

FLOUR

5 Crown Elour . . \$4.85
Snow White Flour . 4.85
Purity and 5 Roses 4.90
All Jute bags. 10c extra for cotton bags

Feed

Corn Meal . . \$2.30
Cracked Corn . 2.30
Soyabean Meal . 2.00
Bran . . . 1.90

Toilet Paper

4c a roll, 12 rolls 45c.
\$3.50 case of 100

Rolled Oats

Best Rolled Oats, 5 lbs 25c
20 lb bag \$1.00
90 lb bag \$3.50

Raisins

New Australian Raisins
2 lbs for 25 cents
Seeded 15 oz pkg 15c.
Sun Maid Seeded and
Seedless 16c pkg.

Prunes

3 Lbs. for 25c.

Electric Lamps

25 and 40 watts. 23c each

Domestic

Shortening

1 lb. Blocks . . . 21c.
3 lb. Pails . . . 55c.
5 lb. Pails . . . 95c.
10 lb. Pails . . . \$1.80
20 lb. Pails . . . \$3.40

Brooms

Splendid Quality
44c, 55c, 65c, 75c, 95c and
\$1.00 each.

New Canned Goods

Tomatoes . . . 17c.
3 cans for 50c.
Peas . . . 17c.
3 cans for 50c.
Corn . . . 15c.

Soap

Surprise, 4 cakes . . 25c.
P and G, 4 cakes . . 25c.
Gold, 4 cakes . . . 25c.
Sunlight, 4 cakes . . 25c.
Champlain, 5 cakes . 25c.
Palm Olive, 3 cakes 25c.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES
York St. Queen St.

CAPTAIN OF ST. JOHN BARK WENT DOWN INTO DEATH WELL, AND BOY WAS SAVED

Exciting Voyage Across the Atlantic of St. John Bark Viking in the Old Days—Grain Cargo Shifted and the Foremast Had to be Cut Away—Captain and Deck Hand Were Lost

(Montreal Standard.)
"If you had told me when I was a lad that Montreal was going to become the great grain shipping port in the world, it would have cut no ice with me, because on my second or third voyage to sea I was shipmates with a cargo of grain, and things happened so that the Captain died instead of me, and gave the kind of feeling that sent me to the old wind jammers carrying lumber from Quebec and St. John," said the old sailor to the Standard man.

"This was a long time ago. Just before the great fire destroyed most of the city of St. John, N. B., which was an event from which I date the adventures of my youth because the famous clipper *Flyin' Cloud* that set the pace around Cape Horn was burnt then.

"I was a boy then in a bit of a barque—not more than four hundred tons. Her name was the *Viking*, and she hailed from St. John, N. B., but was owned in Yarmouth, N. S., by Ryarsons. The skipper's name was Ryarson: Captain George Ryarson, as fine a man as ever walked a poop. Loaded at Philadelphia.

"We loaded grain at Philadelphia, and sailed for Bayonne, France. It was the fall of the year, and Old Stormy was stirring up the weather on the Western ocean. We got it good and plenty as soon as we were outside the Capes. The little barque ran before the gale jumping along like a scared cat. Then a big sea caught her quartering, twisted her broadside on, and hove her down on her beams ends. Some of the shifting boards gave way, and the grain went to leeward.

"There she was, hove down, the seas stamping over her. We stripped the canvas off her, and went into the hold to work the grain to windward. That was a job as the top of the cargo consisted of grain in bags laid on boards over the loose grain. It was a nightmare working in that gloomy hold in the choking grain dust, every moment of the barque, tossing on her side, tending to undo our work.

"Got Her Righted Again.
"But somehow we got her righted again, and setting small sail, away we ran before the gale again. Then, about a week out, she shifted cargo again, and lay over at an angle of 45 degrees. Fearing she would turn turtle, the old man ordered the foremast cut away. This was done, and the foremast, when it went, took the main topmast and jib-boom with it. We went into the hold again to work cargo to windward.

"Well, we got the barque straightened out again, and the old man gave her such sail as she would carry, and headed her for France again. She had been strained by all this mauling, and had started to leak, so the pumps had to be kept going most of the time. Still gale followed gale, and for two more weeks we were either at the pumps or working in the hold, shifting cargo from one side to the other.

The Pumps Choked.
"Then at dawn of a gloomy day the pumps choked. The rate was having an hour's rest, and the second mate was working aloft. The captain, being on deck, the bosun reported to him, and he ordered the pump well hatch taken off. The bosun looked down the dark and narrow well; then turned to me.

"Get down there boy. 'Tis a job for a small fellow. We'll send you a bucket to clear away the grain."
"The captain caught me by the shoulder and looked at me: then he said:
"You are so tired yourself, bosun, that your wits are not working or you would see the boy is high dead with fatigue. There is four or five feet of water down there, and it will be no easy job to clear the pumps. I'll go myself."

"So down the ladder along the side of the well the skipper went, the bosun looking scornful. Half way down the captain fell, making a splash. His head and shoulders were above water.

"Hurt yourself, sir?" the bosun asked.

But the captain made no answer, nor did he move.

