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A GROWING GARDEN FOR A WEDDING GIFT

(Chicago News)

Baby grand pianos and silver dinner sets and luxurious motor cars may be all right for a parent's wedding gift to an ordinary girl.

But Charles N. Goodnow, 7200 Euclid avenue, former judge of the Municipal court and now a Cook county commissioner insists his daughter Ethel is far from an ordinary girl. So an extraordinary gift she must have when she is wed, says he.

Ethel, who is just 23, is to be married Saturday to John Frederick Vickery 25 years old. Her father has been weeks preparing her wedding present. It will be the work of his own hands.

And what do you think it is—this unusual gift for an unusual girl?

Gives Her a Garden

A garden! Yes, sir, a garden that will soon be overflowing with lettuce, radishes, spinach, onions, celery, peppers, tomatoes, cauliflower; just such a garden as any young bride would call a godsend in these days of the hectic cost of living.

Cr. Goodnow has been for many years an ardent enthusiast. His plant studies have made him so erudite that he has become the authority in his

neighborhood on horticultural problems. And what was more reasonable than to pass on to his daughter a display of the work which has been his hobby for so many years?

Miss Goodnow was asked by a visitor today just what she thought of the gift of a garden, 40 feet by 60 feet, at 72nd street and Bennett avenue, as a wedding present from her father.

"Oh, I think it's really daddy's nicest gift," she exclaimed. She paused reflectively, as if she were going over some details in her mind. "Of course he will give John and me lots of other things, oh, lots—but I like the garden best of all."

Helped Fit Men for Army

Miss Goodnow and her father were hard workers in the Liberty War Association which took care of the boys who were rejected in the draft because of physical defects. Operations were paid for at the hospitals, and altogether 200 young patriots were helped to get into the service for duty overseas.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
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We congratulate his Majesty on having a birthday at so pleasant a season of the year.

WHY PRICE OF FOODSTUFFS CONTINUES TO ADVANCE

The Question of Farm Labor Has Become a Serious One in Canada—Since 1878 Everything Possible Has Been Done to Draw the Laborer to the Factory—N. P. was Designed to Build Up Towns at the Expense of the Country.

(Halifax Chronicle)

Attention was called the other day to the contention of the Minister of Labor that the prevailing and persisting high prices of food are largely due to the concentration of population in the cities rather than on the land. We remarked then that there was truth in what the Minister said, but we pointed out that he had been significantly silent as to the cause of the cause of the high prices, which he asserted. Mr. E. Goff Penny, in a letter to the Montreal Star, supplies the omission. "Even before the war," Mr. Penny writes, "the question of farm labor was becoming very serious." He continues:

"Since Canada was turned into a manufacturing country in 1878 everything possible has been done to educate and draw the laborer to the factory, while, on the other hand, education and encouragement for farming have not received the same attention. It has rather been the custom to belittle farming, and exhibit the farm as the last kind of labor a man should work at. We are now reaping the benefit of this policy; for it is difficult to induce young men to go on farms."

"In connection with the foregoing and also bearing on the cost of living," adds Mr. Penny, "I say that if the manufacturer and his employees continue to force prices of their goods higher, so much more will they have to pay for farm produce; it is unreasonable to expect manufactures and transportation to advance in price and not the produce of the farm. At the present time it is not the actual farmer who is putting up the price of food, but the miller, the packer and transportation. The government is quite cognizant of these facts, and should make some endeavor to legislate against these conditions, and bring prices of the necessities of life for man and animals down to a reasonable basis."

The Basic Industry

If the Government is not "cognizant of these facts," all other intelligent Canadians must be. Canada has the widest and most fertile tracts of cultivable land of any country in the world. Both its climate and soil are peculiarly well adapted in food production. Agriculture should therefore, for the present at least, be its basic industry. It was flying in the face of nature to attempt to convert it, in its undeveloped state, into a manufacturing country. But the attempt was made in 1878, and has been persisted in ever since, for purely selfish, political reasons.

The "National Policy" of 1878, which has since become high protectionism pure and simple, was and is expressly designed to build up the towns and cities at the expense of the country; to entice men away from the farms and herd them together around factories for the enrichment, by their labor of a few tariff-favored monopolists. The work of denuding the rural districts of their population for the up-building of towns has gone so far that Canadians are now enduring an actual food shortage and its consequent excessive prices for the necessities of life.

Revenue Needed

Moreover, in consequence of the financial obligations incurred in connection with the war, we are in imperative need of increased revenues, and shall be for an indefinite period hereafter. While one of the highest taxed countries in the world, our income is wholly inadequate to the expenditures which we shall henceforth be required to make annually if we are to pay interest on our indebtedness and maintain our ordinary public services. Every possible form of revenue-raising, down to income taxation, has already been resorted to. Annual deficits will directly face the Government as soon as borrowing comes to an end.

What, after that? So far as can be seen, either public bankruptcy or a reduction of the customs tariff to a revenue-yielding basis must be accepted. At the present time, and for years past, customs duties are and have been so high that they have prevented importation, and therefore yielded a revenue entirely disproportionate to the burdens which they impose on the public. The protected producers keep up their prices to the level of their protection, plus the cost of freights. The freights from distant countries afford a considerable degree of protection in themselves to the Canadian producer. But the people of Canada are nevertheless compelled to pay the full tax of the customs duties to the home producer, and the public treasury reaps no advantage. The higher the tariff, the less revenue does it yield, until finally by shutting out goods entirely, it excludes all possibility of revenue.

