

## Did it ever occur to you

that the price of a cup of tea is so little that to buy for price alone is to be 'penny-wise & pound-foolish'.

# "SALADA"

at 50 cents a pound (BLUE LABEL) costs about a fifth of a cent a cup and is of superb flavour. E 206

## FARM SETTLEMENT BOARD BOUGHT MORTGAGE FARM

Moncton, May 29.—The Times newspaper this morning published an article respecting the Fullerton farm, purchased by the Farm Settlement Board, which E. S. Carter charged had a mortgage upon it, then and now. Hon. C. W. Robinson gives a most conclusive answer to the Times in tonight's Transcript. The article in the Times reads: "The Opposition have charged in the case of the purchase of a farm in Albert county by the Farm Settlement board, that the title is defective. This statement is made on the authority of Hon. A. R. McClellan, who says he has a mortgage on the premises, but unfortunately for the Opposition, the records of Albert county show that no such mortgage exists, and the title is absolutely clear. Driven to the depths of desperation in the estimation of the people of the province, the Opposition will not permit a little thing like an official record to interfere with the statement of a gentleman who is upwards of eighty years old, and who, without doubt, at this age suffers more acutely from lapse of memory than do the few supporters of the Opposition of more tender years, who are circulating stories without regard to truth or decency, and who have disregarded every element of honor and manliness in the discussion of public questions."

### Now Read the Facts.

Hon. C. W. Robinson's conclusive answer was as follows:

"Editor Transcript.—I see by this morning's Times a very glaring misstatement with regard to the Fullerton farm, so called, in the county of Albert. I am sure that the editor of the Times does not wish to make a misstatement, and is speaking from wrong information which he has received, but the facts are all against him."

"The records of Albert county show that there is a mortgage standing against this so called flatiron farm. The mortgage was made by Simon Z. Colwell and wife to R. Chester Peck, on the 24th of July, 1902, and recorded by the No. 19774."

"The said mortgage is undischarged on the records and has been assigned to A. R. McClellan, by assignment dated March 21, 1907. The amount due on the said mortgage has not been paid and the assignment is now recorded on the records of Albert county. As the deed of this flatiron farm was given by Renforth L. Fullerton to the Farm Settlement Board on August 29, 1914, registered at X 1 page 231, it is subjected to the Colwell mortgage which is now owned by Mr. McClellan. If the Times will take the trouble to publish an abstract of the title as it stands upon the records, it will find that this statement is correct, but it may have some difficulty in finding that the said Fullerton ever had a record title of this property. The description of the farm in the deed to the Farm Settlement Board is as follows:

"All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the shape of a flatiron and

bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Northwesterly by the Caledonia highway, southeasterly by the Chester highway, and northerly by the lands of the late Thomas Pearson estate, and containing sixteen acres more or less, and being the lands and premises conveyed by one R. Chester Peck to one Simon Colwell, and by the said Simon Colwell further conveyed to the said Renforth L. Fullerton, in the year A. D. 1911, as by reference to the Albert County Record will fully and at large appear."

"The description is very misleading. The land in question does not contain sixteen acres. In fact it is less than an acre, and only the size of a good city lot. It is not cultivated as a farm and in fact is not even enclosed and used as a garden. A visit to the location at the junction of the Chester and Caledonia roads by any member of the government or the editor of the Times, and an abstract of the title of the records will convince them that they are not speaking correctly."

"And if all the statements made in the campaign are as absurd and as far from the truth as the statement of the Government party with regard to this particular piece of land, their case is hopeless indeed. C. W. ROBINSON. "Moncton, N. B., May 29, 1916."

### HOW TO PUT ON WEIGHT AND IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS

You know you are too thin—you eat and eat, but never get an ounce fatter. Nerves are weak, color is bad, strength seems exhausted. It's not hard to get fat. You must eat more, digest more, exercise more. Try Ferrozone and watch your appetite grow. It turns all you eat into nutriment and building material—fills your veins with rich, red blood—gives you ambition and vigor. For tissue builder, a fattening tonic, one that restores permanently, there is nothing to compare with Ferrozone. Try it and see, 50c. at all dealers.

### "GREECE HER KNEE."

Chatham World: Mr. A. E. Taylor is a champion story teller. Here is a sample from his speech at the firemen's banquet:

A schoolboy undertook to recite: The Turk slept in his guarded tent. Dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knee in supplication bent.

