

The Campbellton Graphic

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THE CURRENT TAXES

The Council in dealing with this much discussed problem, have made a very fair assessment and one that should commend itself to all thoughtful people. It must be remembered that the last assessment made was only a stop gap, the sum assessed viz \$12,000 being only for immediate needs and did not attempt to take up the back debt of the town in any way. As a matter of fact at that time there was an overdraft of \$12,000 which was not taken into account in the slightest and which now stands at over \$16,000, so that we may say we have carried on the affairs of the town since last July on \$16,000. This seems very reasonable. Now as to the current assessment which is for \$30,000, when we remember this overdraft of \$16,000 it means that our city fathers are endeavouring to run the business of the town at the lowest possible cost, for after the overdraft is paid it means only \$14,000 are left to carry on the affairs for a whole year. There is no doubt whatever that the total should have been much larger, but looking to the condition of our pockets the council wisely kept their figures at the lowest possible. There is much therefore which should be done will not be thought of, and the ratepayers will have to remember that we must "cut our coat according to our cloth." The assessors will no doubt have grave difficulty in deciding the best means of dealing with the assessment, owing to the failure of our proposed legislation dealing with this subject, and we would suggest to them that the fairest way for all would be to tax the land at its full value and the buildings or improvements thereon at half value. On this basis therefore the estimated figures would work out as follows:

Full value of land	\$140,000
Half value of buildings	500,000
Assessable income	200,000
Personal property	100,000

Total assessable value \$2,200,000

Taking these figures the rate would come out somewhere near to \$1.40 per cent, which by the way was the exact figure for the assessment for 1910 which was not collected. On the other hand if the procedure of last summer is followed i. e. that of taxing half value of real estate the estimated figures would work out in this way.

Half value of land	700,000
Half value of building	500,000
Income	200,000
Personal property	100,000

Total value \$1,500,000

making the rate \$2.00 per cent.

In the face however of the fact that many of our large buildings were put up on the understanding that exemption of improvements from taxation would go through, we think it would be well to give them the benefit of the half rate and tax the full value of the land, thereby making the real holder of real estate pay the encumbrance upon such. Many have held off from building who were able to do so, and although only half value was assessed on the land last year, the provisions of the assessment act are very clear as to the assessing the full value of land.

Looking at the assessment broadly therefore, the council have done well in this, and the assessors should or ought to have no difficulty in raising the amount required which under present circumstances is very reasonable.

Constable McRae, of the provincial police, visited a lumber camp three miles from Charlton, Ont., and arrested a man named Walsh, a river driver from New Brunswick, charged with incendiarism in connection with the burning of Chas. Charlson's house. The prisoner is said to have threatened Charlson. The accused was held for trial.

The presumably overwhelming majority that gave President Diaz his last re-election does not seem to be in the field fighting for him.

THE CLOSING DAYS

A Toronto Daily last week contained a despatch from a neighbouring city that aged 101 years had gone to the County Industrial Home, there to end his days, and he is said to have gone at his own request. But how the report startled us, that a man after fighting the battle of life for over one hundred years should end his days in a poorhouse! The despatch further stated that the old gentleman had a son of seventy-five and two grandsons of over fifty living in the same County. Naturally, the reader would think it strange that so old a man could have been necessary. But if the inner history were revealed that the son and grandsons are in almost as bad a plight as the old man, and that he preferred to go to the poorhouse rather than add to their burdens. The case is a pathetic one, but it is not unique—you hear of such every day—and the whole story emphasizes how terrible is an old age of penury, and how important it is that we should regard youth as the springtime which soon departs, and wherein we ought to plant and sow all provision for a long and happy life. If the old gentleman had been in receipt of a Canadian Government Annuity of only \$200 his presence in the home of the son or grandson would have been a boon rather than a burden, and the cozy-corner would no doubt, have been kept for him. He may have been a sober and industrious youth, but he had no system of investment which was absolutely safe, and which would yield him a bountiful return for the amounts which he might from time to time save; and so his money was spent or lost as fast as it was earned. But there is no such excuse for the boys or girls, men or women, of Canada to-day, for by the Canadian Government Annuities Act they are provided with a system by which their savings will be taken care of and invested by the Government, and under which they will receive a return larger than it would be possible to secure from any other safe investment, because when the Annuity begins each payment absorbs a portion of the interest thereon, and if the Annuity lives the average number of years he may be expected to live he will get back all that he had paid in with accumulated interest at 4 per cent. If he lives beyond this period, the Annuity will not cease but will be continued to him every three months so long as he may live. The plan is available at any Money Order Office in Canada. The Postmaster will give you a booklet which will explain the system, and which for information as to what you need do is written by Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, postage free, giving him your age last birthday, and he will advise you by first mail what this will be. Remember that it is the only absolutely safe plan by which your old age may be made free from anxiety, and happy and comfortable, and that it is the only sure plan by which a wage-earner or person on small salary can provide for the rainy day.

