

MATCHES

RED HEAD MATCHES
11c Box, 3 boxes 30c, 5 boxes 50c
EDDY MATCHES
12c Box, 5 boxes for 55c.

Fruit Syrup

We have this nice Fruit Syrup in jugs
Only 29 cents.

Toilet Paper

Our usual good quality.
4 cents roll, 7 rolls for 25 cents.

Biscuits

You will need some for the Hot
Weather.

Village Cake 2 lbs for 25c.
20 Boxes Village Cake 11c lb.
3 lbs. Soda Biscuit 40c.
Soda Biscuit (small wooden boxes)
13 cents per lb.
Soda Biscuit (small paper boxes)
14 cents per lb.
2 pkgs. Cream Sodas 25c.
McCormack's Fancy Biscuit
Very low prices.

Canned Salmon

EMBLEM SALMON 15c can.
PECHEUR SALMON 20c can.

Soaps

LUX TOILET SOAP
10c cake, 3 for 25 cents.
PALM OLIVE SOAP
3 cakes for 25 cents.
CASTILE SOAP
7 cakes for 25 cents.
GOOD LAUNDRY SOAP
6 cakes for 25 cents.
SUNLIGHT SOAP
4 cakes for 25 cents.

Flour

98 lb. bag
PURITY \$4.75
5 ROSES \$4.65
5 CROWN \$4.65

Feeds

CRACKED CORN \$2.15
CORN MEAL \$2.15
SHORTS \$2.00

Rolled Oats

BEST ROLLED OATS
90 lb. bag \$3.35
20 lb. bag 90c.

Canned Goods

Still selling 2 CANS CORN or
TOMATOES for 25 cents.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

ork St. Queen St.

SIX MEN WERE DROWNED WHEN A DREDGE TURNED TURTLE OFF N. S. COAST; STORY OF HEROISM

Pictou, June 20—Death and heroism grappled in a terrific struggle on the dark gale-swept waters of Northumberland Straits, off Pugwash, Friday night when the Halifax Dredge "Ferguson" capsized without warning, and sank as a stone would sink. Death won the lives of the Captain and five members of her crew; heroism of the most valiant and self sacrificing type, saved the lives of four men, the remaining members of the crew. Quick thought, and quicker action saved the tug, "Coalopolis," which was towing the dredge, and cheated the waters of the Straits from the full measure of its human prey, for had not the mate of the tug, in the brief moment given him, had the presence of mind to seize an axe and cut the hawser, in that instant the tug would have been dragged down with its companion, and none would have survived.

To those whom death won, the end evidently came quickly and without a struggle, going with the dredge to the bottom, but those of the dredge's crew who survived, were saved only after the most desperate efforts, and at last by the splendid courage of two of the crew of the Coalopolis, with but the scantiest chance of rendering service, and with the odds stacked against them, took the chance, lowered a frail rowboat, and rescued the four remaining men of the sunken dredge. The three men first rescued were in the water for half an hour, and it was another quarter hour of intense effort before the fourth was saved.

The men who were drowned were:
Thomas D. Martin, 326 Morris Street, Halifax.
Harry Nicholson, craneman, Yarmouth.

Gus De Young, second craneman, Westport, Digby County.
Leo Guthero, cook, Westport.
George Oederkirk, oiler, Wallace Bridge, Cumberland County.
Bertram Veinot, deckhand, Pictou.
The saved were: Leslie Landry, fireman; his brother, Russell, deckhand; Maurice, Peters, "runner," of Halifax.
Heroes of Tragedy.

The heroes of the tragedy were Murdock Bourque and M. Landry, both of River Bourgeois, Richmond County, and with them may be included Capt. Ormiston of the tug "Coalopolis," to whose tenacious work and his clear directions to the men in the rescuing boat and to those struggling in the water.

With the Straits lashed into fury by a terrific gale, with no searchlights to penetrate the blackness of night, Captain Ormiston turned his tug to search the spot where the dredge had sunk, when through the haze there came cries, and what appeared to be pieces of wreckage were recognized as men who had been disengaged from the sinking dredge and were keeping afloat through their ability to swim and their desperate strength, with some aid from life-belts, but which was largely counteracted by the heavy rubber boots and clothing they had on.

With the tug itself, nothing much more than a chip in such a sea, every attempt to aim a life line to the men was frustrated by the wind and waves. These attempts continued, with the crew of the tug on the verge of exhaustion, when Bourque and Landry, who, it may be said, must have looked death square in the face, volunteered to man a small rowboat which the tug carried for a life craft. They were able to take in only three of the four men, as the boat threatened to be swamped at any moment. The remaining man, Peters of Halifax, unable to swim longer, numbed with the cold, and being pulled down with the weight of his clothing, had managed to get hold of two small pieces of wood. Captain Ormiston, from the bridge of the tug, which he kept to leeward of the men, kept shouting instructions and encouragement to him until the rescuing row boat could take its first load of survivors to the tug, and return for Peters.

