



You can keep the fine natural color in Raspberry Preserves if you make them with

Lantic Sugar

"Pure and Uncolored"

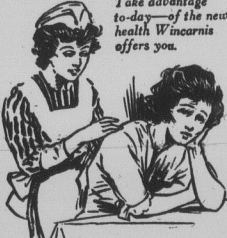
Long cooking fades raspberries. You can avoid this by using LANTIC SUGAR which dissolves instantly on account of its "FINE" granulation. LANTIC is the best sugar to use for all preserving on account of its purity and high sweetening power. LANTIC is a pure cane sugar equally good for the table, for general cooking and for preserving.

10, 20 and 100-lb. sacks; 2 and 5-lb. cartons.

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PRESERVING LABELS FREE—Send us a red ball trade-mark cut from a bag or carton and we will send you a book of 54 ready gummed printed labels.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Limited
Power Building, Montreal



Take advantage to-day of the new health Wincarnis offers you.

Don't remain Weak, Anemic, Nervous, Run-down

NEW health and new life are offered by Wincarnis to you who are miserable and depressed by ill-health. Think what this means. Wincarnis will make you well. Wincarnis possesses a four-fold power in promoting the new health and strength you need. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one great life-giving preparation.

The four-fold power acting upon the system at one time, creates new strength, new rich red blood, new nerve force and new vitality. Thus the whole body becomes revitalized and surcharged with a delicious food of new life and strength.

Wincarnis is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anemic, Nervous, Run-down—to all who are depressed and "out-of-control." But it is not a medicine. Take advantage of the new health Wincarnis offers you. Try just one bottle. But be sure you get Wincarnis—don't trust substitutes.

Remember that Wincarnis has a reputation of over 25 years, and that it is recommended by over 10,000 doctors.

WINGARNIS
The Famous Health Food

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
GET IT AT YOUR DRUGGISTS

Imported in two sizes:
\$1.00 and (extra large bottle) \$1.50

Preparators: Coleman & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Ont. Canadian Agents:
Toronto: Frank S. Bell, Resident
District Sales Agent for Canada
Luggie, Parsons & Co., Toronto.

Burns and Sores quickly healed by

MECCA Ointment

"I was given up to die by three local doctors and also a Toronto specialist as my foot was half eaten out with a gangrene sore. The poison had worked through my system. After nine months' persistent use of Mecca Ointment, my life was saved. Nature restored the foot back."—JOS. COUPLAND

Sold by all druggists in 25c, 35c, 75c, \$1.25c sizes.

Prepared by
FOSTER-DACK CO., LTD.
TORONTO, ONTARIO

FLY YOUR FLAGS.

Celebrate the great Canadian and Allied victories by flying your flags. If you have no flag call at the Graphic office and get a large one for \$1.50.

GREAT CHANGES AT CARLETON, QUE.

Wonderful Improvements Last Fifty Years Due Improved Agricultural Methods

At confederation and previous and a few years after, the people of Carleton one of the oldest parishes in the Baie des Chaleurs, did some farming; but a great deal of interest was taken in fishing. The late John Meagher, who owned several vessels, carried on a large herring trade with Boston, U. S. Shortly after confederation, William and Alexander Petrie, of Sligo, Ireland, did a big business in herring at Carleton, and D. W. Hoegs, Portland, U. S., put up a large shed on the Carleton Beach, and lobster canning was done on a large scale by him. An attempt was made also at that time to catch porpoises with nets. Schooners were built in Carleton in past years.

At confederation the people of Miqusha, Nouvelle and St. Omer, travelled to Carleton, on Sundays to attend service. To-day, they have large churches at Nouvelle, St. Omer and one at St. Louis.

At confederation there were few stores, and the main business was done by the late John Meagher, who had stores at Carleton, Maria and Nouvelle. At Carleton he had associated with him Mr. John Cullen, of Carleton, who was in his employ during 21 years. Mr. Charles Cyr, Quebec and Mr. Chas. H. LaBillicois, Dalhousie, N. B. The latter having been adopted by his grand uncle, Mr. John Meagher, after the death of his mother and serious illness of his late father, who was Postmaster at Dalhousie. At Maria the business there was conducted by Mr. W. H. Clapperton of Maria, and at Nouvelle by the late John LaBillicois.

