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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.

YERXA  
GROCERY  
CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

COMEDY AT HALL-MILLS MURDER  
TRIAL IS PROVIDED BY A MAID;  
BARBARA TOUGH'S AFTER THOUGHT

Somerville, N. J., Nov. 12.—The imp  
of comedy rested on the Hall-Mills  
murder trial today.

Barbara Tough came on the stand.  
This middle-aged Scotch woman who  
worked as a maid in the home of the  
Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall in New  
Brunswick, when shots in the dark  
laid him and his sweetheart, Eleanor  
Mills, dead beneath a crabapple tree,  
had the prosecution's case by the ear.

Barbara Tough spent the afternoon  
puncturing the State's dramatic ef-  
fects. With a pleasant face, a pleasant  
voice and a pleasant accent, this mid-  
dle-aged woman played havoc with  
Senator Simpson's carefully prepared  
climaxes.

Logic didn't do it. Comedy did. The  
crowd had decided that Barbara was  
funny.

All day a razor had figured for the  
first time publicly in the case. Wounds  
in Mrs. Mill's neck had been described  
in the morning by the doctors who per-  
formed an autopsy on her body. They  
were slashes that spoke power in the  
arm or edge to the knife, as the doc-  
tors made their exact statements.

Use of Razor Demonstrated.

Prosecutor Simpson produced a ra-  
zor. It was long and sharp and thin,  
the old-fashioned kind that folds. He  
forced from the Court and from the  
objecting defense the right to have a  
mild-faced physician, Dr. Arthur Lim-  
lith, of New Brunswick, show how a  
person could hold a razor, flexible at  
the handle joint, with his hand so that  
just such a slash could be made. He  
forced into the minds of jury and pub-  
lic the plausibility of the weapon.  
"About which," he added, I have some  
evidence."

When Barbara Tough was enumer-  
ating the weapons customarily in the  
Hall household before the murder, she  
mentioned Willie's gun, that always  
stood in the closet. She mentioned his  
revolver which was kept locked in a  
drawer, though he "sometimes took it  
out and showed it to her."

She mentioned a razor that was kept  
in the bath room. And casually, spon-  
taneously, ingeniously, without the  
sign of a lead of the bait of a question,  
this witness, though by many to be  
friendly to Mrs. Hall, blurted out:  
"But it was one of them, old fashioned  
kind, not a safety razor."

There was a shock in the room, un-  
doubtedly. But Barbara was Barbara.  
She added glibly or quickly "only it  
was smaller than that one. Like that,  
only smaller."

Laughter from a crowd more anx-  
ious to laugh at the woman than not.

Maid Produces Laughter.

A half hour later, Senator Simpson  
was reading from that book of doom,  
containing nearly all of these witness-  
es as they gave it to the grand jury of  
1922, when the investigation of one of  
the most shocking murders of a de-  
cade died aborning.

Senator Simpson had drawn from  
Barbara Tough her story of the days  
of September 14, 15 and 16, in that  
New Brunswick home, when Dr. Hall  
so strangely did not return. When  
Barbara said, and stuck to it, that Mrs.  
Hall had shown no marked emotion on  
the Saturday after the Thursday mur-  
der, before the news of the double  
death came to her over the telephone,  
Simpson read to her from her own  
testimony a description of a Mrs. Hall  
disturbed and fearful.

"She was shaking," read the Prose-  
cutor. "Did you say that?" he de-  
manded.

Barbara was amazed.  
"I never told the Grand Jury she  
was shaking," she said in her accent  
that is almost a brogue, "I said she  
was shaking a cushion."

A real roar of laughter from the  
pent-up crowd, tired of harrowings. A  
strife and confusion. In the uproar of it,  
adjournment. It was Barbara's day.  
Prosecutor Simpson looked gloom at  
the close of it.

Is a Typical Spinster.

This witness, who lived in the Hall  
home while the love affair of the rec-  
tor and the janitor's wife made small-  
town sensation for the curious of his  
church, who slept in the Hall house  
the night the three members of the  
family who sit in the defendants' chairs  
are said to have gone out and  
killed them, is the picture of the agile,  
competent, curious, resourceful spin-  
ster. Her face is thin. Her hair is  
graying. She wore the nondescript  
clothes of the indifferent.

There was a black hat, too large  
for the thin face under it. There was  
a large and sprawling black and gilt  
star on the hat. There was a reddish  
rose coat and a flowered scarf beneath  
it. Old-fashioned spectacles framed  
bright eyes.

Barbara Tough testified with the  
ease that marks the chronic witnesses  
of this chronic investigation. She had  
an apparent pleasure in repeating that  
"Eleanor Mills" jumped off Dr. Hall's

lap when she, Barbara, entered the  
guild room of the church one evening  
four years before the murder now  
four years old.

Mrs. Hall Shows Emotion.

As she told of Mrs. Hall's actions  
in her home during the three days be-  
tween the clergyman's failure to come  
home and the finding of the bodies,  
Mrs. Hall's face, its profile kept stead-  
ily turned to the courtroom of people,  
was disturbed and white.

She bit her lips, not affectedly, as  
she sometimes does when she gets  
restless under the neverlifting scruti-  
ny of the battery of reporters' eyes,  
but agitatedly. But her eyes on the  
face of her former housemaid seemed  
friendly, at times even amused.

Jealousy and Hate As Motive.

