

# Campbellton Graphic

The Graphic Ltd., Publishers.  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
G. B. ANDREWS, Manager

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Campbellton, N. B. Feb. 22, 1917.

Our Canadian boys have won an immortal name on the fields of France. New Brunswick has not been doing as well as a Province of Canada in doing her share. The name for bravery and gallantry has not been won without effort and sacrifice. If those boys had failed; if when the critical moment of charge had come, they had run or played false, when would we have the victory—the pride in their heroism. But no funk, no flinching away—the brave fellows set their teeth and while "all the world wondered", won for New Brunswick and Canada undying fame.

Next on Saturday next we have as eventful a contest as was fought in Flanders. And all Canada stands watching. British Columbia spoke when the opportunity offered. Manitoba and indeed every Province of this dear old Canada has at the earliest opportunity spoke their disapproval of dishonesty and graft and mismanagement in the handling of public affairs.

What better if our sons shed their blood to preserve the honour and integrity of our land, if the fathers and brothers at home sell the heritage that the brave ones are fighting for, for a "mess of pottage" by electing an unworthy party at the polls on Saturday next.

One ballot wrongly cast may ruin the whole province. We appeal to you to pause and consider before casting your ballot and when you have considered you will vote to turn out that old administration and vote into life and power a government who will honestly and fairly look after the interests of a free people.

In taking a careful survey of the county to-day it is apparent that a majority of the ratepayers have decided to vote for a new party. A majority of the electors are convinced that we do not want the friends of Fleming who perpetrated the biggest steal ever witnessed in the Province to any longer be at the head of affairs. Still the Government friends say that at the close of the polls on Saturday night there will be a majority of votes cast in this county for the friends of B. F. Smith, the man who almost became a rich man out of the profits gotten from the sale by him of the potatoes to a government who bought from Smith at a nice profit, those potatoes intended for a starving people—a nice little scheme of charity this, to make B. F. Smith wealthy for all time out of the profits of charity. But he got caught at it by the Opposition and gave some of it back. Now these are the people who will be returned to power on Saturday next, some say, notwithstanding to-day it is conceded on all sides that the majority of the electors of this County favour the Opposition. How will they try to bring it about. Men of Restigouche—yea, women too! watch their movements. They the Government, pose as prohibitionists!—watch them

as the days go by. Are they seeking to honour and uplift the electors of this sterling old County or are they planning to debauch and disgrace our fair name. Electors of Restigouche County you are being observed as well as are the friends of the Government and to you is committed the honour of Restigouche.

These are days of crisis and history. A little question is given to you upon which to think—the issue seems small and immaterial. A little spring in the source of the Great Father of Waters, the Mississippi river. The little question before you is how are you going to cast your ballot. Take the question home, electors, to your family and use it as an object lesson with which to teach your family, honour, fair-dealing and purity. Tell your family that there are two parties seeking election—one party has been in power for eight years, the other is a new untied party, who appear before the public with a scheme for governing the Province in some respects very different from that of the other—a party who promise a fair, clean, honest government.

Tell your family that the party who have been in power for eight years, have friends who during the eight years, got money—a large quantity of money—in a way, that if the same manner of getting the money had been practised in private life, the party so practising would have been before the courts. Tell them further that this offence is excused and condoned by the party, that large sums of money have been diverted by this party for the use of the Government to the needs and uses of certain election funds—tell them of the profits made by friends of this Government party on bridge contracts—in fact talk over the situation and advise with your family as to whether this evil should be corrected and how. Would it be better to say nothing about this so-called mismanagement or to speak out for a cleaner, honest way of doing things—and the answer will be—assuredly let us do what we can to bring about a change—and so vote for a change.

## MR. D. A. STEWART

AND THE GRAPHIC  
Mr. D. A. Stewart, M. L. A., has gone out of his way, both privately and publicly to attack the editor of the Graphic, and has accused us of many things which are entirely false. If we were so disposed we could truthfully answer in kind as to some of Mr. Stewart's actions as a private citizen, but it is not Mr. Stewart, private citizen, who is on trial, but Mr. D. A. Stewart, M. L. A., and as a representative of the people his public acts are certainly open to criticism.

