

EVENTS.

The Bay Chaleur Weekly

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Strictly in Advance.
Advertising Rates on Application

Events are published every Thursday afternoon in time to catch all evening and night trains of that day.
Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly would confer a favor by notifying us immediately. Notices of births, marriages and deaths free of charge, but poetry accompanying same will be charged ten cents per line.

ANSLOW BROS., [Publishers,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B. July 11 1907

A TAX WANTED.

We commend to the lumbermen and business men generally of this county, an article on another page of this issue, dealing with the pulpwood situation in Canada. The writer points out that the exportation of pulpwood from Quebec and New Brunswick to the United States is slowly draining the forest resources of these provinces without any substantial benefit being derived therefrom; and he reaches the sane conclusion that steps should be taken to prevent the depletion of our forests in this manner. He would prohibit the exportation of pulpwood altogether, or failing that, would impose such a task as would render the exportation prohibitive. We quite agree with him. The forests of the United States are rapidly becoming depleted. The American manufacturers of pulp and paper are looking to Canada more and more every day for their supply of raw material. Before long they will depend upon us almost entirely for their supply. It seems highly unfair, not to say silly that one of the greatest resources of this country should be utilized almost solely for the benefit of American manufacturers and American communities. If a prohibitive tax were placed on the exportation of pulpwood it would have a tendency, if indeed it would not compel, American manufacturers to build and operate pulp and paper mills on this side of the border. Let us have such a tax.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

(Written for publication July 1 but owing to certain peculiarities of the weather not published until today.)
Now doth the summer girl venture blithely from her winter wraps. Into the street and into the groves, into the sunlight and under the trees she trips daintily. Shyly she comes for she has watched the whimsies of the weather and thinks she must beware. But she comes. That is the great, cheering, thrilling fact—she comes. Here and there you see her. Sometimes she is revealed in the dashing simplicity of the shirt waist. Sometimes she is marked by daintiness of parasol and gayness of hat. Sometimes she is all lace and fluffiness. She of the lace and fluffiness is the summer girl full-grown. She is the supreme poem of summer. The pink that smiles through her peek-a-boo, the airiness about her that makes her seem of the ether itself, the delicacy that pervades her whole make-up—these transform her into a sonnet. Almost any girl who is prose at other seasons is verse in summer. In two more weeks the summer girl will not steal forth so shyly, for she will be in the height of her season. She will then rule in a kingdom all hers. Everywhere the stern masculine eye turns it will be delighted by the vision of her. What were mere flowers—mere daffodils and roses—then? Make way for the summer girl.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"How many of you are saving money?" asked John D. Rockefeller the other day of a group of reporters who gathered about him for an interview. The grand old man of the Standard Oil Company, as his conferees would like to call him, is evidently imbued with the idea that prodigality is a prevailing weakness among young men. Right you are, John D; it is! There is nothing parsimonious in the makeup of the average young man today, we can tell you. He labors in order that he may have pleasure, he earns money in order that he may spend it. We believe that young men should have plenty of relaxation, but we do not believe

that they should spend their last dollar to obtain it—and let it be said that the less pleasure a man takes in early life the more he will be able to take in after years and vice versa.

The large development of camps for boys is a phase of summer life to be commended. The wise purpose of them all is to direct the irrepressible youthful activities in way to serve the physical and moral development of boys and to make them self-reliant and manly. The best of these camps have rules designed to serve the common interest that are made to be lived up to and not to be broken and so lessons of obedience and respect for the rights of others are enforced. Method of this sort is especially desirable, for the sooner boys are taught to obey orders the better for their future prospects. Of especial value are the Young Men's Christian Association camps where the charges are light, the oversight first class and the benefit widely diffused. The Maritime Boy's Camp is now being held at Big Cove Pictou County, N. S., and we are pleased to note that several Campbellton boys are in attendance. They will doubtless return in fit condition to resume school work.

A young girl of 19 residing at Altoona, Pa. was led astray by a minister of the gospel. The pair were discovered at midnight in a hotel room. The minister confessed his guilt and left the town. The girl went to Sunday school as usual the following Sunday. Her presence proved objectionable to members of the school and the trustees requested her to leave the audience room. She complied without a protest. What in the name of all that's good and godly are churches and Sunday schools for? Surely not to cast out lost souls, but to reclaim them. As Christ said:—"They that are well need not a physician but they that are sick." We are inclined to think that the Sunday school goes of Altoona committed as great a sin if not greater, in banishing this young girl from the church than that committed by the girl herself. Had they desired to do so, they could not have adopted a better method of bringing about her complete ruin. Cast out by the church she may seek admission to the brothel where she is sure of a welcome and perhaps—who knows—those who were loudest in their demands for her expulsion should be branded by the scarlet letter themselves. One thing certain, it is just such episodes in church life as this, which is rendering the task of the honest man in the pulpit all the more difficult and keeping the honest man outside the church away from its doors.