Should tremble at his power. He got as far as the third line and halted. "When Greece her knee—when Greece her knee—when Greece her knee," he faltered, vainly trying to remember the rest, and stopped in despair, when one of the boys encouragingly yelled, "Grease her knee again and perhaps she'll go."

Some men sow cents and reap dollars.

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him, he may be trying to work the world for a living.

## PHILADELPHIA WOMAN READ WIGWAG SIGNALS

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

"A maid had a bad headache." Fifty women sat in the oaken hall of Mrs. Geo. W. Childs Drexel's house at 18th and Locust streets yesterday while George Potts gave them this information.

George Potts is a scout master of Boy Scouts and instructor of the signalling class of the Pennsylvania Women's Division of the National Preparedness League. The sentence about the maid's headache which he wigwagged at the women with a wand, contained a lot of "a's" and "d's" because the class has just learned the first half of the wigwag alphabet.

While Scoutmaster Potts wigwagged half the women watched him with almost painful intentness. Their lips moved and muttered letters to the other half. The other half meanwhile acted as clerks and wrote down the muttered letters.

"I have a bad headache too," one society woman exclaimed as the scout master gave the class a breathing spell. "How can you tell a dash from a dot anyway when the wand wiggles so fast?"

"Not wiggles—wigwags," corrected her weary clerk.

"My brain's so filled with dots and dashes that I can't remember military terms," replied the first militiaire, "and he says this is the easy half of the alphabet too."

A chorus of "Please wag more slowly!" rose once. Then the class laboriously spelled out the fact that "Jemima filed all legal faults."

"What's that got to do with the invasion of the United States?" inquired a debutante in a pink striped sports coat.

Her neighbor frowned. "We've got to practice on something, and Jemima takes in many of the letters we have learned. Let's see, what's two dots and a dash, and dash and a dash and a dot, dot, dot and a dash—"

"E-a-c—" one half the class began to mutter to the other half, for Mr. Potts was at it again. "E-a-c-h m-a-y b-e-k-e a m-l-e."

"Hiking a mile" said a debutante in a pink striped sports coat, "would be one, two three compared with this dashing and doting. But watch us at Valley Forge! Human semaphores! Never knew the English language had such possibilities."

She tucked a notebook into her pocket and strode off humming "Every little movement has a meaning of its own."

### A SILENT MONEY EARNER.

Interesting Story of a Hundred Dollar Bill.

(American Magazine.)

A Mrs. Davis came into possession of a \$100 bill. Prizing this money because it was the first she ever earned, she kept the original bill in her possession most of the time on her person. Only a short time before her death were her relatives aware that she still had the bill.

When a little girl 9 years old she deposited \$10 in a savings bank and received a pass book. She carried this book with her for 75 years. Three weeks before her death she told her grandson she would like to know if the bank was still doing business and what had become of her \$10 deposit.

After inquiry it was learned that the deposit, together with the accrued interest for 75 years, amounted in all to \$325.65.

Had she deposited the \$100 bill with a savings bank paying 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly, the principal and interest would have amounted to the handsome sum of \$691.80.

Her sentiment, persisted in for 45 years, deprived her of many comforts in her old age.

### IN THE OLD CROQUET DAYS.

When You Got Excited Over Getting Through Wickets.

(Jacksonville Times.)

In this age I fear everybody has forgotten about the dear old-fashioned game of croquet. I remember the time back home when it was the thing.

Why we used to gather at the big hotel on a fine afternoon round at the shady side, and we village lads and lassies were in our glory.

Knock went the mallet against the ball, and we waited breathless for the ball to roll through the wicket. Ah, such moments the excitement was intense. Every eye was fixed upon the result of the stroke, and we thought the whole world was interested.

By crickety, we were some pumpkins, I tell you, at the old game. We didn't know anything about your modern baseball games, nor football games, nor polo, nor hockey, nor golf, nor motorboat racing, nor motor car racing, nor even horse racing.

As long as Susie Green was my partner and we beat the other side, we didn't care whether school kept or not. All we knew was that the game was exciting to us, and the birds sang for sheer joy in the magnolias and the roses nodded from the old front porch. The long, long days of youth were ours and no business cares infested our world of dreams.

