

SEEDS

Now is the time to get
your GARDEN and FIELD
SEEDS.

PEAS

TELEPHONE 20c.
GRODIES 20c.
EVERBEARING 20c.

BEET

EARLY BLOOD BEET
5c pkg., 10c oz., 35c 1/4 lb.

CARROT

1/2 LONG CARROT
5c pkg., 10c oz., 35c 1/4 lb.

BEANS

GOLDEN WAX 25c.
KIDNEY WAX 25c.

LETTUCE

5c package, 20c ounce.

CUCUMBER

WHITE SPINE 5c pkg., 10c oz.
LONG GREEN 5c pkg., 10c oz.
BOSTON PICKLING 5c pkg., 10c oz.

PUMPKIN

CONNECTICUT FIELD
5c package, 10c ounce.

SWEET PEAS

BOSTON MIXED 10c oz.

SQUASH

HUBBARD SQUASH, 5c pkg., 20c oz.

VETCHES

13c lb., 2 lbs for 25c.

PARSNIP

HOLLOW CROWN, 5c pkg., 10c oz.

CORN

GOLDEN BANTAM 18c.
BANTAM EVERGREEN 21c.
WHITE CORY 20c.
YELLOW CANADA 10c.
SWEET FODDER 12c.
LEAMING FODDER 10c.

SUNFLOWER

5 cents per oz.

TURNIP

KANGAROO & JUMBO (bulk) 65c lb.
In 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages 69c lb.

GRASS SEED

TIMOTHY NO. 1 13c.
TIMOTHY NO. 2 12c.
ALSIKE CLOVER 27c.
RED CLOVER 33c.
MAMMOTH CLOVER 43c.

When a customer takes a whole bag of
Timothy 1 cent lb. less.

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TELLS OF CIRCLING THE GLOBE IN ODD SADDLES; LADY TELLS OF TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS

(By Diane O'Connell in New York
Herald-Tribune.)

A seagull's feather must have been put in my pillow when I was born, for I have restless feet that ever wander and will not let me stay at home.

Strange are the vehicles one must use to travel the thousand and one by-paths in which romance lurks in a leisurely ramble from musky-scented Stamboul to the monoxide of Manhattan. That is, if one is durable enough in bone and sinew to stand the varied means of locomotion, ranging from the camel caravan of the Sahara to the sampan of the China Sea. I have been rattled, bumped and jostled about by many vehicles in many lands of the Occident and Orient, and now I'd endure with absolute calmness even the erratic, temperamental progress of the Paris taxi-driver.

In the streets of Port Said electric street-cars, smart automobiles, with liveried chauffeurs, form a strange contrast to the pennier-laden donkeys, old-fashioned horse-drawn barouches, mules and grunting strings of camels which jostle each other in the narrow alleys of the native bazaar.

When I first saw a caravan of camels silhouetted against the skyline of the Sahara I was very much thrilled and immediately determined to ride one, at the first opportunity. But little I knew what I was letting myself in for. A camel, like a Futurist painting looks better from a distance. When I went for my camel-ride I was told that I had only to adjust myself to the motion and all would be well. The camel folded up his long legs under him, knelt down and let me mount. I had reins to guide him, but only for show, as his Arab master led him by a long rope tied to his nose. I sat perched precariously on the camel's very bony backbone and endeavored to adapt myself to the rolling, pitching movement, but in vain; the camel made me violently sea-sick. I have never seen a beast with the nasty, mean disposition of the camel; he is always quarreling with the other camels, biting, grunting and grumbling.

Donkey Boys.

While we were in Cairo preparing to leave our hotel we were immediately surrounded by a horde of ragged Arab donkey-boys; we were only rescued by the blows and curses of our guide, to whose tender mercies we had entirely surrendered ourselves. I have often ridden on donkeys before, in Normandy on the north coast of France, but the French donkeys were timid, gentle little animals. These Egyptian donkeys were large, bony beasts, with the cranky disposition of the average mule.

Arrived at the Pyramids, we found that the worst was yet to come. Of course, we felt the urge to climb to the top of Pyramid of Cheops. High and wide stone steps lead to the top, and on the ascent I was pushed behind by one Arab, while another yanked me by my arms up to the next step. If they would only have given us time it would have been all right, but, fired by ambition, the guides began a race to the top with us and protests were of no avail. When we finally arrived we were too exhausted to do anything but fling ourselves flat on the stones and gasp for breath.

It is a tiresome journey from Cairo back to Port Said, and we were glad to get on board ship again for the voyage through the Suez Canal. We passed through the canal at night, the great ship's searchlights making the desert on either shore look as bright as day, while the great salt pans in the distance sparkled like lakes of silver.

