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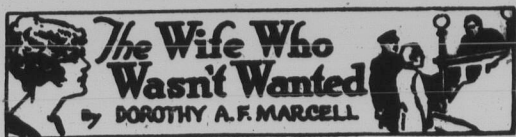
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**The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted**  
DOROTHY A. F. MARCELL

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**"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED"** with Irene Rich in a photograph from the novel.

**SYNOPSIS**

Young Bob Manning has been arrested for driving a car which crashed into another and killed a woman. Bob's mother, Eileen, pleads with her husband, John Manning, who is District Attorney, to release the boy, but he insists Bob must stay in jail. His own duty, John declares, is to the public. "Then," shouts Eileen, "you are not my husband! But I can and will fight, even if you do turn your back on our boy—for I am his mother!"

Chapter VII

Regardless of certain journalistic assertions to the contrary, there was at least some interest displayed in the campaign Jerome Wallace waged for the office of District Attorney.

Naturally Wallace was interested himself, so interested, indeed, that this morning he had even forsaken his bed and the comforts of his luxuriously appointed apartment up town at an unusually early hour to come down and visit his campaign headquarters.

Slick Jennings, too, had likewise displayed sufficient interest to be stirred himself and be on hand to welcome cordially him whose political destinies he was supposed to forward with deft touch and masterful skill. This self same ability to make a masterful touch deftly was doubtless responsible for the vigor with which Slick chewed away at his after breakfast cigar and regarded with satisfied complacency the presence of the opulent Mr. E. I. Blodsoe—apparently another interested party—at the very moment his principal discovered tidings which seemingly caused him pain.

"Look here—can you beat it?" grumbled Wallace, holding a newspaper aloft that his followers might read its startling headlines, "District Attorney Manning stands firm in decision to prosecute his own son."

"It's somethin' fierce—somethin' fierce," affirmed Mr. Jennings with heat, and then, as Wallace had coolly pre-empted his desk and chair, Slick strode about, a wanderer in his own office, to finally halt at Wallace's elbow and stare over his shoulder as he read aloud.

"With the election only three days away it is almost certain that Manning will be re-elected. Here is the type of public servant the people want, a man who has the courage and fearlessness to see that the law is enforced regardless of whom may be the victim."

"It's somethin' fierce," repeated Slick with feeling. "Some people get all the breaks." Then he stared over at Blodsoe, who, with his hands in his pockets, was gazing out of the window with a frown upon his face. Slick's look was not without satisfaction, as if at least one "break" had not escaped him. Furthermore, it was calculating, seemingly estimating what this particular "break" would stand. Yet his tones lost nothing of their lugubriousness as he went on. "Instead of hurting this guy, Manning, all this stuff about him and his kid is helping him—making a little tin god of him. If I had an ole man an' he threw me down like I'd slip him a slow pill—that is, if this isn't just bla-bla. If Manning is on the level—"

"He is on the level all right. Don't make any mistake about that. He's just d—mned fool enough to carry it through," Blodsoe broke in. Turning impatiently from the window, he moved over to the desk and picked up the paper only to toss it aside in disgust. "He's got his re-election all sewed up, I tell you. Nothing but a miracle will stop him." With which political forecast Blodsoe turned as if to depart.

But Slick was before him. Confidence and assurance lighted his eye as he intercepted the millionaire. In the very face of the other's gloomy prediction he was cheerful.

"Nobody never won no election till the vote was counted," he declared

firmly. There was a super-abundance of negatives in the assertion, but it was meaty—very meaty. It conveyed meaning, and great minds are prone to neglect nonessentials.

"Things can happen—d—m n fun-ny things can happen sometimes," continued Slick with feeling. Evidently this man was a student of life, for here was sound philosophy if somewhat crudely expressed. A modernist was Slick, yet one who conceded that miracles were possible. Yes, in his manner there was a vague something which seemed to express a willingness to see that miracles took place—more, even to the extent of performing them himself. And his confident smile, the cocky angle of his hat and the jaunty tilt of his cigar seemed to breathe the marked capabilities in that line did he but set his mind to it.

But suddenly the hope and promise in Slick's mein seemed to fade. It was as if the brightness of a cheery day were veiled by mist, and all his powerful as he was Mr. Jennings could not escape an immutable law. He hooked a finger into the rotund waistcoat of E. I. Blodsoe and regarded it as though he contemplated further explorations.

"It takes gas—a lot-a-gas—to make the ole bliver climb a hill," he exclaimed cryptically, "and the tank is low—runnin' blame low."

Mystic words these to the uninitiated, but apparently not to Mr. Blodsoe. He hesitated, looked very grim and then with a sigh produced a check book from his pocket.

