

# TOILET PAPER

LARGE SIZE—BEST QUALITY  
4c Roll, 7 Rolls 25c.

## Soap

LUX TOILET SOAP ..... 10c.  
PALM OLIVE,  
10c, 3 cakes for 25c.  
6 cakes GOOD LAUNDRY SOAP, 25c.  
5 cakes CHAMPLAIN SOAP, .....25c.  
4 cakes SUN LIGHT SOAP .....25c.  
3 cakes LIFE BUOY SOAP .....25c.

## Beans

CLARK'S LARGE SIZE .....23c.  
CLARK'S MEDIUM SIZE .....13c.  
CLARK'S SMALL SIZE .....10c.  
CLARK'S VEGETABLE SOUP 10c tin.  
CLARK'S TOMATO SOUP ....10c tin.

Good Canned Salmon  
18c tin, 6 tins for \$1.00.

## Sugar

100 lbs. ....\$6.85  
14 lbs. ....\$1.00

2 TINS CORN .....25c.

McCormick's, Marven's  
and Hamilton's  
MIXED CAKES  
18c lb, by the box.

## Jello

3 pkgs. for 25c.

3 bot. Extracts .....25c.  
5 lbs. Oatmeal .....25c.  
8 lbs. Cornmeal .....25c.  
8 lbs. Cracked Corn 25c.  
8 lbs. Oats .....25c.

## Money Saving Prices

FEED OATS .....\$2.30 BAG  
BRAN .....\$1.80 BAG.  
SHORTS .....\$1.90 BAG  
WHITE MIDDINGS .....\$2.25 BAG  
90 lb. bag OATMEAL .....\$3.35  
20 lb. bag OATMEAL .....90c.  
98 lb. 5 CROWN .....  
98 lb. SNOW WHITE ....\$4.75 bag.  
98 lb. PURITY .....\$4.80 bag.

## Good Quarter Bargains

3 pkgs. SNOWFLAKE AMMONIA, 25c.  
5 lbs. BAKING SODA .....25c.  
5 lbs. ROLLED OATS .....25c.  
2 qts. WHITE BEANS .....25c.  
7 rolls TOILET PAPER .....25c.  
1 can BEST PINK SALMON .....25c.  
3 tins KIPPERED SNACKS .....25c.  
3 lbs. RICE .....25c.

# YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

## THE QUEBEC LOUP GAROU IS LIKENED TO IRISH BANSHEE ONLY ERRING SOULS IN DANGER

Loup-Garou in the folk-lore of Canada is what the werewol is to the stories of the Germans, or what the banshee is to the legends of the Irish. The legend typifies the reverence of the French-Canadian for things religious and expresses his belief in the supernatural, for Loup-Garou overtakes only the faithless soul. The penalty for one who does not keep his Easter obligation for seven years is that he may be changed into a wolf, and compelled to roam the countryside, to be changed back into human form only when he receives a bloody wound, as in the story of Parsifal, writes M. R. Merrick in World Traveler Magazine.

There are many variations of the Loup-Garou legend along the St. Lawrence. Perhaps the one heard most commonly concerns one Joachim Crete, a miller in the little town of Beauséjour. Joachim was not really a bad man, but he did cause his hired man, Hubert Sauvageau, to neglect his religious duties, all because he was such a fine checker player. Joachim positively would not go to church when he could play checkers.

One Christmas Eve, when the church bells began to ring, and all the other residents were putting on their woolen mufflers, their fleece-lined coats and their big mittens for the trip through the clear, frosty night to the village church, the miller and Hubert, deep in wine and deeper in checkers, declined all invitations to attend the midnight mass. Then, defying the entire village, they set the mill to running, breaking the stillness of the Canadian night, just as if it were not Christmas Eve. Midnight came. The church bell stopped ringing, and suddenly the mill stopped running, as if it had been shut off by a human hand. Hubert and Poachim both laughed uproariously and attempted to start it, but the invisible force resisted their efforts. Then Joachim lost his temper.

### Loses His Temper.

"The Devil take the whole place," he caught his clothing on a reaping head he had heard him, which he probably did, the lights went out. In the darkness Hubert tumbled down the mill stairs headlong, and the miller reckless and drunken, did not bother to pick him up, but went on drinking alone, until a low moaning bothered him, and he turned to look for the cause. There sat a huge dog on its haunches, staring at him with hungry eyes. As the terrified miller shrieked for Hubert, the animal sprang at him.

