

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

MARY GARDEN, OPERA SINGER, ONE OF THE BEST NATURED AND PICTURESQUE OF ARTISTS

(Detroit News.)

"Nobody ever had a great thought at the dinner table." Mary Garden proclaimed this startling doctrine; Mary Garden, music's leading advocate of bobbed hair, jazz, dancing and moderation in the dining-room; Mary Garden, grand opera's most conspicuous enemy of excess poundage and Victorian thinking; Mary Garden, best natured and most picturesque of artists. In short, Mary Garden, her incomparable self, in her suite in the Hotel Statler yesterday.

"You can't eat and keep thin," reasoned Miss Garden. "You can't grow fat and be graceful and good-natured. Fat brings on bad temper. If I found myself getting big in my clothes I'd be in a hell of a temper" (her very word). "Great people aren't big eaters. Napoleon never spent more than 15 minutes at dinner. Mussolini pays no attention whatever to his meals. Patti, greatest of all singers, never weighed over 127 pounds and every night, before she went to bed she had a whisky-and-soda. My father is 72 years old, with a perfect figure. I don't like to eat. I hate fat people. Big stomachs. Layers and layers of flesh. Ugh!"

Gushes Philosophies.

Never had doctrine more striking advertisement than Miss Garden's own graceful form. This famous and fascinating figure was clothed in brilliant red and the Garden countenance was crowned by a hat of the same arresting hue, beneath which short curls of a milder shade—but sustaining the color scheme—were somewhat coyly evident. Elsewhere there was a discreet distribution of emeralds; pearls in two great loops surrounded the Garden throat; and an amazing array of bracelets on her right wrist supplied an obligato with their incessant clankety-clank, to her outpourings of speech.

Outpourings, indeed! From her first "Mon Dieu, so many people," marching-order of reporters and photographers until she accomplished the most exuberant and high-hearted of farewells to the same speechless company, she gushed philosophies of a highly modern and sophisticated nature, bubbling a series of observations on music erupting with some more about feminine fashions, taking high, wide and handsome on every topic that that popped into her astonishing head.

Interviewing her is a good deal like receiving forward passes. Your

scribe is no Oosterbaan, but here are some Garden paragraphs, caught intact:

"Jazz, I adore it. It is America! It may not be lasting but I love it. I don't care for the classics. I'm not interested in music before Wagner, Wagner, Debussy, Honegger! There's a trio, each of a separate school. These are the three things I love best; my work, the radio and jazz.

"I'm supposed to have said that somebody was a fool for not bobbing her hair. Ridiculous! I don't give a darn if they cut it or not. But short hair for me. When my hair was cut I looked at it lying on the floor. 'Was that awful dead stuff on my head?' I asked myself. Hair is out of style. Permanently, with long dresses. Consider the history of fashion. Nothing that goes out ever comes back. Up, up go the dresses. Perhaps we'll have them off altogether some day.

"Poor men, with your wool coats in the summer. And if you take them off you aren't a nice man. I saw a friend of mine at the Lido, having tea with a beautiful girl. He was wearing pajamas! Right in the lounge of the hotel. There's the place. Pajamas all day long and dress clothes in the evening.

English Opera Bad.

"Opera in English? I don't like it. That is, I don't like translated opera. And I've never found a good one of English origin. The Anglo-Saxon isn't a composer. If he were he'd have produced music long ago. First class opera in English will never originate in England.

"Perhaps it will in America with out great fusion of races. There's a Chicago boy, about 25 years old. Hamilton Forrest. He's written a fine opera, I think. He's studying in Paris now. Yes, there's jazz in his opera, but very discreetly handled. We'll see how it turns out.

"Gene Tunney, a great man. When he's your escort, you don't worry. He doesn't have to carry a pistol in his pocket.

"Women will never be thin. It takes too much will power; too much denial. Cakes and sweets and ice cream sodas, I adore them. All women love them. And eat them. And get fat. Why shouldn't they, when here's a husband at home who doesn't interest them?"

She tinctures her speech slightly with French. "Comment?" she fires at an interviewer, who presumably knows what it means. "Jamais de la vie!" she fairly shouted when someone asked her about leaving the operatic stage.

GOVERNMENT OF INITIALS HAS A T ERROR FOR RUSSIA

Washington, Dec. 13—To the casual reader Russia seems a government by initials. There is the Tz. I. K., the M. O. P. R., and, most potent of all to the average Russian citizen, the mysterious long arm of the G. P. U.

Julius B. Wood, in a communication to the National Geographic Society describing "Russia of the Hour," writes:

"The G. P. U., a name formed from the first letters of its long Russian title, is not a new institution, merely a new name, in Russia. It is the successor of the Okhrana under the czar with its 40,000 to 50,000 informers and a smaller number of paid agents permeating every class of society. The Cheka of the Revolution was a transition between the two.

Russia Knows System

"The scope has been enlarged by uniformed ranks of police and soldiers. Such a surveillance, with its absolute power, is a system with which the Russian has long been familiar.

