

## Sheep On Every Hill Side In New Brunswick

The New Brunswick Government through the Department of Agriculture has arranged with the Chartered Banks to help the Farmers—where assistance is needed—to buy Sheep.

The Department will not only arrange to buy Sheep FOR the Farmers, but will also buy good breeders FROM the Farmers—in other words, this branch of the Agricultural Department WILL SUPERVISE ALL PURCHASES AND SALES OF SHEEP.

IF A FARMER NEEDS CREDIT TO BUY SHEEP he should consult his local banker who has the necessary forms.

If you cannot buy sheep in your locality, inform the nearest banker who will notify the Agricultural Department, or, better still, notify the Department yourself and say how many Sheep you want.

### KEEP YOUR EWE LAMBS

Every Ewe Lamb, weighing 80 pounds and over and of reasonable quality, should be retained by farmers for breeding purposes. Sell the males and the inferior females for butcher purposes. If you have more ewe lambs than required, induce your neighbor to purchase.

### THE VALUE OF WOOL

Unwashed Wool of the best quality brought 80 cents a pound this spring, or about \$5.00 a fleece.

### SIXTY MILLION SHEEP

Have been lost in Europe since the war started. Wool in enormous quantities is now required to clothe the soldiers, it will take an immense quantity to reclothe the returned men in civilian dress. Prices will likely be high for ten years.

New Brunswick has the pasture, hay, root and a climate suited to Sheep. Every farmer should consider investing in a small flock as a foundation. The first year will give approximately \$4.00 worth of wool per sheep, the sheep will cost about \$15.00. Is it not a good business proposition?

If you cannot purchase locally, place your order with your banker. Orders will be filled, if possible, in the order filed at this office through the banks.

J. F. TWEEDDALE,  
Minister of Agriculture.

### These Beverages Comply With the Law.

#### Ready's Beer

These beverages surely satisfy the craving thirst. Drink them for their appetizing, refreshing, palate-pleasing flavor. Drink them for their ability as a thirst quencher. Drink them because of their power to refresh, revive and invigorate.

You will be delighted with their unusual qualities. Buy them from your local dealer or direct from St. John.

Ask for prices.

W. H. GRAY, exclusive agents for this district.

Ready's Breweries Ltd.  
P. O. Box 309 St. John, N. B.

### Wedding Announcements

CORRECT style, artistic letter design and extreme daintiness, with the dignity associated with nuptial events, characterize Wedding Announcements and Bridal Stationery prepared and printed by The Graphic.

The "GRAPHIC", Campbellton.

## MILL WOOD FOR SALE

APPLY TO

R. K. SHIVES  
UNION STREET

PHONE 126 If you have anything to BUY, SELL or RENT, try the GRAPHIC WANT AD COLUMN FOR QUICK RESULTS.

## The Widow Applebee's Surprise Party

"Rosaline! Rosaline! Where is that town office, and blacksmith shop, the girl? Run quick Rosaline! That's company, with a strong bias towards Mis' Talcott's ring. Be sure to clap economy, strung single wires to each your hand over the mouthpiece; it's of the outlying districts. Each wire most time for the clock to strike. connected six, ten, or even more tele- Mis' Peters did look so knowing the phones. These party lines had an- other advantage in saving work for cloth strike so often lately, Mis' Ap- plebee? Guess I've heard her strike, too. I know every clock on this line, as far as that goes.

"I de-clare, Rosaline! They're be- all through before you get there. If it wasn't for this bread—"and the widow raised her hands impatiently, with the soft dough clinging to her fingers.

She moved the pan cautiously, and gave soft pats instead of her usual vigorous thuds until the receiver was safely in place again.

"That must have been something in- teresting, the time it took," she said, as Rosaline turned towards her with a bewildered look on her heavy freckled face.

"Now don't be all day about it! Who was it and what did they say?"

"It was Mis' Tom Walker and some- body else."

"Who?"

"Some other woman. I don't know who."

"Don't know who? Another time I'll give you a fancy price for 'em and I hope you have a few pounds of that superlative butter of yours."

"Yes, I've got eight pounds and six dozen eggs out here on the stage. See that you give me what they're redden under the impatience of her aunt's tone.

"I couldn't understand what she said—half of it. She kept saying, 'You know' and 'what we were talk- ing of yesterday' and (for pity's sake don't let the widow get hold of it yet), and—and, it's to be next Friday night."

All the quizzing, threatening and cross-questioning the Widow Apple- bee could summon to her assistance availed naught. Rosaline fled from the vials of her wrath, and Mrs. Ap- plebee planted herself at the telephone, ready to solve the mystery if possible.

Not a message went over the wire that afternoon that she did not intercept, and every sentence was carefully ana- lyzed for the light it might throw on the garbled message Rosaline had re- ported.