All through the night, Captain Ormiston kept his tug patrolling the scene of the disaster, in the vain hope that there might be some other members of the dredge's crew afloat, as he knew they had all donned life belts but when daylight came, the waters showed nothing but pieces of wreckage, and from what the survivors told, it was evident that the six men had been sucked down with the heavy dredge and its machinery, or caught in the tangle of the wreck when her boilers exploded.

Arrived at Pictou.
Saturday morning the tug Coalopolis steamed up Pictou Harbor, with her flag half mast, and the crew told of the dreadful experience of the previous night. The dredge, owned

by the Halifax Dredging Company, had been here all winter, having worked up the East River last summer, and had been laid up at the Government wharf until the tug had come for her on Wednesday of last week.

The tug "Coalopolis," with the dredge in tow, left Pictou about 9.30 Friday morning. Behind the dredge was a small mud scow. They made good headway up the Strait until shortly after dark, when a stiff gale blew up from the south-south-west.

Sensing danger and possible disaster if the storm increased in fury, Captain Ormiston of the tug, made for the port of Pugwash. A strong tide had been running with them, and a terrific gale had been battering and tossing the dredge. About 10 o'clock about 15 miles off Pugwash, and nine miles west of Annet Island, they encountered the worst of the storm, when suddenly the dredge heaved on her side and, in a very few minutes, turned turtle with the bottom showing for a minute, and went down.

Heard Men Calling.
The "Coalopolis" passed over the scene of the disaster some fifteen minutes after it had occurred, but no survivors were in evidence in the mass of wreckage. A short time later some of the crew heard voices calling, and immediately the tug turned about in an effort to locate the sounds. It was slow work finding the swimmers, who had been doing the shouting, and when some of the crew saw the heads bobbing up and down on the waves there was still the difficulty of getting the survivors on board the tug.

Repeated efforts to save the swimmers by throwing ropes proved of no avail. Finally a boat, manned by two hardy seamen, was lowered and three men were picked up, about half an hour after the dredge had gone down. John Landry, Russel Landry and Maurice Peters were the ones saved. After the tug had cruised around for fifteen or twenty minutes more, another survivor, Percy Emberley, was rescued.

The tug stayed in the vicinity all night, but no more survivors could be located. Early Saturday morning Captain Ormiston, feeling that he had done all that was possible to find the rest of the crew of the dredge, turned his boat for Pictou, and arrived here about 10 o'clock.

Immediately upon arriving in Pictou, Captain Ormiston proceeded to make out his report of the disaster, to forward to Ottawa.

The Pictou boy who went down with the dredge, James Bertram Veinot, joined the crew just recently. He was 20 years old and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Demos Veinot, of Pictou. His father is engineer of the S. S. Hiawatha. Besides his parents, he is survived by three sisters—Feebie and Jennie, at home, and Gladys, in the United States; and one brother, Theodore, who resides in the States.

Had Thrilling Experience.
The survivors of the wreck of the Ferguson were about the Pictou streets Saturday morning, none the worse of their adventure.

John Landry, one of the four who were saved, said that the six who were drowned stayed on the dredge too long. He and his three fortunate companions jumped off the sinking hulk just in time to get clear of the terrific suction.

Landry began his account of the thrilling experience with an appreciation of Captain Martin, of Halifax, who was in charge of the dredge. The crew of ten men had retired to the upper part of the engine-room, when the dredge showed signs of being broken up by the waves, and Captain Martin immediately went to the brakes controlling the heavy crane. The captain, an unusually powerful man, succeeded in keeping the crane from swinging, a few minutes before the dredge turned turtle, and was the last man to leave the engine-room.

Soon after the storm started, the heavy seas battered in the windows of the dredge, and within a short time the door of the cook-house gave away. The crew, all in the engine-rooms, were desperately working to keep the door of the main cabin of the dredge from letting in any water. For a while, by calking every opening and crack, the seas were kept out, but eventually the door and windows were broken in and the battered hulk started to fill with water.

Nine of the crew had then gone to the upper deck and later the captain joined them. Before proceeding to the deck, Landry had supplied all the hands with life preservers. The last words he heard from the captain were a request for a life-belt.

With the dredge rapidly filling with water the crew decided to jump in an effort to save themselves. Maurice Peters said:—"It's a case of life and

VACATION.

