

SOAP

GOOD LAUNDRY SOAP (Heavy)

5c, 6 cakes 25c.

Snowflake

Ammonia

Saves Soap and makes hard water soft

9c, 3 pkgs. 25c.

Matches

RED HEAD MATCHES 12c Box.
3 Boxes for 33c.

EDDY'S HOME MATCHES, 12c Box.
5 Boxes for 55c.

Patent Medicine

Liniments and Pills

Reg. price	Our price
.30 Minards Liniment25
.35 Woodbury Horse Liniment..	.30
.35 Woodbury Condition Powder	.30
.35 Chase Linseed & Turpentine	.30
.35 Penacea30
.25 Hamilton Pills20
.50 Zam Buk42
.50 Dadds Pills40
.50 Gin Pills40
.25 Bayers Asperin Tablets22
1.00 Olivine Emulsion89
.30 Scotts Emulsion	1.00
1.50 Fellows Compound	1.30
.25 Burdock Blood Bitters	1.00

and many others at equally good money saving prices.

Canned Fish

Can

Splendid Salmon	20c.
Clams	16c.
Brunswick Sardines	5c.
French Sardines	13c, 2 for 26c.
Norway Sardines	15c.

Starch

Best Mixed Laundry	10c lb.
Canada Corn Starch	10c pkg.
Acme Gloss Starch	13c, 2 pkgs 25c.

Clark's Beans

Splendid Quality

11c, 13c and 23c can.

Plain or with Tomato Sauce

Domestic Shortening

is cheaper than lard and Better.
IT IS A BIG SELLER.

1 lb. pkg.	21c.
3 lb. pail	55c.
5 lb. pail	95c.
10 lb. pail	\$1.80
20 lb. pail	\$3.40

YERXA

GROCERY

CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

The Bell With the Voice of a Woman

Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Scotland" moored at Kowloon, near Hong Kong.

NOT far from the Temple of Todai-ji, at Nara, Japan, there is a gigantic bell which weighs about forty-eight tons. It is 13½ feet high, 10 inches thick at the rim, and 27 feet in circumference, and the volume of its tones is enormous and awe-inspiring. At times it seems as if there were a woman in the bell, weeping bitterly in the night, singing blithely during the day. Passengers making the Round the World Cruise on the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Scotland heard it ring, saw the immense volume sway.

About this famous bell there is a fantastic tale carried on the lips of slant-eyed, Mongolian children through the picturesque, intriguing streets on which they play. Many hundreds of years ago, a stern and powerful Emperor ruled Japan with an iron hand. When ill, he would command impossible feats for his amusement. One day he decided he would have a new bronze bell, one which would ring louder and issue mellower tones than any other bell in his empire.

So he sent for Hop Si Wong, the official bell-maker, an aged and honorable servant of the Crown for many years, a man who had served three Emperors. And Hop Si Wong was told to make a bell that would please the Emperor. An artistic bell, a beautiful bell, a bell with a tone like a human voice.

Hop went away to his workshop, which was near his home, and worked for days and nights, mixed the ingredients, watched over the boiling pot. Finally the bell was made and erected. Soon it rang.

No sooner had the first echo died away than the Emperor called for Hop. "Imbecile!" thundered the Emperor. "May your foul carcass be devoured by demons. That you should inflict upon the ears of your monarch this desecration. Dost call that a bell? An unwieldy lump of brass it is. Go and make another and, if you fail, untold agony will be your due." So spoke the Emperor. Perhaps not in those words, but in similar language, for Hop came home that night in mortal fear and trembling.

Hop had a beautiful daughter. She was as good as she was beautiful—indeed, a rarity. To her, Hop sobbed out the story of his failure and the displeasure of the Emperor. She listened sympathetically and nodded wisely and told Hop to start work immediately on the second bell.

Again the ancient servitor worked for days and nights. Again he boiled his ingredients. And one day at twilight, just as he was watching over them, his beautiful daughter rushed out of the house and leaped into the huge boiling cauldron of molten alloy, shouting, "Father, 'tis for thee." Sad at heart and weary, Hop continued his work. His nimble fingers fashioned the bell with the deftness of grief. Intricate designs, very tiny, appeared on it as if by magic. It grew to a great size, and many workmen were needed to erect it. When it rang, there was a tone of such great beauty, as of a woman weeping bitterly in the night over the departure of her lover, as of a mother mourning for her child, as of a lark welcoming the dawn, that all who heard it wept.

The mighty Emperor called for Hop and said, "Thou hast done well indeed. I am satisfied." And Hop fell dead.

Such is the story told about the bell which is not far from the Temple of Todai-ji. But then, the same story is told of other beautiful bells in Japan.

GHOST SECRET WAS PIERCED BY DEATH; WOMAN WHO LIVED ALONE HAD \$55,000 HOARDED

Chicago, April 10—With the death of Marie Sterling French, eccentric woman hermit and author, Park Ridge a Chicago suburb, has succeeded in piercing the mystery that surrounded "the old lady who was a ghost," and has solved the secret of the two graves in the backyard of her home. Also uncovered is a story as strange as any of the fiction she was supposed to have written for magazines.

Marie Sterling French was 77 years old when she died, at the home of Mrs. Harriet Dahlgren, a neighbor. Believed to have been in straightened circumstances, her death brought to light three wills, the last leaving a \$55,000 estate to Mrs. Dahlgren. The administrator is a Polish real estate man, Edmund Ostrowski, of whom the village had never before heard, and it is he who discovered the first two wills.

