

The Campbellton Graphic

THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMPBELLTON NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1924

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We have also a beautiful range in greys, Prince of Wales check, fawns, browns, etc. in

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THE COST OF CARELESSNESS

Maritime Safety League Plans for Public Safety Should be Upheld

The Maritime Safety League has compiled an estimate of the accidents which resulted in death or serious injury in the Province of New Brunswick during the past seven months. Some startling facts have been brought forth that should demonstrate to the public the vital necessity of organized public safety work throughout our province.

Of the eighty-seven deaths due to various preventable causes, as listed below, drowning leads other causes by a margin. Thirty-seven lives have been saved by proper instruction and preventative measures at various beaches and rivers of New Brunswick. A particularly sad feature in connection with this frightful loss of life due to this cause is the fact that the victims were rarely more than twenty-five years of age. In fact the average age of the victims range from fourteen to twenty-four years.

Automobile accidents while accounting for seven fatalities resulted in no fewer than seventy-five cases of serious but non-fatal injuries. The property loss from this cause was of course enormous.

Burns also caused seven fatalities and led to the vast majority of deaths throughout Canada due to this cause affected children of ten years and under.

The necessity for the continuance of the splendid work already accomplished by the Maritime Safety League in our province, must be apparent to all public spirited citizens who have the welfare of the people of this province at heart.

It has been said that if the value of human life could be estimated in dollars and cents that each life is worth \$50,000 to the country. Past experience has definitely proved that approximately 80% of all public accidents such as are listed below could be prevented.

This being the case, it must be apparent, that aside from the humanitarian aspect of the situation which involves shattered lives and broken hearts, the actual monetary loss to the province and to the country is as enormous as it is needless.

Notes: These times more serious accidents occur on the streets and in the homes as compared to those which occur in industries.

About one-third of all public accidents involves the loss of life or serious injury of school children.

Accidents which resulted in death or serious injuries in the Province of New Brunswick during the last seven months.

Non-Fatal Fatal
By Accs. 8 7
Falls 5 24
Street Car 1 21
Fractures 3 8
Other External Vio. 2 7
Lumbering Accs. 7 7
Acc. Burns 6 7
Machinery 6 7
Other Crushings 6 1
Confignation 4 1
Firearms 4 15
Drownings 37 15
Explosions 4 4
Cutting Piercing 4 4
Acc. Poisoning 4 75
Electricity 2 8
Traffic Accs. (other than motor 15

Total Accidents 87 211

St. Octave de Metis

Mrs. Philias Boucher of St. Moise was the guest of her sister Mrs. Octave Roy Friday.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Levesque on the arrival of a baby boy Thursday Sept. 11th.

Mrs. Jules Gendron left on Friday's limited for Lewis enroute for Fall River, Mass., where she has been called to see her father who is very ill.

Mr. Etienne Roy is the guest of his father-in-law Mr. C. Pelletier.

Mrs. L. P. Beaulieu of Ste. Floreence and her children were the guests of Mr. J. Gendron last Sunday.

Mr. Ed. Hudon, merchant has returned from a business trip to Quebec and Montreal.

Mr. J. M. Gagnon left for Rimouski to continue his studies at the Seminary.

Mr. J. A. Love, School Inspector, was a visitor to St. Octave last week. A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Gagnon on Tuesday.

Mr. Albert Lavoie is spending a couple of weeks in Lac-au-Salmon as the guest of her sister Mrs. E. Roy.

RESENT IMPUDENCE OF U. S. OFFICIALS

Discourteous Treatment of Travellers by Immigration Officers Arouses Indignation.

St. John, Sept. 12.—One of the most prevalent topics of conversation at the present time in St. John, at least, is the discourteous manner in which persons planning to go to the United States are treated by the U. S. immigration officials. These gentlemen, it would seem, are inclined to confine their rudeness to ladies in particular. One evening this week a number of ladies happened during their conversation to discuss this subject and a number of experiences were brought to light which were thought worthy of publication. It is certainly too bad that the public generally should be kept in ignorance of the manner in which business is carried on by these officials, although judging by the stories told, little hope can be held out for any improvement.

One lady, who had been in rather poor health and was going to visit friends in Boston for a few weeks, was so bulldozed when she went to make her arrangements that she was obliged to postpone her trip for a day or two. On being informed that it was necessary for her to pay head tax, she asked where she would go to do so.

"The King Street office," she snapped.

