

# FLOUR

24 lb. Bag ..... \$1.30  
 98 lb. Bags  
 5 CROWN ..... \$4.75  
 SNOW WHITE .. \$4.80  
 5 ROSES ..... \$4.80  
 PURITY ..... \$4.85

## Oatmeal

20 lb Bag ..... 90c.  
 90 lb. Bag ..... \$3.35

## Matches

5 BOXES FOR 50c.

## Corn

2 TINS FOR 25c.

## Corn Syrup

10 lb. Pail ..... 75c.  
 5 lb. Tin ..... 40c.  
 2 lb. Tin ..... 19c.

## Cake and

## Biscuits

5-6 lb. Box  
 CREAM SODAS  
 13c lb.  
 5-8 lb. Box  
 MARITIME MIXED  
 18c lb.  
 5-8 lb. Box  
 PICTOU MIXED  
 18c lb.  
 VILLAGE CAKE  
 2 lbs for 25 cents.  
 20 lb. Box, 11c lb.

## Starch

Laundry Mixed .. 10c lb  
 Corn Starch ... 10c pkg.  
 Linit ..... 9c pkg.

Acme Gloss  
 13c, 2 for 25c.

Celluloid Starch  
 13c, 2 for 25c.

## Perfect Seal Jars

1 DOZ. PINTS .... \$1.50  
 1 DOZ. QUARTS .. \$1.85  
 1 DOZ. 1/2 GAL. ... \$2.60

## Pat. Medicines AT CUT PRICES

# YERXA

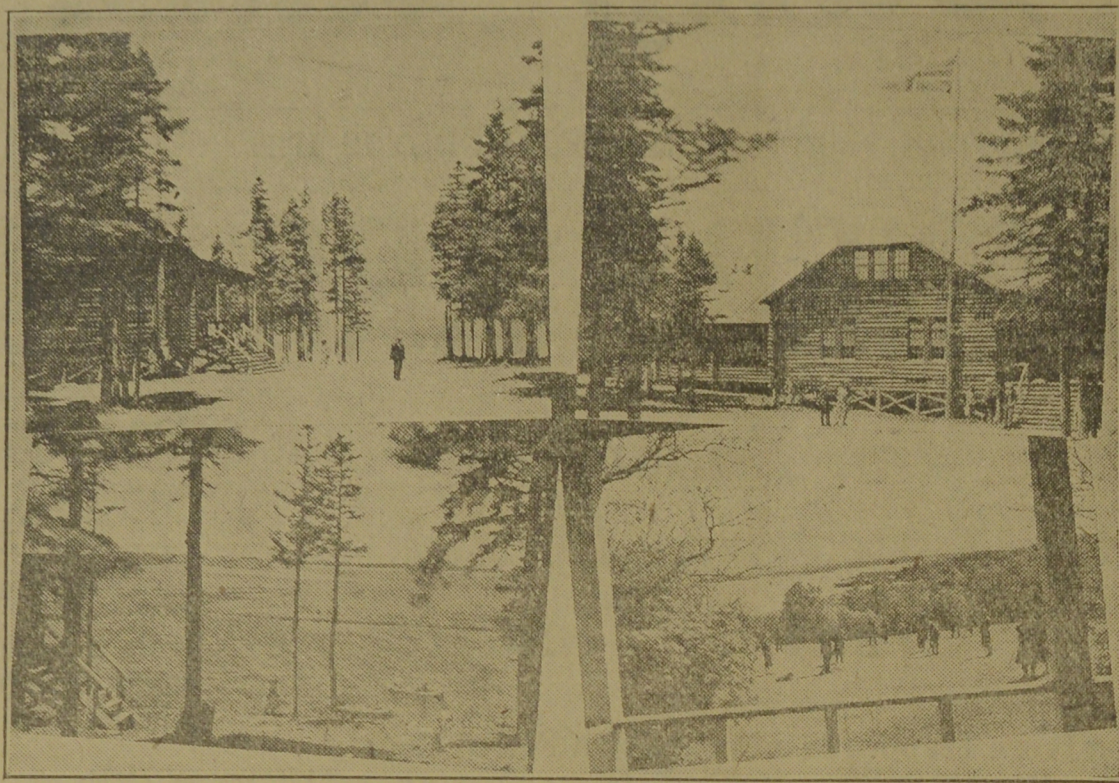
# GROCERY

# CO.

2 STORES

York St. Queen St.

