

POOR COPY

PAGE EIGHT

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WOMAN DIRECTS HOME PURCHASES

Quick to Recognize Genius and
Sensible Men.—Her Weakness
as a Buyer

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments. Women are quick to recognize genius and to listen when wisdom speaks. They may chatter in the presence of fools, but know and appreciate the value of earnest, sensible men.

It is assumed that the Almighty made man as his masterpiece, and conceded being that he is, man accepted this statement as a piece of truth.

That the earth and all it contains were made for his special benefit, that woman was created solely for his comfort, that the sun was made to give him light by day and the moon to enable him to find his way home at night, that the heavens were hung with a resplendent curtain of stars and the planets sent whirling through space in a majestic dance about the god of day simply to afford him matter for wonder and amusement—ideas of this sort evince an egotism that can only be accredited to man.

Masterpieces indeed! Why, God made man and, finding that he could not take care of himself, made woman to care of him, and she is discharging her heaven ordained duty in an artistic and capable manner.

Are Women the Weaker Vessels?
Men are fond of alluding to women as "the weaker vessels," and Pope calls "man the 'great man of things.'" Men rule with a rod of iron the creatures of the earth, the sea and the air. They hurl defiance in the face of kings and presidents. They tread the ocean's foam beneath their feet, they harness the imperial thunderbolts to the jaunting electric car and even succeed in mounting the storm and flying upon the wind, but the bravest of them tremble and like Cretans when called upon by their wives to explain some of their extravagant purchases, and for this reason many men deem themselves "the weaker vessels" and thereby shift the responsibility to them.

More Good Sense Than Men.
Women have more good sense than men. They have fewer pretensions, are less implicated in theories and judge of values more from their immediate and involuntary impressions on the mind and therefore more truly and naturally. It is said "men have sight, women insight." For these and many more reasons women make better shoppers than men.

Women regulate their purchases altogether by the amount they have to spend, men by the amount of credit they can get. Women like to put their money where it will do the most good; men where it will make the greatest show. Men are usually "broke" women very seldom. All of which goes to show that women are the "stronger vessels" after all.

Women Are Prone to Bargains.
Woman's weakness as a purchaser lies in her pronounced susceptibility to bargains. No man ever followed freedom's flag for patriotism with half the enthusiasm that woman will trail the red, white and blue that constitute the banner of the bargain counter. And therein lies her temptation.

This trait of woman's nature is recognized by the mail order and retail catalogue houses to the extent that nearly all of their misleading circulars and pictorial catalogues are addressed to the women. And the women, true to their natures, respond with many orders.

Their Spirit of Loyalty.
But if women are prone to bargains they are also possessed with the woman's spirit of loyalty to their own town and community when once they come to a full realization of the injury they are working both to themselves and their home merchants by sending their money away to some large corporation in a big city for goods that they can buy as cheaply and of much better grade at home and without the inconvenience necessitated by long delays when ordering from out of town merchants.

The Slogan of Woman.
Women not only make the home worth while, but they make the local town, the countryside and the whole community worth while. Wherever there is found a movement on foot for the uplift and betterment of community interests and conditions woman's power and woman's influence can always be found behind it. Woman's slogan is, "Purity of home, purity of community and the home town and home merchant forever."

The mail order patrons are not willfully and consciously in the wrong; they are merely mistaken. They are to use the language of a jokester of a dead century, trying to skin a flint worth a nickel and spelling a pack-knife worth a dollar.

DR. DE VAN'S FRENCH PILLS

Sold by White Drug Co.

I OWE MY LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

They Did Me More Good Than All
Other Treatments Combined



Mrs. H. B. Williams

PALMERSTON, Ont., June 20th, 1913.
"I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctors' bills. I was so sick and weak that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old stomach trouble and distressing headaches nearly drove me mad. Some time ago I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a consultation of their use. 'Fruit-a-tives' completely cured me."

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked me the reason. I replied, "I am taking Fruit-a-tives". He said, "Well, if 'Fruit-a-tives' are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can".

Mrs. H. B. Williams

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 60c. a box, 8 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PLAIDS IN SUBDUED TONES

Now it is plaid taffeta. You may not like the idea, but the one who tries to be a faithful chronicler of fashions must put them on as they come.

The brilliancy of squares and checks did not deter the multitude from giving them approval, and now that the dyes have learned to subdue the tones and take away their crudity, this effective gaiety is quite acceptable.

First came Roanoke striping, then broad brilliant plaid, then wide, solid colored checks. The public took to all of these, but it must be confessed that the minority and not the majority were followers. However, now that the dyes have learned to subdue the tones and take away their crudity, this effective gaiety is quite acceptable.

