

# PEELS

Christmas is not far away and you want to get your cooking done.

Citron ..... 60c lb.  
Lemon ..... 45c lb.  
Orange ..... 45c lb.

## RAISINS

New Seedless in bulk  
18c lb., 2 lbs for 35c.  
Fancy Seeded  
15 oz. 18c., 2 pkgs. 35c.

## SUGAR

Seems to be on the move up. Better lay in a supply.

13 lbs for ..... \$1.00  
100 lb. Bag ..... \$7.00

## BEANS

GOOD WHITE BEANS  
15c Quart.

## RICE

GOOD QUALITY  
9c lb., 3 lbs. 25c.

## 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

## CANDY

Watch our Assortment. Best quality and LOWEST PRICES.

## PEANUTS

GOOD ROASTED PEANUTS  
18c lb.

## BARGAINS

7 ROLLS TOILET PAPER ..... 25  
2 LARGE LAMP CHIMNEYS ..... 25  
3 LBS. GRANULATED SUGAR ..... 25  
1 PECK COARSE SALT ..... 25  
3 PACKAGES JELLO ..... 25  
4 PKGS BEE JELLY ..... 25  
2 PKGS (ready cut) MACARONI ..... 25  
1 QT. SEALER MUSTARD ..... 25  
2 TINS PIE FILLING ..... 25  
1 LARGE CAN HEINZ BEANS ..... 25  
3 PKGS SNOWFLAKE AMMONIA ..... 25  
1/2 LB. SHELL WALNUTS ..... 25  
1 LB. SHREDDED COCOANUT ..... 25  
2 LBS. BUBB COCOA ..... 25  
2 LBS. POP CORN ..... 25  
5 LBS. BAKING SODA ..... 25  
5 LBS. NEW BUCKWHEAT ..... 25  
4 CAKES SURPRISE SOAP ..... 25  
5 CAKES CHAMPLAIN SOAP ..... 25  
6 CAKES SERVICE SOAP ..... 25

# YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St

## BEER IS NOW SERVED FREE IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE; BEVERAGE IS POPULAR WITH JOLLY POST BOYS

(By Junius B. Wood in Chicago News.)  
Iya, Siberia, U. S. S. R.—Monday is hard day in Russia whether in factory, city or peasant village. The tireless statisticians who have figures on everything, programs and formulas for taking measures for this and that, prove that the national productivity on Monday is about half of that on any other working day. So they talk about how Monday reduces production but they can do nothing about it for Monday always follows Sunday, just as a headache always follows hilarity with more of the "bite of the dog" prescribed as a cure.

Iya's two ferries were working. As most of the ferries, they are owned by the local peasant's co-operative. They were not badly blighted on Monday. Iya has two ferries with an island between. We paid the last Charon 15c for the two rides and eventually found the Three Postmen of Bliss—not as majestic as other "three's" of fact and fiction but still a worthy trio.

The Pig and the Bench.

The yamshek (driver) had been warned to find a place to eat as we entered the village, for we were hungry. A morning of bumping had settled a light breakfast. We got out and sat in the shade of a house, the usual bench of a single board outside the gate. Exploration for food would require time and he could not get lost in the village. From across the road came a song, all noise and no harmony. A woman came out and swayed down the road and around the fence corner. The song was coming nearer and two men emerged, shoulders braced together and bushy beards waving with melody. They disappeared around the corner. More whisksers with a wenn on the back of his neck came along, tried the locked gate, gave us one of those wicked looks which suspected dry officers get and the village street was empty.

"Your yamshek has a place down the road," said a fat peasant, rattling up with his cart and wife and boy. "I was afraid you could not find it, being a stranger," he continued, impressed with the size of his village.

"Been in since Friday, visiting a friend, going home now," he concluded with a wink and a wave of a hand past his aching head.

The dining place was such as a yamshek might select, big yard with mud, dirt, horses, pigs, dogs and a little girl cleaning fish with her hands, and a little house with a busy old lady inside cooking. It was the headquarters of the three postmen, one not yet arrived. They were versatile citizens, yamsheks, postmen, rich peasants. Two, barefooted, were seated at a table on the little porch, squarely in the door, a tin growler of beer between them, singing and fighting a million flies.

"Come in, please, please," shouted the larger, also the proprietor.

Why the Post Was Late.

The yamshek came over from feeding his horses. He was willing, but I suggested that he grease the kerabok (cart) so that we could start as soon as the tea and eggs were disposed of. I walked around and sat on a table in the yard in the shade of the house. Flies were not so numerous, the pigs left nothing for them. A horse wandered over and started eating the fresh grass out of our kerabok, our cushion. With a yell, the yamshek chased it across the lot.

