

PATENT MEDICINES

We save you money on Patent Medicines, Pills, Liniments, etc. We quote a few prices.

- Dodd's Kidney Pills 40c box.
- Gin Kidney Pills 40c box.
- Beef Iron and Wine, Large, 85c bottle
- Scotts Emulsion, Large .. \$1.00 bottle
- Scotts Emulsion, Small 50c bottle
- Burdock Blood Bitters \$1.00 bottle
- Lydia Pinkham's Compound, \$1.15 bot.
- Chase Linseed & Turpentine, 30c box
- Pink Pills 40c box
- Asperin Tablets 22c box.
- Chase's Nerve Food 53c box
- Chase's Kidney Pills 29c box
- Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills, 41c box
- Zam Buk 43c box
- Minard's Liniment 22c bot.
- Johnson's Liniment 25c bottle

FLOUR

Market for wheat and flour is rising but we have not put up our price.

- 5 Crowns Jute 98 lb. Bag \$4.50
- 5 Crowns Cotton 98 lb. bag \$4.60
- 5 Crowns small bags \$1.25
- Purity, Cotton, 98 lb. bag \$4.75
- Purity, small bags \$1.30

ROLLED OATS

- 90 lb. Bag \$3.75
- 20 lb. Bag \$1.00
- 5 lbs for 25c.
- Corn Meal ... \$2.20 bag.
- Cracked Corn, \$2.20 bag.

Also Shorts, Middlings and Bran at Lowest Prices.

PINEAPPLE

NEW SLICED PINEAPPLE
18c can, 6 for \$1.00.

SALT HERRING

LARGE AND FAT
5c each, 55c dozen.

BISCUIT

Try our prices on a Box Biscuit
Village Cake 11c lb.
and many others.

SOAPS

- 4 Cakes Surprise Soap 25c.
- 4 Cakes P and G Soap 25c.
- 4 Cakes Gold Soap 25c.
- 4 Cakes Sunlight Soap 25c.
- 5 Cakes Champlain Soap 25c.
- 6 Cakes Service Soap 25c.
- 3 Cakes Palm Olive 25c.
- 3 Cakes Lux Soap 25c.
- 7 Cakes Castile Soap 25c.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

SCALLOP FISHERMEN ARE WELL PAID FOR THEIR HARD WORK; COMB SHORE FOR HOURS DAILY

Of everything pertaining to the sea romance and glamor. Old ocean only gives up its wealth to the despoilers after causing labor and hardship. This holds good with the most humble thing even that lowly shellfish, the scallop, which is not so humble on the hotel and restaurant menu, writes Clarence J. Hall in the Boston Transcript.

With the coming of October, the scallop season was on in Massachusetts, and, that the urbanities might proudly take home a quart carton, men labor all along the shore. The scallop in the market place means that a fisherman was up before dawn in the chill of autumn morning and later on in the biting cold of snowy day. It means that he slaved at his dredges during the day and then maybe worked by the feeble flicker of a smoky lantern "husking" his catch.

Golden Season.

This is the golden season to the long shore fisherman. This is the time of year when his labors are the most strenuous and when he mines his greatest wealth from the sea. The scallopman, like many another man, may growl at his lot, but each recurring autumn sees him putting forth in his boat. There is substantial remuneration for his toil and there is the excitement of uncertainty, and the never-failing charm of his labors by the "shores of the sounding sea."

Let us consider the scallop. We might begin by scraping a closer acquaintance with one of the scallop fishermen. He is known as "Cap'n," usually a courtesy title put and simple. His rather dingy blue yachting cap is pulled over one ear, and his face, which is bronzed and deeply grooved with years of facing salty winds, hasn't known the unwelcome pull of razor in a week. He is too busy to be fastidious and he wouldn't be anyway, even if he had nothing more important to keep him from "prinking up" than sitting on the dock in the sun.

The Scallopman's Craft.

His craft is a broad-beamed power boat, which once was a Cape Cod cat, but years ago the skipper heaved the mast overboard and now depends entirely upon power. During the summer this boat took many a party out for a day's pleasure-fishing. There was a time when the annual battle against the bi-valves was waged in grim silence. That was when the fisherman tacked and tacked his slow and laborious way over the waters in the gliding cats. Today that sort of thing is practically gone and the sturdy stick away up in the "eyes" of the boat has given way to the gasoline engine. For on the waves the white sail has gone down to the red gasoline can as a means of motive power, even as the noble horse has given way before the motor car on the highway.