"Where's Ivan Ivanovitch? I saw him last night," may be a question at the afternoon tea.

"Lubianka," is the awed whisper.

"The answer is perfectly clear. Ivan 'sits,' the vernacular for being jail, in Lubianka, the imposing Moscow building which formerly was an insurance company's offices, the red clock of which now glows through the night over Lubianka square, the dread preliminary jail and headquarters of the G. P. U.

"Just what Ivan has done to get himself within the clutches of the law usually is a surmise, even among his closest friends. However, it is quite certain that the G. P. U. has some in-

formation. The arrest is not a haphazard happening.

government or co-operative funds in "He may have been percolating with his charge, smuggling in violation of the foreign trade monopoly, leading a private life which was not exemplary, or indulging in activities which did not contribute to the stability of the government.

Curiosity Restrain'd

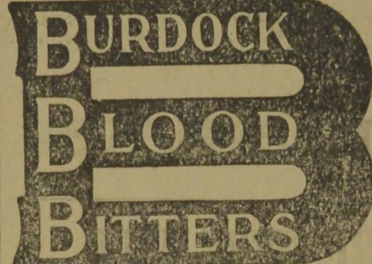
"However, the scene enacted during the hours he was supposed to be peacefully sleeping in his home is a familiar picture. Around 1 o'clock in the morning a chugging motor truck has stopped in front of the building where he and possibly his family, have a room. Other tenants may have been awakened, but they do not open doors or stick their heads out of windows when a motor chugs in, front at that hour of the morning. Their curiosity is bridled until the truck is gone and the building has a tenant less.

"The detail, usually two agents and two policemen, enters Ivan's apartment. There is no rough work unless the host starts it. The visitors are polite, but firm and thorough. In fact, they are so meticulous that usually they express regret to other members of the family for the necessity of disturbing them, and present a paper for their signature to prove that the proceedings have been conducted courteously.

"Few questions are asked, but the search is painstaking. Pages of books are rifled, clothes are examined, as are carpets, furniture, pictures on the wall, even the heating ducts. Such documents as are pertinent or which they do not have time to read are tak-

Was Nearly Crazy With Boils All Over His Body

Mr. S. L. Burke, Barronsfield, N.S., writes:—"For some time I was nearly crazy with boils all over my body. I tried everything I could think of to get rid of them, but to no avail, for as soon as one was healed up another would appear to take its place. I was advised to take



and after I had used two bottles the boils had all disappeared and I have not been troubled with them since." Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

STREET MOVIES RIVAL OLD STYLE PEEP SHOW

The penny peep-show has a rival in the new automatic sidewalk movie, which, recently introduced in New York, is already being put to a variety of uses, says the New York Times.

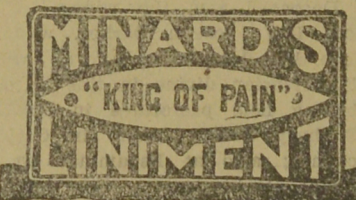
Pedestrian traffic in Fulton street was considerably blocked the other day at such a showing in a corner drug store window. All eyes were fixed on a two-foot screen upon which flickered a family dining-room scene. The daughter jumped up from her soup to gaze out of the window. Then followed, for the spectator, a glimpse of a pouring torrent, indicating a long rainy evening. The family looked glum because it had to stay at home, until the father produced a package of books. Thereupon each member of the family made a selection and commenced to read.

The screen-gazer shared their thrills in a few selected scenes and finally saw the family reluctantly disperse to go to bed. The moral of the free show of course, was "read more popular fiction," the window being full of books. But it mattered not to the gathered throng that this sidewalk movie was an advertising medium. It was a movie just the same.

The new variety of peep-show is an automatic projection machine, carrying its own screen in front of the machine and operating at the turn of an electric switch. Some of these machines continue to repeat their programmes for thirty-six hours without reloading. The roll of film is divided down the middle and only half is shown at a time. When the end of the roll is reached an automatic switch throws the other half of the film into view, showing the picture over again as the film is rewound. Other machines of the same type run off an eight-reel picture, which may be thrown on a screen of any size and require, after the loading, no manipulation save only the touch of a button.



Rub the scalp with Minard's four times a week. It removes Dandruff, stimulates the scalp and makes the hair soft and glossy.



en along. Ivan goes with them.

"The news of the arrest is not in the newspapers the following day and no explanation is asked from the G. P. U. nor would one be given if it were.

"In a few days Ivan may be back among his friends, possibly merely having been suspected of something serious because he was too garrulous. More likely he will 'sit' in silence in Lubianka, and the first word to the outside will be that he has been transferred to Butyrki, a prison where relatives can call and exchange a few words with him through an iron grille.

RED ROSE "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

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 Sowed-on Sole of heaviest oil-tanned leather.

Hand made to your individual measure.

Send for Catalogue, showing our complete line.

A Boot For Every Purpose

JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED
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You will Make no Mistake

IF YOU PURCHASE

MINER RUBBERS

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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Call on us for Bargains.