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**Campbellton Graphic**  
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MR. ANSLOW, J. G. MACCOLL, EDITOR.  
MANAGER

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Campbellton, N. B., July 29, 1915.

**THE ASSESSMENTS**

Notice has now been given that the Assessment Lists have been publicly posted and any objection to the Assessors rating must be made in writing to the Assessors within twenty days, otherwise according to law any objection made to the town council is not valid.

Citizens would be well advised to closely scan the lists and see what they are assessed on, as our attention has been drawn to the case of a ratepayer who was assessed \$100 on personal property, of which he had none which was taxable. On speaking to two of the assessors he was informed that they must have thought he owned a piano. They thought.

We were of the opinion that assessors were appointed and paid to assess on real estate, income and personal property of the citizens of the town. We were also of opinion that in the discharge of such duties it would be necessary for them to know if a ratepayer had any taxable property, and we presumed the correct way to do this would be to call on the ratepayer and see the evidence for themselves.

Apparently we are wrong. Judging from the case we have quoted it seems that the Assessors put down what they think the ratepayer should have in taxable property and put the onus on him of proving he hasn't. It is therefore of the greatest importance that every ratepayer should see at once what he has been assessed upon, and if there is any objection make it at once in writing to the Assessors.

**THE ANNIVERSARY**

Next Wednesday August 4th, will be the first anniversary of the declaration of war by Britain against Germany. We certainly hope and trust that there will be no second one, but in the meantime we can only "do our bit" as V. C. O'Leary says, and keep at it. We in Campbellton ought certainly to feel proud of the response to the call of King and country, for in no other district under one and the same conditions has such a splendid result from recruiting been obtained. Unfortunately full detailed lists of the volunteers from this town and district were never kept as many of the names of recruits were not given in to this office and many joined other units of the service, which were not enlisting here. It is safe to say that from the town of Campbellton a recruiting centre, over four hundred men have joined the colours, and of these more than half are our own town and county boys. We have not boasted this from the house tops, but we ought to feel proud of our community spirit, with or without aid or special methods we were able to enroll more than our required number asked for to the various contingents.

We have done well in recruiting and in this patriotic work, let us also send a large number of guns. Every citizen will have an opportunity to subscribe to the big public meeting which will be held in the Opera House next Wednesday evening. Will you do your bit?

Always the Same  
**PURITY FLOUR**  
Day in and Day out.  
Week in and Week out.  
Year in and Year out.  
Always the same.

**PUNISH THE GUILTY**

Manitoba's new Premier has declared the first duty of his government will be "to ascertain who are guilty and to punish such according to law." In New Brunswick some, at least, of the guilty stand self-convicted. All that is asked of the government is "to punish such according to law." Men who resort to such despicable thieving methods as padding pay rolls by putting children on the lists and forging receipts are deserving of no consideration. In the courts of the province their cases should be judged without fear or favor, and punishment meted out in accordance with the evidence. No political or party influence should be permitted to shield those proven guilty of wrongdoing, and no political or party influence should be used to prevent a full and complete exposure. Premier Clarke and Attorney General Baxter, as the responsible officers of the government, have a difficult and unpleasant duty to perform, and there is only one way in which it can be satisfactorily performed. The disgrace brought on New Brunswick by the exposure of the last year makes imperative the application of the only remedy that can be relied on to prove salutary. Corruption in public life will never end unless a wholesome public opinion sustains those in authority in taking both punitive and preventive measures.—St. John Globe.

**A GOOD EXPLANATION**

There is now a good explanation for the disgraceful condition of the public roads in Gloucester County. One road in particular, and that mentioned in the N. B. Government guide, is impassable. That is the road from Tracadie to Pokesaw village via Burnsville, about 30 miles long. The first part of the road is very rough, being badly cut up, but the road leaving Burnsville is impassable for cars, and it is necessary to procure a team to haul cars through. The road is washed out for about a quarter of a mile. A few of the dollars stolen by grafters in the government road service in Gloucester would make a good road of this.

**A DISGRACEFUL ROAD**

The Tobacco road leading into Campbellton is in a disgraceful condition. Some efforts have been made to repair portions of it, but the mud heaped upon the centre of the road has been cut into deep ruts. A few letters to the editor, of which there is an abundance along the Tobacco brook, and the use of a drag, would greatly improve this road.

**EDITOR'S MAIL BAG**

The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of the Graphic. Letters to the editor will be published when signed not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The publishers reserve the right to refuse publication of letters.—Editor Graphic.

St. Anne de Restigouche, P. Q., July 27th, 1915.