For more than 30 years Marie French had lived alone in an old unfinished house set in the middle of a small fruit orchard. No one ever set foot within that home until after her death. All of the windows and doors were boarded save one, at the rear, which was reached by a stepladder, which she drew in after her when she was at home or chained it to an apple tree nearby when she left the place.

Wed to Carpenter.

A tall, slender woman, with soft white hair that framed a patrician face, and the air of a duchess as she occasionally walked the village streets she was as much a fixture in the town as the little red brick building that serves as the City Hall. Old-timers remembered that she had married the carpenter whom she had hired to build her home, and that after the marriage he had quit working on the house and then, a little later, vanished.

Children of the village, after peeking through a chink in the boards of her house, told of seeing a ghostly figure sitting with her in the dim light of the candle. The figure was in misty white, as though in bridal finery.

The wildest romances were woven about the quiet, silent woman. What had become of her husband? And who occupied those graves in the backyard? What connection did the children's "ghost" have with those graves? None dared question her, and she continued to live her hermit life with half a dozen cats, and sometimes a dog, as her sole companions.

And then she died, and for the first time strange feet walked inside the house. What they saw there was a marvel in keeping with the strange character of the woman. On the lower floor was furniture so beautiful and

old that it would have made a collector rave. But the furniture was piled, for the most part, in corners to make room for stack after stack of newspapers and magazines which reached nearly to the ceiling. Between them were narrow lanes which led to the hall and stairs. On the stairs were more piles.

Man's Coat and Hat.

Back into the eighties ran the dates on the magazines. In the one room upstairs, occupied by the woman, were even more piles of old papers, while nearly all the rest of the space was taken with books. Old-fashioned Victorian books, for the most part. There was no table on which to write. The bed was a simple affair of the old-fashioned kind. In another room—once it had been her husband's—were a man's coat and hat lying on the bed, as though the man had left them there but yesterday, excepting as mold had stained and crumbled them.

It was in one of the huge piles of papers that Ostrowski found the two old wills, and also a clue to the presence of a safety deposit vault in Chicago which safeguarded \$20,000 in bonds, \$7,000 in notes, \$11,000 in stocks, \$143 in currency, and deeds to real estate in Park Ridge and elsewhere. Where she had accumulated her wealth none knew. Then the graves in the back yard were opened. In them was found, buried in coffins, two of the many cats which had been her only friends.

And the ghost? It proved to be an old dress form, such as modistes once used, and round the thing was draped some fluffy material, once white, now yellowed by time. It was Marie's bridal finery.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT.

When the ice goes out on some warm spring night And the river, cleared of its polar chains, Swings to the sea, then my thoughts take flight Feeling the rapture of April rains. When the ice goes out of che bitter heart, Dragging the debris of fear and doubt: Charity's sun wins a splendid start And life is sweet when the ice goes out.

—THOMAS J. MURRAY in New York Sun.

Nothing is particularly the matter with the boys and girls of today. They'll be all right as soon as they find out what it is all about.

\$15 A WEEK IS REQUIRED TO MARRY IN G. B.

London, April 12—Three pounds a week (about \$15) is the minimum income necessary in England for married happiness according to a decision handed down by magistrates at Greenwich. The decision was in connection with the application of a youth of 20 for permission to marry, his mother having objected on the ground that he was too young and would "run himself into poverty."

Under a new law, persons of less than 21 who wish to marry and cannot obtain their parents' consent may appeal to the magistrates, who have power to overrule the parental objections. The youth in this case showed that he was earning approximately three pounds a week and the magistrates set aside his mother's opposition and gave him the required permission.

THE EXCEPTION.

I don't mind men who brag about How bright their children are Or tell of how they put new life In some old battered car.

I never try to break away From fans who seem to get New York and London any time With just a one-tube set.

In fact I even stay to hear A man whose aim in life Is telling how he cured his gout Without the surgeon's knife.

But I admit there is a chap Who aways makes me sore He interrupts each story with "I heard that gag before."

—JAMES A. SANAKER in Chicago News.

BAKED BREAD AND CHEESE.

6 slices-of bread
1-2 pound American cheese
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 teaspoon paprika
Butter or margarine
2 eggs
1 1-2 cups milk

Spread bread with butter, pile one above another and cut in cubes. Cut the cheese in thin slices. Put Cut the cheese in thin slices. Put cheese in a baking dish, in alternate layers, sprinkling each layer with salt and paprika. Beat the eggs, add the milk, mix and pour over the bread and cheese. Bake at 350 degrees until firm in the centre. Serve hot.

FEEDS! FEEDS!

BRAN SHORTS
FEED FLOUR
CORN MEAL
CRACKED CORN
WHOLE CORN
SCRATCH FEED
GOOD FEED OATS

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OUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUITINGS OF GRANITES AND SPORTEX TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTEDS AND GUARANTEED BLUES AND GREY SERGES. Also a nice line of SPRING O'COATINGS. English and American Style plates. PRICES RANGE FROM \$35.00 TO \$65.00.

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Shoepacks 10 in. tops to clear at\$5.00

Nothing better for sugar making season.

We also have in stock the

NEW MODEL MOOSE HEAD BRAND

Driving Boot, 10 in. top	\$6.00
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Driving Boot, 14 in. top	\$7.50
Driving Boot, 16 in. top	\$8.50

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