When the elections were announced it was agreed among the Opposition managers that petty personalities would be eliminated and this has been done so far as the Opposition speakers and press are concerned.

We wish to assure Messrs. Stewart and Culligan that personally they are not on trial, but as members of the discredited local administration they are up before the jury and that jury is not a partisan one solicited by a partisan sheriff but the honest electors of Restigouche who will deliver their verdict on Saturday, Feb. 24th.

All the personal abuse they can shower upon the Graphic on the Graphic's editor will not strengthen their cases, but rather tend to weaken it.

When politicians fall out, the people get their due.

(Contributed)  
Scene—The same Baron's Castle—in the same locality, but no money bags in evidence and no road machine. Baron—Musing in a sorrowful attitude—And to think they would not allow me to speak.

ME—in my own town, almost on my own door-step.  
ME—who am the head and brains of this whole party. And I was burning with eloquence, I could have electrified that audience.

A knock at the door disturbs His Highness.  
Enter silently—Heads, chiefs, office boys and funkeys belonging to the party—one a most distinguished looking foreign individual with long hair, almost inclined to curl at the ends with a well fed look, whose eyes roam round the room as if in search of some thing and with a disappointed cast of the eye at the absence of certain things from the room.

Sir Knight—Impulsively breaks the silence—Isn't it too bad—and he could have told them how things were done in Dorchester and to think they wouldn't let him open his mouth—that dear little fat mouth that would

have uttered pearls—and there was a tremor in the voice of the Sir Knight that appealed to the Baron, who breaks in—

Sir Baron—And they wouldn't let me speak either—ME—And this also terminated tremulously.  
Sir Knight—from the lower end of the County—Never mind boys! I had plenty of time to speak and I guess I gave them something to think about, I opened up affairs of state, and I told them just exactly what majorities we would get, I guess the people of Restigouche after Saturday last cannot say that I cannot express myself on public matters. I conclude that I made a speech worthy of an Honourable Member.

Sir Knight—Contractor—I guess I'm no slouch at speech-making either. I guess I showed what was the better politician, Me or Harry Anslow—I'll bet you'll be an Honourable too before long.

Sir Baron—Enough about speeches—But what are we going to do—the people are all set on turning us out—unless something is done.

Sir Knight—Contractor—Us out—it isn't you that is running—maybe if you weren't so officious running round with your pencil in your hands we would be better off.

Sir Knight—Tribune—Breaking in—I guess I fixed the Presbyterians on Currie—He was to church on Sunday alright, but the people all the time kept looking at me and Stewart and never bothered with him.

Sir Baron—Yea and they looked at you in Dalhousie on Saturday—and if you hadn't shut your trap sudden they would have pulled your head off.

Sir Knight—Tribune—Sitting silently—Where have all those bags gone to—When I was in Dorchester, we had plenty of bags and they did great things for us.

Sir Baron—I put them away. They didn't bring you much of a majority in Dorchester—Some of them up there took the money all right and then voted all the same for the other party, and that is what the people will do—I'll look after those bags myself. If any one wants anything out of a bag send him to me—I tell you "I bear the bag."

Sir K. Caribou—Where is that big road machine?  
Sir Baron—Oh, that! Some one has carried that down to Dalhousie and stuck it down one of my "wells."

It has choked the Tribune man, and it has choked my well and it may choke the party—But to Sir—K.

from Montreal, you got to do something—What are we paying you for—Sir K.—Bah! You fellows make me sick. You had better all go on a visit to your mother-in-law—The people have too much brains to be fooled any longer by you fellows! You are no good and the people know it—Your party is rotten and will hardly hold together until election day—You can't fool the people all the time—They don't want your wiakey and if they do take your money, they will take it and vote for the Opposition just the same—I'll tell Sevigny when I go home that the day of judgement will strike the conservative party in New Brunswick on Saturday the 24th Feb'y.

Sir K. Caribou—Appears and cleans out the room—

THAT CONCRETE JOB.  
Mr. D. A. Stewart says that he was not to blame for the imperfect concrete job in the side-walk—that it was the fault of the Government—The Graphic only said this was a thing. We found no fault with D. A. Stewart's private citizen—it is with D. A. Stewart as a representative of a P. K. Government that we take exception to.

