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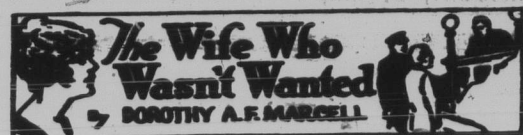


The Graphic wants to add 100 names to its subscription list by January 1, 1926, hence the following generous offer:—

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The Campbellton Graphic
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.



The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted
DOROTHY A. R. MARCELL

Copyright, 1926, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.
"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED" with Irene Rich in a photograph from this novel

SYNOPSIS
John Mannering, District Attorney, and his wife, Eileen, have returned to their home from the police station after midnight. Their son, Bob, has been in a fatal motor car crash and is held on a man-slaughter charge. Eileen pleads with John to find a way to release the boy, but Mannering, despite his affection, declares his duty is to the state and that it is impossible to release Bob on bail. Eileen, in desperation, all but threatens her husband.

CHAPTER VI—Continued
"Well, John, your son is your client now. What are you going to do for him?"
A soul torn with anguish, he faced her, yet she did not seem to sense it. "I am District Attorney," he said huskily.
"That gives you power and influence. With your brains there should be many ways in which you can help Bob. What are you going to do for him?"
"Nothing!" And the word as it came from him was almost a groan.
She viewed him in amazement, as if in truth he was but a distorted image of her husband having a place in one of the fantasies which had beset her that night.
"Nothing! You will do nothing for Bob—our boy? Why?"
"I am District Attorney."
"But, John, that can mean nothing to you when Bob's happiness, when my happiness, is at stake. I don't understand you."
"I'm a sworn officer of the law. I must do my duty."
Duty? What greater duty have you,

"Ah, Eileen," he cried, "don't you know that I, too, love the boy? That I love him and you with every fibre of my nature? Can't you see that I am suffering? Think what it all must mean to me—what it is doing to me! And then, as if his guilt no longer bore to face her, he turned and moved away."

She watched him go. Watched him sink down into a chair and bury his face in his hands. There was affection and sympathy in Eileen's face as if more and more she was appreciating the struggle going on within him. But there was hope in her eyes, too. The hope of a woman who has never been refused. The hopeful confidence of one who, holding a man upon the golden tangle of love, feels that she has but to play her line warily and, his resistance ceasing, he will go her way.

Now she approached him and, pausing beside him, caressed him gently with her hand, a great tenderness in her face.
"Or boy," she whispered, and then "my darling man!"

With his face still buried in his hands he seemed unaware of her presence.
"You have not to give your mind to John," she whispered, "I know it—I know you."
"I did not move."
"With Bob's life in his room," John, I could sleep. I am so tired. Ah, how I should sleep."
He moved now as if her shot had no home.
Taking comfort from it, her voice was even more effective.
"You will not let him sleep, John?"
He made no movement which she interrupted with doubt.
"You will not, not for me, not for Bob?"
So, he withdrew his face from her hands, and, rising, gazed down at her. Upon his face was the strained and weary look of a man who was trying intensely, but in its lines was decision. The unalterable decision of a strong character refined and clarified under the stress of great emotion.
"I cannot," he declared firmly, "I am District Attorney."

Eileen leaped up, brought to her feet by the certainty of his tones. She gazed at him as if she could not believe her own ears, as if there was something about him which she did not recognize. He might have been a stranger from whom she withdrew white faced and hopeless.
Shocked at the startling change in her, John stepped forward. He moved as if to embrace her.
But, quick as a flash, she evaded him, receding from him with a sudden, stand toying with her wedding ring and still crying him. Then she flamed forth with bitter scorn.
"You have spoken truly! You are not my husband! You are not the father of my son! You are the District Attorney—the cruel, hateful District Attorney."

With never a word he stood there before this outburst as if fascinated. Could it be possible that this determined, angry eyed creature was his wife? Where was Eileen—the gentle soft spoken and kindly Eileen? What latent force could work such a miracle of transformation, as to arouse her tender nature to such heights of hostility?

