

New Canned Goods
Tomatoes 15c.
Corn 15c.
Peas 17c.
One can of each above for 45 cents.

Raisins
2 lbs. Puffed Seeded 30c.
2 pkg. 15 oz. Seeded 30c.
2 lbs. Australian ... 25c.

Sugar
FINE LANTIC GRANULATED
14 Pounds for \$1.00.
\$6.80 Bag.

SUGAR CRISP Corn Flakes
12c pkg. 6 pkgs for 66c.

Clark's Beans
Large size with or without Tomato Sauce . . 23c.
Smaller sizes, . . 13c, 11c.

Candy
2 lbs. Hard mixed . . 25c.
6 5-cent Nut Bars . . 25c.
Ganongs 1/2 and 1/2 30c lb
5 lb Box, \$1.25.

Chimneys
Large Lamp Chimneys
13c, 2 for 25c.
Med. Lamp Chimneys
12c each.
Lantern Chimneys, tall or Short, 12c.

Starch
Mixed Laundry, 10c lb.
Canada Corn . . 10c lb.
Acme Gloss (1 lb. pkg.),
13c, 2 for 25c.

Corned Beef
Clarks Corned Beef 25c.
Fray Bentos . . . 25c.
Both 1 lb. Tins.

Matches
Red Head, 12c.
3 Boxes 33c.
Eddy's Home 12c.
5 Boxes 55c.

Corn Syrup
2 lb. Tins 19c.
5 lb. Tins 40c.
10 lb. Pails 75c.

Cocoa
3 lbs. Bulk Cocoa . . 25c.
Bakers Cocoa, 10c, 13c, and 24c.
Bakers Chocolate,
12c per 1/2 lb. cake.

YERXA GROCERY CO.
2 STORES
York St. Queen St.

RED ROSE
"is good COFFEE"

THE SOLDIER'S BIBLE
—by—
THE KHAN OF KINGSCLEAR

"Well, 'Arry, I guess it's your turn tonight, isn't it? What sort of a story have you got for us this time?"

The words came from the lips of Bob Billocks, the sailor, and were addressed to Harry Hawkins, an architectural designer, who, for reasons of his own, made more arguent by some words of his medical adviser, had joined his fortunes with still another comrade, Sam Silsby, an ex-soldier, to form a strangely assorted trio whose object in life was a search for health in the lighter air and more equable climate of the foothills of the Himalayas. Since prospecting was one of their numerous incidental pursuits and I am told that it was not unattended with some slight success, I feel that it would be a violation of a sacred confidence should I be more explicit as to the location of their activities.

"Nonsense, old dear! Sam missed his trick last night when we worked overtime tracing up that sluice,—and anyway, I did two in succession, you remember, when Sam said his head wouldn't work on account of that old injury at Elaanndslaagt. Tell us anything,—One of Aesop's oldest, that'll do."

Short as were the evenings in that mountain territory, no one had usually felt inclined to retire at once on the completion of the day's activities which was indicated by the cleaning up of the supper dishes. Games, contests and puzzles had been resorted to in turn to while away the brief twilight hour and, at last, they came upon the time-honored scheme of fortifying by Chaucer as having been used by his band of pilgrims to Canterbury, being by no means a sudden flash of originality at that day. This device was that each man in his turn told a "bedtime story." The variety of subject matter and a corresponding range of methods of dealing with each selection was entirely in accord with the widely mixed quality of the raconteurs.

In lighter mood, Hawkins was accustomed to chant a rough doggerel recounting that if only Billocks were a bo'sun and he a Cockney, instead of a pure Philadelphian, their names might almost pun the clock round, as Bob Billocks, the bo'sun; 'Arry 'Awkins, the architect, and Sam Silsby, the soldier.

This last-named wielder of the sword hereupon emptied the ashes from his pipe, a well-known sign of preparation for a prolonged talk.

"Well,—a pair of old socks,—I'll tell you a strange thing that happened thirty years ago when I was but a raw recruit. How'll that do?"

"Well, as long as you don't start reeling off lists of your house-maid friends and the clever tricks you made use of to get the better of their favorite policemen, I guess we'll take a chance on it."

"As I remember, we had just come off a fortnight of hard manoeuvres, with night marches thrown in for good measure and the old 7th Harkshires were in fine trim—but tired, dog tired. We got into barracks on Saturday night, about midnight. It would seem a decent act for the colonel to let the bugler forget reveille on that Sunday morning, but old Colonel Duplisea was more than a bit of a martinet and loved to have the inspecting general pat him on the back for the discipline of his regiment. So reveille was blown, a little louder than usual. In those days it was at 6.45 a. m.—and perishing cold, too."

"Now I had seen better days before I joined the colours. I had been second under-assistant to the butler's boy in one of the 'glorious ancestral halls

of old England', as the author chaps have a habit of saying, and I had prospects, I had. Now there was—"

"Belay and on the other tack, mate, or we'll never see port this voyage."

"All right!—As I was just saying when I was so rudely interrupted, reveille brought us all from our snug blankets and, before breakfast, every man jack polished his boots and buttons and pipeclayed his buff equipment, for we were to go on church parade to the pretty town of Silchester, over an hour's march away. Now many of us had a attractive recollections of lasses and glances and nods, and as I was then one of the—"

"There! I was sure the story would get into the doldrums in some tedious tale of Sam's love escapades. I, for one, am going to turn in if this is his best effort."

"Sorry I was getting off the line of march. I won't do it again."