The minister's wife called up from the Centre: "Would Mrs. Talcott re- mind the Bangs Corner ladies of the chicken-pie supper Saturday night. They would expect eight pies from that neighbourhood."

"They'll never ask me for one," muttered the Widow Applebee, "and there isn't a woman in this county who can make flakier crust than I can! Oh, well, it's all the same. The two chickens it would take for a pie will pay my telephone rent, and I do take a slight of comfort since I've had it. Get news from everywhere. There that's Mis' Talcott's ring. Now, I'll hear something more about that sur- prise!"

"Hello!"

"That you, Mis' Turner?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've invited 'em all, except- ing as you advised. We'll go about seven o'clock Friday evening. They all promised to bring things as re- quested, and give something towards a present besides. I hope to land— ahem—won't get hold of it. These telephones aren't safe, and I know it. I'll be somebody listening now. Good- by!"

"Good-by!"

The widow hung up the receiver with a half-baffled expression, until a sudden light seemed to break upon her.

"I see through it all!" she chuckled. "I'm the one they're going to surprise. Rosaline! Rosaline! Where is that girl? Here I've saved her out of the poorhouse and slave for her day and night, and she's that stupid. Tal- cot's was just the shade of those in the usany'd do as well by her husband's folks, and him gone and left her, be- sides. Rosaline!"

When the rural telephone was in- stalled at the Centre, as the New En- glanders designate that part of their township which boasts the church,

## BRITISH DOWNED 76 ENEMY PLANES

Aerial Fighting on the Western Bat- tle Front During Week Has Been of a Violent Character.

London, July 26.—Throughout the week the aerial fighting on the west- ern battlefront has been of a violent character. From a trustworthy source it is learned that during the week the British downed seventy-six enemy machines and drove down fifteen out of control. Fifty-one British machines are missing.

One hundred and fifty-four tons of bombs were dropped during the week. The week's record for long distance bombing attacks was the heaviest of the war. Twenty-five separate raids were made into German territory. Thionville was bombed four times and the famous poison gas factory and munitions works at Mannheim twice. The blast furnaces at Burbach and the railway and factories at Offenbourg also came in for shelling twice.

Aerial attacks on German naval and submarine bases on the Belgian coast continued day and night. Upwards of twenty tons of explosives were dropped on Zeebrugge and Ostend.

On the Italian front the air fight- ing resulted in the downing of nine- teen enemy machines, without the loss of a single British aircraft.

Many a man's belief in his super- ior wisdom makes a fool of him.

and eggs, at her convenience. Then she got some bars of chocolate, some cheap lawn for Rosaline's gown, and climbed into the return stage, laden with an extra large bag of candy and all the gratitude Dick's tongue could express.

Thursday morning, poor Rosaline was driven hither and yon, and no- thing was allowed to interrupt the so- lated preparations except devoted at- tendance on the friendly telephone. Veiled references were occasionally heard of Friday evening's event and Mrs. Applebee felt to work with re- newed energy.

Thursday afternoon, as she was hanging the new curtains and laying the new rug, to Rosaline's speech- less amazement, she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Turner coming up the lane.

"Run and lock the door, quick, Rosa- line! Draw all the blinds and keep as still as death. She's coming to spy and see if I suspect anything, and we just won't be to home. Don't you dare sneeze nor nothin'."

Stout Mrs. Turner creaked up the front steps, rapped repeatedly, tied the door, and placidly creaked down again.

"There!" ejaculated Mrs. Applebee, getting her breath once more. "Now, don't stand staring any longer, and whatever you do, keep your feet of that rug. It'll be a question who's going to get the suds and begin on the woodwork in the sitting room. We've to get all through that room by night, for tomorrow I'm going to make doughnuts and three chocolate- cakes, clean the cellar, the attic, and the wood-house. Then they may all over the premises and I'll feel safe."

It was at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, just as Mrs. Applebee was putting the last layer of icing on the third chocolate-cake, that she was startled by Mrs. Turner's voice at the window.

"Oh, there you are! I thought I never would find you, and somebody's got ahead of me and told you about the surprise on Mrs. Squire Tilden tonight, and you've got your cake all done. Did they tell you about the beautiful banquet lamp we're going to take her? I came here yesterday, and couldn't get in; you seemed to all locked up—Why, for land-massy! Rosaline! Come here quick, and let me in! Your aunt's had a fit or something, and fell over and smashed her cake and everything! What is the matter? I was just telling her about the surprise party on Mrs. Squire Tilden, and she tumbled right over. Run for the doctor and I'll hold her head."

"No," said Mrs. Turner to an inter- esting group at the party that even- ing, "the Widow Applebee won't be able to be out for a week. She was going on dreadful flighty to Rosaline when I came away, about being bur- ied in the front room rug. I can't surmise what sent her off the handle so, unless it was our waiting till the last minute to tell her about the sur- prise, so she wouldn't go and tell. She always was excitable!"