Yesterday was the celebration of the Feast of St. Anne, which is generally observed here every year. It is worth mentioning that the day passed very quietly, considering the large attendance gathered here from the surrounding districts. Over two thousand people visited this place during the day. This is the first year that there were no arrests. There were made for disorders, as there was no occasion to do so. No Special Constables were appointed this year as is usual. Our two police here have maintained the peace wonderfully. Only three arrests were made and this happened far away from the church.

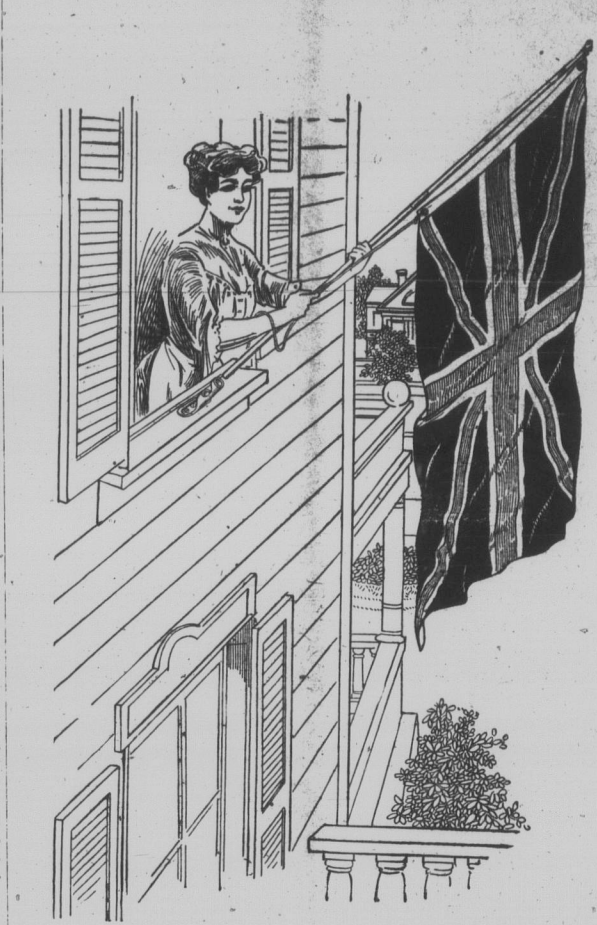
In fact it is worth mentioning that for some time back this place has changed a good deal. The people seem to have made a change for the better. This is probably due to the manner of our two police men going the right way about it, to check all disorders which may take place. The two men are well liked by both whites and Indians, and every one wishes to see them continue their good work and remain here for a long time. The people cannot wish for better.

**A RESIDENT.**

**RACING IN QUEBEC**

The fast Bathurst horses, Hal L. and Northern Jack were shipped on Saturday to the Province of Quebec, where they are racing this week at Sayabec and Anquet. Both horses are running in the free for all.

**FLY YOUR FLAG ON WEDNESDAY**



**FLAGS ON SALE HERE.**

**AN IMPOSTER'S TRICK**

The Cheerful Liar That Made a Fool of the Grand Monarch.

Louis XIV. was taken in once in a most humiliating way and by an imposter whose only art was lying. In 1667, just after he had returned from one of his most dazzling military successes against the Dutch, Louis le Grand received word that an embassy from Persia had just landed at Marseilles en route to the French court to bring salutations and presents from the shah. Pleased that his fame should actually have run around the world, he sent word that all the towns on the way from Marseilles to Paris should fete the ambassador.

As a result the journey to Paris was a march of triumph. Children sang and flowers were strewn along the way. Arrived at Paris, several regiments of the Swiss guard met the Shah's representative and escorted him to a magnificent suite in the old palace of the Tuileries. Louis sent not less a person than the Duc de Richelieu to welcome the potentate and invite him out to Versailles to a special reception in the hall of mirrors.

The ambassador presented himself as Riza Bey of the Persian court, and after showing his credentials advanced to kiss the hand of Louis le Grand and give him the Shah's congratulations on his recent victories. A caravan of presents from his imperial sovereign were on their way and would arrive in Paris in a few days, said the ambassador.

Festivals followed at Versailles. The boy received magnificent presents from Louis and royal entertainment. He lounged gracefully on divans at the French court and smoked in Persian languor. He gave the grand monarch a few fragments of opal and turquoise, saying that they came from a Persian district bordering on the Caspian Sea. The woods there were full of them, he explained, and he offered to divide with France—had planted the French flag there already, as it were!