"Yes, the King Street office," he answered. "Do you mean to say you live in St. John and don't know the American consul's office in King Street?"

She admitted that she did not, but could get no further particulars, as after leaving the office in Union street she made inquiries and found that the consul's office was located at Germain street.

Not Confined to St. John

Another lady, who was using her influence to assist a young American who had become stranded here to get back to his home and friends, was ordered to produce the birth certificate of the young man in question, and on being unable to do so, was accused of trying to get a Canadian admitted to the United States under false pretences. She explained the circumstances, giving full details of how he had come to Canada, and added, "You might at least have some mercy on one of your own citizens," and received the reply, "You can't prove him an American citizen and we are not here to show mercy to Canadians. This shameful treatment is not by any means confined to St. John. To conduct themselves in as nasty and officious a manner, as possible towards Canadians going to the U. S. seems to be a particular characteristic of many of the American immigration officials whose duties lie within the limits of the province of New Brunswick.

One Example

One case in particular excited much anger on the part of the passengers of the Boston train from St. John. A lady—a Canadian by birth, but married and living in the United States for several years—and her little girl of two had been spending the summer with her parents in New Brunswick and was returning home when she was taken from the train at Vancorbora and told that she could not enter the United States. Greatly astonished, she asked the reason, but was given little satisfaction, being simply told that she would have to return to St. John and go through the usual formalities.

She was not allowed to go to a hotel, but placed in a room with other persons and kept there until the incoming Boston train arrived the next morning, and she was given a ticket, marked "Canadian immigrant" and sent back to St. John. The most wretched feature of the occurrence was that the little girl had absolutely nothing to eat on the train until she reached McAdam the next morning, her mother being given no opportunity of procuring food for her.

Convinced at Last

Another case was related by a lady who with a friend was going to Houlton for the day. They simply bought their tickets and boarded the train. They expected to be questioned by the customs officials before entering American territory, as this is the usual custom crossing the line anywhere, but were rudely accosted by a couple of men in uniform and asked where they were going, why and for how long. They said they were going to spend the day with relatives and it had never occurred to them that they would be questioned.

They were then taken to their relatives and after spending a few hours they were taken to the railway station and told that they were not allowed to enter the United States. They were then taken to the railway station and told that they were not allowed to enter the United States.

DICTIONARY COST 26 YEARS WORK

Author Also Spent \$30,000 in It's Preparation According to Letter Written in 1823

New York, Sept. 16.—A letter written in 1823 by Noah Webster, author of the dictionary which is said to have prevented the United States from becoming a nation speaking many dialects, in which the writer refers to his plans to secure a reception for his work in England, has been given out by John Stuart Thomson, of Jersey City.

The communication, which is described as hitherto unpublished, was addressed to Charles R. Webster, a cousin of Noah's, and was found by Mr. Thomson among the papers of the cousin. It reads as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"I expected you would call upon me the morning you left New Haven, but you disappointed me, and I must write what I want to say to you. You must have heard that I have been many years in compiling a complete dictionary in our language. My researches have been laborious and extensive, and I think fruitful in discoveries. As I am drawing toward the conclusion of the work, I think of going to England next summer to revise and complete the work and to try to obtain a reception of it in that country. But my resources are too scanty for such an undertaking and I want to avail myself of all my extra means. I have on hand a new book of my own publishing, entitled 'Letters to a young gentleman concerning his education,' some of which I think may be sold in Albany. The retail price is \$1.75, the work being a thin octavo. The sheet price is 90 cents and for a hundred or more I would say 80 cents. If you will, it will very much oblige me.

"My dictionary has cost me twenty-six years of labor, and about \$30,000. If I succeed I shall reimburse myself for the cost of the work, and my friends for their advances. If I should not, I shall be left in my old age with small means for subsistence.

"Please to present our kind respects to Mr. W. and other friends. Yours with affection and respect, N. WEBSTER."

FROG OR THRUSH

The bullfrog never croaks except when the shadows begin to fall.

The thrush never warbles except when sitting in the top of the tree in full light of the bright sun.

Each has to have its peculiar environment in order to express itself.

One needs a gloomy atmosphere in the swamp ground where he can make that dismal noise expressive of its surroundings.

The other needs the invigorating sunshine to produce the sweet music that fills its being.

Do you belong to the frog or the thrush class?

If you associate with grumblers and kickers and never hear the bright and optimistic side of public questions, you will never see the silver lining, you will be influenced by their pessimism and become like them.

