

Pickling Spices

BEST QUALITY
25c a pound.

Vinegar

BEST PICKLING VINEGAR
(WHITE or COLORED)
40 cents gallon

Preserve Jars

PERFECT SEAL

	Each	Dozen
PINTS	14c	\$1.50
QUARTS	16c	1.85
1/2 GALLONS	22c	2.60

Brooms

WE HAVE A NICE VARIETY

40c, 50c, 60c and 75c each

Extracts

SPECIAL

VANILLA OR LEMON

3-2 oz. Bottles	25c.
2-2 1/2 oz. Bottles	25c.
1-3 oz. Bottle	15c.
1-9 oz. Bottle	38c.
1-16 oz. Bottle	40c.

Soda Biscuits

5 lb boxes at 13c lb.

6 SOAP	25c.
5 Pecheur Salmon,	\$1.00
6 Emblem Salmon,	\$1.00
2 tins CORN	25c.

Plums

FRUITS ARRIVING TWICE A WEEK

PICKLING SPICE	25c lb.
MUSTARD SEED	15c pkg.
CELERY SEED	15c pkg.
TUMERIC	40c lb.
WHOLE CLOVES	80c lb.
MUSTARD	30c lb.
Whole Ginger	60c lb.
WHOLE GINGER	60c lb.
GINGER	40c lb.
CAYENNE PEPPER	60c lb.
PEPPER CORNS	30c lb.
BLACK PEPPER	50c lb.
ALSPICE	30c lb.
CINNAMON	30c lb.
GROUND MIXED SPICE	35c lb.
GROUND CLOVES	80c lb.

Sugar

100 lbs	\$6.85
14 lbs	\$1.00

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

TOURISTS DISCOVERING FRANCE THROUGH ITS GOOD ROADS; FRENCH PEOPLE VERY POLITE

(Perceval Reniers in New York Herald-Tribune.)

France is forever being "discovered." Every summer l'etranger swoops in from the Atlantic and finds everything from Notre Dame to the croute au pot all over again. Or from the vin ordinaire to the Char-treuse Vert, depending on his taste. And of course the discoverer is very proud and very valuable about it. He plays Jack Horner and tells the world, France hears his trumpeting with a shrug of resignation. This sort of thing has been going on yearly ever since the Cro-Magnon man found the bones of his predecessor in the caves along the Vezere.

The methods of discovery are many, but there is one that shadows all the rest, an open secret between France and her vrais amis. Montmartre will not tell it, nor the Folies Bergere, nor Paris itself, really. But to the sincere explorer the lady in the tricolor mob cap will whisper, "Know me, know my roads." And every now and again there comes a shout of joy from one who has heard—and heeded. Thus but recently, no less a discoverer than Kipling ended his "Song of the French Roads":

Oh, praise the Gods of Time and Chance

That ease the long control,
And bring the glorious soul of France
Once more to cheer our soul
With beauty, change and valiancy
Of sun and soil and sky,
Where Twenty takes to Bourg-Ma-dame
And Ten is for Hendaye.

(The Twenty and the Ten are the numbers of two highways that run from Paris to the Pyrenees. The great national roads were numbered by Napoleon, and on each kilometer stone is the numeral that follows the great artery from its source to its terminus.)

Kipling has found the way to know his France, as might have been expected. Every spring, summer and autumn thousands of people glimpse the secret. Along those intertwining ribbons that lie over the body of France like the Lilliputian ropes over Gulliver modern motordom flings itself with greater force and speed every year. Parties of motor tourists, in their many seated chasabancs, scour up and down the roads. Limousines roar along with baggage piled on the roof and explorers piled inside, "en location"—the Gallic circumlocution for "rented." Great touring cars tear by with terrific force.

An occasional taxi snorts along far from its home town, looking lost and incongruous. For all these juggernauts, however, the roads do not lead into the heart and soul of France. They are merely a means of getting from one cathedral to another, from Paris to somewhere and back again. The secret lies by like the trees and hedges.

But occasionally in this dusty rush of "rediscoverers" is one to be seen who knows the secret in all its fullness. He may be plodding on foot, he may be pedaling a bicycle, but more often, nowadays, he is at the wheel of a little car, a diminutive car with tires no bigger than those of a motor-cycle. If he is a native son the fact is unmistakable. He will be wearing the inevitable beret, the little blue tam o' shanter cap that no Frenchman of sporting proclivities would be seen without.

Heard the Song.