The little postman came unsteadily around the corner, still singing and slid onto a wobbly bench at the table. A pig squealing and the song finished. He righted himself, hooked onto the table, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and started.

"Are you a German?" You're not. Last week I drove a German to Chamal and he took my picture only the camera was broken and he didn't take it. Do you want to take my picture?"

I did not and he brushed away the tears. "Hiss Russian is all right, he's sober," my companion insisted, a new test among many for sobriety. However, no knowledge of Russian was needed to interpret those wobbling legs. The other postman came with the refilled growler and glasses. He explained that he made his beer of rye, hops and honey. The government had sent \$250 worth of vodka to the village, but the officials had drunk all of it. The peasants made their own beer, cheaper and better. It had the authority of a sergeant major.

"You must excuse me but I'm afraid you'll think everybody in Siberia is drunk," the little postman explained, falling off the bench without the help of the pig. My yamshek emptied his glass. The horse was eating out of his kerabok again. He jumped up and waved his hands but did not chase it. Three Glasses Sufficient.

"Excuse me, Maria Ferdenova, but I've been drinking today," as she car-

ried out the steaming samovar.

"Never mind, you're always drunk," she replied, going back after the meat.

The big postman emerged with another growler. My yamshek's glass was empty. The horse was eating his hay again. He turned and shouted,

"Nobody can walk straight after three glasses of this—except a postman," the proud brewmaster was explaining when the third postman arrived. The little postman got up to kiss him and sat down on the pig. He wept, so did the pig frantically. The big postman went back to the house with his empty bucket.

Summer and winter, rain or snow sometimes with a passenger but usually alone, the postmen carry the mail to the next village then another takes it and so on by relays until every village in Siberia is reached by horses, dogs or reindeer for the rail roads are locked in ice eight months of the year. Wolves and bandits are the same to them. Sometimes they escape. Sometimes melting snows uncover their bones next spring.

"Here's to America," said the big postman for the growler was back. The yamshek was enthusiastic, for the United States has better roads than Siberia which has none.

"That horse is eating my coat again," I said.

"Nietchevo, let him eat the kerabok if he wants it," said the yamshek not even looking around.

No Charge for Beer.

The big postman was in the house again. The new arrival was thirsty after his long drive. The eggs and meat were finished, dishes clean. I paid the woman 50 cents for the feed—beer free. I walked over to the kerabok and climbed in. The yamshek followed. Others than postmen can walk straight after even four glasses. The pig and the bench had collided again and the little postman lay on his back, his legs over the recumbent bench. The big postman was emerging from the door with another growler as we passed.

"More beer," said the yamshek hopefully. I waved a farewell, the host yelled for us to stop, but we were off in a cloud of dust.

## Was So Nervous The Least Noise Made Her Jump

Mrs. W. H. Yates, Ashern, Man., writes:—"I was bothered very much with my heart and nerves, and the least noise would make me jump and almost stop my heart beating."

I told my mother about it one day, and she said that she had been bothered the same way and told me to get a box of



When I had taken the one box I felt quite a lot better and by the time I had taken three boxes I got relief."

Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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The Tailor  
374 QUEEN STREET

## Here and There

Fifteen head of shorthorn stock owned by the Prince of Wales at his ranch near High River, Alberta, were purchased for the Kirkwood Farm in California, according to an announcement made by Prof. W. L. Carlyle, manager of the Prince's ranch.

Canada's largest muskrat ranch is now being established at Swan Lake, about 40 miles west of Quesnel in central British Columbia. There are about 4,000 muskrats on the farm now and it is estimated that the ranch will eventually have an annual output of 50,000 pelts.

The S.S. Emperor of Port McNicol, purchased by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and renamed the S.S. Nootka, sailed from Montreal recently for Newfoundland and will thence proceed to Vancouver via the Panama Canal to join the Canadian Pacific coastal fleet. The Nootka will be operated on a cargo service between Vancouver and Skagway, Alaska.

Edmonton.—The first plant in Canada, outside of British Columbia, for the freezing of fish, poultry and eggs under the Ottosen process, will be operating in this city by June 1st, according to P. Johnson, managing director of the Johnson Fisheries, Limited. His firm paid \$10,000 for the rights of the territory. The initial capacity of the plant will be fifteen tons a day.