Vacation—can the wonder of the word
Thrill grownup hearts to turning
swiftly back
Along the half-forgotten childhood track
That crept through leafy forests,
where we heard
The murmuring of tiny, hidden
voices

To country lanes, with honeysuckle grown?
May we—who traveled on, so far, alone—
Find scenes, once more, in which the soul rejoices?
A farmhouse, white and low and vine embowered,
A well sweep, grown with heavy, shining moss,
A brook—and those flat stones by which we cross
To a far meadow, purple sweet with flowers;
The swimming hole—and the forbidden gleaming
Of vagrant trout, that tried to dart from sight—

The wonder of wide stars the still of night
How far away they seem—how past all knowing!

If we returned—if we who dared so much
Would strive again to find the long lost road—
Would we forget the city's sullen load—
Would all doubts turn to gold, beneath our touch?

Or would the swimming hole seem very small—
And would the farmhouse be a shabby place
And would the well sweep lose its careless grace?
And would we slip on crossing stones and fall

Vacation—can the wonder of the phrase
Bring back again the splendid keen delight—
The calm deep rest, the mirth the appetite

That set each day apart from other days?
Can we retrace the road that led us far
Across the dust of passion and desire

Of loss and gain—and find again the fire
That made all things seem brighter than they are?

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER in New York Sun.

Take 2 cups sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup sour milk, 2 eggs, 1 tsp soda dissolved in 1-2 cup hot water 3 1-2 cups flour, 1 tsp. vanilla, 2 tsp. cocoa (may be omitted).

Mother—So you had a good time at grandmother's?
Bobbie—Well didn't I get sent home?

death, now, and every man for himself." Then Peters and the two Landrys ran to the stern of the dredge, and jumped off. Landry remembers seeing his brother go over the side and Peters following closely.

Landry made a dive as the hulk lurched over on her side. When he came to the surface the dredge was going under. He, his brother and Peters kept together for what seemed to him nearly an hour. The sea was very rough, but with the life-preserver he was not much afraid, he said, the cold water being his primary worry. About five minutes after the dredge went down, Landry said, he thought he heard someone shouting. He thought it was Emberley because in his opinion the other six of the crew had been drawn under by the suction of the sinking craft. He was in the water what seemed a lifetime but was not tired. When he and his three companions boarded the tug they retired to the boiler room to get warm and change their clothes.

The Real Cause Of Constipation Is A Bad Liver

Mrs. Jean Bocheir, Nelson, B.C., writes:—"For many years I have been troubled with my liver, and suffered terribly with constipation.

I HEARD ABOUT

Milburn's

LAXA-LIVER
PILLS.

and have been greatly improved since I started to take them.

I cannot recommend them too highly to any one who is troubled with their liver."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are not a new and untried remedy. They have been on the market for the past 25 years; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SEEDS

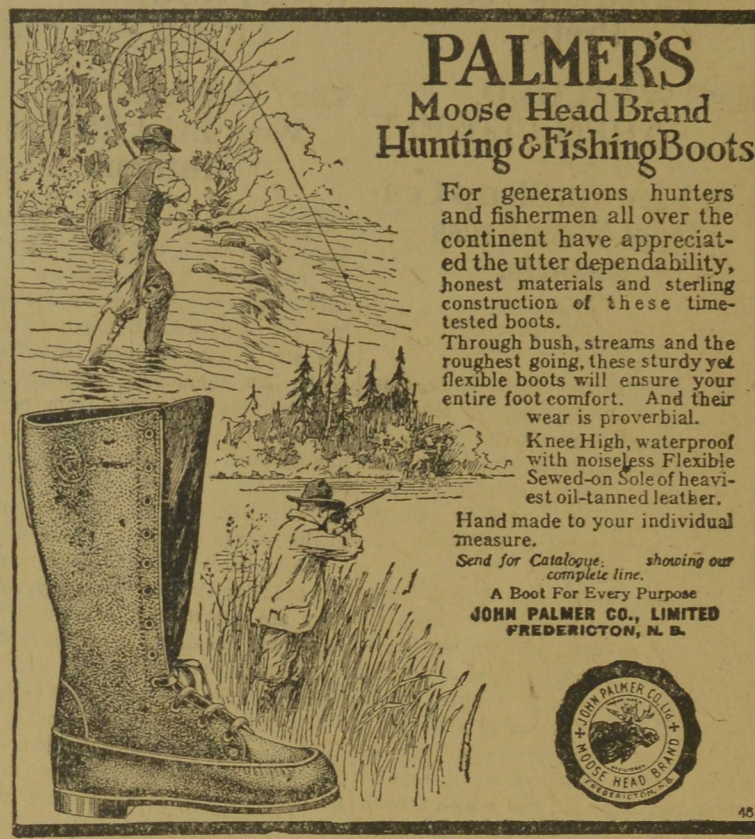
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Anglers, Attention!

SALMON ANGLING SEASON
OPENS MON., MAY 24th.

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.

We have some astonishing bargains in two Handed Salmon Rods, also Reels and Lines.

If you are in need of a Pair of Hip Boots for the fishing season we can supply them at the Right Price.

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