"That is funny," said the bosun. "Get down there, one hand, and we'll send you a line."
"A sailor—I remember his name because it was Farmer—went down the ladder, fell down beside the captain, and became still.

Uttered a Yell.
"The bosun uttered a yell of astonishment and fear. The second mate came sliding down a backstay, and, after a glance down into the well, went down the ladder. He tumbled and lay sprawled on top of the captain and the man Farmer, who should have stayed on his farm.

"The mate, his hour's rest up, had been called by the steward, and appeared on deck just then. Immediately, he took a rope in his hand, went down the well, and tried to pass it around the second mate's body. While so occupied the mate began to feel faint, and having had an hour's sleep his wits were fairly fresh and he realized that he was up against gas. He struggled to the deck, and was no sooner over the combing of the pump well hatch than he fell down exhausted.

"But the mate—he was the captain's son—was a man of tremendous energy, and in a brace of shakes he was up again. Tying a rope about himself under the arms and taking another in his hands, he went down the well again. This time he succeeded in tying a rope about the second mate and called out:

"Haul me up, then the second as quick as you can."

"The mate hauled up, and then the second. The mate started down again, but he was evidently about in, and a sailor caught him and laid him on the deck where he lay too weak to rise. Then the sailor, tying a rope about him went down, and tied a rope about the body of the captain, the fall of the second mate having driven the body of the sailor Farmer to the bottom of the well. The captain was hauled up. But we had to pump for two hours before we could get Farmer's body out.

Two Men Were Dead.
"The second mate came round in about half an hour, but the captain and Farmer were dead, and we committed their bodies to the deep next day.

"Another day and night passed, all hands laboring at the pumps, but the water steadily gaining in the hold. We began to think our finish was not far off, and were too worn out to care.

"Never say die until you are dead," said the mate. "But I guess we can't keep this up much longer."
"And just then somebody reported a sail. She was coming towards us. We hoisted a signal of distress. Presently a brig was hove to, not far away, and we lost no time in getting out our boats and abandoning the *Viking*. The brig was a Spaniard. She had barely filled away, with us aboard of her, before the *Viking* careened right over and sank.

"The Spanish brig landed us in Havana, a city worth a shipwreck to see. But I can't forget how long a time I would have been dead if Captain Ryarson had not countermanded the bosun's order to me and gone himself into that death well."

SNOWBALL.
At dusk the armies of snowflakes Their slow white march begin To the delicate tremolo of the wind's Low violin.

The skyscraper, patiently standing, Has neither eyes nor ears But windows watch and the bleak stones listen To a fugue of tears.

Telling the tale of the city— Between the sky and the ground— In words which the night breeze, fitfully weeping, Hears without sound.

J. Corson Miller.

Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick by the Trustees of Victoria Public Hospital, for the passing of an Act authorizing the said Trustees to issue debentures in a sum not exceeding the sum of \$10,000, for the purpose of building an Isolation Hospital, same to be issued in serial form, with interest at five per cent, payable half yearly, and guaranteed as to principal and interest by the City of Fredericton, the whole to be payable in not less than twenty years.

Dated at Fredericton, January 26th, 1926.

PETER J. HUGHES, Solicitor for said Trustees.

THE SECRET OF THE MAYBRICK POISONING CASE

London, Feb. 13—Sensational new proof of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt in the famous poisoning case of 1889 is disclosed by Sir William Nott-Bower, in his memoirs, "Fifty-Two Years a Policeman," which he is preparing for publication.

Sir William, who recently retired from the City of London Police, of which he was Commissioner, was Chief Constable of Liverpool when Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death for poisoning her husband, a prosperous Liverpool cotton merchant.

Her beauty and pathetic bearing in the dock won her intense popular sympathy, and vast numbers of people, including her own famous counsel, Sir Charles Russell, firmly believed in her innocence.

The weakest point in the prosecution was that, though there was little doubt of Mr. Maybrick's death from arsenic poisoning, it could never be proved that Mrs. Maybrick had bought any poison other than the minute quantity contained in some flypapers.

A Voluntary Confession.

Sir William Nott-Bower now reveals that "some time after the Home Secretary had announced Mrs. Maybrick's reprieve, a highly respectable Liverpool chemist, carrying on business in the centre of the town, came to the police and stated he wished to make a voluntary confession.

"He said that in the spring of 1889 Mrs. Maybrick drove up to his shop in her dogcart and asked for powdered arsenic to kill rats (or cats), and he supplied her with a large quantity, which she took away with her.

"A week or two later she again drove up to his shop and told him she had lost the arsenic she had got from him and asked for more, with which he supplied her.

"He said he was afraid to tell the police of this at the time, as he feared that being mixed up with such a case would injure him in his business, and also that he had made no entry of the transaction in his books.

"I reported the statement to the Home Office, but, of course, it was then useless for any practical purpose. If it had been given as evidence at the trial it is clear it would have been of supreme importance.

"Evidence was given at the trial that seven of eight years previously, when in America, Mr. Maybrick had taken arsenic as an anti-periodic (to resist attacks of fever), and that he had become a confirmed arsenic-eater. "Of the latter, however, there was no proof, but a Liverpool chemist stated that a few years before Mr. Maybrick had more than once obtained from him a "pick-me-up" containing arsenic.

