

Corn Syrup

Delicious Golden Syrup
2 lb. Tin 19c.
5 lb. Tin 40c.
10 lb. Pail 75c.

GOOD EXTRACTS

3 Bottles 25c.
2 Larger Bottles ... 25c.
9 oz. Jug 30c.
16 oz. Bottle 40c.

RAISINS

New Bulk Raisins.
African Raisins, 16c lb.
California Seedless,
18c lb., 2 lbs 35c.

LAMP CHIMNEYS

Large ... 13c, 2 for 25c.
Medium 12c.

LANTERN CHIMNEYS

Tall or Short 12c.

FIVE CROWN FLOUR

The Flour with the Vim and Pep left in and the Doubt and Trouble left out.

98 lb. Jute bag \$4.50
98 lb. Cotton bag .. \$4.60
24 lb. Cotton bag .. \$1.25

GRAPES

Blue Grapes 10c lb.
Red Rogers 15c lb.
Tokay Grapes ... 25c lb.

TEA

Don't forget to try our BULK TEA.
No where else can you get such good value.

55 CENTS POUND
5 lbs for \$2.65.

MATCHES

5 Boxes
Red Head Matches, 50c.
5 Boxes
Eddy Matches, 55c.

TOILET PAPER

7 Rolls 25c.
Single Roll 4c.

SUGAR CRISP CORN FLAKES

12c pkg., 6 pkgs for 66c.
Case of 3 dozen, \$3.60.

VERXA

GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

MANY SPORTSMEN INVADE THE CANADIAN FORESTS IN QUEST OF THE LORDLY MOOSE

(Toronto Globe.)

Moose-hunting has already opened in some sections of Canada, and will shortly open in others. The open season is at its height in the Maritime Provinces, where there is already a great invasion of American hunters. The season lasts forty-six days in Nova Scotia, and the regulations there provide, as they do in Ontario that only the bull moose may be shot.

The wilderness of Northwest Ontario, north and west of Lake Superior, from the United States border to the outskirts of the Patricia District along the National Transcontinental Railway, hold, perhaps, the largest area of moose-hunting grounds anywhere in the country; and there, despite the violations of the Game Act by construction companies, and what are known as "head-hunters," giant moose continue to be found in abundance. The construction companies, in the past, shot and spared the moose to supply meat for the men in their camps; and the "head-hunters" are a species of sportsmen who go into the bush to secure a spread of antlers to take home and brag about.

Very often the "head-hunter" has neither the skill nor the gumption to get his own moose, but pays an Indian or a guide to get it for him. We ran across an Indian in the Lac des Mille Lacs region some years ago who told us that that season he had shot down no fewer than seventy-five bull moose for "head-hunters," who paid him as high as twenty-five dollars for the head and antlers alone. In most cases, the rest of the carcass was left in the bush for the wolves.

According to the old guides, moose-hunting in the Maritimes is not what it used to be. Nowadays the hunters go in comfortable motor cars to within a mile or so of the kill, and according to them, it is developing into a sport more suitable for women. A party from New York went into the woods in New Brunswick recently and, in order to keep themselves informed of their fortunes on the stock exchange, carried along a portable radio, by which they were enabled to follow the rise and fall of the markets without interruption.

Moose have been the targets of practically every sort of firearm that man has invented since bows and arrows were discarded. This year they were "shot" by the ubiquitous moving-picture camera, this, however, proving the least of their worries. Dr. Joseph S. Seabury of Boston was in the New Brunswick woods armed with a camera, but he had little luck, and said he would return next June, when there would be less competition. It was his sixteenth year in the New Brunswick forests, and he reported deer more numerous than ever.

Near Fredericton, says a Canadian Press despatch, three American hunters got three moose in three days. Two Truro men started out on a hunt, and two hours later got a 380-pound moose back of a Belmont farmer's barn. B. C. Cruickshanks Halifax

mortician, got a monster bull moose fifty yards from the trunk highway, twelve miles from Halifax, about one minutes after the rising of the sun ushered in the open season.

