

# BUTTER

Making Goods

BUTTER COLOR .... 30 and 55c Bot.  
BUTTER PAPER ..... 70c ream.  
BUTTER SALT, 50 lb. bag, 90c.  
20 lb. bag, 30c.

## Coarse Salt

50 lb. bag ..... 75c.  
Large Bags ..... \$1.75

## Flour

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

## Matches

FAMOUS RED HEAD MATCHES  
11c box, 5 boxes for 50c.  
EDDYS MATCHES  
12c Box, 3 Boxes 33c.

## Corn Flakes

SUGAR CRISP  
12c pkg., 6 pkgs for 66c.

## Candy

BEST HARD MIXED  
18c lb., 2 lbs for 35c.  
FANCY CHOCOLATES  
25c to 35c lb.

# Cake and Biscuits

Hot weather makes you feel like not Baking. Our Biscuits are cheaper than Home Cooking.

CREAM SODAS, smali boxes . .13c lb.  
MARITIME MIXED BISCUIT  
18c lb. by box.  
PICTOU MIXED  
6 lb box, 18c lb.  
SODAS in bulk, 3 lbs for ..... 40c.  
VILLAGE CAKE, 2 lbs for ..... 25c.  
VILLAGE CAKE 20 lb Box, . . . 11c lb.

## Starch

LAUNDRY MIXED ..... 10c lb.  
CORN STARCH ..... 10c pkg.  
LINIT ..... 9c pkg.  
ACME GLOSS ..... 13c, 2 pkgs 25c.  
CELLULOID STARCH, 13c, 2 pkgs 25c

## Corn Syrup

10 lb. PAIL ..... 75c.  
5 lb. TIN ..... 40c.  
2 lb. TIN ..... 19c.

## Pat. Medicines

Don't forget our LOW CUT PRICES on Liniments, Pills and Medicines.

# YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

## PILOTING THE S. S. LEVIATHAN THRILLED A LADY REPORTER; MADE TRIP ON LINER'S BRIDGE

"An ocean liner is like a race horse. It has to get off on the stroke of the second," said Captain Herbert Hartley, commander of the Leviathan, as he stood, watch in hand, on the bridge of his ship.

It was 2.55. In another five minutes the last cable would be cast loose and the largest ship in the world would start on her seventy-seventh trip across the Atlantic. By permission of Captain Hatley and the Pilots' Association, I was to be allowed, as a reporter, to be the first woman to go down the bay on the bridge of a great liner and see what happens there from the time she leaves her pier until the pilot turns his command over to the captain at Sandy Hook and climbs over the side, writes Mary Phillips in the New York World.

On the bridge everything was in readiness. Five or six officers gathered about unostentatiously. A thin, little quartermaster in a blue coat took his post at the big wheel between the two compasses. A junior officer stood by the brass telegraph box which, connected with the engine room, would let the engines below know what to do instantly the pilot gave an order. Captain Hartley strolled around occasionally turning his binoculars on a point far down the pier nearly three city blocks from where he stood. He handed his glasses to me.

### Pilot Pointed Out.

"Don't you see that man down there?" I could make out a man at the very end of the dock holding a white flag with a black circle in the centre. "At exactly 3 o'clock he will look up and down the river to see if all is clear," Captain Hartley said. "Then he will drop the flag. At that instant we will begin to move. It's something of a thrill to see that flag go down, even after 338 trips and thirty-three years!"

But to none of the gilt-braided officers on the bridge—not to Captain Hartley—is ever entrusted the care of the giant vessel as she worms her way out to sea.

At one minute to 3, from the chart-room at the rear of the bridge stepped a tall, lean-limbed man in a gray civilian suit and fedora hat.

### Pilot in Command.

"Ah, here comes the commander of the vessel," said Captain Hartley. "That's Pilot William McLaughlin, the only man who is ever allowed to bring the Leviathan in and out between Sandy Hook and her pier. Hello, Mac!" he called.

Pilot McLaughlin is a stalwart man, with a wind-tanned face that lights up when he smiles. His eyes tell you directly that he is a sailor. They are very steady and blue and they have the look of one accustomed to scan the far reaches of wave and horizon. In a low, even voice he gave his first order.

"It's time to move," he said. "will you give the signal, Captain?"

The clock at the front of the bridge ticked to 3. Captain Hartley stepped to a chair that dangled from one of the posts nearby. The next instant far up on one of the tremendous red-white-and-blue funnels appeared a cloud of steam, and three blasts of the whistle split the air. Down at the end of the dock the white flag dropped. The cables that had stretched between ship and pier vanished. The pilot walked to the centre of the bridge behind the screen of glass, and simultaneously began a steady pulsing as the great ship came alive.