The late Mr. John Meagher, who represented the Co. of Bonaventure, before Confederation, took great interest in politics all his life, and it is not surprising if his clerks made an attempt to serve their country in a political way. Mr. W. H. Clapperton, who was unsuccessful, when he opposed the late Hon. Dr. Robitaille, for the Commons, later represented the Co. of Bonaventure, in the Legislative Assembly, at Quebec. Mr. John Cullen's name was often mentioned as the right man to enter the large field of politics; but he preferred the humble position, and for many years rendered valuable service in the Municipal Council. Mr. Charles Cyr contested

CLASS PROPHECY, 1917

The other day Father Time took me by the hand and rushed me along through space till I fairly gasped for breath. "Stop, stop I cried. I never stop," said Father Time. Leave me then," I said, "and come back for me."

"I never turn back" he shouted over his shoulder as he rushed on. "Where am I?" I wondered for the place looked somehow familiar, yet different from any other town I ever had known. I walked along a paved sidewalk, shaded with beautiful maples, till I came to corner where I had a better view of my surroundings. A mountain that I had seen every morning for one happy year of my life, rose in its beauty just beyond the town.

"Why this must be Campbellton" I said "for I would know the Sugar-leaf anywhere."

As I strolled along I came to the house where I had lived. Thoughtlessly I walked up the steps, opened the door and walked in. Then I realized my error. This was no longer my home, and I was about to make a hasty retreat when a lady sitting in a rocker, absorbed in a new magazine observed me.

I went in to make my apologies. Something in the appearance of the little woman brought back memories of my school-days, yet I could not remember hearing of any of my former friends having desired to be the mistress in a paragon, till I heard the words addressed to my astonished self, "Do have some sense."

With a rush, I could see a curly headed girl who even in the old days had a special leaning towards this profession, though we had heard Miss Mowat declare that never, never would she marry a minister, but the fates must have willed it otherwise.

So shocked was I, at beholding my own face with grey hair around it as I glanced in a mirror, that I staggered out of the house without a word to reveal to this old friend who I was. Another surprise was in store for me. I went in search of my breakfast and approached what seemed to be a bakery and restaurant. In a large show window I saw three tempting looking pies, while all the rest of the space was empty. However, I decided to have one of those pies, so I entered the store. It was a large

Bonaventure Co., twice unsuccessfully. Mr. Chas. H. LaBillicois, represented Restigouche, his native county during thirty years.

Carleton of 1917 is a prosperous agricultural parish. During recent years the people are paying special attention to farming. The lumber industry is being developed at St. Omer, which at the confederation formed part of Carleton. A wood-working factory owned by the Bernard Bros. is quite an asset to the place.

Carleton is fast becoming a great place for tourists, it is a delightful spot. One never tires of its beauty and its charms. The sea bathing is splendid and boating can be enjoyed to any extent—it has a splendid hotel for tourists.

The parish has a great future before it, especially on account of the great interest the people take in agriculture.

Carleton has been the home of the late John Meagher, Ex. M. P. P., P. C. Beauchemin, Ex. M. P. is now the home of H. J. Martin, Esq., M. D., Ex. M. P. P., and Hon. Chas. Marcell, M. P., and family spend the summer months there.

POLICEMAN NEEDED.

It would seem that the village of Matapedia needs a policeman badly when such scenes can happen at the railway station as we witnessed Sunday night. A young man in uniform attacked and insulted another young fellow who was quietly going about his business. We imagine this soldier's young lady friend, who was there, must have admired his actions and his language. We respect the King's uniform and only wish that only those who so respect it would wear it. A good many of the bystanders, who knew the boy who was insulted, especially some of his near neighbors, showed by their actions the sort of people they are.

It is time this place was cleaned up anyway. We think it would be a good idea to analyze some of the beer that is being sold. If "temperance" beer has such an effect on people, then its time has stopped selling "temperance" drinks.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

FRUIT-A-LIVES Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE

85 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th. "For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Pimples of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease. I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was 'Fruit-a-lives' that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.

At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

place with candy cases, shelves for cakes, shelves for doughnuts, ice-cream boxes, etc., but what appeared to be very strange, nearly every shelf was empty. I spoke to the manager a rosy-cheeked woman, very good to look upon, and remarked that her trade must be very brisk since her stock was sold so early in the morning.

"Oh no, she said, I have had it full once today, but I have just been taking a little lunch. We talked a little longer while she told of the news of the town. "There is an new English professor in the school, she informed me. "Hazel Quinn is her name, she is an old school mate of mine and another old classmate Isabel Currie is married now and living on the hill." "Old school-mates of yours?" I cried "and who then are you for they were old school mates of mine." My name is Isabel McBeath," she said. "How you have changed." I sighed. "I look I mean." I added.