Always be sure to stay away from the frog-minded people, and get in the crowd where some good is seen in everything.

You can't radiate good cheer and be a booster for all things that will improve the community, unless you have those kind of thoughts.

Therefore, imitate the thrush and warble, but never croak.

HUNTING MOOSE SEASON STARTS OCT. 1

The season for hunting moose will open on Oct. 1, and, judging from the number of deer received, many from the United States are considering spending the vacation in the New Brunswick forests, seeking big game. Some have already arrived, and are putting in the interim seeking deer and ducks.

Immigration Office and peremptorily asked for their names, addresses, their husbands' names and professions and finally the name of the people they intended to visit. On finding the latter name in the telephone directory, inquiries were made, and they were allowed to depart.

Many Cases Like Them

The instance of a young lady employed in one of the local offices who was going to Boston for a two weeks' vacation was also cited. Having heard of the difficulty she might experience, she took the precaution of securing a letter from her employer, a very well known business man, testifying that she was only on her vacation, and was putting in the interim seeking deer and ducks.

"I don't see what harm may be done by the fact that she is a Canadian," said the official. "There are a lot of many disagreeable incidents that have occurred and it seems almost intolerable that Canadians, desiring to spend a few weeks in the neighboring republic—and incidentally to spend, in most cases, a good deal of money—should be subject to such rude and disagreeable treatment."

FIND REMAINS OF ROMAN DAYS

Evidences of Splendid Villa at Folkestone 2,000 Years Old.

London, Sept. 16.—Eighteen centuries ago a Roman admiral sat in his splendid villa at Folkestone looking down on the sea and watching his galleys going about their business along the Kentish seaboard. A few years passed by and he was forgotten, and his villa passed out of memory until last year an old drain gave a clue that has resulted in discoveries being made which show how splendid and now more than modern the great house on the East Cliff in Roman days.

Pick and spade have revealed that it had central heating, a cold plunge bath, and fine halls floored with exquisite tessellated pavements.

Remains, too, of a more personal sort have been found. There are a silver stylus with which an admiral may have written orders to his captains on tables of wax; candlesticks that may have lighted him to bed; broaches and hairpins his wife may have used for her adornment, and a bronze mirror that may have reflected her pretty face—nearly 2,000 years ago.

Rose-pink Samian ware and vessels bearing the marks of Gaulish potters have been found, and there were unearthed coins that bore the image of Roman emperors who lived and died eight centuries before Harold fell at Senlac.

Other and more tragic relics there are, too, in the shape of burial urns. E. S. Winbolt, classical master at Christ's Hospital, Hove, is the man to whose credit must be placed this discovery of old-time Britain. He has found willing helpers in the Folkestone Corporation, which owns the land.

Folkestone has become the scene of an archaeological boom such as no fashionable watering-place has ever before experienced. Gaily attired girls, escorted by youths in flannels, staid, elderly professional men, and enthusiastic schoolboys jostle in the queue awaiting admission.

The fees more than provide for the cost of excavation. Charabancs, taxicabs, and motor-cars line the approaches, and refreshment vendors do a roaring trade.

SECRET OF LONG LIFE

One of the grandest of Canada's grand old men is the veteran lumber king and railroad builder of Ottawa, John R. Booth, now in his 99th year, whose example and career may well prove an inspiration to the younger generation of Canadians. Canada's lumber king, serene and active at 98, loves work, and is a practical lover. That is his secret of longevity and success, he says. While scientists and bio-chemists delve the nature of the matter to evolve a treatment which will prolong the life of man beyond the ordinary, Mr. Booth, sound as a nut, tough as a pine knot, and vigorous in body and mind, scoffs at the artificial elixirs. From his home in Ottawa he directs the work of his lumber empire of timber, mines and the like. He is no arm-chair observer. Up with the lark, he makes his daily visits to his properties nearest him. Often he goes into the woods, where nobody in the camps steps livelier or evinces greater zest for work.

The music of the axes and saws is sweet to his ears—and he still can do his trick with either. Master of many millions, he doesn't have to work. But he does want to live out his day as he puts it. Thus his recipe: 'Stick to the job; don't retire; work, rest and play in turn, and never lose your grip on yourself or your work; and above all, be natural in all things, and never go back on a friend, or forget him. Sound advice that many of us may profit by!'

Do You Know?

INSURANCE IS A NECESSITY and if you only realize your necessity you have Insurance.

Insurance is like a man with a backbone as against a man with no back bone.

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