## New Lodge Delights Visitors to Pictou



Wentworth Park Lodge, near Pictou, N.S., which was recently opened by the Canadian National Railways, has already proved its popularity with Canadian and American holiday-makers. The lodge is located on Northumberland Strait, near Pictou, N.S., and consists of a group of rustic bungalows surrounding a central lodge. Guests have the advantage of both fresh water and sea bathing, boating and fishing. While the Pictou Golf Club, only a short distance away, is open to those who are lovers of the Royal and Ancient Game.

## CAIRO, EGYPT IS A CITY OF JAZZ AND ALSO OF CHARM; NEAR EAST LIFE DESCRIBED

(By John Gunther in Chicago News.)

Cairo.—Egypt has its British guardian, its nationalist leader, and its king—the king who holds a royal flush with 37 cents in the pot—all of them carefully seeking some formula for Egypt's troubled destiny. But Egypt is hardly an unhappy country. Cairo is not an unhappy city.

For a day or two I was inclined to close my eyes and pinch myself, saying, "I suppose it must be true."

That is, to the visitor, Cairo plays its part perfectly. In many ways it is as thoroughly western a city as, say Home or Madrid, and a good deal more modern than either. But this western crust conceals a spirit as secret and oriental and eastern as you please. The combination is rare. And Cairo makes the most of it.

Jazz Bands and Fords.

Thus I see that the small black boy who brings me my breakfast every morning has a silver ring in his nose; but he speaks good English. Thus I notice that women in black veils walk along the road to the Pyramids balancing huge earthenware waterpots on their heads; while we of the west take that same road in a car manufactured last winter in Detroit. And thus I sit on Sheppard's terrace, listening to an American jazz band drum out Irving Berlin's "Always"; while not 200 feet away I can find streets as evil and stealthy and utterly medieval as the world can show. The great thing lies, each side, in its way, is perfectly genuine. Cairo is a bridge between two civilizations.

Somehow, it reminded me of a neat doll's house, as occidental as one could wish, all clean and solid in brick and mortar—and peopled with a miscellany of dolls which are at one exotic, vile, mysterious, incredible, and otherwise as outlandish as—well, as passion-fruit, say, at an American breakfast table side by side with shredded wheat.

I have mentioned the small boy with the silver ring in his nose. The rest of him is in purple and orange. My first evening here I noticed, too, a real magnifico, in a uniform such as would make any Central America president reel with envy. My magnifico has a scarlet turban, a uniform of clinging crimson silks, epaulettes of chain mail; he was studded with orders, decorations, emblems his chest was a veritable facade blazing with gaudy merit. I thought he must be the captain of the royal guard at least. I was wrong. He is the hotel's elevator starter.

Cairo is the east, all right. Also, it is Africa, all right. The sun is more than the sun; it is a white, relentless energy. Shade temperature at noon today, 107 degrees Fahrenheit. Pause till I wipe sweat from my nose.

Few Women Unveiled.

The waiters mutter in Arabic and wear white robes sashed with red. Most of them are Sudanese; on their brown cheeks are the little parallel scars of their tribe—a sort of monogram carved in living flesh. Out along the road to Gizeh the palms stand straight and silent against the sunset horizon as if etched in metal. They rise like an incredibly slim vase for sixty feet, then burst into an umbrella of bloom. The women drift noiselessly along the hot pavements, some grave-

ly unveiled, most either in the white yashmek, a very becoming strip of white gauze, drawn across the nose, or the black hood, the heavy veil worn by the poorer classes. Some have European shoes, some are barefoot with barbaric silver rings jangling around their ankles. Along the streets battered taxis jostle donkey carts; what is more, they jostle camels, real camels, enormous, curving pyramids of tawny hide with incredible burdens of stock or produce piled high above the hump. Out by the Nile feluccas with slanting purple sails are dipping toward the sunset.