SIDE-LIGHTS.

HAD SHORT sleeves never come into fashion, mosquitoes would have had to content themselves with the pink islets that dot her ankles.

A WASHINGTON preacher declares that "hell is in the sun."

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L. T. JOUDRY

He might have been nearer the truth had he said, hell was in the average domine's son.

A MISSOURI judge courted a widow for fifteen years and then dropped dead when she accepted his proposal of marriage. A case of being tickled to death.

THIS IS the sort of weather which makes a man feel like taking off his skin and sitting on his bones

A ST. JOHN insurance man here this week praises our water supply. "Had he been here last week and waded through Water street a few times he would have fairly raved over it."

TALES OF THE TOWN.

"From now on I don't go in for precocity in youngsters," said the man with the gray flannel waist and the polka dot necktie. "I used to think it was mighty cute to hear our little one—he's just turned four—saying things beyond his years. But from this time on, the lid's on precocity at our house, if I've got anything to say about it."

"The night of the glorious twelfth I met two of the boys, and some one suggested a quiet little game. It was to last just till 10 o'clock—no later—and I thought it would be a good chance to tell the wife I met a friend from Newcastle."

"Well, I was only about \$4.35 to the bad when we quit a little before 2 o'clock, which wasn't such a poor showing considering some of the hands that were held."

"Of course there wasn't any reason for rousing my wife out of a good sleep when I got home, and I just took off my shoes downstairs, so's to get up to the room with just as wee a bit of noise as possible. I looked in and saw that my wife was asleep all right—poor girl, I felt mean for leaving her alone all evening, and our little Tommy was quiet enough in his little nest over in the far corner."

"But I was overlooking a pair of openers when I thought he was asleep too. I had just set down my shoes when I heard his little voice pipe out: 'Hee, I see you. You can't fool me.'"

"Of course, he thought I was coming in to play with him. But at the time I looked for him to speak up and ask me how much I went in the hole."

SMALL TALK BY BIG EDITORS.

THE SAME OLD FRUIT.
(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

Thus far our supply of fruit from the ruined crop has been up to the average.

AND HERE, TOO.
(Montreal Star.)

Birmingham, Alabama, has a respected citizen named O'Helle. The name is well known in Mon-

treal, being often called over the 'phone.

THE RESULT AIMED AT.

(Philadelphia North American)
The Georgia Senate has passed a prohibitory law by thirty-three votes to seven. Georgia is determined to stamp out lynching.

ESPECIALLY SUMMER GIRLS.

(Toledo, Ohio Blade.)
We do not remember of having read any nature faking stories about the mosquito. Everybody seems to understand the mosquito's habits.

Don't forget that Geo G. McKenzie & Co's big sale is now on. See ad.

A large crowd, an ideal evening and splendid music by the Citizens band combined to make the moonlight excursion Monday evening on the steamer Lady Ellen a very successful affair. The steamer went as far as Carleton and then turned, reaching Campbellton at midnight. All present voted the affair a most enjoyable one.

William Shortell, Halifax, a tramp umbrella mender, was on Saturday night killed by an I. C. R. train at Beresford, by a west-bound freight special in charge of Conductor Dickie. The body was fearfully mutilated. Shortell was with a companion, also an umbrella mender, the two lay down to sleep in the station house, according to the story which is told by Shortell's companion. The latter says he awoke after they had been lying there for some time, and found that Shortell had gone. On Sunday morning, the mutilated remains were found by the side of the track, the head and arms were severed from his body. It is supposed that Shortell was boarding Cond. Dickie's west bound special for the purpose of getting a ride, when he fell between the cars, and was ground to death beneath the wheels.

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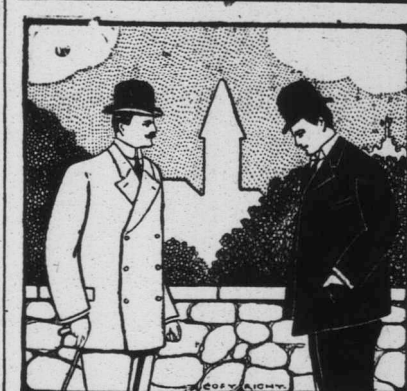
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