For instance, in quite attractive, and when combined with black or dark brown silk it makes a gown that is out of the ordinary.

Women are wearing the extra long tunic with enthusiasm. They like it very much. It is not as trying as the short hip drape, for it does not cut the figure sharply into two parts. As a good model, take this gown, worn by Miss Prevost in the play called "Madame" which has been such a success here.

There is a narrow undershirt of deep brown taffeta and over this a full, long tunic with a scalloped edge. This, like the full bodice, is of russet brown and green checked taffeta.

The entire style is agreeable and easy to wear for the majority of women. One can follow it out in any combination of colors, but the new tones are preferably in the russet shades that have lately come into high favor. They are a decided contrast to the gorgeous Russian and Turkish colorings that have prevailed, but it was high time that the dyes made a change. The Occidental cannot be as loyal to vivid tones as the Oriental, whose fashions have not changed for centuries.

For the last four years there has been a leaning toward the suit composed of two fabrics and two colors. The idea has always had a following among the elect and the indiscriminate, strange as this may seem. Possibly the reason was much the same in both cases; the rich woman could afford many clothes and the cheaply dressed woman desired many clothes.

The dominant class of woman between these two had to content herself with suits of one color that were not too easily observed from month to month.

The fashion never died out, yet it was never considered popular. Its critics said it could not last, because it was garish, and yet it has outlived many other fashions started at the same time.

This spring it is quite the thing to have a skirt of large checks in dull, undefined colors that melt into each other, and a jacket in a solid color that harmonizes with the skirt.

The two fabrics differ; one is usually of rough material like homespun serge or gabardine, and the other is of smoother cloth. When taffeta is used for one garment, it is often chosen for the other, although that ribbed material called golfie goes very well with it and there is a fine quality of serge that is admirable.

These plaid skirts have drapery of some kind. They are not made in the Turkish fashion of last autumn, although there are women who, preferring straight lines to horizontal ones, cling to this style with modifications. There is not so much drapery at the hips as there was in the original Calot skirt.

FIGHTING A BIG ONE A Trout-Fishing Episode. By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

"Over yonder by dat rock," says Timmy Tabb, my half-breed guide, squinting his beady eyes across the white-manned stream, "feller fish here last year catch a six-pound trout, him."

"Oh, he did, did he?" I observe caustically. For over an hour I have been trying, without success, to plant my Ranger fly in the centre of an eddy forty yards out, against a wind that makes accurate casting an impossibility. Perhaps I consider Timmy's remark something of a reflection on my skill. I certainly resent being told what another angler was able to do, and much minding with guides has made me sceptical of everything they say regarding fish and fishing grounds.

"He weigh six pound," repeats Timmy Tabb gently, "and one other big un get away, him. Dat feller no good on play fesh, lak you."

I allow the compliment to mollify me. I grin down at Timmy, crouched in the stern of the canoe, and throw him my tobacco pouch. He fills his pipe, black eyes still fastened to the almost perpendicular wall of rock that splits the current in mid-stream.

"We'll go across if you like," I say after he has lit up.

"Sure ting." Up comes the anchor and we shoot, the sharp prow of the canoe clipping the churning teeth of the rapid and flinging beads of foam in my face as we run the gauntlet and strike the smooth water in the lee of the rock.

"Theer bagosh," grunts Timmy Tabb, as he lowers the anchor, "you able cast all right now, some; win' she fair, eh?"

"Wind's fair, Timmy," I answer.

"Here goes for that big chap that got away from the 'older feller'."

My Amer. fly, led by Timmy's squaw-wife—one of the most adept fly-tiers I have ever known, by the way—zigzags across the brown tongue of water between the teeth of the rapid like a live thing. "Nothing doing," I answer to the question in Timmy's eyes. My guide snokes furiously while I reel in the balance of my line.

"Try um some more," he grunts, and catching Timmy's enthusiasm, I do "try um some more." "Spack," falls the fly close to the wall of rock; "zee-ree" whines the reel, then "amack."

"Bagosh," exults Timmy, leaning over on his knees and reaching for the landing net, "you get heem sure; what I tell you?"

"I've got him all right, but can I hold him? That's the question. I know by the way he bellys the bottom and reel, it's a pretty sure sign, that. He rushes straight towards the canoe, and I'm kept busy reeling in; then 'awish-swish'—he has sighted us, and is off. In the first mad rush, of which I know from experience there will be several before he can get him under control.

I tremble for my tackle. I am using a nine-foot split bamboo rod and the lightest silk line procurable. All of the latter, except a few turns, is out before I am able to turn the big fellow; then he comes back like a flash, I reel in frenziedly. Twenty feet away from the canoe the big fellow half shows himself, then down he goes again, and once more I fight him and shudder to think what will happen when he gets all my line.