At Port Mouton, on the South Shore, Henry Hanson and Clayton McLeod started out, armed, and provisioned for three days in the woods. As they were staking out their camp a huge moose strolled up with the air of "I'll surrender and save you a lot of trouble." They took it that way, anyhow, and started making ready to return home with the carcass, Hanson jubilant because he had done the shooting. But the moose were showing no partiality, and another bull intercepted them, so McLeod got his chance, and they were home again next morning with two moose.

Moose-hunting is not now confined to the sterner sex. Mrs. E. C. Moxon of Truro went out with a guide early in the season, and soon bagged her game. It was her second moose in two seasons. One in New Albany, N. S., there is a camp where women engage in the sport every year.

The moose-hunting season usually brings its trail of accidents, and shortly after the season opened a Pictou County youth, Kenneth Harding, was shot through the heart as he said good night to a friend with whom he had conducted an unsuccessful hunt. The friend's rifle, supposedly empty, was accidentally discharged.

No estimate is possible in mid-season of the number of moose taken by the hunters, or the total likely to fall, but it will be many hundreds. Woe unto the huntsman who lets his enthusiasm carry him to the point of potting a cow. One guide near Digby was tempted, and it cost him \$100 and costs, and there have been others.

No Scarcity of Big Game.

There is no scarcity of moose, but they must be stalked with skill and patience. While there are numerous reports of moose parading through the streets of cities and towns, joining the herds in the pastures, and wandering through farmyards, while hundreds of men lie on damp beds, crawl through swamps and dew-soaked underbrush in the early hours, and guides despairingly megaphone the attenuated, tremblingly nasal "Whooooo-oo-hOO-oooh" in vain, many a hunting party returns home empty-handed.

In St. John a man found a moose on his front lawn the other morning. The most dangerous weapon at hand was a full milk bottle, so the forest king pursued his way unmolested, and was seen by many before he returned to his natural habitat. Such incidents are quite common.

Near McAdam, N. B., W. J. Pickrell, a railway inspector, came across two bull moose as he motored along the main highway at night. He stopped his car to avoid hitting them, but they showed a great lack of appreciation by charging the car, and considerable damage was suffered before the motorist, putting his car again in motion, pushed past them.

GHOST MONEY FOR THE DEAD IS AN INDUSTRY IN CHINA; MONEY IS SENT TO SPIRITS

(New York Times)

Money troubles do not end with the grave in China. The line that divides the living from the dead is fainter there than with us. Ghosts, too, need money, and there is a whole town in Chekiang Province which is supported by the minting of special money for the dead.

Ghost money is not real Chinese money, not metal coins which need the stamp of a bank or the ringing resonance of silver to vouch for them. Fortunately, the dead in China, though demandful, are satisfied with symbols. Smoke will do. Paper horses, paper carriages, paper servants, paper concubines, even paper shrines can be sent to the dead in the form of smoke. So, too, paper tael—tin-foil sycee shoes—need only to be burned to become the standard currency of the dead.

Extravagant Spirits

All over China ghost money is seen ten to twenty of the paper shoes strung together on a cord. Sometimes where the ghost is known to be an extravagant spirit, or the giver is in a generous mood, there will be many strings of these shoes, perhaps a whole paper-trunk load of paper tael, burned before the dead man's shrine.

But ghost money is a matter of importance in China not only to the

needy dead and his devoted clan. The coining of this paper money provides real cash to thousands of the living. The town of Shaoching, in Chekiang where the tin-foil is made in prosperous shops, employs many strong men, and there are other regions in Chekiang and Kiangsu, where thousands of women work, all day long folding and pasting the tin-foil into silver shoes. And there are also districts in distant Yunnan that supply the tin, and smaller districts far away in Singapore and the Malay Archipelago. Ghost money is, in fact, a large industry in China. The larger of the 700 shops in Shaoching do a business of from \$700,000 to \$800,000 a year, it is figured, and the total yearly production of paper shoes amounts to \$15,000,000.