Of course, there are exceptions to this, as to everything else, and here and there a fisherman of the school of Noah depends upon the variable winds for his daily bread and goes about under flapping canvas. For every one inch, however, there are scores and scores of motorboats, their exhausts barking derisively as they scoot past the antiquated craft on the way to the scallop grounds.

The waters along the shores this month and for the next two or three echo as to the roll of musketry fire. The bays, the coves and river mouths reverberate steadily to the throb of engines. The scallop specie suffers tremendous casualties from October to April.

Even the casual visitor to the shore nowadays would know there was some matter of importance afoot. Especially at the season's opening. It's during the first few days of the season that the scallopers reap their greatest wealth. There is no rest for the fisherman then. All is a mad scramble. Quite naturally, there being only so many scallops to be taken, to the most active goes the lion's share of the spoils. But lest the scallopers in their zeal clean up everything at once, the law permits but so many to be taken by each man or boat. The statute limit is ten bushels of shellfish to a man or twenty to a boat with two men.

Looking Them Over.

A few fishermen choose to play the role of solitary mariner, but by far the more common practice is to go out two in a boat. Four stout arms make lighter work of heavy labor. Quite often one man is skipper of the outfit and hires the other as a crew. Sometimes they work evenly on shares.

For weeks ahead fishermen here and there have been darting out to look things over and find where the shellfish are the thickest. The scallops are often found in windrows on the bottom. If a fine bed is located let no one imagine that it becomes an open secret. A good find is zealously guarded against all comers.

October 1st at sun-up the law is off. The shellfish is laid bare to the untender mercies of the fisherman, urged on by a scallop-hungry public. That day sees never a scallop fisherman lingering in his comfortable bed. Our fisherman was at his dingy "scallop shanty" before darkness had given way to the mists of morning. He lost no time in getting out to the grounds. And once there he took no time for breathing spells or to look around and admire the beauty of his surroundings.

To be the first scallop in for the season brings both fame and wealth. There is a reputation to be gained in being the first to return with the coveted ten or twenty bushels of shellfish heaped up in the cockpit.

This Massachusetts scallop is a bi-valve which attains a diameter of about two inches. Of course it is not caught with a hook and line, nor is it dug up from the sand as is the clam. It isn't tonged up with long tongs, such as Torean's Wellfleet oysterman used. This shellfish is less elusive and does not hide away. It lies on the bottom, and is raked up by drags of various sorts known as dredges. The dredges are thrown over the stern of the boat in numbers from two to five and then dragged astern for the length of the "drift," or run singly over the beds.

At the end of the drift the contents of the dredges are dumped on the "culling board," which is a wide board running the width of the boat with low sides and both ends open so that the wheat may be winnowed from the chaff, to use a rather inappropriate figure of speech. And this chaff is often times queer stuff. "Seed" scallops, which will be next year's catch, stones old shoes, objects from sunken craft and even now and then more gruesome things. Throwing and hauling the dredges overboard from a pitching boat and culling out the good scallops throughout the long hours of a day is not the easiest work in the world.

The Later Season.

For the first few days or even weeks of the season it may take but a few hours to get the "limit." Later on when the cold strengthens, the winds blow harder and the scallops get scarcer, comes the time when the fishermen really struggle that epicures may eat.

No matter how long before the scallopman can turn his prow shoreward, once bound back he heads for his scallop shanty. If it wasn't for these shanties many an artist along the shore would have to search much harder for a suitable subject, for they are nothing if not picturesque. They are usually the sort of house that Jack built, all askew, dilapidated, and of many dingy hues. The principal interior objects are usually a long and wide bench, barrels for empty shells, and a red-hot stove to drive away some of the chill which penetrates the generous chinks and cracks. Here the scallops are opened.

And the opening is no little trick in itself. It looks perfectly simple—until one tries it. Then the scallop's skill in deftly and quickly opening and cutting out the edible part may be properly appreciated. A scallop is taken from the pile which has been dumped upon the shelf and is held in the right hand with the hinge pointing out, and the curving sides of the graceful shell fitting the palm of the hand. A sharp, round-ended knife is forced between the shells, there is a twist upward and in, and at the same time the shell is thrown back and open. The next two moves tear the waste out, throw it in a barrel under the bench and cut the "eye" from the lower shell and cast it into the measure.

