.

If you propose going after a moose or deer, let us fit you out. We can supply you with a HUNTING LICENSE and put up your supplies. We are familiar with your needs and have the goods.

Give Your Business to Sportsmen and
Get Satisfaction.

CURRIE BROTHERS
Call on us for Bargains.