The effect of this action upon Slick was electrical. In an instant he was his cheerful self again—indeed, more so, for now joviality and cordiality appeared to exude from every pore of his plump body. As one who has completed a difficult task, he mopped the perspiration from his brow and waxed very busy. In his haste to see that Mr. Blodsoe was given every convenience and comfort in the preparation of his check Slick was rather unceremonious in the manner in which he ousted Wallace from the desk and chair.

But Wallace did not appear to mind. Such was his confidence in Slick's abilities, seemingly, that the mere sight of Blodsoe's check seemed to erase the memory of the morning's bad news. Flicking a speck of cigarette ashes from his carefully pressed trousers, he adjusted his tie and departed with that inscrutable smile of his upon his face. He went apparently in the best of spirits to take a drive, a long drive, which led, in the direction of the jail, a place where at that very moment in the visitors' room Eileen and two lawyers were in conference with Bob.

Yet it was a curious conference, a rather one sided one, for Bob sat apart and gave little heed to what was taking place.

"As to the postponement," one of the lawyers was explaining to Eileen, "we have procured a continuance of thirty days, which in the congested state of the calendar means that the case will not come to trial for at least six weeks."

Eileen bowed and turned to give Bob a smile of encouragement, which faded as another thought claimed her.

"Did my—did the District Attorney object?"

"Oh, no," said the lawyer quickly. "There could hardly be objection to that. We have been retained so recently in the case that as a matter of course we are entitled to ample time to prepare an appropriate defense for our client."

"But did the District Attorney say anything? I should have thought he would have said something," persisted Eileen, and there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"No; he merely nodded. Perhaps he didn't even do that. I am not certain," said the lawyer, beginning to gather up the papers before him and place them in his brief case. "There is nothing more to be done at present, Mrs. Manning, I think. Anyway here is the jailer. Our time is up."

Eileen rose and, moving over to Bob, took hold of his hand as the dincer approached. Mechanically the youth got to his feet, and as he faced her his lips began to quiver. Instantly she gathered him in her arms, and the brave smile with which she had regarded him became a pathetic grimace over his shoulder as she fought back the tears which brimmed her lids.

"Mother, you are crying; you must not." Bob protested, as withdrawing from her embrace, he gazed into her face a moment later.

"Oh, no, darling," she protested with an effort which would have deceived nobody. "That's the penalty of vanity—there is some mascara in my eye."

"Well, anyway, I'm all right. I'm getting along fine, getting a great rest," he declared with a sorry attempt at gaiety, which quickly faded. "There's dad, mother; it's pretty hard on the pater, this sort of thing, with him in office."

"Y—e—s," she agreed, but with a final embrace she followed the jailer

without another word to turn almost fiercely upon the lawyers as the door of the visitors' room closed upon them.

"We must win," she said. "Do you understand? We must win!"

And so, with her thoughts dwelling upon the plight of her son, Eileen emerged from the jail just as the big car of her husband drove up at the curb. Filled with surprise, even with suspicion, she watched it. What was it doing there? Did its presence bode ill to Bob? As she waited John Manning descended. "What was he doing there?"

Suddenly Eileen was aware with a wave of feeling that he looked wan and tired—yes, dreadfully tired. Promptly she steered her heart. Why should she care? Ah, but under the strain which burdened him John might become ill, said a soft small voice within her. Let him, cried the iron of her soul; he could not prosecute Bob. But someone else—

Eileen hesitated there on the curb, then waited for her husband to get into his arms filled with a certain apology in which she indicated them.

"Five things for Bob," he murmured, a vague aloofness about his eyes.

"I'll remember Bob," she murmured in her comfort. He loves me, too, said that wee small voice within her. Yet swiftly her heart was as steel. If he loved her how could he prosecute him, did him imprisoned in that horrid place of cheerless cells, of clanging metal doors and bars, steel bars. She thought of the thought of them.

"Stay 'til a moment," he went on. "If you care to remain I can run you out home on my way back to the office."

Eileen decided to wait, and, seating herself in the car, fell to thinking. How swift had been the change in her feelings towards him. Yesterday he had been all in all to her; today—she did not know. Obtrusive as everything about her, she sat there wondering.

Thus it was that she did not perceive the approach of Jerome Wallace's car. Nor for that matter did Wallace himself become aware of her presence until, having parked his own machine, he descended and started to cross the sidewalk. Then he paused, clearly surprised to see her there. But not for long. Too successful was Wallace to be at loss over a course of conduct for any extended length of time. As coolly as if he had but that minute caught sight of a friend with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy, Wallace made for the Manning car.