The heat in the Red Sea was not so very intense, as we were traveling "with monsoon" and had a following breeze. Off Socotra the wind freshened and the sea began to get rough, with a choppy ground swell. This is a dangerous part of the coast. It was near Socotra that the old P. and O. liner Nile went on the rocks while the first officer was flirting with a pretty passenger. The Arab dhows are always on the alert to swoop down on a vessel in distress, and it wasn't so very long ago that a German freighter which went aground near here was looted by pirates.

In sailing the Seven Seas and Ten Thousand Rivers of the world I have taken passage in many curious and unusual vessels, each presenting a different form of back break or heart break, from the palatial ocean liner down to the raft of inflated goatskins on the Tigris.

On the Nile I have sailed in a dahabiyeh as comfortably as in a houseboat at home, while off the coast of Arabia I've watched the Arab dhows sailing swiftly along, with their slender, sea-tinted sails, skimming and

darting about like birds of prey, ever ready to pounce on a helpless victim. At Mount Lavinia, in Ceylon, I have sailed in a catamaran, perched precariously on a round spar lashed along side the narrow dugout. In Honolulu I have seen the surf in an outrigger canoe and dashed through the breakers on a surfboard. I have navigated the China Sea in a junk and shot the gorges at Ichang in a sampan. In Europe on the Rhine, I have floated down the river on a raft of logs from the Black Forest, the fussy little passenger steamers chugging past importantly almost swamping us in their wash; while tourists looked down superciliously at us from their decks as at beings from another and inferior world.

Many Pirates.

The China Sea is still the haunt of fierce pirates and sea raiders, kidnapers and opium smugglers, for the junks carry rich booty—cargoes of precious silks, tea and spices—and woe betide the helpless craft that goes ashore on the yellow waters of the Yang-tze-kiang. Ancient and mysterious are the junks of the China Sea. Their hulls are of teakwood, with high freeboards. On their bows are painted a pair of enormous blue, green orange or scarlet eyes. They paint a pair of eyes on the sampan to enable it to find its way. But there is a deeper superstition underlying the custom than the mere superficial one of wishing for "good joss."

On the Yang-tze-kiang the art of the pilot is inherited from father to son, and even experienced steamer captains have to give the charge of their craft over to the river pilots, who seem to know by instinct its treacherous shoals and whirlpools, hidden rocks and shifting sand-banks, ever changing and menacing. At Ichang, up river, the current is extremely swift and treacherous, so our small sampan was towed by "trackers" on shore; they were half-naked, sweating and straining, bent almost double, while our rowers "yulohed" with all their strength to get the boat safely past the dangerous gorges.

In Peking rickshaws, wheel-barrowed the ornate palanquins of Manchu officials and the decorative covered cart of Peking jostle one another in the narrow streets or are driven aside by the "mafoo" of some legation carriage, with its high-stepping horses, Chinese footmen running in front to clear the way. An occasional automobile is seen, but the narrow streets are not adapted to them. On the road out to the Ming Tombs and the Gobi Desert the camel caravans are being supplanted by a fleet of motor-trucks.

The Wheelbarrow.

When rickshaws and sedan-chairs fail you there is always the humble wheelbarrow. It is not as bad as it sounds, even though it hasn't rubber tires. I have been propelled that way in Peking many times, and even in sophisticated Shanghai the wheelbarrow is a favorite conveyance among the Chinese. The wheels of the barrow are of solid wood. Every jolt the coolie gives you rattles your bones, while the more the wheels squeak the duckier you are supposed to be.

In Tsing-tao, in pre-war days, the Germans, with their passion for organization and order in all things, determined to stop this squeaking. So every coolie whose wheelbarrow dared to squeak in the Concession had to pay a fine of five Mexican dollars—a small fortune to him. But when the Japanese took over the town the wheelbarrows went back to their immemorial squeaking.

Hongkong, with its almost landlocked harbor and the steep hill of the Peak rising in the background, has one of the most beautiful harbors in the Far East. While you can ride along the Bund in rickshaws they cannot climb up the steep hill to the Peak, where Government House is situated. Most people prefer to be carried up in a sedan-chair, fixed on flexible bamboo poles. I rode through the parks and gardens, perched high up on the coolies' shoulders. As I reclined on the cushions, soothed by the gentle swaying of the chair, I surveyed the scene at my ease, and felt I was in the luxurious Orient at last.

From Kashmir to Kyoto, the universal conveyance of the Far East is the rickshaw. It is in Singapore that the intense heat of the Tropics first beats down on you with its sizzling breath, and seems to drain you of all strength and vitality. In the blazing sun of midday, it is dangerous for a white man to walk more than a few blocks, even when protected by solar-topped and green-lined umbrella. So, even for a few minutes stroll, he hails one of the rickshaws grouped at every street corner.

Rickshaw Ride.

