

RAISINS!

New Seeded Just Arrived from California.

Progresso

17c pkg., 3 pkgs 50c.

New Seedless in bulk

18c lb., 2 lbs for 35c.

African Raisins, 16c lb.

Bon Ton Seedless,

18c, 2 pkgs 35c.

Currants, 16c lb.

FIVE CROWN FLOUR

Make Bread of Superior Texture.

98 lb. Jute bag . . . \$4.50

98 lb. Cotton bag . . \$4.60

Purity 98 lb. bag . . \$4.70

FEED

Cracked Corn, bag \$2.20

Corn Meal, bag . . . \$2.20

Shorts, bag \$1.90

Bran, bag \$1.80

PRUNES

A new lot will be in very soon. Prices very low.

TEA

Try our Bulk Tea.

55c lb., 5 lbs \$2.65.

DATES

Use Dates freely. New and good.

13c lb., 2 lbs 25c.

FIGS

New Figs, 27c lb.

1/2 lb. pkgs. 15c.

CORN FLAKES

Sugar Crisp, 12c pkg.

6 pkgs. for 66c.

Case of 3 dozen, \$3.60.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St

UNCLE HENRY BRAITHWAITE TELLS OF SOME EXPERIENCES HE HAS HAD WITH MOOSE

(Henry A. Braithwaite in Rod and Gun.)

I consider moose the most noble game on the continent and according to naturalists it is the oldest game now in existence. When you come to think how an animal as large as they are can live through our cold winters in the deep snows, and on the kind of food they have to subsist on, it is something wonderful. Considering the enemies they have on all sides I often wonder they were not exterminated years ago.

The late Dr. Wheeler, who hunted many years with me and who was killed in France in the World War, in one of his articles referring to moose, called them "swamp hogs." I think that is a very appropriate name as they spent most of their time in summer in swamps, lakes and deadwaters, feed

Squaw in New Brunswick to kill moose and make the necessary foot wear as fast as possible. The consequence was that moose hides went to ten dollars apiece. Very large ones the Indians cut in two and made two hides of one.

When the soldiers arrived instead of wearing snowshoes they sat on country sleds and were driven through the country to Quebec. Every country team was employed and there were some amusing scenes. One British officer was in such a hurry to spill blood that he proposed only allowing half an hour at noon to feed the teams. This didn't suit the Bluenose and he quietly dumped the load off and started for home. The officer proposed to take the team and go on but the other officers interfered and straightened the matter out.

In my first hunting I had little experience with moose as they had practically all been killed off before I hunted there. I well remember my first real moose hunt.

In the Older Days.

In 1868 I heard that moose were getting quite plentiful in the country about a day's travel from where I lived, and I decided to have my first moose hunt. I had heard so many stories about the way the hunted moose in those days, the hard runs they had and the windfalls they jumped over on snowshoes, that I was anxious to take a hand, or rather a leg, in it too. I picked out a neighbor and we fitted up toboggans to have our first moose hunt which, having had plenty of experience with caribou hunting, was easy to do.

A Grand Sight.

We arrived on the hunting grounds that night and prepared to camp. We cut wood half the night and sat up the other half and burned it. A good deal of the country had been burned over and there were only spots of green woods through it. Early the next morning as soon as we could see, we went into the first grove of green woods and started the moose out of it. They ran across a strip of open ground to another grove of green woods, and there started more moose. I came up to them in some open ground and found I had nine moose plunging through the snow ahead in Indian file. It was certainly a grand sight for a hunter. I shot two which was all we could take care of. In a few minutes my pal came up and wanted to know why I didn't shoot more. I told him they were only a short distance ahead and he could go on and shoot as many as he liked. I knew I was safe in giving such liberty as he was one of those men who might meet a moose but would never overtake one.

We skinned our two moose and started hauling out the meat to the portage road a mile away. We went back to the tent that night and finished hauling the next forenoon. We had just finished when a team came along going to the settlement for supplies for a lumber camp. We loaded our meat on and they hauled it out for a mere trifle.

Lake in the Woods.

We were away from home just four days and came back with two big moose. We kept what meat we thought we could take care of, gave a few pieces to the neighbors and sold the balance to a butcher at a reasonable price. He took it to market, sold it and doubled his money on it. My chum growled like a bear with a sore head because we didn't charge more for it. Such is life in the back woods; news soon got around about our having seen so many moose and two men started out with dogs. I heard later they killed sixteen that spring, and the most amusing thing about it was they were both game wardens.