"Well, on parade we went and were marched, smart as a whip crack, by our officer to the churchyard where he handed over his command to the sergeant and we went inside and took our places, to the accompaniment of much rustling of satin and breaking of seats as the misses of the village craned necks to look at the soldiers."

"The parson came in and started the service off with a very long prayer, then a hymn was sung and then the parson announced his text. Now most of the people there had either a Bible or a prayer book and followed the service with it, but I had only a pack of cards in my pocket. I took them out and laid them, one by one, face upwards, on the seat beside me and kept changing them around and turning up now one, now another."

"The sergeant saw me and learned away over and whispered aloud, 'Put them away, Silsby; this is no place for them.' I answered, 'You have no authority in this place either.'"

"When we fell in ranks in the churchyard, after the service, the sergeant called to the town constable, who was lounging outside to see the parade. 'Constable, arrest this man.' 'Soldier, you are under arrest. What is the charge?' 'Playing a card game in church.'"

"I said, 'But I was not playing a card game.' Whereupon the constable retorted, 'Tell that to the magistrate. Come with me to his house.'"

"The magistrate had attended church and had started his dinner when we arrived at his house so we had to wait about an hour till his servant came out and said he was ready. The constable gripped me firmly by the arm and marched me into the office, where the magistrate was sitting behind a table, looking very severe. 'Well, constable, what is this soldier's crime?'"

"Playing card games in church during divine worship, your worship'p."

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"I was not playing any game, sir." "Did you have anything to do with cards? Now don't you lie to me, you rascal! If you have been playing cards in church, you shall be punished—yes, sir, punished severely."

"Sir, we have just been for a fortnight on hard manoeuvres and every one else in church seemed to have a Bible or prayer book and I had only this pack of cards which I kept turning over as the best substitute I could manage and I kept regarding each card—for the associations of which they reminded me."

"Tap-room associations are hardly suited to the house of worship. If that is all you have to say, I think I had better look up the punishment," and he started to thumb over his leather-bound law books.

"But, sir—if you will tell the constable to give me back my cards, which he took from me, I think I can convince you of the purity of my thoughts."

"Well, constable, give him back his cards and—plead your case well, soldier, or you will have a black blot on your record."

"So I spread my cards out on the table, face up, and started with the Ace."

"The Ace, sir, brings to my mind that there is but One, most powerful, over all."

"The Duce reminds me of our two common foreparents, Adam and Eve, from whom we all are descended."

"The Trey calls to my memory the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

"Four is the number of writers of the Gospels,—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"The Five—there were once five wise maidens. There were ten all told, so I have heard, but five were foolish and did not take care of their lamps and so were shut out from the bridegroom's feast."

"In Six days the Creator made this universe and every moving thing as well."

"The Seventh day was taken by Him as a day for rest and He hallowed it for that purpose for man."

"Eight persons were saved alive from the Flood—Noah and his wife, with their three sons, Ham, Shem and Japheth, and their wives."

"There were Nine thousand of the ten lepers cleansed by our Lord. Only one returned to give thanks to the Lord—and he was a Samaritan."

"Ten Commandments were given to Moses on Mount Sinai, graven on two tables of stone."

"I put the Jack to one side, away from the rest, and went on."

"The Queen puts me in mind of the ancient queen of Sheba of whom we are told that she was so much attracted by the tales of King Solomon's wisdom that she journeyed from far away to make some trial of it herself."

"She had brought a dozen boys and a dozen girls, all dressed alike as page-boys and bade King Solomon tell which was which. He called his servants to bring pitchers of water and basins and for the page-boys to wash themselves. He separated them very easily as the girls washed hands and arms, to the elbow, while the boys washed only hands and wrists."

"And, your worship, this card reminds me of our Queen Victoria and that we should honour and pray for her."

"The King reminds me of One, King of all."

"Now have I satisfied your worship? 'Here the constable, who was teetering with curiosity called out, 'But he has left out one card.'"

"Which is that?"

"The Jack."

"Well, that is the village constable, who is the meanest jack-in-office un-lung."

"This set the court to laughing so hard that I slipped out unnoticed in the confusion."

"Now let's turn in."

"Best bible story I ever listened to," said Hawkins.

"And me, too. That certainly was a clever scheme, but I'll bet it wasn't old Sam that pulled it," was the comment of the sailor, "but the hour's late and we've got to get some real work done tomorrow.—Good night!"

WARNING.

"Mother, may I have a smoke?" "Yes, my darling daughter; But, before your daddy comes, Rinse your mouth with water!"

"Your name," he stammered "is—is written on my heart."

"Yes?" she whispered. "But—but wouldn't it be much nicer if your name were engraved on my stationery?"

"Soph—Did you ever take chloroform?"

Fresh—No, who teaches it?

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Notice of Legislation

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made by and on behalf of the Town of Marysville, at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick, for the passage of a Bill to amend 49, Victoria, Chapter 25, entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Town of Marysville" and acts in amendments thereof. Dated the ninth day of February, A. D. 1926. (Sgd.) D. BIRD, Town Clerk.

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Queen St. Fredericton

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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
Men's 10 in. Palmer Draw String Shoe-packs	\$5.50	\$4.85
Men's 6 in. Palmer Draw String Shoe-packs	\$5.00	\$4.45
Men's 6 in. Palmer Skowhegan Waterproof 'packs	\$3.50	\$2.95
Men's 10 in. Palmer Horse Hide Indian Style D.S.	\$3.00	\$2.15
Men's 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 Shoe-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 Shoe-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
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Ladies' 2 Buckle and 2 Snap Button Overshoes, Regular \$5.00 Sale price \$3.75
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