

# SEEDS

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

## PEAS

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

## BEET

EARLY BLOOD BEET  
5c pkg., 10c oz., 35c ¼ lb.

## CARROT

½ LONG CARROT  
5c pkg., 10c oz., 35c ¼ lb.

## BEANS

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

## SUNFLOWER

5 cents per oz.

## TURNIP

KANGAROO & JUMBO (bulk) 65c lb.  
In ½ lb. and 1 lb. packages 69c lb.

## GRASS SEED

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

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

**YERXA**  
**GROCERY**  
**CO.**

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

## BUD FISHER, CREATOR OF MUTT AND JEFF, IS DESCRIBED AS ORIGINAL HARD BOILED EGG

Bud Fisher is not only the "daddy" of them all so far as the comic strips go, but is also the highest paid cartoonist in the world, according to John N. Wheeler, who, writing in Collier's, declares that the creator of Mutt and Jeff pays income tax on revenues exceeding \$200,000 a year.

Fisher's comics have appeared regularly in the papers since 1907, and now they are published in more than 200 newspapers in Canada and the United States, and also circulate in England, Ireland, South America, Japan and the Scandinavian countries.

In his character sketch of Bud Fisher, Mr. Wheeler says:

When Bud Fisher made his first cartoon of Mutt, for there was no Jeff in the strip in 1907, he was getting \$22 a week. Then he was on the San Francisco Chronicle. In a month or so they raised him to \$28, and a short time later he jumped to the San Francisco Examiner for \$35.

Today he has made enough to run a racing stable, and if anyone thinks that is a cheap game, let him pay the feed bills for forty bang-tails for a month or six weeks. I know. I advanced the money once when Fisher was in Europe. These horses certainly have an appetite, and each one needs a personal valet to take care of him.

All of which leads us to the question: how did this astounding young man, who has just passed forty, do what he has done? Is he an artist or a business man or both?

When I first met Bud Fisher in 1912, he told me from the first that success depended upon being hard-boiled. Tad, the cartoonist and well-known slang manufacturer of Great Neck, used to claim Fisher was the original model for the twenty-minute egg.

Let me relate my first experience with Mr. Fisher. I had been in the newspaper syndicate business a short time when a friend drifted in and told me Bud Fisher was leaving the Hearst papers at the end of his contract, which was shortly. Up to then I had never seen him, but I looked up his address and jumped into a taxi.

When I knocked on his door that day in 1914, as it turned out, it was more than a million dollars knocking, but he either did not realize it or did not appreciate it. I introduced myself and tried to explain the importance of the syndicate I ran and the desirability of joining it. I emphasized the conspicuous success of others who had associated themselves with us. He was unimpressed.

"How do I know I'll get my dough?" he asked.

"Because we will put the first years guaranty in the bank, subject only to checks drawn to your account."

"All that other bunk ran for Sweeney," he told me later. "I never paid any attention to you until you spoke of putting money in the bank."

Once, several years ago, Fisher, a genial gentleman named Riley Wilson, hailing from West Virginia, and I were in one of those gaudy gathering places where no one arrested you if you ordered a drink and could pay for it. Mr. Wilson had a glass eye, of which he was not at all ashamed. In fact, he was proud of it because of its natural glint. Unfortunately we had run out of money, but our thirst still prevailed, so that we asked the bartender for a small loan of twenty dollars.

"If you'll deposit your right eye," he replied, completely fooled by Mr. Wilson's glass one, "I'll lend you the twenty."

Mr. Wilson promptly deposited the eye, and we got the twenty. He redeemed it the following day. This is added for those who might be curious about its fate.

All of which proves the bartender was a cautious gentleman about his collateral, and so was Mr. Fisher the first time I discussed a contract with him.

I went away with the idea that he was hard-boiled, but once having made the change, and it was an important one to him, he would stick through thick and thin. I have had no reason to alter that opinion since. He knew when he decided to come with us that he faced a long, bitter and expensive lawsuit which we ultimately won, after it had been carried to the highest court in New York state.

When I first knew Fisher he was a dapper guy who never ducked a fight of any kind, and he got into plenty—legal and otherwise. Once he thought of becoming a professional fighter and trying to win the lightweight championship. That was before he knew he could draw. But a punch on the chin in a San Francisco gymnasium changed his mind.

In size he is rather less than medium height and slight. He ran on the relay team of the Hyde Park high school of Chicago, in which city he was born.

When Fisher first came to New York, he walked around with a chip on his shoulder. Years ago, when he was working on the New York American, there was a rule that no one of the staff could smoke cigarets in the office. He did most of his work at home and was seldom around the shop.

About this time he had an offer from the New York World, which he could not accept because he was under contract to the New York American. This offer was for plenty more money than he was then making, and he was eager to accept.

Fisher came into the American office one day to finish a Mutt and Jeff picture and was smoking a cigarette. There was an old gentleman taking the place of S. S. Carvalho, the general manager of the Hearst papers while Mr. Carvalho was on his vacation. He had come from another of the Hearst papers to fill in and did not know Fisher. Of him Bud says:

"He was a pleasant-faced old man, who had no idea what I did or who I was. It was mutual. I didn't know him either."

"Young man," said this gentleman, addressing Fisher, "do you work on this paper?"

Bud admitted it.

"You can't smoke cigarets around here," the old man went on, "it's against the rules."

"Is that so?" said our hero, straightening up the chip and puffing on the cigaret. "And what will happen if I don't stop?"

"You'll be fired."