Once, while crossing a lake in my canoe, I saw a moose just ahead of me. As he was a long way from shore I thought I would have some fun with him. After a hard paddle I overtook him and ran the canoe up on his back between his horns. He gave his head a twist nearly throwing me out and partly filling the canoe with water. He got the best of the joke and taught me a lesson I never forgot.

An English clergyman came here one winter to go moose hunting with me. He was very anxious to kill a moose, and we were in need of meat so we set out. I started a moose and soon overtook it as the snowshoeing was good. He showed fight when I got close to him. Whenever he started to go away I followed him and he would wheel and face me; finally he made up his mind not to run at all. In a short time the clergyman came up. He had a very fine express rifle and I was anxious to see it work as it was something new to me. He fired seven shots at the moose at twenty-five or thirty yards, and managed to cut a little hair off the back of his neck

with the last shot. When he stopped firing he stood and looked at me. I asked him why he didn't keep on and he informed me in a mournful voice that he didn't have any more cartridges. It looked very much as if we would have to go without meat. He possessed a large clasp knife and I asked if he had it with him. He handed it to me and I cut a small pole twelve or fourteen feet long, cut a notch in the small end and lashed the knife to it. I intended trying to cut the moose's jugular vein. I worked upon one side of him and when he got uneasy I asked my companion to work up on the other side and distract his attention. I picked out my spot and took a step ahead and instead of striking where I had aimed I struck behind the fore shoulder midway down. He fell almost instantly, blood spouting from the wound. Upon opening him I found I had almost cut his heart in two.

I skinned and dressed the moose and we prepared to start for camp in a blinding snowstorm. It was coming on dark and the camp was on a lake two miles away, but I thought I could find it. I took my course but found it impossible to keep it. I tried to use my compass but the snow was so thick that I couldn't see the needle, and the wind blew out matches as fast as I could light them. If there is anything that will make a man lose himself, it is a bad snow storm in the night. I wandered on as best I could by the lay of the land, but soon found I had lost the run of that. I was about to give up and was trying to find a dry stump of something to start a fire in, when I saw a dark object just ahead. I went up to it and found it was a fisher hanging up in a steel trap. I knew then I was on my trapping line and by carefully feeling for snowshoe tracks I made out to get to the lake, then by following the shore around, I found the camp. That is the only time I ever got lost in the woods.

Moose are very easily tamed if caught when they are young. I caught three when they were nine or ten months old for different parks. It was easy to catch them in the deep snow in March, and I had no trouble landing them out of the woods after the first day.

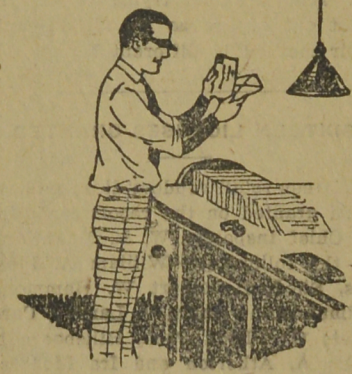
I remember once catching a calf moose two or three weeks old in an otter trap. The mother was with it and she faced me as soon as I came near the trap. I was surprised and didn't know what she meant, until I saw the calf in the stream trying to get out of the trap. I had an Indian with me and I called to him to come and help me get the calf, but instead of coming he made off the other way. It was a very open place with no large trees, and I started up yelling at the cow moose trying to drive her away, and at last she moved off. I got hold of the pole the trap was fastened to and began hauling it ashore. The calf began to blat and the mother charged again. I ran around some bushes and yelled at the top of my voice, and finally scared her away. Then I waded out into the stream, got the calf by the ears and rubbed and petted it to keep it quiet, and managed to get my foot on the trap springs and let the calf loose. I took the trap and pole ashore and reset it on the otter set. To my surprise the calf followed me to the bank. I dodged around some bushes and ran away from it and that was the last I saw of it. No doubt the mother returned and picked it up.

DEMOCRACY.

A Rolls-Royce drove up to the football field of the private school and a very important-looking woman called out to a little fellow in uniform: "Will you please call my son, Mister A'germon?"

In just a moment there was a shout: "Hey, Skinny, you ma's here!"

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time, all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until the mail has been handled.

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.

FIVE ROSES BRAND—

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

CROWN BRAND—

Best quality of Pastry Flour. 98 lb. and 24 lb. bags.

G. W. HODGE

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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.

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