But once more I am lucky. I have about three feet of line left on the reel, when he turns and flashes across towards the rapid. This brings him closer to us, and I gain a part of my line. Amer. dash and I find it less hard to turn him. He is rising. Timmy Tabb grunts his joy and says unmentionable things in the French tongue. "Now, Timmy," I say, and reel the big fellow slowly towards the canoe. Timmy tries with the net and misses, and once again the trout is away, fighting almost as strongly as ever.

Twenty minutes later we lift him into the boat. He has fought to the finish and killed himself on the line. Timmy fumbles for the scales in the kit and weighs him while the vermillion spots on his sides are still aglow.

"Look," he says, pointing to the little brass indicator. I bend down and look. "Six and three-quarters, Timmy," I say. "Some trout, eh?"

"Bagosh, I know dere big trout stay here," says Timmy. "Last year a feller catch one weigh six pounds, him." Twilight is falling. The blue-white mists are rising above the flashing waters, and above the shaggy wooded bank rests a long streak of mauve and crimson. Below it the great forest sweeps like a sombre cloud, through which dips out to greet us as we paddle shoreward the red eye of our campfire.

LIBERAL WON BY ACCLAMATION

No Tory Opposition in Bonaventure Bye-Election.—Restigouche Navigation Open at Last

Dalhousie, N. B., May 8.—Yesterday at Bonaventure county, J. Fabien Burfield, barrister of New Carlisle, was returned by acclamation as a supporter of the Gouin government.

The opening of navigation here is the latest on record. The Restigouche river is only free of ice since yesterday. The Dalhousie Lumber Company have had to tow the ice away from their booms. The first vessel of the season arrived in port last evening, the steamer R. C. Call from Carleton, P. Q.

The first steamer, the Canada, of a new line of boats to be run between

herring are reported plentiful at Bay Chaleur points.

LIEUT. BECKER'S BROTHER IN TROILS

New York, May 8.—Police Lieutenant John Becker, brother of the ex-Lieutenant Charles Becker, whose second trial for the murder of Hermann Rosenthal, will begin in the Supreme Court on Wednesday morning, has been named by Carl Dressner, the confessed perjurer, as "the master behind the plot to free the four gunmen who shot Rosenthal."

It was John Becker according to Dressner, who "manufactured" the tissue of lies, which Dressner placed before Justice Scott on April 11th, two days before the gunmen were electrocuted. It was John Becker, according to Dressner, who promised him a reward for his services and who sent him to the law offices of Charles G. Kringle and Lionel H. Kringle to swear to the false affidavits which were sent to Governor Glynn as a part of the papers in the gunmen's final appeal for clemency.

Dressner has put his charges against Lieut. John Becker in the form of an affidavit, which is locked up in District Attorney Whitman's safe. He repeated the contents of the affidavit yesterday to a group of newspaper men in the tomb. The District Attorney, it is understood, has corroborated for Dressner's remarkable story and will take criminal action after the second Becker trial.

Dressner's reward according to his affidavit and statements, was to have come directly from ex-Lieut. Charles Becker, the man indicted for the murder of Rosenthal. The amount of reward was not stated in specific figures, but Dressner understood that he would be well taken care of.

NOX A GOLD 108 WHILE YOU SLEEP

The most remarkable Cough and Cold remedy known to science. For all lung and throat trouble it has no equal. 25c and 50c per bottle, at all drug stores. The White Drug Co., special agents.

A CLEAN TOWN

A clean town means first a healthy town. A healthy town is an efficient town. An efficient town is bound to be a prosperous town.

A clean town means more business and more money in banks. A clean town means prosperity and more opportunities for work. Naturally, all these favorable conditions center their benefits in the homes of the people.

All this is not to be gained by waking up for a week and then going to sleep again. To clean up is only the first step forward. To keep clean is the way to reach the goal.

"Gee! I had an awful fright last night."

"Yes, I saw you with her."

"Yes, I saw you with her."

Coupon Graphic Automobile Contest

To Contest Editor, Graphic.

Enclosed is \$ for which please send the Graphic to the address below and enter for

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Address
This is a Subscription

Many Doctors Eat



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES Every Morning

Good Dress Geos Hand in Hand With Good Manners

Let your raiment be neat and chosen with taste. It should be stylish but not at the expense of comfort. Choose fabrics of character and put your trust in

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It was appropriate seeking the utmost perfection he should the diamond. He more than 2,500,000, always lovable, sweeter, stronger tone.

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