The Graphic

H. B. ANSLOW, MANAGER

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Campbellton, N. B. Jan. 17, 1924.

CITIZENS AND CIVIC ELECTION

Campbellton citizens should read and ponder ever this paragraph from the Moncton Transcript:—"A gratifying feature of yesterday's civic election was the comparatively heavy vote. That is a good sign always. It indicates renewed interest in the city's business and the manner in which it is to be conducted during the next year. It is to be hoped that interest will be continued."

In Campbellton, during the past few years the interest among citizens in civic affairs has been very low. Even men whom we have to look to, to form public opinion in the right direction and exercise a guiding hand in the wise disposition of the town's problems, have remained continually in the background. It is high time now for a revival of interest in all the various phases of our town's business. If this fails to take place we will, in a very short time, be laboring under the after effects of unwise government and be carrying a load of useless regrets.

Our annual civic election is only five days away. It is now the duty of every ratepayer to take an active interest in the pending contest. In recent years many citizens, having the franchise, have failed to exercise it, for no particular reason except that they were indifferent. Such negligence is inexcusable at any time when an issue of real importance is being voted on, but this year, more than any other, this disinterested attitude among electors can not be tolerated. Our town is moving ahead with a steady stride and only by safe and careful government by the majority can this march of progress be maintained. Apart from this, there are many problems and many opportunities in the immediate foreground and we need the united expression of all those most capable of wise counsel to judiciously dispose of all these questions and accomplish the greatest possible good in our town life.

Many ratepayers seem to think too, that their responsibility or their opportunity for service ceases on polling day. This is a misconception which should be erased from the minds of all. The councillors or administrative body of a town are merely the representatives of the citizens and in civic life as in business, these being represented should see that their agents at the council board are transacting the town's business in the manner in which it should be conducted.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The League of Nations was four years old on Thursday last. Depsite the fact that the United States has held aloof, the League has accomplished a great deal in the settlement of differences and promoting a better frame of mind in nations that were antagonistic to each other. There is now a well defined movement in the United States in favor of participation in some way by that country in League affairs. It is resisted by the die-hards, but has the elements of time and common sense in its favor. The League may be made much more effective for good in the world, and the United States has a good opportunity to aid in bringing about that result. A policy of isolation would be unwise, for the simple reason that whatever adversely affects the rest of the world will have a similar effect on America. The press despatches today make reference to the Bok peace plan, which would have the United States enter the world court and co-operate with a modified form of the League. Thus the tendency is toward and not against American co-operation. So long as Europe is in an unsettled state, industry and trade on this continent will be adversely affected, and every American business man is fully aware of the fact. It is really the politicians who are standing in the way, and their motives are plain. Their political fortunes are of more concern to them than world welfare. The trend of public opinion, however, is toward a fuller recognition of national duty, and in the end it will prevail.

BUY AT HOME!

There is no sentence that means so much to the small towns and country districts, as "Buy at Home", when put in practice by all the people living in the community. There is far too much money sent out to Catalogue houses for material and goods that could be purchased at home at equally, and in many cases, at better prices. Every man is entitled to a square deal, whether he be a consumer, a merchant or a producer. When the farmer has produced fowl, etc., to sell he should be willing to take the market price for the same, and also be prepared to pay the merchant the market price for the wares he purchases.

The merchants feel that they are being discriminated against, and a lot can be said why every dollar that is earned in the community should be spent in the community as far as possible. Sending money out of this community for goods, wares and produce that can, and should, be bought at home, is one of the worst mistakes that our citizens can make. The Catalogue Houses will not buy our produce and lumber, or the output of our factories which gives employment to our people but they are ever ready to gobble up the dollars earned by their workers.

We have been sending money out of this community to help build up the geat city of Toronto and upper Canadian cities, who never allow a dollar to go out of their clutches when they once get hold of it. Recently the city of Toronto awarded a contract to the highest bidder because he lived in Toronto, while his lower competitors lived out-side. We give Toronto credit for protecting their citizens and keeping their money at home, but only hope that our own people will follow their example, and keep our money at home and spend it at home, where it either directly or indirectly benefits themselves and every taxpayer in this community.

We also have in our community a number of merchants and others who send to Toronto, St. John and other places to get their stationery printed, and in every case it costs them more than they can get printed stationery supplied by the local printers. We have all got to keep-up our schools, churches, hospitals, roads, etc., and if we send our money away we impoverish the community, stopping employment and killing the goose that helps us to eke out a living.

As a resolution for 1924 we would suggest the following:

"That the farmer patronize the merchant and professional men the merchant and professional men patronize the farmer, and all patronize the local printer." In this way we can build up our towns and country districts.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is the right spirit to follow throughout the year.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Our innate modesty would prevent expression of this sentiment, but as it was written by another, we pass it on:—Stand by your town newspaper. If there is anything in your town worth while talking about, ten chances to one your little town newspaper had a hand in putting it there, and if there exists any unsightly or unsavory nuisance, twenty chances to one it will stay there until your town editor sees it or smells it and wipes his pen on the town board's breeches. If anybody beyond the walls of your burg ever learns that there is such a place as your town it will be through the town oracle.