Yes, it is the east all right. The east with a strange western crust superimposed on decay.

I felt much the same thing on embarking at my first oriental seaport, shining and glittering in the white sun, dirty, squalid, excessively romantic, with the tall ships in harbor and noisy cafes lining the waterfront; wicked by night (so it is said) and by day hot as hell (this I say); by name Port Said.

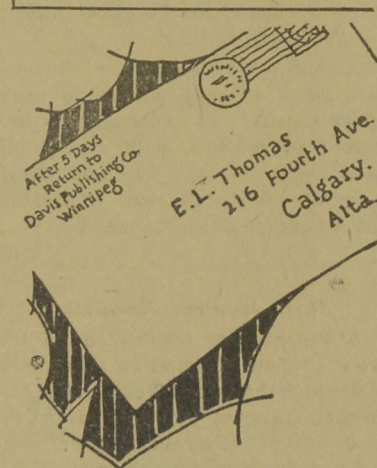
### City of Two Worlds.

But here in Cairo, with the squalor, the dirt, the romance, just as triumphantly in evidence, the spirit is different somehow. It is as if the people were saying, "Well, now, you are here in Cairo, forget about these British who are here, forget about Zaghlul and the puppet king only remember this is the orient, and perfume from the orient is fleeting; go then, and see how Cairo is a city of a dozen civilizations and of two worlds." That, I think, is what the Cairo people think, even if they don't say it.

And did you ever hear that east was east and west was west, etc.? Well, then, just come along some sunny morning to the Mouski bazaars.

Marian—I didn't like the way you smiled at that girl over there.  
 Gilbert—Neither did she!

## BLUNDERS



### WHY IS THIS WRONG?

Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail will surely be delayed if persons who must reply to its letters are given no street address.

## MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AWAIT THE OWNERS

London, Aug. 11—Lying in a London bank is a sum approaching \$35,000,000 amassed romantically by a priest and now awaiting somebody who will establish a claim to it take it away and begin the life of a multi-millionaire.

Several people are pursuing claims to this fortune, among them a widow who claims to be a cousin of the millionaire priest. Two men named Franklin and Jacir have come to London on behalf of the widow claimant.

Somewhere in the world is a person living today on small means who is really a multi-millionaire with out knowing it.

About 40 families have laid claim to it, and so far none of these supposed heirs have satisfactorily proved their identity.

It all began more than 60 years ago, when one Senor Cayetano Sequi Roca, who afterwards turned out to be a Spanish Jesuit priest deposited a very large sum of money in a London bank. The years passed by the Spanish priest seemed to vanish into thin air, and never again did he or anyone else claim the money which had been lodged.

In consequence of recent inquiries it now is believed that the father came from Palma de Mallorca, in Spain, whence also comes the Sequi family of Cuba, which now lays claim to this hoarded gold.

Sixty odd years ago the priest was sent by the religious order of which he was a member as a missionary to South America. After many years' work there he left the mission and as plain Mr. C. S. R.—went to the United States.

The erstwhile priest, now joining in with some friends, showed himself to be possessed of an immense business capacity and of boundless energy. He rapidly made a fortune.

Quick at money-making he was also quick to tire of his new life, he parted from his business friends and went to England where he deposited his money in a London bank.

One might now have thought that a life of quiet ease might present some attraction to this bold spirit who had already seen enough of the world. Not a bit of it. Once more his religious vocation reasserted itself. He drew from the bank a little of his capital and quietly left the country.

Neither in Spain, England nor America was he ever directly heard of again. But there is reason to believe that his missionary work this time led him among cannibals, where he lost his life.

When 30 years elapsed without any further news of Senor or Padre Sequi, the bank in which his money was deposited in accordance with its regulations instituted a search for him. But he never has been found.

Among the various claimants to the huge fortune is a widow who says she is a cousin of the vanished priest. She has now given a power of attorney to a Mr. Franklin, a Spanish speaking Venezuelan, who is at present in London, accompanied by Mr. Jacir of Paris who is financing the enterprise of proving the widow's claim.

# 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, showing our complete line.

A Boot For Every Purpose

JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED  
 FREDERICTON, N. B.

WE HAVE 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 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