"Stress was also laid upon the fact that in March 1889 Mrs. Maybrick had told Mr. Michael Maybrick (the well-known composer) that his brother was in the habit of drugging himself, which Mr. Michael Maybrick flatly denied.

"In his summing-up, however, the judge remarked that large quantities of arsenic were found in the rooms occupied by Mrs. Maybrick, in the pocket of her dressing-gown, in a saturated pocket-handkerchief. The jury must consider how did it get there."

U. S. A.'s Appeal.

Sir William Nott-Bower, commenting on the case, which he relates in detail, says:

"The reprieve by no means ended the agitation on Mrs. Maybrick's behalf. It was argued that the Home Secretary's decision was illogical, that if Mrs. Maybrick had murdered her husband she should have been hanged, that if not she should be released.

"Much influence was brought to bear; it is said that even the American Government intervened on her behalf.

"Some time later, she was released on license, with, I believe, the condition that she should leave England.

"I think she returned to America with her mother, the Baroness von Roques, also an American by birth, who had used long, and unsparring efforts both in America and in England on her daughter's behalf.

"Crimes of slow and secret poisoning are probably the most repulsive crimes with which the police have to deal. It seems strange that crimes so odious are so frequently perpetrated by women."

Ike—I have some very valuable papers here. Can you advise me concerning a safe place for them.

Mike—Sure, put them in the filing cabinet. Nobody can find anything there.

FEEDS! FEEDS!

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FEED FLOUR
CORN MEAL
CRACKED CORN
WHOLE CORN
SCRATCH FEED
GOOD FEED OATS
at Lowest Market Rates

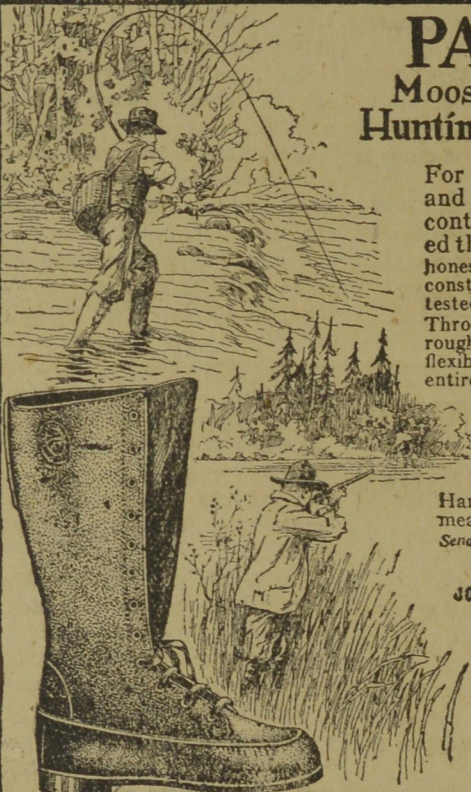
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As a Result of our Advertising Campaign carried on through The Daily Mail, we have cleaned out one stock of Farmer's and Lumbermen's Footwear but we have another supply which we will sell at the following low prices;

	Reg. Price	Sale Price
Mens 10 in. Palmer Draw String Shoebacks	\$5.50	\$4.85
Mens 6 in. Palmer Draw String Shoebacks	\$5.00	\$4.45
Mens 6 in. Palmer Skowhegan Waterproof 'packs.	\$3.50	\$2.95
Mens 10 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style D.S.	\$3.00	\$2.15
Mens 6 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style D.S.	\$2.50	\$1.95
Boys' 6 in. Palmer Plain Sewn Oiltanned 'packs.	\$2.75	\$2.25
Youths 6 in. Palmer Plain Sewn Oiltanned 'packs.	\$2.00	\$1.60
Little Gents 6 in. Palmer Plain Sewn Oiltanned 'packs.	\$1.50	\$1.25
Boys and Misses 6 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style Draw String. (Just the thing for Snow-shoeing)	\$2.25	\$1.85
Youths 6 in. Horse Hide Indian Draw String 'packs.	\$1.75	\$1.50
Little Gents 6 in. Horse Hide Indian Draw String 'packs.	\$1.50	\$1.25

The above goods were all manufactured by the John Palmer Co., and are first class standard brands and New Stock—no trash or imitations.

WE ALSO HAVE SOME

Mens 4 Buckle Overshoes. Splendid values, worth at least \$5.00. We are going to sell them at \$3.75

Mens Heavy Khaki Wool Trousers, \$6.00 value at \$4.50

Mens Heavy Khaki Wool Breeches, Leather bound at \$4.50

We have a few Mens Macinaw Jumpers and Shirts, excellent qualities at greatly reduced prices, ranging from \$4.00 to \$5.00

Mens All Wool Under Shirts. While they last going at \$1.00

All Wool Home Made Socks and Mittens.

Leather Gloves, Mittens and Pullovers.

Ladies' 4 Buckle Overshoes, Regular \$5.00. Sale price \$3.50

Ladies' 2 Buckle and 2 Snap Button Overshoes, Regular \$5.00 Sale price \$3.75

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