Every town gets its money's worth through the town newspaper. It's the wagon that carries all your goods to market. It ought to be kept in good repair. It will pay to grease it, paint it and keep its running gears in good shape and shelter.

Stand by your local newspaper. It's the guardian and defender of every interest, the forerunner and pioneer of every advance movement and the sturdy advocate of law and order. Take it away and it would not be six months before the town would look as it had been doped. Business would drag, society would yawn, and grass would grow between the cobbles.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The fire loss in the United States in 1922 was 15,000 lives and $500,000,000 in property value, and the report which gives this information says nine out of ten of the fires could have been prevented. Hurry, carelessness and waste are characteristic of this generation, on both sides of the border.

Premier Veniot submitted to the commercial travelers last Friday evening figures regarding the wealth of New Brunswick which make good reading as we approach the new year He estimates our agricultural wealth at $147,000,000 and manufacturing establishments at $104,000,000.

Premier Veniot announces that the expert report on Grand Falls development will be submitted to the Government in time to permit of the formation of a policy respecting Grand Falls before the Legislature meets. This will be one of the most important matters to be considered during the session which is expected to open early in March.

But Would Like to Be.

Sir Alfred Mond discovers that the United States is overwhelmed with money but there are still a good many Americans who do not find themselves entirely submerged, says an American Contemptorary.

Nash's Creek

Mr. James Hayes of Campbellton spent the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hayes.

Miss Renetta English of Bathurst spent New Years Day with her parents.

Mr. Jack Miller of Newcastle spent Sunday at his home.

Miss Helen Foley of Tetagouche Glou. Co. was the guest of Miss Vesta Miller last week.

Mrs. Harold MacNair has returned after an extended visit with her parents in Napan.

Miss Ida MacNair spent part of the week in Bathurst with relatives.

Mrs. Joseph Goulette and family left on Thursday last for their new home in Bristol, Conn.

Misses Greta and Kathleen Hayes visited friends in Montreal enroute to Edmundston where they will resume their work on the teaching staff.

Miss Charlotte Doyle left on Monday for Fredericton where she is attending the Provincial Normal School.

Miss Henrietta Patter left for Bathurst on Saturday to resume her studies.

Miss Jean Doyle has returned to Fredericton to complete her professional studies at the Provincial Normal School.

The teachers have left to resume their work. Miss Sazel Hayes, of Campbellton, Miss Dora MacKay, of Hatsfield Point, Kings Co., Miss Ida MacNair of Armstrong's Brook, Miss Bertha Goulette of Petit Rocher, Miss Opal Goulette of Lawson River Miss Edna Shea of Durham Centre and Miss Vesta Miller of Archibald Settlement.

MAKING A MATCH

(A SHORT STORY)

Bob Wynkoop was the only son of a mother who doted on him and who was especially fearful that he would make a misalliance. One day Bob fell ill, and his mother was obliged to send for a nurse to attend him. The young woman was comely, and Mrs. Wynkoop was troubled.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Wynkoop when Dr. Sloane was about to leave after a visit of her son, "how is he this morning?"

"The fever has not yet left him, and he is still very weak. By the by, Mrs. Wynkoop, there is a warning I desire to give you. I know that you are particular as to whom your son shall marry. My experience is that a sick man attended by a nurse, seeing so one else, having every need gratified by her, is liable to fall in love with her. I have had many a patient who has married his nurse, sometimes—I may say usually—against the wishes of his family

"Thank you for the hint, doctor. Miss Wadsworth is a very pretty girl, but not one whom I would choose for a daughter-in-law. I shall attend to the matter."

"In that case I would do so at once. Convalescence is the period of danger."

The doctor departed, and Mrs. Wynkoop gave herself up to thought. The wife she desired for her son was a young woman of common sense and very practical. She was not beautiful indeed, she was considered homely—but what she lacked in beauty she made up in character. Miss Edith Tweed, the young lady referred to, had never met Bob Wynkoop, and he was unconscious of her existence. Bob's mother had considered bringing them together, but had thus far taken no steps to effect that purpose. The doctor's warning had given her an idea. She called on Miss Tweed and said to her:

"My dear, I am aware that you are looking for a position. I have one in view for you."

"What is it, Mrs. Wynkoop?

"The wife of my son Robert."

"Good gracious!

"I am a practical woman and so are you. I wish my son to marry and I don't want him to marry a doll. I wish his wife to be a woman of good hard horse sense. Ten to one unless I manage to make a match for him instead of permitting him to make one for himself he'll fall into the hands of some little fool or some designing woman who will make life hot for him."

"But will your son permit you to choose for him?"

"By no means. I have a plan. He is recovering from an illness and about to enter the convalescent stage. The doctor has told me that the men patients are prone to fall in love with their nurses. I intend to discharge the nurse who has been attending him and I desire you to take her place."

Miss Tweed, being a young woman of marked equanimity, was not as much taken aback at this proposal as was to have been expected. She made no immediate reply to the proposition, but seemed to be turning it over in her mind. Mrs. Mynkoop went on:

"Robert, I will say—being his mother I should not say it—is a very estimable young man. He has no bad habits, is devoted to his business and I sincerely believe would make any good woman an excellent husband. He has a hundred thousand dollars in his own right and will inherit a hundred thousand dollars from me."