Deep in somber thought, her face pale and weary from loss of sleep and anxiety, Eileen was leaning back in the seat with her eyes closed as Wallace drew near.

For a second he paused, peering in at her, drinking in her beauty. Then bold as brass he stepped up to the door.

She opened her eyes and stared at him, startled at his presence and amazed at the familiarity of his address. Then swiftly came the remembrance of his liles.

Without a word she turned to gaze into the distance with unseeing eyes.

He did not flinch under this cold reception; instead, with an impulsiveness unusual in a man of his poise and reserve, he thrust open the door of the car.

"Eileen," he burst forth as if driven by overwhelming sympathy. "I know of your trouble and I would gladly be of service to you if I could. Isn't there something, some little thing, that I could do for you?"

Amidst her suspicions, it seemed to Eileen that not only was there warmth in his tones, but that sincerity rested in his face. Could she have been mistaken about Wallace? The disinterested regard of an honorable man? Very lonely and forlorn had Eileen felt since her break with her husband. She needed sympathy, encouragement, help—yes, help from any source which would benefit Bob. He seemed to sense something of the drift of her feelings and it gave a new direction to his words.

"Because fate has seen fit to array me against your husband in the race for District Attorney has meant no feeling of unfriendliness on my part. The nomination came to me undesired and unlooked for. To one who realized as fully as I the enticement in which your husband is held in this community it has partaken somewhat of the nature of a forlorn hope."

Into his words was creeping a greater warmth.

"I tell you frankly, Eileen, the thought of being District Attorney has meant little to me—that is, until this moment. Now, for the first time, I realize the power of the office and recognize what it would enable me to do for you and your son."

Eileen's heart leaped and her coldness departed. Were not these the words of a friend? Of a true friend who, seeing eyes to eye with her, recognized what would benefit Bob? But even as she changed, he changed. Wallace, appearing to regret his impulsiveness, grew contrite.

"After all, it is very stupid of me to go on talking in any such strain," he declared. "Doubtless your husband will be re-elected, and

**THUS CAPTURE XMAS PAYROLL**

Pittsburg Terminal Coal Company Pay Car Relieved of \$47,900

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 27.—The Christmas payroll of the Pittsburg Terminal Coal Company, totalling \$47,900, was taken from the pay car by six armed men at Mollenbauer, a mining settlement, near Pittsburg today. The robbers made their escape in an automobile.

The bandits shot I. L. Gump, a guard, in the abdomen. His condition is critical. Leroy Hutton, paymaster for the company, and Gump, another guard, had just alighted from a special Pittsburg and West Virginia Railroad pay car to go to a mine nearby, when the robbers drove up. The bandits opened fire immediately. The first volley brought down Gump. Hutton drew a pistol but was forced to drop it. One of the robbers jumped from the machine, took the bag containing the payroll and then returned to the car. As the robbers drove away towards Liberty, they fired a parting volley of shots at Hutton and the guard.

The police, county detectives and deputy sheriffs were sent out to guard all roads in the region.

**ATTACKED BY BOBCAT**

On Wednesday afternoon, while Fred Morrison of this town was taking one of his usual rambles through the woods near the Forrest Road, a bobcat sprang from a tree, alighted on his left shoulder and proceeded to claw him up. Young Morrison was heavily clad, wearing an overcoat and sweater besides regular clothes, which no doubt saved him from more severe punishment or perhaps death when the incident occurred and it knocked him to his knees, but he got to his feet as quickly as he could and attempted to throw the animal to the ground.

This he finally accomplished but not before he was badly scratched about the face, hands, arms and chest and his clothes torn to ribbons. The most severe scratches are on the left arm and chest, where one claw in each case went to the bone. The scratch on the chest is two inches long and that on the arm about the same. After he had shaken the beast to the ground he put his foot heavily upon it and reached to his trousers pocket for a revolver he carries on his trips. But in the effort to get the weapon he relaxed his weight on the animal and it slinked away under the trees. He had been attacked so suddenly and had so much clothing on—all tightly buttoned up that he could not get to his gun sooner. It was four o'clock was eight before the young man reached home. He had to travel three and a half miles through the woods to John Cripps' farm and that gentleman hitched up his team and drove him home. He is able to be up and about the house today and while smarting under the wounds is cheerful and thankful that he is alive—Chatham World.

**PREMIER KING WILL BE OPPOSED**

Strathroy, Ont., Dec. 22.—At a meeting of the executive of the Conservative Association of West Middlesex here, yesterday, it was unanimously decided to oppose Premier King, should he become a candidate in the riding.

**FORTIFY YOURSELF AGAINST PNEUMONIA**

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