Slowly, slowly the giant vessel slipped out into the North River, past the line of waving hands just visible under the roof of the pier, past the open space at the dock's end with its mass of white upturned faces, and past the tiny figure of the flagman, now lounging idly near the water's edge and scarcely glancing at the great iron sides sliding by. Five tugs appeared from nowhere apparent and began pulling and shoving at the heels of the ship like puppies toying with a huge St. Bernard. The water churned around the Leviathan's stern as she swung steadily until her bow was pointed toward the bay.

Captain Hartley crossed the bridge. His first words were surprising. "Now we're off," he said. "It's time for coffee. Will you have cream and two lumps like the rest of us?" A white-coated steward appeared and stood at attention. "Coffee as usual," ordered the Captain. "Three cups this time."

### Coffee on the Bridge.

"We always have a little party up here as we are getting away," he told me. "Mac vows he can't get the ship out without his cup. You know, it's funny, the ideas people seem to have of our proceedings up here on the bridge. They think we are sort of human automatons standing in a set place, with every nerve strained and

our eyes glued motionless to our spy-glasses. Instead, you see, we all wander about and exchange the time of day, and as for giving orders—" He laughed. "I don't. I take them from the pilot!"

The steward came back with three cups of coffee. Captain Hartley grimaced over his. "Someone has' four lumps of sugar, because I haven't any! Here' steward! How's yours, Mac?" as McLaughlin, cup in hand, strolled over to the railing, where we were standing.

"Not much to this job of piloting, is there?" he remarked, but even as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the stream ahead where scores of tugs and barges were plying, and in the middle of a swallow of coffee he suddenly raised his binoculars and called an order for the engine room.

Steadily the New York skyscrapers on one hand and the Jersey coast on the other had been sliding by and then came Staten Island, hazy in spite of the hard sunlight, and then the Narrows.

Here, Captain Hartley told me, lay many danger points for the Leviathan. Even at high tide there is in some places scarcely enough room for her to slip through. The slightest error in the pilot's judgment, a matter of a few inches one way or another, would mean disaster and tremendous property damage.

"But," said Captain Hartley, his eye on the tall, laconic figure at the railing, "nothing like that will ever happen with that man on board."

With almost incredible speed the land was fading away. The rising ground of Staten Island was now in the distance and Coney Island was a mere strip on the horizon. The clock ticked round to 5.30. Then out of the ocean, half a mile to the right, appeared a trim little steamer, from which presently put off a tiny rowboat with two specks for oars.

### Over the Side.

Before I had time to realize that the trip was over Captain Hartley was shaking hands with Pilot McLaughlin, the ship was once more in the charge of her real commander and a voice said:

"Come on now! You have to get off with me!"

Then we were in the elevator dropping past A, B, C, D, E decks in quick succession, and in a moment more, Pilot McLaughlin had drawn on a pair of gray gloves and was disappearing down the ladder that swung between the little door in the ship's side and the bobbing rowboat beneath. Some one said: "Take your time, it's easy! Remember, a real sailor goes down hand under hand. There you go!"

The next instant I was feeling for the slippery rope rung of the pilot's ladder. But there wasn't any. Instead, my foot found a broad wooden step and as easily as going downstairs I was in the yawl below.

"O. K! now! Get your mail!" came the pilot's voice. A blue and gray striped sack fell in the boat at our feet, and two bare-armed young men at the oars shoved off and we were clear.

Above us towered the great hulk of the ship, a sheer hundred feet of iron plates and rivets, looking more tremendous than ever from where we loomed in her shadow. Far up and away on the bridge was a tiny dark figure. It moved and the sun picked out a gleam of gilt.

### Waves Adieu.

"There's Captain Hartley waving to us," said Pilot McLaughlin "and there are some of the passengers too" he added as along the railings, deck above deck, handkerchiefs streamed and caps were flourished in farewell to the pilot.

In five minutes time the two oarsmen—Pilot McLaughlin explained that they were apprentices, who spent their seven years training on the pilot boats and would at the end of their probation become pilots themselves—had brought the yawl grating against the steamer we had seen from the Leviathan's bridge. By a short iron ladder against the side we climbed to the deck.

Six men were standing about. Most of them wore sack suits and looked—except for their tanned cheeks—like any business man in the subway on his way home. One was dressed in a golf suit and sport hose.

"You are now," Pilot McLaughlin informed me gravely, with not the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "on board the pilot boat of New York and you have to hang around here till 9 o'clock to pick up any stray pilots that happen to drop off the steamers. There, with a wave of his hand, "are all pilots. You wouldn't think it to look at them, would you?"

## JAZZ PACIFIES SAVAGES, SOFT MUSIC FAILS

London, July 9—Jazz was used to pacify upper Amazon jungle tribesmen, who had never seen a white man by Dr. William M. McGovern, explorer and anthropologist, who has returned to London after spending more than a year, among South American Indians.

Dr. McGovern estimates that in the area northwest country forming the tributaries to the Amazon, much of which has never been explored, there are from 300,000 to 500,000 Indians.