Miss Tweed after further consideration said:

"Mrs. Wynkoop, what you are saying is very complimentary to me. This is virtually a proposition to pay me two hundred thousand dollars for—what?"

"For your character, common sense and such other qualities as will conspire to make a good wife, and the price is altogether inadequate".

One morning Bob Wynkoop found himself lying in bed with that sensation of relief which comes with the dawn of convalesence. He had been too ill to notice his nurse, and now was the first time he had any idea of her appearance. The only thing he noticed about her was that she had no pretense to beauty. Seeing him looking at her with something akin to interest, which indicated that he was better than he had been, she went to him, gazed down upon him sympathetically, laid her soft hand on his forehead, then took his wrist between her thumb and fingers. Having made a note of his condition, she said:

"Yes."

"What do you think would taste good?"

"A slice of rare roast beef."

"I fear that would be too hearty for you just now. Shall it be a cereal with cream, a soft boiled egg or a baked potato?"

"All three."

Miss Tweed left the room and returned with a cup of bouillon.

A week passed. One morning whena bright sun shone in through the windows Bob had had his breakfast and with his head raised on pillows was about to peruse the morning paper. He looked up at her and said:

"Miss Tweed, you're a peach."

"Wait a moment before you begin your paper. I haven't made the record yet.'

She took his wrist in her fingers and counted the pulsations.

"I'm sure I should have died had it not been for your care," said Bob.

Miss Tweed noted his pulse and took up the body thermometer.

"You're not only a peach; you're a brick."

Miss Tweed thrust the thermometer into his mouth, thereby stopping these expressions of admiration. Nevertheless he continued to gaze up on her. When she removed the thermometer he broke loose again while she was making the record with ruled paper used for the purpose. He told her she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen; that her cheeks were roses, her lips corals, her eyes wonderpools through which her pure soul looked from heaven.

He had got thus far when she stopped him.

"You are not saying all this," she said. "It's imagination talking. For a week you have seen no one but me. We nurses are used to this sort of thing. Every sick man we serve says the same thing. You will not have been out ten days before the scales will fall from your eyes and you will see me as I am."

"I will never see in you anything but the loveliest, purest, tenderest woman that ever lived. Haven't you been bored by artists wishing you to sit for a model for a Madonna?"

"I can't say that I have. When you have recovered you'll say, 'How could I ever have considered that girl beautiful?'"

"I'll do no such thing. To prove that I am in earnest, I ask you now to be my wife."

"And in thirty days you'll ask me to release you."

"I swear."

"Very well. I'll promise to be your wife, but one month after you have gained your health I'll ask you to release me. You will be only too glad to do so."

"You've made me inexpressibly happy," he said, taking her hand in his. He would have drawn her to him for a kiss, but she would not permit.

"Not till you have agreed to be my wife," she said.

"I'll never release you," he said impatiently.

[illegible] he received a note from Miss Edith Tweed, inclosing her likeness and stating that as a mere form she asked to be released from what might be considered an engagement. She trusted that he would not consider from her writing him that she attached any importance to the proposal from a sick man to his nurse. The reason for her writing was to relieve his mind in case he felt differently from what he had a month ago about the matter.

Bob took the letter to his mother and said lugubriously:

"Mother, I'm in a hole."

"For heaven's sake, Robert, what is it?"

"That nurse I had when I was ill. I proposed to her."

"Oh, Robert!"

"I think I must have been out of my head."

"Did she accept you?"

"Yes, but with the understanding that she would ask to be released one month after I got out. She's made the request and sent me her picture. There's the note and there's the picture. She's not a Venus, is she?"

Mrs. Wynkoop glanced at the note and looked earnestly at the picture.

"I certainly am sorry you've gone and go and do a thing like this, Robert."

"Robert," said the mother sympathetically, but with a certain firmness in her tone, "I hope my boy will never go back on his word."

"Oh, mother, you don't think I'm stuck, do you?"

"That's not the way to look at it, [illegible] write Miss Tweed admitting that a courtship under the circumstances is not a fair test of whether two persons are fitted to make each other happy, but you propose that her release [illegible] Both of you know more of each other."

"That will make it easier for me, won't it, mother?"

"Decidedly."

Miss Tweed assented to Bob's proposition, and Mrs. Wynkoop invited her to spend a few weeks with her as her guest. She appeared, instead of in uniform, becomingly dressed, and Bob remarked that she wasn't so homely, after all. Mrs. Wynkoop contrived to leave the two together a good deal during the visit, and [illegible] Bob said [illegible]

"Mother, [illegible] you [illegible]"

"How [illegible] your mind?"

"[illegible] may be, with any fool notions."

"And he'll find that a great advantage."

"A woman don't keep her good looks but a few years, does she?" will have no more beauty than your mother in time."

"[illegible] beauty [illegible] you're just as good without it."

And Bob kissed her lovingly.

Well, the upshot of it all was that Bob married Miss Tweed. She is very [illegible] and is just as good looking as she was at twenty. Bob adores her.

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