Church union is approved by Toronto West district of the Methodist church by the overwhelming vote of fifty to eight. Toronto West is the largest district in Canadian Methodism, comprising some twenty-five churches many with large membership, so that its pronouncement is regarded as quite significant and representative.

After trying to cure the grip by fasting for fifteen days a Toronto man died of starvation. Another evil result of fast living.

UNWRITTEN LAW RECOGNIZED

On the 9th a London (Ont.) jury acquitted W. S. Heslop, who attacked and stabbed Jas. B. Fowler whom he found alone with his wife, Fowler was seriously hurt. The judge severely reprimanded the jurors for neglect of duty.

Captain Bunn

He Made a Change in the Name of N. B.

By CLARRISSA MACKIE. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Captain Benjamin Bunn scrubbed down the deck of the *Lovely Eva*, opened the cabin windows wide to the fresh breeze blowing across the bay, hustled the coffee pot on to the little stove in the spotless galley, planted the frying pan beside it and then went and sat on the bowsprit and waited for the baker's boy to bring the breakfast rolls.

The *Lovely Eva* lay in wooden cradles just above high water mark. Salt grass and the white sandy beach formed her garden plot. Beach plum trees, pungent bayberry bushes and, in season, the tall plant with tallmallow clustered about her black hull.

Above deck all was shipshape. In summer comfortable chairs and a table under a sail awning made an open air lounging place for Captain Bunn and his associates. In winter they gathered about a glowing stove in the cozy cabin.

While the coffee frothed in the pot and the bacon sizzled crisply in the pan in the galley, wheels crunched down the beach road, and the baker's wagon rolled down on the sand, turned and went better skelter back again under the bow of the *Lovely Eva*.

Several hours passed in this congenial idleness, while the sun mounted higher and the beach became a blazing white stretch. A woman stepped slowly onto the sand holding her lilac print skirts primly above her neat shoe tops. She wore a wide lilac sun-bonnet, and her bright brown hair and fresh, youthfully pretty face were framed in it like a pleasant picture. Her brown eyes changed expression as she came upon the busy captain in the lee of the sailboat.

"Lovely—lovely, Miss Willie?" chirped the captain delightedly. "Tell me how she looks—fine as silk, eh?"

"It looks beautiful, captain," said Miss Willie Deems critically. "It shines like a frosty cake. What have you named her?"

"Nothing—as yet," returned the captain unthinkingly.

"What are you going to name her?" insisted Miss Willie.

"I haven't thought of a name. I've been trying to think of something pretty."

"I must say I'm interested in what you're going to call your new boat," said Miss Willie. The captain's blue eyes met hers in puzzled inquiry. "I dare say—I dare say," he murmured, looking away from the lilac sun-bonnet. "I never was good at naming a boat, Miss Willie."

Miss Willie turned elegantly and surveyed the nautical home of Captain Bunn with a quizzical eye that lingered on the name painted in small gilt letters under the bow. "So long as you've named the ship after Eva Raymond, you ought to name the sailboat after somebody else."

The color spread under the gray whiskers, mounted to his forehead and disappeared under the peak of his white duck cap. He removed his pipe and waved it fiercely in the air, his eyes blazing ominously.

"Eva Raymond?" he snorted. "Who said I'd named the ship after her?" "She said so," returned Miss Willie complacently, "and Evangeline Cook says it was named after her, and Eva-Ann Taylor says it was named for her; they all three fit it out five years ago at the missionary society, and they're not through talking about the mean things that was passed to and fro to this very day. They hate each other like poison, all on account of the naming of that sloop!"

"That sloop's been named *Lovely Eva* for the last ten years."

"But what you going to name the new boat?" asked Miss Willie sweetly. Captain Bunn crunched through the sand until he stood beside Miss Willie. "I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, Miss Willie. I thought maybe I could say it better out on the bay with a good stiff breeze filling the sails and the water running under the keel of the new boat. I've thought of a name for the boat, but I wanted you to suggest it." He was looking very red and uncomfortable. Indeed, but his square shoulders were set youthfully erect, and his handsome face was deadly in earnest.

Miss Willie saw all this through her long eyelashes, and her voice was a little shaky as she replied: "Being as the big boat is called *Lovely Eva*, why don't you name the new one *Beautiful Eva*?" And the skipper you can call *Lovely Eva*. Then the whole three would be satisfied. That's my suggestion."

"Then you believe I named the big boat after one of them women?" he demanded. "I haven't thought much about it," lied Miss Willie carelessly. "They're your boats. Name 'em to suit your self."

"All right, Miss Willie. Then I shall call the new boat *Williamina* after you, because, you know, Miss Willie, I was going to ask you to change us and come and live here with the Rev."