The old croquet game would seem pretty tame to you of this fast age, and you would chuckle and make fun of our enthusiasm, but we were happy, for we didn't know any better.



## FOR HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION

Nearly all our minor ailments, and many of the serious ones, too, are traceable to some disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels. If you wish to avoid the miseries of indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, headaches, constipation, and a host of other distressing ailments, you must see to it that your stomach, liver and bowels are equal to the work they have to do. It is a simple matter to take 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, yet thousands of former sufferers have banished indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all their distressing consequences in just this simple way. Profit by their experience. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup is unsurpassed.

**TRY** Mother Seigel's Syrup. The NEW 1.00 SIZE CONTAINS 3 TIMES AS MUCH AS THE TRIAL SIZE SOLD AT 50 CENTS BOTTLE.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

THE NEW 1.00 SIZE CONTAINS 3 TIMES AS MUCH AS THE TRIAL SIZE SOLD AT 50 CENTS BOTTLE.

### CARE OF BABY'S MOUTH.

Don't let the baby suck his or her thumb. It won't hurt the thumb at all, but it may spoil the child's mouth, and later mar her beauty by a crooked mouth.

You owe it to baby to watch the mouth, to guard it against malformation and against such accidents as thick lip or crookedness.

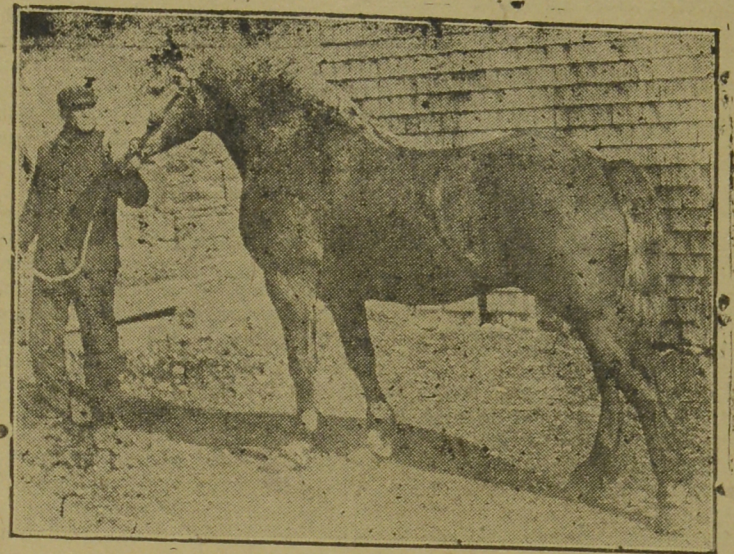
For the first six months of baby's life the muscles are very pliable; the muscles of the lips are easily moulded, the delicate skin of the lips is easily affected.

Thumb sucking should be discouraged. The thumb pressing constantly on the lips thickens the skin and may even make the mouth crooked.

Pay close attention to the teeth. As soon as baby begins to take solid food, use a small, soft toothbrush twice a day and brush the teeth. Water will be sufficient to clean them.

When a man goes into a restaurant and is given a tough fowl he is very apt to lose his respect for old age.

What a pity it is that the most beautiful females usually have little else to recommend them.



For Season of 1916  
Percheron  
"GRESHAM" You all know him.  
Clydesdale  
"Baron Mac" you will like him.  
Trotter  
"Potter Palmer" the best yet.  
H. C. JEWETT

## Mail Ads Bring Results

### THE JUNE BRIDE

THE YOUNG LADY GRADUATE AND SUMMER GIRL Can all have their desires satisfied from our large and select line of Ready-to-wear. There is always something new arriving at The Ladies' Store.

DAINTY UNDERMUSLINS for Lady, Miss or Child, at prices to suit you. An immense stock to select from.

THE PRETTIEST DRESSES, the largest variety of WAISTS, the latest MIDDIES, the best WASH SKIRTS, and all the BEST VALUES in the market. If you require meat you go to a butcher shop, therefore if you wish Ready-to-wear Garments you will get the best values at a Ready-to-wear Store. Try it and be convinced.

R. L. BLACK - - - - - York Street  
Agent for Standard Patterns.

## The Printing and Publicity Specialist Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

## The MAIL PRINTING CO.

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## You can't beat Old Dutch

for taking rust and  
stains off knives