"Loup-Garou," cried Joachim. "God forgive me!" As he fell on his knees, he caught his clothing on a reaping hook. Gasping it, he lunged at the brute which attacked him, and then fell back into engulfing darkness.

When Joachim regained consciousness he found Hubert throwing cold water in his face. Behind Hubert's ear was a bloody mark, with a drop of blood still on the lobe.

"What is that blood on your ear?" Joachim demanded, raising himself on his elbow to examine his hired man the closer.

"Why, master," I fell in the mill two days ago," replied Hubert.

"Wretched liar," shrieked the miller, "it was you!" And he dropped back on his pillow, never to regain his senses.

That is the end of the story, and no one seems to know what became of the hired man.

### Another Legend.

More terrifying than Loup-Garou is the legend of the Phantom Head. Two centuries ago the canoe men at Point Levis led a most dangerous existence, especially in winter. They had to make their crossings to Quebec in heavy canoes or in dugouts with flat keels. The captain, wearing a red shirt, long-legged moccasins and a fur cap, was accustomed to stand erect as he paddled, while the passengers huddled on the flat bottom and swore to heaven to do great wonders of kindly deeds if they reached the shore in safety. What with ice-jams and the more deadly menace, the "chariot" of ice-blocks, massed together, floating downstream, leaving it apparently clear and then floating upstream again with the tide, a safe passage was something of a miracle.

Peter Soulard was a captain who never learned the difference between courage and foolhardiness. He was conceited, and he thought himself master of the passage, no matter how great the natural forces pitted against him. One day he was delayed in his departure until the tide had turned, and the crew protested when they saw him about to set forth.

"Stuff and nonsense," responded Peter. "Do you think I am unable to

beat the chariot? Of course it is safe to go."

So, amid protests, the crew and passengers embarked. The swift-running chariot overtook the boat, and of all those aboard, only Peter and one lone paddler escaped.

### Undaunted.

But Peter did not seem daunted by the score of deaths upon his conscience. It was two years later that he set out from the same spot, again against the tide. This time he met his fate. His boat overturned in mid-stream, and as he was struggling in the water, a razor-edged block of ice struck him, neatly shearing off his head, leaving a crimson stain behind it in the water. Nor was that the end of Peter.

Test other captains equally conceited, should be tempted to endanger the lives of their passengers, the ferry-men, at intervals in foggy and stormy weather, see looming out of the pale distance a floating substance which appears as ice, no matter what the season of the year. On it rests an object almost unrecognizable in the gray light, but unquestionably Peter's head. And to this day it is said that he who sees it must die within the year!

La Corriveau was a notorious woman who for her crimes was put to death by being hanged on an iron cage at the Four Roads of St. Joseph, near Point Levis, where her bones remained for many years. Now St. Joseph is just across the water from Isle d'Orleans, which Jacques Cartier named The Isle of Bacchus, because it was purple with wild grapes when he first saw it. In later years this name was forgotten, and is now known as the Isle of Sorcerers because of the strange lights which flickered over its marshes, luring men to destruction in its mucky depths.

One moonlight night, Jose Dube, a most respected resident, left the safety of Point Levis for the village of Beaumont. To reach Beaumont he was obliged to pass La Corriveau in her cage, but he was a pious man and knowing his righteousness, he passed the cage without fear. She was hanging as motionless as ever, but when Dube had passed he heard a low moaning. The good Dube considered it an appeal for her peace, so he stopped and offered a prayer for the repose of her soul. Then he went on, but a queer sound followed him, such a sound as iron shoes might make on a stony road. Again he stopped. Then, after unharnessing his horse, he lay down on the river bank, prepared to sleep through the remainder of the night.

As he looked over the water toward the treacherous island, it seemed to be on fire. Lights danced along the shore, as if all the condemned souls in Canada were frolicking in the moon light. For a moment he felt himself drawn to them. Then he shook his head and prayed for forgiveness.

"No, this will never do," he said. "I am not ready to leave this world yet. I will rest here quietly and in the morning continue on my way."