But don't imagine that in eating scallops we are actually eating the fishes' eyeballs. The eye isn't actually an eye at all, but the abductor muscle, in other words, the large muscle which holds the upper and lower halves of the shell together. That is all of the scallop which is eaten.

COULD NOT SEE POINT OF AN OLD JOKE

New York, Oct. 27—Although Sir Harry Lauder has probably told thousands of jokes himself about the "closeness" of his fellow countrymen he failed to show even a flicker of amusement today when he seemed about to be made the butt of such a jest. During his reception at City Hall by the Major a reporter asked the humorist if he was accustomed to wear rubber collars. Sir Harry merely glanced at the questioner.

HOME WEDDING ON WEDNESDAY OF INTEREST

Miss Lucy E. Morrison
Bride of Edward C.
Armstrong of Saint
John—Many Gifts.

Miss Lucy Everett Morrison daughter of the late Frank I. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison of this city and Edward Charles Armstrong of Saint John were married quietly at 4.45 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. F. I. Morrison, 53 Saint John street. The Rector of Fredericton, Rev. A. F. Bate, performed the ceremony. Bride and groom were unattended. Little Miss Patricia Morrison niece of the bride was flower girl.

Four Generations.

The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room of the home in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends of the contracting parties. Four generations of the bride's family were present. The bride was given in marriage by her brother Luke S. Morrison. She wore white satin embroidered with pearls and a bridal veil and carried a bridal bouquet.

The wedding ceremony was followed by a wedding supper served in the dining-room which was decorated with chrysanthemums.

To Reside in Saint John.

Bride and groom left by C. P. R. at seven o'clock for Quebec, Montreal and other cities. After the honeymoon they will take up their residence at 36 Queen Square, Saint John.

The bride has a wide circle of friends in this city and has been a prominent member of Anagwakade Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. She received a large number of beautiful and valuable wedding gifts a number of cheques being among them.

The groom is in business in Saint John being office manager for the Imperial Tobacco Company in that city.

SALVE SAVES THE LIFE OF A MISSIONARY

San Francisco, Oct. 27—A supply of salve has saved a missionary's life. The story was told at a recent missions conference here of one of the workers in the South Sea Islands who was threatened by cannibals. Several of the cannibals had cuts they had sustained in fighting. The missionary applied the salve and saved himself from being cooked.

PATIENCE.

Dad says I truly make him lose His patience frequently It seems most strange for how I could I really cannot see. I know I do misplace things and I'm careless, too, and such But I'm sure daddy's patience is A thing I never touch.

Rheumatism
Don't endure it longer. Rub the affected parts well with Minard's. It eases the ache, supplies up the muscles and joints.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

THE DAILY MAIL

Is on Sale at the following places of business in the city:

- J. H. OROWLEY, 612 Queen Street.
- MISS QUINN, 147 Westmorland Street.
- ALONZO STAPLES, 100 York Street.
- A. J. HANLON, 83 Regent Street.
- N. GRIEVES, Cor. Regent and King Streets.
- RAY BARKER, Cor. Carleton and King Streets.
- WESLEY ERB, 266 York Street.

RED ROSE

"is good COFFEE"

FEEDS

Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, Whole Corn, Bran Shorts, Middl ngs, Feed Flour, Oat Chop, Oat Feed, Feed Wheat, Scratch Feed, Best Western Oats, Crushed Oats

At Lowest Market Rates.

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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. Through bush, streams and the roughest going, these sturdy yet flexible boots will ensure your entire foot comfort. And their wear is proverbial. Knee High, waterproof with noiseless Flexible Sewed-on Sole of heaviest oil-tanned leather. Hand made to your individual measure. Send for Catalogue, complete line. A Boot For Every Purpose JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED FREDERICTON, N. B.

THE Hunting Season is Now Here

We are Headquarters for SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES, such as CLOTHING, FOOTWEAR, GUNS and AMMUNITION.

If you propose going after a moose or deer, let us fit you out. We can supply you with a HUNTING LICENSE and put up your supplies. We are familiar with your needs and have the goods.

Give Your Business to Sportsmen and Get Satisfaction.

CURRIE BROTHERS

Call on us for Bargains.