Mrs. Henry Stevens, wife of the  
brother who is accused with Mrs. Hall  
and her brother, the eccentric Willie  
Stevens, smiled broadly with genuine  
amusement once. The smile came  
when Prosecutor Simpson, pursuing  
his right to let Barbara Tough go on  
with her comfortable statement that  
"folks were beginning to talk said  
to the count, "I am trying to establish  
a motive of jealousy and hate for this  
murder."

Is Barbara Tough adroit? Her man-  
ner on the stand was frank and open  
and easy. Barbara said that Mrs. Hall  
on Friday morning told her she had  
phoned to the hospital to see if there  
had been any "accidents or casual-  
ties" reported.

The state has made something of  
the fact that Mrs. Hall's first inquiry  
at police headquarters for her missing  
husband, before she had been told of  
the murders, was "have there been  
any casualties reported?"

The seventh day started jerkily. It  
ended like a parlor comedy in spite  
of a prosecution bent on melodrama  
and a defense bent on sobriety. The  
men and women, who are still arriving  
excitedly by automobile from New  
Jersey towns and inquiring feverishly  
for accommodations while they spend  
a pleasant vacation hearing a murder  
trial, had their full of the repugnant  
in the morning.

Dr. Robert F. Hagerman, who per-  
formed the autopsy on Mrs. Mills' body  
in 1922, took the stand and de-  
scribed it. He was firm that when he  
finished the autopsy he didn't know  
whether the tongue and larynx were  
present or not. Cross-examining, the  
defense fished for his opinion.

Senator Simpson objected to "opin-  
ion."

Chance Found For Laughter.

"You don't want it, do you?" said  
Senator Case.  
"Of course, I don't want it," snap-  
ped Senator Simpson, "any more than  
I want his opinion on whether your  
have a nose on your face or not."

A chance for a laugh and a rustle  
and a stretching of legs through the  
room.

Testimony from Dr. Ellis I. Cronk,  
sordid or pitiful, as the mind takes  
it. The crowd gaped to get it. Dr.  
Cronk was health officer of New  
Brunswick in 1922, and was asked by  
the undertaker to identify Mrs. Mills' body.  
Asked on whose authority he  
made an examination rather than an  
identification, he named no one.

A third doctor, Dr. Arthur L. Smith  
came on the stand. He interested the  
crowd when he told of treating Mrs.  
Mills during an illness in a New  
Brunswick hospital, at Dr. Hall's re-  
quest, and of being paid by the rector  
for it. He interested the lawyers when  
he said he knew part of Mrs. Mills  
larynx was in her body after the mur-  
der was discovered.

Again the public followed the figure  
of the rector as he walked down the  
white corridors of the hospital visit-  
ing Mrs. Mills "every two or three  
days." They followed Mrs. Hall on  
visits to the same sick woman, but  
alone.

KIN.

And now that you've traveled, my  
bonny tall lad,  
'Tis right you should tell what ad-  
ventures you've had.

I followed a road that went uphill  
and down,  
Past meadow and wildwood through  
city and town.

The people who live in that faraway  
land,  
Do they keep for the stranger a wel-  
coming hand?

They're friendly, as travelers freely  
agree,  
But rare was the greeting by kins-  
folk gave me!

The cities you saw, were they spac-  
ious and high?  
The streets were they broad? Did  
their towers touch the sky?

Oh, yes but the tower that seemed  
grandest to me  
Was the soul of my kinsman, unsul-  
led and free,

The orchards and vineyards, the grass  
and the flowers,  
Were the greener and fresher and  
sweeter than ours?

The gardens and groves are the mar-  
vel of all,  
But the gay are my kinsman's dear  
children, and tall.

The blue lakes that lie between long  
hills, a dream,  
Were they what you loved, or the  
waterfall's gleam?

From lake and from glen I full  
lightly did part  
But not from youth in my kins  
man's heart!

You heard many tales of your fore-  
fathers brave,  
The deeds that they did, and the  
lives that they gave?

I listened; but echoing still in my ear  
My kinswoman's singing is all I can  
hear.

What gifts did they offer you? What  
do you bring  
To make you remember your far jour-  
neying?

The prayers of my kinsfolk, their  
laughter their tears.  
And the hope of a meeting to shine  
down the years!

—ADELAIDE B. MEAD in Phila-  
delphia Inquirer.

A GOOD INDIAN.

They call it Indian Summer and it  
may be for the plumber  
Or the man who makes his money  
selling coal  
But the common sort of folks seem  
to think that it's a hoax  
And they'd like to knock that Indian  
for a goal.

NIGHT WORK PRAISED.

New York, Nov. 16.—Praise for  
night work by women comes from  
Mrs. Ella M. Sherwin, printer. If it  
affects the health at all it improves  
it and as for the moral risks the male  
worker is much more decent than he  
is credited with being. She gave her  
views to the state industrial survey  
commission.

One of Dr. Smith's statement that  
part of Mrs. Mills larynx was in her  
body at the time of the autopsy in  
1922, Senator Simpson dug physio-  
logical facts that made him call an-  
other doctor.

"Dr. Otto Schultze," he bellowed.  
Dr. Schultze on the stand, Did Dr.  
Schultze consider the larynx part of  
the windpipe? Dr. Schultze did not.  
The larynx was at the upper end of  
the windpipe. Senator Simpson relax-  
ed.

Is there Something  
you Want to Buy?



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Devon Branch : : E. W. Spurr, Manager  
Stanley Branch : : C. J. Loughlin, Manager

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