

# Raisins

New Lot Just in.  
50 Boxes SEEDLESS  
RAISINS  
25 Lb. Box for  
\$3.00  
Get one while they last  
14c Single Pound.

SEEDED or SEEDLESS  
RAISINS, 15c pkg.

BULK CURRANTS  
15c pound.

NEW  
MIXED NUTS  
25c Pound

FRESH  
ROASTED PEANUTS  
25c Pound

# CANDY

See our Assortment.  
RIBBON CANDY  
25c Pound.

BARLEY TOYS  
30c Pound.

SPECIAL MIXED  
35c Pound.

PREMIER CREAMS  
30c Pound.

ASST. BON BONS  
35c Pound.

KISSES  
30c Pound.

FANCY CHOCOLATES  
35c Pound.

MIXED CANDY  
18c, 2 lbs. for 25c.

CUT ROCK  
20c Pound.

CHICKEN BONES  
40c Pound.

HALF CREAMS and  
HALF CHOCOLATES  
30c Pound.

See our  
5 LB. BOXES  
You can save money.

# YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES  
York St. Tel. 305  
Queen St. Tel. 567

# Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



### SYNOPSIS

Ralph Halliday, who has grown away from his wife Lola, sees Polly Long in the dressmaking establishment of Madame Therese. She is a mannequin there and her freshness and sweetness appeal to him. He gets her name and calls her on the telephone. Then he takes her to dinner and afterward he drives her home. Before this, however, the other mannequins in the shop are warned not to tell Polly that Ralph is married lest Madame Therese lose trade. Ralph's motives are uncertain and when he meets Mrs. Long they are still more confusing. He wants to do something for Polly and her mother as well. How amusing it would be to make them rich!

### CHAPTER IV. THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Polly fell asleep soon, fell asleep with sweetly parted lips and a slim hand tucked beneath her chin. But Polly's little mother was restless. She kept tossing from side to side. Tomorrow night she must ask Polly how she had met Mr. Halliday. Polly had always been brought up so carefully, nothing of real life had touched her as yet. And he was plainly from another world. Ralph Halliday mustn't be allowed to play with her. That would never do! The girl was too sweet, too young!

And yet Polly's little mother felt impotent to do anything about it if the girl should decide to take matters into her own hands. Polly wouldn't, of course, she was happy and content. But she never said very much about her associates. If Mrs. Long knew as much about Polly's associates as she did herself, her grey hair would be apt to turn white over night. Madame Therese, bland and smiling! Annette with her fretful and feverish desires!

Then there were the other taller girls, Fay and Juliet. Polly hadn't talked to them much. And it was just as well, for their ideas were worldly too. Danger just ahead on the path where small Polly must walk sedately. And yet this was her play-time!

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Long had been left with her affairs in a muddle. A kindly lawyer had seen her through her difficulties at a minimum price, but after the funeral expenses had been paid and the small remaining principal invested, she had only a pitifully small amount of money each year that belonged to her. That must not be touched—not ever! Because at her death she would be leaving Polly a nice little nest-egg, something that would belong to the girl alone.

At 6 o'clock the next morning after peeping in to see that Polly was still fast asleep, Mrs. Long dragged herself from a practically sleepless night.

Noiselessly she tiptoed about the small place, anxious because the ice man shouted, and the dumbwaiter creaked, eager to let Polly sleep as long as possible before she surprised her with breakfast.

She would poach eggs this morning. Polly loved them poached. But later when Polly was sitting at the small gate-legged table, the whole scene reminded her of last night.

She drank her orange juice absently, her thoughts far away. A knight in shining armor had stooped from his white steed to lift her to the saddle! How wonderful!

And then her mother was bringing the poached eggs, hot and nourishing, and the coffee. Polly didn't feel hungry. She eyed her plate aghast. "You must eat, dear," "I don't feel hungry." "But the eggs will be wasted if you don't eat them." And Mrs. Long went on for a few moments sipping her coffee, fearful while her daughter dreamed. Was it selfish to want all of Polly's thoughts shared with her? Surely not! And yet she had a maddening little way of looking off into space. Mrs. Long often wondered what was going on in her daughter's mind.