This stage has not yet been reached except with regard to certain articles. But it has been nearly reached with reference to many imports. The day must soon come, therefore, when the people of Canada, if they desire to escape oppressive taxation and secure a much larger revenue, must insist on a reduction of the tariff to revenue-producing limits. Even such a reduction would still leave the Canadian manufacturer with a very extensive measure of protection. But it would compel him to improve his products besides reducing their price, thus both the people and the public revenues would be benefitted with no one necessarily injured.

Of course the feelings of the monopolists who have so long been piling up their millions at public expense would be hurt. But they have had their hoofs long enough in the public trough, under high protection. It is high time now, regardless of their grunting and squealing, to make them "shove over" and give the rest of us, including the Government, a chance.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN, IS THE CRY NOW

(New York Sun)

The Mid-Victorian Lady, going into the country for a week's rest, was informed with much pride by the energetic woman who ran the small hotel that the route of the aerial mail service between New York and Buffalo lay not far away and she added:

"Most everybody 'round these parts has seen it, except Mary"—a married daughter living up the road—"and me." It's just been our luck to be away when it passed. We're on the lookout for it now, 'cause we never have seen an aeroplane.

A few hours later a dark object against the sky proclaimed itself the aerial express.

"The aeroplane!" called the Mid-Victorian Lady.

"The aeroplane!" joyfully echoed Madame, who had gone to the second story. She dashed down the stairs and in another second was at the telephone, excitedly calling up her daughter.

"Mary, come to the house quick! Aeroplane!" This last, as she clapped the receiver into place. Out she rushed, and with her eyes fixed upon the heavens deliberately ran off the edge of the porch, fortunately a low one, and with a cry of fright landing on the jagged edge of the rocks that formed the border of the walk. First aid was administered and Madame

sure of protection. But it would compel him to improve his products besides reducing their price, thus both the people and the public revenues would be benefitted with no one necessarily injured.

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Cured of Dyspepsia

BY USING

Burdock Blood Bitters.

The symptoms of dyspepsia are so numerous and diversified in different individuals that probably no description could exactly represent them as they occur in any given case, but a few of the most prominent are a rising and souring of food, pain, flatulence and distention of the abdomen, a sensation of discomfort after every meal, which is sometimes followed by sickness and vomiting.

To get rid of dyspepsia a careful arrangement of the diet is necessary and due time must be given for the digestion of the meal.

You will find that Burdock Blood Bitters will help with this digestion. It does this by toning up the stomach in such a way that dyspepsia soon disappears.

Mr. Robt. Balwin, Winnifred, Alta., writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters for curing dyspepsia, of which I have been a sufferer for years. I have tried a good many doctors and proprietary medicines, so one day I thought I would try something different. I got a bottle of B. B. B. from our local store as it was about the only remedy he kept, and I can certainly say that I was more than pleased with the results as I got better right away. I will always recommend it to other sufferers."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

helped into the house just as Mary and her husband ran down the road. They were without hats and headed a line that grew in length as other natives tagged along.

"We're coming!" shouted Husband when within speaking distance.

"Is it out?" screamed Mary, as she drew nearer; then—as she reached her mother's side, "Isn't the house on fire?"

"No."

"No fire! But you told me to come quick and were so excited, I thought of course that must be the trouble. You said something as you shut off, but I didn't catch it."

"I said 'aeroplane'."

"Aeroplane!" and all eyes were turned to the skies; but—the car had vanished from sight.

"Just my luck!" groaned Madame.

Many a woman who does not tat is an expert tattler.

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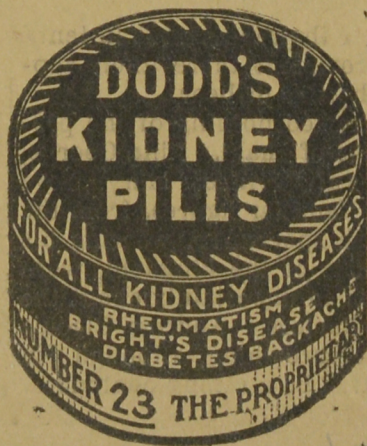
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WATCH FOR IT IN THE DAILY MAIL

Confessions of an Everyday Wife

(By Ida McGlone Gibson)

A Great Serial to begin in the Mail This Week

It is a story of present day domestic life, which for sheer heart appeal has never been equalled in a daily newspaper serial—even by that master craftswoman, the author herself. Its theme, wholesome and absorbingly interesting, is packed with dramatic action, incident and episode. Back from the battlefields of France; back from months spent wholly in a man's world, back to a matriarchy—to a woman's world—comes Lieutenant Theo Symone. After the blissful days of the home-coming Theo feels the call—the irresistible longing—for the man's world. He craves the society of men and neglects his wife. Then comes the age long struggle of the sexes.

Born of conflicting temperaments and tastes, Lieut. Symone and his beautiful young wife, Margot, experience moments of tension tempered with love and happiness heightened by affection. The world-old struggle of the woman to hold her mate is told with exquisite artistry and charm. The infinite resource, the blandishments and feminine wiles of a brilliant and beautiful young woman are brought to bear with the softly compelling force which is the gift of the gods to the gentler sex.

In the end Margot wins her battle—or does she? Our readers must decide.

BE SURE AND GET THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS GREAT STORY!