Again he heard the iron shoes, and in a few moments, during which they seemed to approach steadily nearer, skeleton hands clutched his shoulders, and up on his back climbed La Corriveau, cage and all. But she had not come to thank him for his prayer, but to ask him to carry her over the water. She, too, had seen the flickering lights on the island, and she wanted to cross over and dance with her friends. But the St. Lawrence is a sacred stream and without the help of a Christian, no condemned soul can cross it. Holding Dube in her hideous grasp, she retreated with him, but he resisted valiantly. Then she summoned goblins to her aid, and they danced around until his head and senses began to swim. The din of their shouting echoed and re-echoed across the water. Still the devout man refused.

### Kills Poor Fellow.

"If your body will not carry me over, I have another and a swifter horse," shrieked La Corriveau, and with fiendish glee she fastened her fingers about his throat, choked him to death and rode across the water astride his soul.

How would you like to be waltzed into hell by the Devil himself? That is what almost happened to one little French-Canadian girl, who was beautiful enough to bring to her father's door one evening a good looking stranger riding a beautiful horse.

It was the eve of Mardi Gras, and this little girl, Rose Latulippe, had persuaded her father to give a ball. As soon as Rose's nurse, Marmette, saw the stranger, she showered advice up

on her. "Seranus" in a ballad on the theme causes her to say:

"And Rose Latulippe, look you, do not forget

The last advice of your old Marmette; Dance, dance, little Rose, dance all you like,

'Til the midnight hour from the clock shall strike,

But to dance after twelve, tonight is a sin,

Whether with stranger or kith or kin."

However, little Rose's old Marmette was not content with a warning. She watched the dance, which grew wild and wilder as the hour of twelve approached. Time and again Rose yielded herself to the arms of the stranger, and was pressed closely again his black velvet suit, while over her head the stranger glared with an awful hate, whenever he observed Marmette making the Sign of the Cross.

Suddenly the clock began to strike the midnight hour. Rose, although loath to obey the warning, tried to disengage herself from the stranger's embrace, but he would not let her go. The fiddlers ceased playing, but in the ears of Rose there hummed an enchanting tune, audible to none but herself, and against her will she kept on dancing. Right over the depths of Hell, Rose was about to dance, when the village priest entered and, making the Sign of the Cross, broke the spell. Whereupon the Devil (for it was none other), with a snarl and a curse for being denied the beautiful Rose for a bride, mounted his horse and galloped away.

### FOR A LOST NIGHT.

The moon has blown and withered from the sky,

Taking her stars; and on the lake a mist

Dwindles to let the dawn go thundering by;

Fragments of shadow rustle thin and twist

Like leaves driven to their autumnal tryst;

The night is old and gray and wearied out;

The flat and crumpled blossoms at her wrist

Dangle like dead hands. Dawn is a high shout;

The sun striped like a tiger turns tawnily about—

For me the dead night is a music more

That timbrels of the dawn or mid-day make;

A pallid water on a clouded shore

Whose quiet is the only thing awake

Like a held breathlessness that cannot break;

And though I drink the morning from full jars

Of windy gold, that draft can never slake

My thirst for dark blind peace beyond the bars

Of heaven and the inaccessible stillness of the stars.

—JOHN MEFFERT in New York Sun.

## WHERE IS YOUR "PEP"?

LET "FRUIT-A-TIVES" BUILD UP YOUR STRENGTH AND VIGOR



MISS EVA EMOND

"I must tell you that "Fruit-a-tives" increased my appetite, gave me more energy and better colour, and I have gained a lot." Miss Eva Emond, Magog, P. Q.

When did you begin to lose your vitality, your enjoyment of life? When did you notice that you were paler, thinner? Of course, you want to be your former cheery self, bubbling over with energy and the happiness of good health. But how?

"Fruit-a-tives" will bring back your normal weight and appetite; give you the soft, velvety skin that glows with health; restore your strength and vitality.

"Fruit-a-tives" will correct the troubles that are keeping you pale and listless and miserable, the Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Headaches and Nervousness.

"Fruit-a-tives" is intensified fruit juices, combined with tonics. 25c. and 50c. a box — at dealers everywhere

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### SALMON ANGLING SEASON IS NOW OPEN.

IN anticipation of this we have imported from England a complete stock of angling equipment from the best and largest fishing tackle manufacturers in the world. It consists of Salmon and Trout Rods, Reels, Lines, Leaders, Fly Boxes, Leader Boxes, Flies, Spinners, etc. Our Flies were selected by experienced anglers and are especially adapted to New Brunswick waters.

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