A PROHIBITION WORKER.  
On enquiry to the Clerk of the Executive at Fredericton, the information is gained that Mr. Henry Cormier, Proprietor of the International hotel, has made application for a wholesale liquor license under the Prohibition Act which comes into force May 1st next. Mr. Henry Cormier has signed Mr. D. A. Stewart's nomination paper. Someone had better ask Mr. Stewart, immediately, if he will recommend the issuing of a wholesale license under the Prohibition Act to Mr. Henry Cormier.

BE A 100 PER CENT MAN  
The facility, intelligence, and technical ability of each and every member of an organization in disposing of the various tasks coming under their department fixes the quality of productive Service of that plant and determines its prosperity. Scientific Training will enable you to contribute your Share to the Success of the business. Hundred per cent. men are demanded. Self-interest, Self-preservation discovers your need of training. Heed the warning. Be a 100 per cent. man! We can start you.

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February is the month the wise woman takes to do the bulk of her sewing. She will then have more leisure to enjoy the fine spring days that are due in March and April.

Fine Lawns, Nainsooks, Lucile Cloth, and very pretty New Lace, Embroideries and Edging for the woman that delights in making her own underwear.

Very latest in Voiles, Printed Chiffons, Batistes, Piques, Tolly Varden Crepes, Organdies, etc.

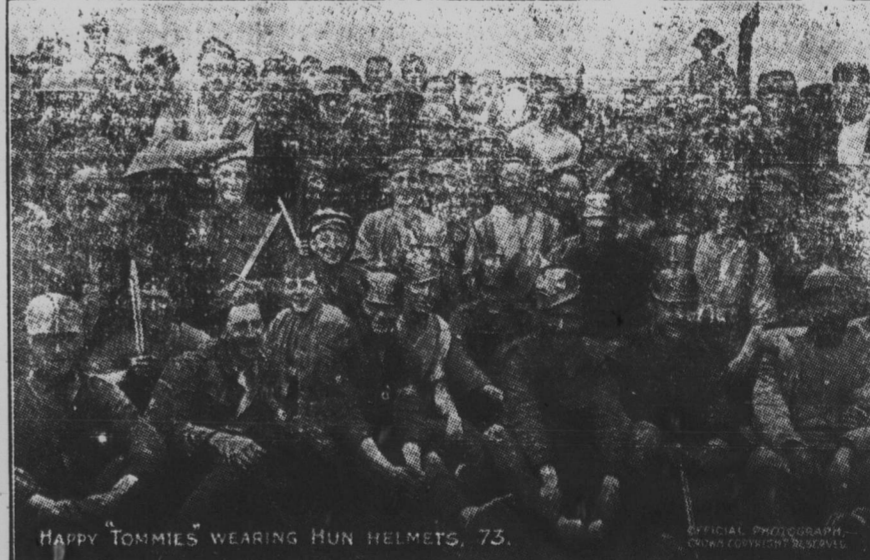
Big range of Cretonnes, Curtin Muslins, Furniture Coverings, etc. We are showing something new in Curtin Muslins with drapes attached.

### Grocery Department.

Oysters, 75c. pail.  
Cooking Apples Gravenstein 4 doz. for 25c.  
Del Monte Spinach 3 lb. tins 25c.  
Turner's Port, quart bottles 25c.  
Raspberry, Strawberry and Plum Jam 4 lb tins 50c.

## Geo. G. McKenzie Co'y, Ltd.

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## BATTLE OF THE SOMME

The Battle of the Somme Picture will be shown at the Campbellton Opera House, 2 nights next week, FEBRUARY 28th & MARCH 1st. TWO SHOWS EACH NIGHT AT 7.30 and 8.45.

AND AT DALHOUSIE 1 NIGHT ONLY, FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH, 2nd.

THE PRICES IN BOTH CAMPBELLTON AND DALHOUSIE WILL BE 15c. FOR CHILDREN - - - 25c. FOR ADULTS

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