As last the day came for the formal presentation of the Shah's gifts, and on that morning early Riza Bey melted into space. He was never seen or heard of again. "He had, as some one said, 'gone glimmering through the dream of things that were.'" The goods that he had left were worth, if anything, about 15 cents apiece, being glass.

There are 8,000,000 people in Canada and 8,000 on the Ottawa patronage list. One man in every thousand has a cinch. He is listed and privileged to make money at the expense of the rest.

**SHORT STORY.**

Arthur Raymond closed his books, and locking the door of his law office, went slowly down the street. His brisk step had lost its elasticity, and there were white streaks in his dark hair.

At the white gate of Hiram Tweedy's house, Arthur turned in and went up the path between the stiff rows of box. From the garden came the sickly-sweet smell of day lilies standing like white sentinels among their patches of bright green leaves. Hiram Tweedy was sitting on the narrow front porch smoking his evening pipe.

"How are you, Arthur?" he asked cordially.

"Good evening," responded Arthur, sitting down on the steps. "I don't suppose you've heard anything?" Hiram removed the pipe from between the thin line of his hard lips.

"None, not a word. I was telling Ella this morning that Amy was an ungrateful misanthrope. I'm really ashamed to own my niece."

"Hiram laughed raspingly.

"Well, Amy's such a little spitfire I just couldn't help it, now," he admitted. "Lord! I didn't expect the girl would flare up and run away. Why, she might run away from me if I show much sense in her to run away from her best fellow."

Arthur arose. "Well, if there's no news from her, I'll go on. I suppose

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

National Bank of Commerce, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The dream of things that were." The goods that he had left were worth, if anything, about 15 cents apiece, being glass.

There are 8,000,000 people in Canada and 8,000 on the Ottawa patronage list. One man in every thousand has a cinch. He is listed and privileged to make money at the expense of the rest.

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Good printing in your office is as "neat" as good clothes to the man. We can attend to the good printing part of your business. Phone or write your order today.

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you're making every effort you can to find out where she went," he added. "Of course I am, Arthur. She's my own niece, even if she isn't treated me right, returned Hiram in an injured tone. "Nobody knows what I've done for that girl."

"Amy has only lived with you two years," observed Arthur coldly. "Since her father's death, it has always been understood that Amy's help here has more than paid for her board."

"I'm the one who ought to know!" retorted Hiram irascibly.

Arthur turned without another word and went down the street, his head bent a little thoughtfully.

Hiram smoked on unconcernedly until a thin, sorrowful woman appeared behind the screen door hat led into the house.

"Was that Arthur Raymond?" she asked curiously.

"Yes—asking about Amy."

"He's a goose to bother about her," remarked Mrs. Tweedy, sourly. "She didn't care enough about him to stay here."

Hiram stilled her voice with a wave of his pipe.

"You better keep still, Ella; I heard what you said to Amy that night—I heard you telling her that Arthur Raymond was tired of her, and that he was sweet on that little Weeks girl! I expect it was that that drove her away—more than any of my teasings."

"The very idea!" quavered Mrs. Tweedy tearfully. "It's that last man—always blaming everything on his wife!"

"I know what you said, and I know what I said, and I know that the girl packed a few clothes and went away before we was up the next morning. Is supper ready?"

Arthur Raymond went toward his boarding place with the ever-present vague hope that in the gathering of good gossip around the hospitable board of Miss Milly Brown, he might hear some news about Amy. He was conscious that the Tweedys entertained a hostile feeling toward him. Why, he did not know; only he was aware of it.

His hopes were verified. It appeared that Miss Milly Brown's sister was the wife of the station agent, and that afternoon Miss Brown had made a long deferred call upon her relative. She came home primed with a bit of news that Arthur Raymond seized upon eagerly.

"The Tweedys are so close-mouthed about where Amy went it would make you laugh," remarked Miss Brown, as she ladled out generous portions of clam chowder. "Just as if folks weren't bound to find out sooner or later. My sister says that James told her that Amy Flood had gone to New York—she sold her ticket that morning. She went on the 7:07 train."

Arthur Raymond didn't listen to the remainder of the gossip. The magic words, or numbers, seven-seven, were an inspiration to him. Seven was his lucky number; without being superstitious on any other subject, Arthur stoutly claimed that the number seven was his mascot always; all through his life it had appeared at important periods. He had even been born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year 1877, and once, when he was quite young, he had declared he wouldn't marry until he possessed seven thousand dollars.

There was a tinge of irony in the fact that he now had the seven thousand dollars, but the only girl he wanted to marry had gone away without a word of farewell or explanation. But Miss Brown's news kindled his expiring hope of finding Amy Flood. The magic numbers seven-seven danced before his eyes as he hunted out a five-table and discovered with a thrill that the actress of the play had been seen.