Soft, soothing music was played on a gramophone without any particular effect upon the natives, but the rhythm of jazz caught their ears every time, and gained for the scientist almost anything that he might desire which the chiefs had the power of granting.

### Cousins of Indians.

These natives, Dr. McGovern concluded, are first cousins of the North American Indians, with a mixture of the Mongolian thrown in.

Among some of the tribes, Dr. McGovern found overcrowding even worse than it is in New York, Chicago or London, regardless of the fact that there are thousands of square miles of land almost uninhabited. In the villages, the houses are built of logs and stones, and the natives think nothing of living 200 and 300 in a large room.

On the edges of the unexplored areas he met civilized tribes who were quite cultured and had elaborate political and religious organizations of their own.

### Others Like Animals.

Others, further in the interior, were so wild and primitive that they had no houses, lived in caves and hollow trees, had never learned to swim, dug up roots for food. They only showed themselves a little above the grade of animals by their use of fire and their fondness for tobacco, which grows wild in these regions.

Dr. McGovern, son of Janet Blair Montgomery, originally an American, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Two years ago he visited Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet, disguised as a Buddhist monk and has headed other expeditions in various parts of the world in the interest of anthropological work.

## PARISIANS GET MILLIONS IN RACE PROFITS

Paris, July 9—Having wound up the social season with the end of the Grand Semaine and Grand Prix, Paris has taken up a more sombre mien, with fashionable Parisians—foreign as well as French—leaving this week for the seashore and mountains.

It is estimated that the capital's permanent population dwindled 200,000 within a week. This is well compensated for, however, by the ever present flood of Anglo-American tourists, who give the remaining Parisians the impression that their central business thoroughfares are more foreign than French.

The greatest profit in winding up the social season goes to the Paris poor. Statisticians estimate that 18,000,000 francs—half a million dollars—were bet during three hours of Grand Prix racing at the Longchamps pari-mutuel booths. A million of this profit goes to the poor and another half a million to public improvement, particularly water works.

Clarence—Inez is a cute little thing. What's her line?

Becky—Feline.

There was a general laugh. One said:

"In the old days the pilots were the dudes of the place. They'd come up the side in frock coats and top hats. But some of us do just as well and wear spats."

### Rollers Change Aspect of Things.

By this time I couldn't appreciate the joke very well for I was beginning to discover that a skiff in the English Channel has nothing on the pilot boat New York when she starts to roll.

## Sore, Aching Corns Drop Out in Hot Bath

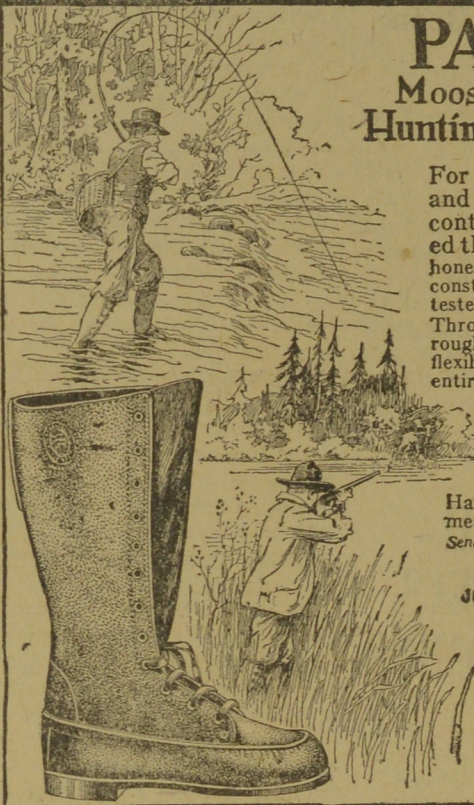
To take the sting out of corns and to be sure you are going to be rid of them quickly, the hot foot bath employed with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is best of all. To use "Putnam's" is to end corns quickly. The sting disappears, toes feel better at once—another application or two and the corn goes away. Satisfaction is assured to everyone who uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. 25 cts at all dealers.

# FEEDS

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

At Lowest Market Rates.

## G. W. HODGE

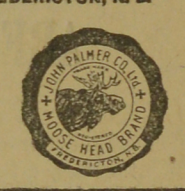


### PALMER'S

#### Moose Head Brand

#### Hunting & Fishing Boots

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, shooting out. A Boot For Every Purpose. JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED FREDERICTON, N. B.



WITH A VIEW IN STOCK OUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUITINGS OF GRANITES AND SPORTEX TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTEDS AND GUARANTEED BLUES AND GREY SERGES. Also a nice line of SPRING O'COATINGS. English and American Style plates. PRICES RANGE FROM \$35.00 TO \$65.00.

## WALKER BROS.

Queen St. Fredericton

# Anglers, Attention!

## SALMON ANGLING SEASON IS NOW OPEN.

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.

Buy Your Fishing Outfit From Fishermen.

## CURRIE BROTHERS

CALL ON US FOR BARGAINS