"The captain's head went round as Miss Willie's slender shoulder with a creeping touch."

Her face grew pink with the quiet intensity. What a change the quiet

home on the beach would be to her, the village dressmaker, whose days were spent in going from house to house and whose ears were wearied with much gossip and whose eyes were tired of flashing needles and the whir of the sewing-machine! What a blissfully happy existence would be hers in the snug shelter of the sloop, with its perfect arrangements for housekeeping, the indulgent captain for a husband! And—here Miss Willie's head dropped—there was nobody quite so lovable as Captain Benjamin Bunn! That was Miss Willie's carefully guarded secret, that and her jealousy of the three Evas of Little River village. Her face grew quite pale again as she shook off Captain Bunn's hand.

"I couldn't live in a house or a boat that was named after another woman. You can see how they'd all talk, especially if they didn't marry you themselves," she said resolutely.

"Marry me themselves!" roared the captain. "You don't mean them three women wanted to marry me?"

Miss Willie nodded proudly. "Every one of 'em has laid claim to you ever since you sailed into harbor with *'Lovely Eva'* painted on the sloop."

"She had that name when I bought her down to Rockport. What can I do? It's bad luck to change a boat's name," said the captain helplessly.

"Perhaps you'll think it good luck not to change it," retorted Miss Willie stiffly, once more turning away. And this time Captain Bunn did not detain her.

He watched her with grave blue eyes from which all the happiness had fled until her lilac skirts had fluttered around a pile of great boulders, and then, with a long sigh, he picked up his painting materials and trudged up to the sloop.

The result of a long meditation was visible the next morning when Captain Bunn rigged a small scaffolding and swung himself to a seat under the bow of the *Lovely Eva*. Cheerfully he worked, and he sang lustily the choruses of "Eva Bowditch." It was a short job, but one requiring delicacy and skill. When it was finished he performed a similar operation on the port bow and then hurried to the stern, where he stood on a barrel and carefully repainted the words *Lovely Eva* that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

Then he flew down to the sailboat and with loving care lettered the name of "Williamina B." on stem and stern.

He had finished his work and was fresh and clean in a suit of white drill when a man came along the beach from Little Village. He was the editor of the weekly newspaper.

"Good morning, captain," he hailed cheerfully. "I received your message about the new boat, so I've come down to have a look at her. A beauty, isn't she?" He stood still and examined the boat with a critical eye.

"I think she's pretty fine, Mr. Brown. I'll take you out tomorrow. Perhaps we can get a few lines outside, eh?" The captain beamed happily. Everything would be well now, and in the distance he could see Miss Willie Deems picking her way down the beach toward him.

"Makes the old sloop look some shabby," he remarked, calling attention to the boat on the sand above them.

Mr. Brown turned and looked at the sloop. He squinted long at her and then went up closer. "What's the matter with her name, captain? I thought—"

He turned a puzzled look on the captain, who was watching him with twinkling eyes.

"What is the matter with her name?" repeated Captain Bunn innocently.

"Why, I thought her name was *Lovely Eva*, but, by George, it's *Lovely Eva*!"

The captain laughed. "It's always been *Lovely Eva*—quiet name, isn't it?—but somehow the first stroke of the 'r' wore off and left a 'v.' It's never been painted back again till awhile ago. You see, that's her real name."

"Now that's quite a joke," mused Mr. Brown with eyes minutely reminiscent of two spinsters and an ambitious widow who laid claim to the name of Eva. "I wonder if you'd object to my writing that up for the paper. I never heard the sloop called anything except *Lovely*, although I guess it's been mighty lonely sometimes."

"Write her up; write her up!" agreed the captain heartily, with a wave of his hand to the departing editor.

He saw Mr. Brown greet Miss Willie with great deference, and then he stood quietly waiting until she reached his side.

"I expect I'm acting like a fool over the name of that boat," she began hurriedly, when Captain Bunn's pointing finger brought her to an abrupt pause.

"Do you think any woman'll ever lay claim to having that sloop named after her, Willie? Any woman in Little River going to acknowledge her name to be *Lovely Eva*? Not on your life!"

Miss Willie saw and blushed and then laughed merrily. Then her face sobered. "I suppose it might seem an awful mean thing if you had ever been—had ever shown them any attention," she hesitated.

"I never did," asserted the captain stoutly. "Why, Willie, I never even called to see one of 'em. It's every-body out of it very neatly, I think. And now how do you like the name of the new boat?" He turned her about, and she looked at it in silence for a few moments.

Then happy tears filled her eyes. "Why—why have you named her *Williamina B.*, captain?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"It means *Williamina Bunn*. That's to be your name after this, eh, dear?"

In the shadow of the *Lovely Eva* Captain Bunn leaned over and kissed Miss Willie on the lips.

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