Victoria.—The new drydock just completed at Esquimalt, Victoria, is the second largest in the world and only 29 feet shorter than the Commonwealth dock at Boston. This giant dock, hewn out of solid rock, cost \$6,000,000 and measures 1,150 feet long, 149 feet wide at the top and 125 at the bottom. Its depth is 49 feet 5 inches with 40 feet of water in the sills at high water. The dock will take the largest ship afloat.

The shipment of Canadian apples to England and to many centres on the Continent is expected to be heavier this year than ever experienced, according to J. R. Martin, manager of the foreign freight department of the Canadian Pacific Express Company. About three years ago the practice of sending Canadian apples to the Old Country as Christmas gifts became popular, and the shipment each year have correspondingly increased.

Facilities at the Eastern Public Cattle Market in Montreal have been augmented by the addition of a new export cattle building, which was opened recently. This new building is considered one of the finest of its kind on the continent and has accommodation for 50 carloads of cattle. By the arrangements of 25 cattle chutes on each side of the main alley-way, a train of 25 cars can be unloaded at each side of the building.

According to the western farmer a feature of the present year's harvest was the use of "combines"—the combine reaper and thresher now being made by several implement manufacturers in this country. One farmer using this outfit claims to have covered from 35 to 50 acres per day at a cost of 45 cents an acre. He says that they save the cost of twine and about nine-tenths of the labor of harvesting. The implements cost about \$2,000.

A preliminary conference, the results of which may be of the utmost importance to the Maritime Provinces, was held in the Board Room of the Canadian Pacific Railway at cently at the invitation of E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of Windsor street station here re the company. It was attended by Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia; Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, Premier of New Brunswick; Hon. J. D. Stewart, Premier of Prince Edward Island; E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway; A. V. Sale, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company; Colonel Stanley, of the Hudson Bay Overseas Settlement; G. W. Allan, director of the Hudson Bay Company; and Dr. W. J. Black, representing the Canadian National Railways.

CIVILIZATION'S CURSE.

The Arabs have electric stoves On which to cook their meals And now they guide their flocks and droves

On rubber tired wheels. The even campfires twinkle as They tune their radios To get the latest bit of jazz And that's the way it goes.

Fumes from a mountain still are said to have overcome a raider in the South. Some of the stuff in circulation is certainly not to be sniffed at. Religion keeps man pure if he can contrive to keep religion pure.

# RED ROSE TEA

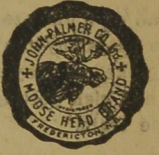
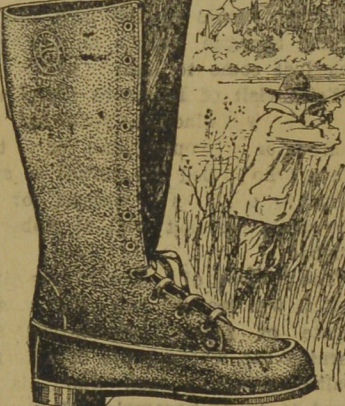
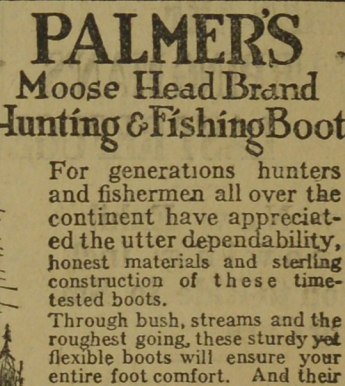
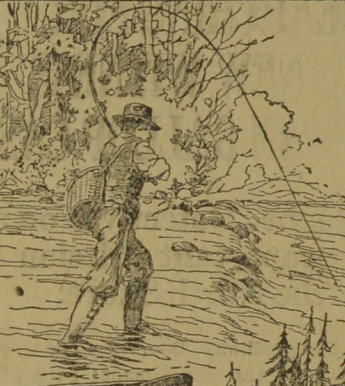
"is good tea" TEA  
Next time try the finest grade  
-- Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

# FEEDS

Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, Whole Corn, Bran Shorts, Middl ngs, Feed Flour, Oat Chop, Oat Feed, Feed Wheat, Scratch Feed, Best Western Cats, 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.

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Send for Catalogue, complete line, showing our A Boot For Every Purpose

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Everytime we make a sale of a pair of Miner Rubber Shoes the purchaser comes back in about a year's time for another pair.

We also sell the famous

## MOOSEHEAD BRAND SHOEPACKS

which everybody knows are the Best on the market.

We sell the Best Quality of Farmers' and Lumbermen's Footwear and Clothing. Also Ladies' Over-shoes and Rubbers, as well as Groceries, and OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST POSSIBLE.

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HOME MADE SOCKS and MITTS

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