(To be continued)

SANDY BEACH NOTES
Mr. and Mrs. H. Roper left for Montreal on Friday Dec. 18th, to visit their daughter during the Christmas holidays.
Miss Doris Harbour spent the weekend of the 18th, in Gaspe, the guest of Miss Jane Miller.
Miss Iris Harbour has returned from Gaspe where she has been teaching, to spend the holidays at her home.
Miss Joyce Asch, the teacher of the Protestant school, left here on Dec. 19th, to visit her parents in Peninsula during the holidays.
Miss Helen Carter spent the weekend of the 18th, in Gaspe, the guest of Mr. John F. Davis.
Mrs. Robert Pye has returned home after having spent some time visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Baird of Douglastown.
Mr. and Mrs. Brian Miller of Toronto, arrived on Saturday, Dec. 19th, to spend some time with her father Mr. Arthur Miller of Haldimand East.
Miss Hope Miller is recovering from an attack of quinsy and intends to take up a course in teaching at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Belleville, after Christmas.
The Howard Smith Mills will close on Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, and will commence work again on Jan. 2nd, 26.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carter and family will spend Christmas day in Gaspe, the guests of her father, Mr. John F. Davis.

Don't Cry over Lost Articles—Try a Graphic Lost and Found Ad.

W. C. T. U.

May all the peace the Christ-Girl came to give be ours this Christmas Season.

Christmas peace is God's and He must impart it to us with his own hand or we should never get it, go then to God Thou art his child as Christmas day declares.

Be not afraid to go to thy Father pray to Him, say Father I fear I cannot keep Christmas aright for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit within me and I know I shall never get it by thinking and reading and understanding for it passes all that angles far away beyond it in the very essence of Thine Eternal Godhead. O Father give me thy Christmas peace.

The highest ambition of any life should be to live a life of usefulness. Our pattern in all things is our Lord and Master. He went about doing good and bringing good cheer and comfort to the poor, sick and needy, also to the sinful, weak and oppressed. We are to love our neighbors as ourselves. The parable of the Good Samaritan recorded by Luke alone teaches us that our neighbors or any one in need.

Where should our service be? In home, school, community, country, province, dominion, all nations. Many are reaching out hands to reach some sort of help, many are suffering. Let us awake to the fact that we who know and have an obligation to enrich the lives of others with the best blessing of life.

We are so busy, we have so many claims on our time and attention. These about have so much and more. Let us then turn our eyes to those in need and a true vision will present itself.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES
Wholesome Cleaning Refreshing

Let us try to simplify our ways of living so that more of our time and means may be devoted to the less fortunate at home or abroad. The of use right where you are in whom you are with, and may we all be able to bring Good Cheer, this Christmas Season to some sad and weary person.
Bless the cup of loving service Sons and daughters of the King Water from the living fountain To the faint and thirsty bring Tendered in this loving spirit Blessed will the mission be Even the smallest cup that's offered Christ our Gracious Lord will see. Bear the cup of loving service So the weary and the sad For the draught held out to others Makes the giver more than glad So it will yield a double blessing Making sweetest chords of praise While we strive to follow Jesus In His pleasant peaceful way. Paper prepared by Mrs. Peter McLean.

CAPE OZO, GASPE
Friday morning when the Cape Ozo school teacher Miss Viola Lenfesty, went to her school for closing day exercises, she found that during her absence some of the scholars had put up a nice Xmas tree in one corner of the room, and had decorated the tree and school room with Xmas decorations.

On the tree were many presents for their teacher, also all kinds of candy and fruit for the children but the teacher was not going to be caught. Let us then turn our eyes to those in need and a true vision will present itself.

The people of Cape Ozo are all very a teacher, this being her first year, pleased with Miss Lenfesty's work as she is very popular with her scholars, as well as with the grown up folks. Miss Lenfesty's home is at Cape Cove, Gaspe.

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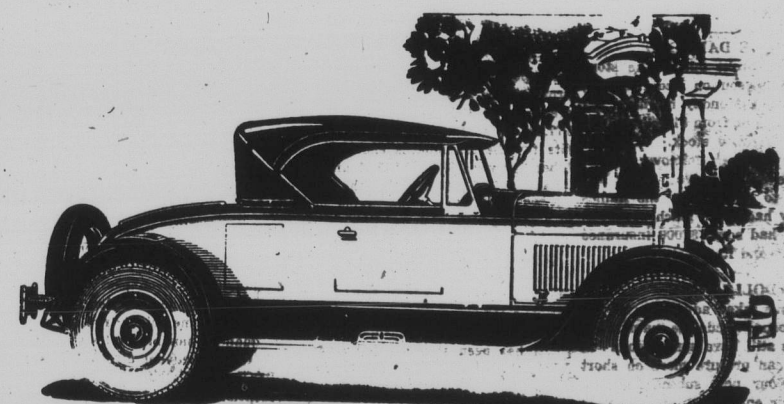
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