In Durban, South Africa, I even rode in a rickshaw. It was just like its relations in the Orient, had pneumatic rubber tires, and was drawn by the latest word in Zulu sheiks. He was jet-black, and naked except for a short pair of cotton pants, but to compensate for any lack of clothing, he wore a large pair of horns strapped to his forehead, his black, fuzzy hair sticking up like a brush behind. In one ear he had a plug of stick-tobacco and a small tin can, while in the other dangled what looked to me like a dinner-plate. Round his neck he wore a necklace of bright brass buttons—probably cut off some officer's uniform when he wasn't looking.

In India, you can choose from a wide variety of vehicles for your journeying. You can use house-boats in Kashmir; rickshaws, pony-tongas, ekkas and tikka-garries in Southern India, and if you are fortunate, and have access to the authorities, even the lordly elephant.

We happened to know the native Rajah of Gujarat, in the hills near Bombay, and it was here that I had my first elephant ride. To me, the elephant seems such a comforting beast to ride—so solid and reliable. There is never any fear that he will buck or bolt. A "howdah" or little palanquin, is strapped on the elephant's back, while you mount up to its dizzy heights on a small ladder. The "mahout" sits on the animal's neck, prodding it with a steel "ankhur" to direct it. The elephant gently sways and rolls from side to side, while its rider, perched aloft, surveys the world at his ease. I have even gone tiger-shooting on an elephant, which is a perfectly safe performance unless the tiger should happen to take it into his head to spring up to the elephant's head.

The Human Horse.

The rickshaw reaches the height of its glory, however, in Japan, the "Land of the Human Horse." There, railway and rickshaw are almost the sole means of transportation from Shimonoseki to Yokohama, with the exception of a few isolated automobiles and carriages in the Treaty Ports.

My Japanese house is in Azabu-kita, on the top of the steep hill on which the American Embassy stands. Immediately we arrived at the bottom of the grade there were cries of "Atoshi! Atoshi!" and a coolie darted out of his little shack, to push at the backs of our rickshaws and help our coolies up the hill. Arrived at the top, we threw out five sen. "Arigato, Okusan!" ("Thanks, honorable lady!") cried the coolies, bowing—then walked down the hill again to await another party of foreigners. It is not the really swagger thing to do in Japan to ride in a "kuruma," but if you want to make a good impression you must drive in a barouche.

Losers are forever playing to get even but never do.

READER 2 INS. Page 2 OR
LISTING FARM HOUSES
AND PRIVATE HOMES
FOR TOURISTS

As a result of the extensive advertising campaign which has been, and at the present time is being, carried on by the Canadian National Railways throughout the United States and Canada, along with the efforts of the various Tourist Associations and Publicity Bureaus, it is expected that a large number of tourists will visit the Maritime Provinces during the coming season, which will tax the combined hotel and resort facilities to their utmost. But there would appear to be an almost unexploited field of opportunity as regards farm houses and private homes of the Provinces in which vacationists would be welcomed as paying guests, that may, with advantage, be opened up, and which will bring in visitors who, for some reason or another, are not attracted to hotel and resort accommodation. It is essential, of course, that such places be equipped with reasonable sanitary conveniences.

To have available a reserve of tourist accommodation and to provide for this class of visitor, your co-operation is asked and any of those who may be desirous of accommodating paying guests this season are requested to send in to the General Passenger Department of the Canadian National Railways at Moncton, N. B., their names, with Post Office address and information as to rates per day and per week, number of persons that can be accommodated, distance from railway station and mode of conveyance from and to railway station with rates charged therefor, whether room and meals or room only can be furnished, and particulars as to any exceptionally attractive features in the district, such as boating, bathing, fishing, golf or tennis and the like. This information will be listed and kept available for the information of prospective visitors.

SEEDS

NO. 1 TIMOTHY SEED

NO. 2 TIMOTHY SEED

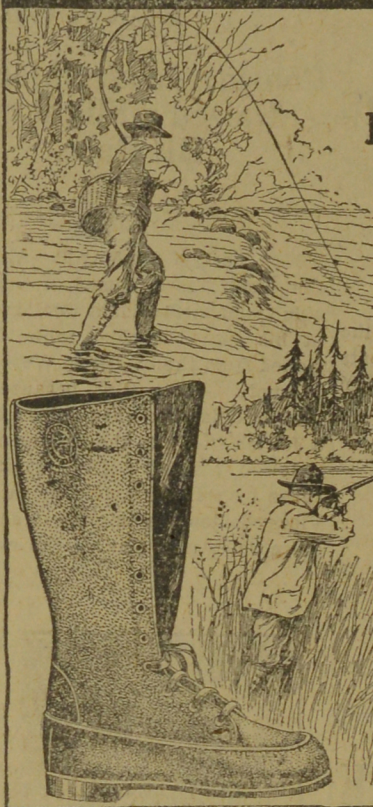
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