

POOR COPY

It costs more to put the "pick of the wheat" into

PURITY FLOUR



But it makes "MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"



Fair and Much Colder

Hasn't your suit begun to feel a little thin above the knees? And the wind in the back of your neck! Brrr! You know you need that coat—a soft thing of wool velours with a big fur cape-collar and cuffs. The fullness and flare come from the belt at the sides. In front and back it has the new flat panel effect.

A full line of Butterick Patterns always on hand. Also Stationery and Fancy Goods.

Miss J. M. Andrew
Book store, Opposite Subway.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, shiny and beautiful—Get a 25-cent bottle of Dandruff.

If you care for heavy hair that glimmers with beauty and is radiant with softness, try Dandruff. It is a hair restorer and a hair conditioner. It dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive agent robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots, (tarnish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandruff from any drug store and just try it.

JUST OPENED UP

A very fine line of
Boots & Shoes
for Men.

A full line of
Paints, Oils
and Varnishes

Spring and
Barbed Wire

Rifles, Guns,
& Ammunition

W. T. COOK

HARDWARE MERCHANT

OPP. SUBWAY

BIG MUNITIONS CONTRACTS COMING TO CANADA

New York is Surprised at Huge Size of Shell Order. Will Mean Speeding Up.

New York, Dec. 29. — British munition orders, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars are being placed with Canadian manufacturers, according to the N. Y. Times, this morning, according to information obtained in banking quarters yesterday. It is said that within the last few days an order for shells larger than the biggest contract placed in this country last year had been lodged with the Montreal Locomotive Co. Ltd. An estimate on this order was between \$175,000,000 and \$200,000,000.

Steel manufacturers have known for several months that few more orders for completed shells would come to the United States, but it was not a matter of general knowledge that Canada was slated to take up a vast part of the work. News that Canada had developed facilities to handle a shell business which may amount to fully \$400,000,000 next year was surprising to many persons of the financial district, who recall that last year parts of a number of Canadian orders were sublet in this country.

Prominent bankers expressed the opinion that Canada can get all the funds she requires to finance her contracts in the New York market.

SHIGAWAKE

Our small town has kept news at home this while but at this merry season must wake. We had the pleasure to welcome home for the holidays Miss A. E. Allan with her friends Misses Millie Skene, Muriel Travers, Emma Vautier and Eliza Vautier.

We also enjoyed very much having our boys in khaki with us on short holidays. Pte. Wilfred Poirier, Pte. William Wyllie and Joe Walker from the 244th Kitchen's Own Battalion, Montreal spent their vacation with their parents. They are very proud of their Battalion and anxious to go overseas.

We also welcome Pte. Will Smith and bride. Pte. Smith is with the 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec.

Pte. Earl McKenzie, Ptes. George and Clarence Smith were here for the Christmas season.

Christmas was enjoyed by all, the roads were good and driving was indulged in by many.

Pte. Earl McKenzie entertained a number of his friends at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McKenzie recently. A very pleasant evening was spent by all, dancing being the amusement of the evening, and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hayes also entertained a number of young people for their son Almond.

It is expected Mr. Jacobson and Miss LeBrock will open the school on the 2nd. They both spent their holidays at New Carlisle.

Not on Her List—He—"Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?" She—"I don't think I ever met him." You know, we invite so few men to our card parties.—Stray Stories.

HOPETOWN, Que.

The angel of death has again visited our quiet village, on the 16th inst., and called home little Lillian McKee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKee, aged 2 yrs., 2 mos. The funeral ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Vibert. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents, as she was a very bright and affectionate child.

Little Rita McWhirter met with an accident on Tuesday the 26th inst., by a fall and dislocated her arm at the elbow, but we wish for a speedy recovery.

Many of our young folks have returned to spend Christmas at their homes.

The weather has been somewhat stormy for the past while, but is now milder.

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Raymond M. Alden

THERE was once in a far away country, where few people have ever travelled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city, and every Sunday, and on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to the church.

When you came to the building itself you found stone columns and dark passageways and a grand entrance leading to the main room or the church. This room was so long that one standing at the doorway could scarcely see the other end, where the choir and the minister sat near the altar. At the farthest corner was the organ, which was so loud that when it began to play the people far off could hear it.

The strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. There stood at one corner of the church a gray stone tower with tiny growing over it as far as one could see. It was so high that it was only in very fair weather that anyone could see to the top. Up and up climbed the stones, and since the men who built the church had been dead for many hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now, all the wise people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church was finished and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place, and others said it was because of the great height of the tower, reaching up to where the air was clear and pure; however this may be, no one who had heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some

city, in a little village where nothing could be seen of the great church, save glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas eve and had a secret plan that they had often talked over when by themselves for going to the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear in the church, and I have even heard it said that the Christ child himself sometimes comes down to bless the meeting. What if we could see him?"

The day before Christmas it was bitterly cold and a few lonesome snow flakes were flying in the air and there was a hard white crust on the ground.

Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away in the darkness on their way to the celebration; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the city just ahead of them. Indeed they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near the path, and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman who had fallen just outside of the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. The snow made a soft pillow for her and she would soon be no more, asleep in the winter air that no one could ever awaken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, but he soon sighed and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother, you will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother, "and you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman, she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. You can bring someone to help her when you come back, and I can keep her alive. You can easily find your way to the church, and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother, once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ child must know how I would love to come and worship him, and oh, if you get a chance, Little Brother, slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, and take this little silver piece of mine and use it down for my offering when no one is looking. Don't forget the place where you left me, and hurry, now, so you won't be late."

He winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps of his brother sounding farther and farther away in the darkness.

It was also hard to lose the music and the splendor of the celebration that he had planned so long, to lose the chance of seeing his silver piece that he had saved for the offering to the Christ child, and to spend the time instead in the lonesome snow outside the dreary walls. But it never occurred to him to leave the poor woman in the freezing cold.

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the hymns, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, outside the walls of the city, felt the earth tremble all around him. At last, came the procession to hear the offering to the altar, when great and rich men and women marched up to lay down their gifts to the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some brought gold and silver, and some brought their own children down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping to win his birthday of the chimes of the Christmas bells.

There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with diamonds and other precious stones and laid it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the Holy child. "Surely," said every one, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever been offered before."

And they all stood still to listen, but only the cold wind was heard in the stone tower, and the people shook their heads some of them saying as they had done before, that they really never believed the story of the chimes, anyway.

The procession was over, and the gifts were all on the altar, the choir had begun the closing hymn.

Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and every one looked at the minister, who was standing in his place holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church. While all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly swinging through the air the sound of the bells in the tower. So far away and yet so clear seemed the music, so much sweeter were the notes than had been heard before, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something had each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.



DON'T LET YOUR SOLDIER LACK ZAM-BUK

Scores of men at the front have written home to friends and relations asking for Zam-Buk. They need it to apply to chapped hands, cold cracks, frost bites, chilblains, chafes, sore joints, and other similar ailments incidental to trench warfare. Zam-Buk will be saved much unnecessary suffering. Nothing stops pain like Zam-Buk; nothing draws out the soreness and heals so quickly.

For hands, sore and blistered after trench-digging, Zam-Buk is splendid, and applications of Zam-Buk to the feet before long marches will prevent the feet from becoming sore and blistered. The letters below illustrate the soldier's need and appreciation of Zam-Buk.

Private J. R. Smith of the "Prince of Wales" writes: "Tell my friends if they want to help me, to send Zam-Buk."

Sapper G. T. Webster, 2nd Field Coy. Canadian Engineers, writes: "You can have no idea how much we appreciate Zam-Buk out here. It's splendid for sores, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc."

Shoesh Smith McIlwraith, of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, writes from France: "I have used Zam-Buk for 14 years in the British Army in South Africa, India and France, and have never found its equal. There is no fear of blood-poisoning from cuts or scratches if Zam-Buk is applied. The trouble is that Zam-Buk is too scarce out here—our friends should send us more of it."

This applies to you, so be sure to include a few boxes of Zam-Buk in your next parcel to the front! All druggists 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25, or direct from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

CLASSIFIED

Advertisements under this head are charged for at the rate of a cent a word a week. Minimum charge 25c.

WANTED

A capable girl for general housework. Small family, good wages.

Apply,
MRS. B. A. BOWAT.

Jan. 4—1 in.

TO LET

An 8 room house on Sugarloaf St. All modern conveniences. Possession in January. Apply to D. A. Kane or G. S. Wallace.

Dec. 28—2. Can. Express Office.

GIRLS!

Learn to be a compositor. More pay than a stenographer. Work easy. We need one bright girl at once. Must live in Campbellton. Apply in own handwriting.

GRAPHIC.

WANTED.

Second class female teacher wanted in Shannon Vale, District No. 6 for school term Jan. 8th, 1917. Apply stating salary.

Dec. 6-4pd. R. H. WRIGHT.

—See to Trustees.

FOR SALE

Building and Lot situated on Sugar Loaf Street to be sold at reasonable price to quick buyers. For particulars apply to

MANSFIELD G. WILLETT,
New Richmond, Que.

Dec. 7—4 pd.

BOY WANTED.

A bright boy to learn the printing business. Must have good education, and reside in town. Apply at once at GRAPHIC OFFICE.

An Asset.—She—"My husband, unfortunately, is always misunderstood."

"The Senator—"Unfortunately? Why madam, it will be the making of him if he goes to Congress."—Judge.

Dangerous Predicament—Mrs. Mullins—"What's the matter, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Jones—"Why, this young varmint 'as swallowed a cartridge, and I can't wallop 'im for fear it goes off."

London Answer.

"Why did you pick out that fellow to marry, girlie? Nobody can see anything in him?"

"I discovered that the mosquitoes always bite him when we are out together. I consider him a handy man to have around."