There are wonderful properties in ghost money. It is the only money in the world, that is not harmed by burning. Tael for tael, the dead get face value for these paper shoes. Further, even the living worshippers can profit a little, for they gather the ashes from the burning and sell them to shops that extract the tin. This "resurrected tin" forms half the material for new paper shoes—more ghost money.

Novel Inflation

Also, this ghost money is increased by pounding. New tin and "resurrected tin" melted together and spread

DRANK QUART OF GIN AND THEN DIED IN AGONY

Boston, Nov. 11.—The Cambridge police last night started an investigation into the death of George Tinker, part proprietor of "Jimmie's Lunch," Holyoke st., Cambridge, when it was learned yesterday afternoon that his death had followed the making of a bet in which he is said to have agreed to drink a quart of gin.

This bet was won from two Harvard students following the Harvard-Princeton game. Tinker was found huddled up behind the counter of the little lunch room where he has served generations of Harvard students, when his partner, Walter Foster, opened up shop Sunday morning. He died about 12 hours later at Cambridge City Hospital.

He was one of the best-known men in Harvard sq. Yesterday the Cambridge police started an investigation of the circumstances leading up to his decease at the Cambridge City Hospital Sunday evening. This investigation was the result of some inquiries by Medical Examiner David C. Dow when he filed the death certificate at City Hall.

Real Friend of Students.

George, as he was commonly known to the thousands of students who crowded their way into the little lunch room morning, noon and night, was more than just a waiter at Jimmie's—he was the friend of every one of the thousands of students who daily visited the eating place. He was a patient listener when a student had some tale of woe to tell of being placed on probation, and he was an admirer of every honor man who proudly exhibited a hard-earned "A".

Sergt. John King of the Brattle sq. station was assigned to the case, and his researches have disclosed stories of drinking after the Princeton game with two students unknown to the police.

Foster told the police that he walked into the lunch room about 6 o'clock Saturday evening and found George there, happy in the thoughts of a bet that he declared he had won from "two Harvard students by drinking a quart of gin."

Foster said he asked George if he wanted to go home, but that his partner replied that he wasn't feeling very well and that he wait until he felt better before leaving the store. The two students weren't there then, according to Foster.

Found Him Unconscious.

Foster didn't see his partner again until 7.30 Sunday morning, when he went to the lunch room to open up for the day. Then he found him lying unconscious behind the counter.

Dr. Walter Feeley was summoned and after a brief examination he had Tinker sent to the Cambridge City Hospital and notified the police of the case.

When Tinker arrived at the hospital at 9 o'clock Sunday morning he was still unconscious, and he died at 8.50 Sunday evening without revealing the names of his friends who had been drinking with him.

Tinker is survived by a wife and three children, who live on Parsons st. Brighton.

"I must take a course in memory training."

"Why?"

"Last night I dreamed of a beautiful girl and when I woke up I forgot her name."

EXCEPTION.

I love my neighbors, one and all Except the man next door Who rakes the leaves on to my lawn A dozen times or more.

out into thin sheets are pounded with an iron hammer on a stone anvil, and the more they are pounded, the more the money grows. After five days, the little sheets, eight-tenths of an inch wide and more than two feet long. Then they are put together, with powder between them, and pounded for eight days more until they are very large and one two-thousandths of an inch thin—enough tin-foil for many, many shoes.

A familiar sight all over China is this ghost money. Down the street comes a coolie, and on his shoulders he carries the burden of generations of his clan, across one shoulder the bamboo pole, with his burden laden baskets that earn the money to feed the living; across the other, the strings of tin-foil tael to line the pockets of the dead. Very closely intertwined in China are the lives of the living and the dead.

All day long in the streets of Shaoching can be heard the din of thousands of hammers pounding on anvils, making ghost money.

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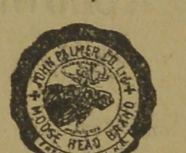
Through bush, streams and the roughest going, these sturdy yet flexible boots will ensure your entire foot comfort. And their wear is proverbial.

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