As often as not, however, he wears the peaked cap or felt hat of the outlander, the stranger who has heard the song of the French roads. In his little car that crawls so close to the earth, that is so sensitive to the vagaries of the roadbed, so modest in speed, so partial to the unmapped roads and auberges of the back country—it is to him that the lady of the tricolor reveals herself.

She initiates him, in fact, almost before he knows it. The Queen of Cocaigne was hardly more prompt with Jurgen. When the proud motorist drives his motor scooter out of Paris, heading for the open country by no matter what spoke from the great hub, he gets an introduction to French roads that is second to none. For twenty or twenty-five kilometers (to translate into miles, multiply by six and divide by ten) his petite voiture must contend with the roads of the French kings, which is to say, with cobbles. He might as well be lurching and bumping along in the days of monarchy and empire, for over these cobbled roads (it almost seems sometimes as though they hadn't been relaid since Louis XVI) the flamboyant coaches of royalty rattled and swung.

At one stroke he is familiar with the France of old as well as with the France of today. He knows now why

the revolutionary tumbrels "rattled"; he can easily imagine what it meant to race to Versailles or St. Germain on iron tires. And he decides that those who roll out there now, or to Fontainebleau, perchance, in chasabancs, limousines, touring cars or other large shock absorbers, cannot begin to know the meaning of the roads. Already these cobbles of the kings, essentially unchanged by "modern" France, have taught him more than all the Guides Bleus and Hachettes in the libraries of Paris.

So endeth the first lesson in discovering France. It is merely the preface to the book that is written in the language of the Open Road. The man who drives his own car—and preferably one of those midgets that the French so well comprehend to make, Monsieur—will discover more in several thousand kilometers than will a boatload of chauffeur-driven, road-burning motorists.

Natural Routes.

He is not so far from Paris—Rouen, perhaps, or Orleans—when he begins to change his mind about the vaunted National Routes. These broad highways, dignified by the Little Emperor's numbers, he had always been given to understand were the creme de la creme. Just what that means he now begins to know.

In the first place, they have an almost military relentlessness. They pierce straight for their objective, up hill, down dale and across plains as the crow is supposed to fly. It is rather doubtful if any crow ever flew as straight as most of the national roads of France. There is perhaps a certain beauty of purpose in this quality, but the wanderer soon begins to pine for something less severe, something with quaintness of lane and country-side that does not seem to thrive in the vicinity of the "road to Paris." For these pleasures he learns to take the small roads.

Moreover, he begins to sing the song of the Little Roads of France and, out of combined respect and love, to spell them with capitals. They are usually superior to the large ones in surface alone. Heavy traffic seeks the high-roads, the straight roads—and not only seeks them but cuts them up. For a small car, touching the low spots as well as the high and unable to float over the holes on balloon tires, nothing is so tedious as a French road in bad repair. And that, last fall at least, was the condition of a good third of them, despite talk of getting back to pre-war perfection.

Just as they prefer a hand basin to a porcelain tub, white bread to whole wheat, wine to water and good food to cleanliness, the French prefer old methods of roadmaking to the modern. Only now they are experimenting with a few short—very short—stretches of concrete road, and there is some asphalt on trial at Nice and Aix-les-Bains. France seems to have little belief in asphalt and concrete, and that's the reason men sit by every roadside in the land breaking rock. The method of their fathers is good enough for them. So the roads are mended by throwing on a layer of hand-pounded rock and running a steam roller over it. It is not long before the camions and chasabancs loosen this layer again or pound holes in it, and when they do—well, the small cars suffer or take to the side roads.

Thin Red Line.

This bears excellent results. For it is along the roads indicated on the map with a thin red line (as against the double line of the grandes routes) that one meets the jolly things of the tour. The peasants are simpler and the farmyards more picturesque. It is on these side roads that the villages seem to have dropped from a limestone sky, for the houses, as often as not, jostle each other in the middle of the road, and it is only by dint of considerable dexterity that one emerges on the other side of town without chipping the corners from all the dwellings.

Out of this free and lackadaisical habit of wandering on the back roads grows the friendly pastime of asking the way. It is the manner in which the French nation, almost to a man, rises to the question, "Qu'est-ce que la route pour aller a?"—that makes for greater amity among nations. The question, propounded at frequent intervals, becomes the very heartbeat of the road's freemasonry.

Life History.

I have asked the way of a Frenchman who had drunk well of the vin de pays, and found I had spoken the password to a bosom friendship, for in explaining the best roads he somehow managed to tell me most of his life history. I have asked the way "where two or three were gathered together," meaning cafe, not church,

and started such a heated argument as to which turning it would be best for monsieur to take that monsieur took the nearest one to avoid the conflict. Whole families, traveling a bicyclette, have dismounted to oblige.