So Amy Flood had left for New York on train 77 at 7:07 a.m.

"I'll find her," decided Arthur, and he made preparations to leave town on the same train early the next morning. All of which might have been superstitious nonsense, but at the same time it was very human.

Train 77 landed Arthur Raymond in New York city at noon of a hot July day. In the crowded railroad station he began to realize what a task he had set before him, but, clinging obstinately to his magic number, Arthur went to the nearest hotel, and after surprising the room clerk by requesting room 77 if it was vacant, he took his key and went in the elevator with a degree of satisfaction.

After lunch he started on his quest. How was he to pick out Amy Flood from a city of countless girls? To begin with, there were few fields of labor that Amy might be fitted for. She had no commercial training, so he would not seek for her in offices. She would either be working in one of the big shops or she would be sewing.

"I'll begin with the shops," decided Arthur, and, having compiled a list of the great dry goods firms from the city directory, he set forth.

His first day's work was discouraging. He had visited five shops and not one could host the name of Amy Flood on its payroll. Amys there were in plenty, but none answered his description. He was given courteous but not enthusiastic attention. Passing in and out of the shops, he looked wistfully for a fair face framed in hair which was frankly auburn.

The second and third days were as fruitless as the first. Arthur was beginning to lose hope. He even inserted an advertisement in the personal column of a morning newspaper, wording it carefully so that no inquisitive eye at home might detect its authorship.

The morning of the seventh day dawned with a "sea-breeze" on the coast with renewed zest. On this day of the magic number something might be expected to happen.

There was a big stone on Sixth Ave-

**TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what you kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me."

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 908 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

**The Other Case.**  
Beatrice, Neb.—"Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

one which he had not yet visited, and another one nearby which had declined to render him any assistance or to give him any information whatever. He would go there again and question some of the clerks. No one who had once seen Amy Flood could forget her—Arthur felt sure of that.

The Sixth avenue yielded no returns, so he paid a second visit to the other one. This time he did not seek the employment department, but his custom. He diligently visited every sales department of the store.

Red-haired girls bobbed before him from behind lace and ribbons, but not Amy. At last he stood dejectedly before the jeweller's counter, looking blankly at the glittering array of ornaments. Two of the salesgirls were talking.

"Number 77 is home sick," remarked one of them.

"She is! I'm sorry for her if she's left to old Goggin's care! Once I was sick for a few days and she charged me double board for sending Hilda up with my meals—satin, skin milk and burned toast and such—so you couldn't have told it from water except that they called it tea!"

"The poor kid's homesick, that's what's the matter with her," went on the first speaker in a kindly tone. "I says to her last night, 'Now, see here, 77, why don't you write home and tell your folks what you're up against—sure they'll send for you to come home.' What do you think she said? Said she didn't have any home—wouldn't intervene time by the purchase of that jar you? Most everybody's got some kin somewhere!"

Arthur was listening shamelessly. One of the girls noted his interest and stepped forward.

"Can I show you something, sir?" she asked.

"No—but you can tell me; you were speaking of a girl you called 77—that is her store number, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does her name happen to be Amy Flood?"

"Right! Are you some of her folks?" asked the girl bluntly.

For answer Arthur took out his watch and showed her Amy's fair face photographed on the inside case.

"That's her—that's 77!" cried the girl eagerly. "Say, she needs some of her folks—like enough Mrs. Goggin wouldn't let you in to see her, but wait till nighttime and you can go home with us, and then—well, I guess 77 will be mighty glad to see a home face."

Arthur thanked the kind-hearted girl and, having arranged to meet them at 1 o'clock, he tried to kill the an absurdly large basket of luxuries to tempt the appetite of an invalid.

Mrs. Goggin's hideous parlor witnessed a tender meeting. Amy, no longer white and wan, but a lovely rose pink with happiness, greeted the relieved young lawyer in a manner that quite relieved him.

"When the store gave me that number, 77," said Amy, "I remembered your superstition regarding it, and I thought something lovely must happen to me because of it—but the day went by and I began to believe that Aunt Ella was right after all—that you were fond of Made Weeks, and that your engagement to me galled you. But now it is all right! Oh, Arthur, how can we do honor to that precious number 77?"

"Well," said Arthur, "to-day is the 7th of July—the seventh month; he is also my thirty-seventh birthday. I believe we had better be married at 7 o'clock this evening to keep the magic number on the family records. I've been sewing up my wedding dress—round in my pocket for seven days, and if it isn't good we will go over to Jersey or somewhere else and find a minister to marry us. There!"

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