"You don't want me to waste them," Mrs. Long reminded her after a bit. "Mother, dear, I just can't eat them this morning." "Liquid food isn't enough for you, dear."

But Polly did not answer, and Mrs. Long, having finished her own breakfast, carried the things into the kitchen. She put the two poached eggs that Polly had left in the small ice box. She would make sandwiches out of them for her own noon meal.

Out in the other room she heard Polly making up first her own bed, and then the square four-poster left from better days. Mrs. Long had always wanted her to take the bed, but the girl had refused.

"The idea! As if I would! I want you to have everything I can get for you darling, everything and more."

But Mrs. Long hadn't slept even in the big comfortable bed, and Polly had slept all night on the couch. She felt better, too, when she had finished her bedmaking, and she appeared at the kitchen door fresh and rosy.

"I'm off, dear."

She stooped to kiss her mother's soft cheek, and then in a sudden girlish frenzy caught Alice Long up against her breast.

"You're all right, aren't you?" "Of course, darling, of course. Didn't you hear me humming in the kitchen?"

"Oh, so you were humming." Alice nodded.

"Then we part friends!" And Polly struck a dramatic attitude. "Good-by," she called from the door, and then was back in a flash to say something else to her mother.

"We'll go to the movies tonight.

You'll like that, won't you?" Alice nodded briefly. But Polly was off before she had seen the smile fade from her mother's face. The day had scarcely begun and Alice Long was already tired.

"I'll take a nap this afternoon," she reflected, "then I'll be fresh for this evening."

And she was fresh and sweet, and they left the dishes and went to the movies, just two girls together. That was fun!

Polly was absorbed in the feature film, a tale of cabaret life. Her brown eyes were fixed intently on the silver sheet. Life held so much and she had so little.

But when the comedy film was flashed on she laughed with her mother at the antics of the comedian. They left the theatre arm-in-arm. And Polly helped with the dishes and sang a little tune she had heard. They were both in bed by 11, and Mrs. Long slept because Polly of the changeable moods had eaten a good dinner.

Tomorrow—The New Home.

THE FLAPPER SAYS:

"The sheiks I meet are awful sweet But gee, we don't agree. They always talk about themselves I want to speak of ME."

Wife—You don't allow me half enough money for clothes. Hub—if I did you would still go around looking half dressed.

Mae—You're a mounted police? How romantic! Police—Yeah, you said it, lady. Why, even now I have it in my legs. Eden.

# SICILY IN A POSITION TO BOAST OF ITS RICH DOMAIN; IS THE GARDEN SPOT OF MEDITERRANEAN

"Rural Sicily, where a determined effort is being made by the Italian Government to stamp out organized lawlessness is one of the garden spots of the Mediterranean" says a bulletin from the Washington D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"In Roman times the island of Sicily was called the granary of Italy and while no longer specializing in wheat it is one of Europe's mainstays in the production of citrus fruits.

"Only California rivals Sicily as a grower of lemons and the island is also a large exporter of oranges wheat and wine. A part of the lemon crop is marketed in the form of citrate of lime and lemon extract.

Melting Pot of Many Races.

"For thousands of years this football at the toe of Italy has been the melting pot of many races. Its early inhabitants the Sikels who gave the island its name were conquered by Greece whose great cities such as Syracuse dominated the land for 500 years. Next came the rising power of Rome during whose heyday Sicily was given over to the plunder of successive Governors. Roman oppression grew so cruel that gangs of plantation slaves twice rose in revolution. Succeeding centuries saw Saracen conquests Norman kingdoms and Bourbon misrule. Finally freed by Garibaldi Sicily, became a part of the Kingdom of Italy.

"During the last half century industrial conditions and political relations have not always been to the liking of the Sicilians so that the island has been called the 'Island of the South.' Many thousands sons of the racial melting pot emigrated to America some districts being stripped bare of men of working age. One town whose present population is 25,000 has sent 15,000 emigrants to the new country.

"Land of wild mountain scenery sunny climate, ancient history and picturesque inhabitants, Sicily has become a Mecca of European winter tourists. Travel in the interior was formerly considered unsafe because of brigandage. Such conditions however have long been eliminated. Now the visitor is safe and in addition to native inns, comfortable pensions are conducted by French, German and English landlords of many years residence in the country.