"My friend," replied Fisher, "I don't know who you are, but if you'll fire me and make it stick I will meet you at two o'clock this afternoon and give you ten thousand dollars."

And he walked off puffing and leaving an amazed executive stammering.

One of the things Fisher did as a kid he is proud of. When the San Francisco Examiner offered him more money, he decided to leave the Chronicle. On the last three drawings he made for the Chronicle he inscribed, "Copyright, 1907, by H. C. Fisher." That is his real name, by the way—Harry Conway Fisher. His sister, now dead, started to call him Bud, and it stuck.

Then he went to a lawyer in San Francisco and had the copyright completed in the patent office in Washington, which was the correct method of procedure in those days. The copyright law has since been changed. Bud says:

"The big opportunity of my life came when I had a chance to go with a newspaper syndicate for more money than I thought it could afford to pay, but I insisted that the contract be completely and thoroughly underwritten before I made the move. Hard-boiled, perhaps—but safe."

"When I left the Hearst papers for the syndicate, Mr. Hearst contended that his newspaper, through publication, had 'made' Mutt and Jeff, and the result was a long lawsuit. He insisted he had a right to hire another artist to draw Mutt and Jeff, and if I wanted to draw for someone else, I could create new characters. The syndicate and I won that case after a lot of litigation, and the copyright I put on the strip during my last three days of service on the Chronicle in San Francisco practically decided it in our favor, because it proved I had created the strip before going with a Hearst paper."

"Oddly enough, the Chronicle was then anxious to see me win, because it brought Mutt and Jeff back where it had started."

"But I was very much impressed by that lawsuit, because it brought out sportsmanship in business. Mr. Carvalho, general manager of the Hearst paper, had made a verbal agreement (not confirmed in writing), which was of the utmost importance to our case. Mr. Hearst thought enough of the matter to hire the best legal talent in New York. When Mr. Carvalho was called to the witness stand, Charles E. Kelley, our attorney, asked him whether he had ever made such a verbal agreement."

"Yes, I did," he replied without hesitation. That answer had a lot to do with the winning of the case."

Old Lady—Doctor don't you think that I should go to a warmer climate?

Doctor—Yes, madame, but I am doing all I can to save you from it.

H. M. McKee of Moncton is in the city today.

## FROM THE SIDEWALKS OF OLD NEW YORK

New York May 26—Try to find the softest job in New York. The field is large. Also opinions among a population of 6,000,000 differ greatly as to what constitutes "snap."

I started to make a thorough canvass of the situation and at Times Square the solution presented itself. There, in what is estimated to be the busiest spot in New York amidst the deafening roar of subway trains below, and the clamor of building construction overhead were found folks in what seemed the very acme of ease, or as one versed in the vernacular of the streets described it, "getting away with murder."

All they have to do is sit in the comfortable seat of a sight-seeing bus. Their job is to act as human bait to lure passengers into the busses while the ballyhoo outside yells:

"Starting in a few minutes for Coney Island."

"Car going right out for Chinatown."

"Sightseeing busses filling up."

"Only a few seats left!"

The decoy merely occupies a seat until the other seats are all filled up and then she—they are generally women—moves with her knitting or her book to an empty bus close by and sits there until that fills up. This is kept up all day and all evening.

Always the bus is "going right out." But, of course, it never does until it is completely filled and that may require hours. Experience has taught the bus drivers that it is nearly impossible to coax drivers that it is nearly impossible to coax pay passengers aboard unless there are others inside. Hence the decoy system.

### THE COLLEGE GIRL.

(Chicago News.)

If a girl comes out of college with a permanent wave and a permanent man is all she seems to crave; if she giggles and she titters and she totters on her heels and scanders all her nickels on her knickers and her meals—

Well, just see!

All her friends are sure to say, "Oh, yes, it always works that way." Insisting with emphasis assured and argumentative, "Just look at Belle for she is representative. She is typical of college girls today; yes, they're all like her, it always works out that way."

But if a girl comes forth from college with her hair uncured and she dares to let her ears be seen before a gasping world; if she canters down Fifth avenue with wide and manly strides and sports a twosome roadster and a cigarette besides—

You watch!

All her family will say, "Oh, yes, they all act just that way." And nodding with emphasis assured and argumentative, "Our Angeline is very representative! She is typical of college girls today. You mustn't mind because she acts that way."

Last, if a girl comes out of college holding strange ideas and cant, it will not surprise her sisters, or her cousins, or her aunts. But if she goes back home again the same old Peggy Brown that is just what they expected in the old home town.

Listen!

All her friends and foes will say, "Oh, yes, it always ends that way." And sighing with emprasis assured and argumentative, "Take Margaret, for she's so representative. She is typical of college girls today. Yes, my dear they're all like her in every way."

F. D. Drillen of Woodstock is in the city today.

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### NERVILINE

It is the great penetrating power of Nerviline that makes it so efficient in overcoming swelling, stiffness and inflammation. It rubs into the very core of the pain, penetrates quickly through the tissues, and brings a power with Nerviline. For the minor pains and ills that arise in every family, Nerviline should always be kept warm, comforting relief at once. No liniment compares in pain relieving matism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and handy on the shelf. Use it for Rheu Colds. 35 cents at all dealers.

# SEEDS

NO. 1 TIMOTHY SEED

NO. 2 TIMOTHY SEED

ALSIKE CLOVER SEED

RED CLOVER SEED

MAMMOTH CLOVER SEED

at Lowest Market Rates.

**G. W. HODGE**



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For generations hunters and fishermen all over the continent have appreciated the utter dependability, honest materials and sterling construction of these time-tested boots.

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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.

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