Why the French do not seem to tire of explaining the route to the foreign invaders and refer them with a silent jerk of the thumb to the signposts is something of a mystery, for the signposts of France mark the roads far better than our own. Perhaps they do get tired, perhaps it is when they are bored with "Qu'est-ce que la route?" that they snap out: "Tout droit, monsieur"—straight ahead. Often has the weary motorist followed this glib advice only to run, as it were, tout droit off the map.

It is along the little roads that one finds the little auberges, and once found, presto! economical touring is no longer a chimera. The little inns, as a matter of fact, are the poor man's vindication for motoring, for who wouldn't splurge a little when lodging can be had in the side country for from twelve to twenty francs a night? In other words, 60 cents to a dollar will rent a room big enough for several Italian families, a commodious double bed or two single ones and more evidence of scrubbing than the price implies.

And it is hardly evident from the outside of France's small-town hotels that either comfort or cleanliness is to be found within. They have no en-ticements in common with the English inns. The allurements are limited to a dingy stone facade and a dirty, musty-smelling cafe. But if madame puts up a poor front she puts up good food and nearly always comfortable beds, with the inevitable bolster and feather bed puff. Probably nothing, not even the pour-boire itself, has inspired more good American curses than the bolster, that monstrous and useless thing so ingeniously entangled in the top of the sheet. But madame would not think of renting a bed without one.

Touring among the inns reveals the interesting fact that, in France, all lions are golden and all horses are white. Where the innkeepers acquired their natural history is not known, but it is clear that those who favor horses have never heard of a brown horse and those who prefer lions have never heard of pink ones. With these gentlemen it is Hotel Cheval Blanc, Hotel Lion d'Or—or nothing. When the proprietors are not animal fanciers there seems just one rule to follow. Their house must be Grand. It may be Grand Hotel de France, or Grand Hotel de la Poste (it is usually one or the other), but it must perforce be Grand. And just about there, hotel nomenclature stops.

There is no escaping it—the French man is well insulated when he motors. Nothing can get to him, not even a draft. But then there is an essential difference between him and l'etranger. He is not on a voyage of discovery. It is his country, they are his roads and he uses them to get somewhere, usually in the shortest possible time. And that, for the explorer in the small car, is no fun at all. Only as he learns to love and appreciate the roads of France will the lady in the tricolor cap requite him.

EATING CHAMP HAS BIG HAM AND EGG HANDICAP

London, Sept. 16—George Leader, the 238-pound eating champion of Middlesbrough, has declined an invitation to visit the United States and take part in a world's championship contest. "I have two matches on hand," he explained, "and I want to get these over before I consider any more."

Leader has won all thirteen matches in which he has been engaged in the last few years. He will be handicapped in his next match by having to eat a pound of broiled ham and a dozen eggs before his opponent starts.

In easily winning his last match, in which his opponent retired after three pounds of ham and forty eggs had been consumed, Leader dispatched the nineteen eggs that were left and completed his feast with steak and kidney pudding and cream puffs.

ROMANY RIDDLE.

(From the Forum.)

I cannot give the bread you seem to need,
For I am just the sound of wind in fields of grain;
Nor can I offer shelter of a roof,
Being but the tune of pine trees in the rain;

But make you pipes of oaten straw,
Or violin of tree,
And I will take the road with you
and set your spirit free.

EDITH THOMPSON.

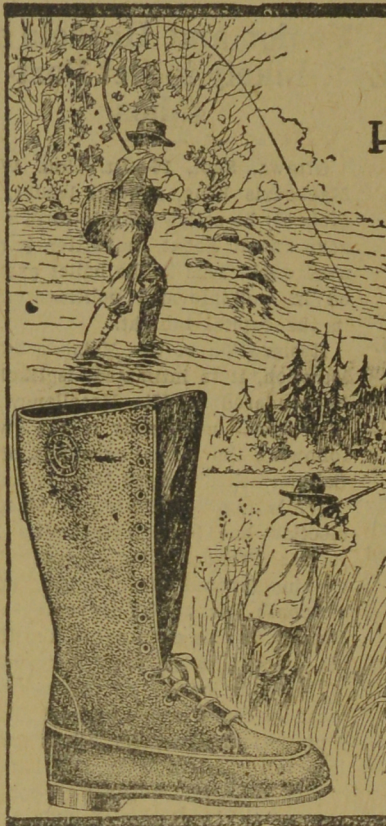
Mr. D. W. Walters of Moncton is in the city today.

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