"Mountains rise from the coast to a great central tableland, crowned on the east with the volcanic cone of Mount Etna. In these ranges are great sulphur mines where methods of extraction from the ore are often so primitive that sulphur itself is burned as fuel in the process. Yet Sicily's only rival as a sulphur producing country is the United States. Fumes from the burning mineral blight the surrounding landscape, the only ugly spots in this Mediterranean Eden.

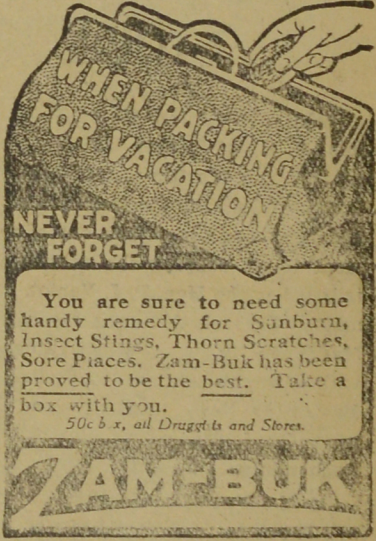
"Disintegrated lava thrown out by Mount Etna forms a rich black soil. Far up the sides of the volcano extend groves of oranges and lemons and vineyards of choice Sicilian grapes. Flows of new lava sometimes stream over this rich agricultural countryside covering villages and farms with molten rock. Undaunted, Sicilians always return to dig out their homes among the ruins. Such a fight between man and mountain has gone on since earliest times.

"Provincial towns of Sicily are famous for their situation high up on picturesque hillsides or on rocky promontories jutting into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Many of these towns are built on Greek foundations and contain ruins of Roman, Saracen and Norman origin. A few Greek temples and theatres are practically intact.

Temples and Cathedrals

"The temple of Concord at Girgenti is said to be the most harmonious example of Doric architecture in existence. At Syracuse are extensive stone quarries formerly worked by the Greeks. The hot springs at Termini still supply bathing establishments as in Roman times though not in the same buildings. There are Norman cathedrals on the island founded by the northern conquerors themselves, their attention having been called to Sicily as they passed en route to the Crusades.

"Racial types among the peasantry vary from classic Greek and swarthy Arab to blond Norman and haughty Spanish. In spite of his mixed ancestry however the Sicilian of today is distinctly a Latin product in matters of disposition, culture and religion. Travelers unite in testifying to his cheerfulness, quickness of perception and hospitality. Stable government and education are said to be doing much to stamp out superstition and secret vengeance and terrorism. This movement for better conditions is exemplified by wholesale prosecutions against outlaw gangs now taking place at the old Roman bathing resort of Termini Imerese."



## CITY OF FREDERICTON—NOTICE OF SALE OF LANDS

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act, 1926, there will, for the purpose of satisfying taxes assessed and levied in the said City of Fredericton, for the years mentioned hereunder, against the parties hereinafter named, unless the several sums due, together with the costs of this notice are sooner paid, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 21st day of January A. D. 1928, all the right, title and interest of the parties hereinafter named in and to the lands and premises in the said City of Fredericton, hereunder mentioned and set opposite their respective names.

Property to be Sold	Name of Person Assessed	Arrears for Years	Total Due
Lot of land and building, eastern side of Carleton Street, leased from His Majesty the King in right of Dominion of Canada by said Company.	Arctic Rink Company Limited.	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$ 416.57 37.63
Lot eastside of Smythe Street, near line of Valley Railway, described in deed from H. J. Patterson to said August Lofstrum dated February 20th, 1918.	August Lofstrum	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$ 151.22 11.16
1.—Lot at Corner of York and King Street, 43 feet 2 inches on York, and 92 feet on King. 2.—Lot on south side of George Street, deed from Isabella Staples, October 2nd, 1916, to Alonzo Staples. 3.—Lot on Northumberland Street west side, south of Aberdeen Street, 100 feet, 45 ft. front.	Alonzo Staples	1925-1926-1927 Interest Water Rates	\$2159.13 126.32 169.75

Dated the 17th day of November, A. D. 1927.

FRED I. HAVILAND,  
City Treasurer of the City of Fredericton.