Then I turned my steps to the school to see Hazel, wondering as I walked what she would be like, after so many years, and a professor of English language. Dear me, what will happen next, I thought. I went to the room which I remembered as the principals and on the card in the door I saw, Ethel Baird, Principal. I wondered if this would be the same girl who had been in our class. A tall well-built woman to whom I was forced to look up, answered my knock. At once I asked her if she was the Ethel Baird who had graduated in 1917. She said she was, so I told her who I was. She told me that she was glad to see me but I must not keep her from her work, so I turned away. A tall be-speckled woman passed me in the corridor. I looked back, the walk was familiar, so I turned and caught up with the dignified personage who coolly looked me over and said "And who may you be?" I turned and fled hoping no more of my friends had entered that profession.

I remembered that I had been told that Isabel Currie lived on the hill, I would go to her, I could not imagine her tall or dignified. How the hill had changed. A tall building crowned the top. What could it be? It looked to me like a sanitarium, and such it proved to be. I inquired of a little girl where Isabel Currie lived, then I remembered that she was a Currie no longer. I stopped in bewilderment. "That is my Auntie's name" piped the child. She lives here" so she led me through the great gates towards the white stone building, chattering all the way. "My uncle owns this" she boasted proudly "He makes people thin, all but Auntie Isabel, the cure wouldn't work on her; she went out ill we saw a robust smiling little lady, who met us with out-stretched hands. "Why you are Jean Young" she cried "after so many years, I never expected to see you again. And she took me to the porch and made me comfortable while we talked over old times. I asked her about the other girls and boys who had been together with us. She told me of the successful business of McBeath, "But she is just as fond of cake as ever," she laughed and Hazel

yes is very brilliant, quite a star in fact, Ethel was here a few years ago trying to get this, she is not nearly as fat now as she used to be she went on and Claire is just like she used to be. Florrie, she told me had a kindergarten in Montreal where she had become very popular and Raymond was farming somewhere near Winnipeg. Jessie was in Winnipeg too, she thought, she did not know what she was doing. And where is Jack? I asked. "You have not mentioned him of all the class. "I can speak for myself" said a voice and looking up I saw a bearded man whom I recognized at once as my old school friend. looked in surprise from one to the other as he sat down on the step at our feet and then it dawned on me, I remembered what Isabel McBeath had told me. "O," I said, "is this what has happened."

Then they inquired after my sister so I told them how Ruth was travelling the county as a lecturer, still impressing the rising population of Canada with the fact that love may hide itself awhile, but love can never die. Did she not marry, asked Isabel. "No" I told her, "she has had time for nothing for years except to lecture and cry her old solgan."

I was determined to see all the old bunch, so that very night I bid goodbye to Campbellton and an hour later arrived in Montreal (everyone travelling in airships, so no time was lost) I soon found Florrie directing the young and innocent children in the paths of knowledge, and together we went to an auditorium where Ruth was holding forth. We found the tremendous audience hanging upon her every word. So eager were the growing boys as they pressed around her, that I had not even a chance to say a word to this famous sister of mine.

As soon as I arrived in Winnipeg I made enquiries for Jessie Ferguson and learned that she kept a home for spinsters. On my way uptown an agricultural exhibition attracted me where I noticed an immense cabbage bearing the prize ribbon and the name Raymond Andrew. It took very little time to find the owner of the prize cabbage. When I did, I told him who I was and asked him what he was doing. He told me that he had a cattle ranch and a cabbage patch. He admitted that there was a little school house near his ranch, so I supposed that the love followers of that profession still endured.

Then I hastened away to Jessie's home. Yes, she was a real old maid herself, and I remembered her vows and now could see how well she had kept them.

Such a houseful as she introduced me to, long lanky, short-sighted, fat, keen-eyed, long nosed and every other kind of spinster one could imagine. I turned to run but my feet would not move.

"Am I to be kept here?" I cried to

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LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
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WE GIVE YOU A PROPER FIT WHEN WE SELL YOU YOUR CLOTHES AND FURNISHING GOODS

WE ALSO SEE THAT PURE "ALL-WOOL" MATERIALS GO INTO OUR CLOTHES AND THAT THE "STYLE" IS THERE.

WHEN YOU WEAR OUR GOOD CLOTHES YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH YOUR LOOKS AND WHEN OTHERS SEE YOU THEY WILL SAY TO THEMSELVES: "THERE IS A WELL-DRESSED MAN."

A MAN MUST DRESS WELL TO SUCCEED. TO BE PROSPEROUS YOU MUST LOOK PROSPEROUS. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT PUT ON SOME BUM DUDS AND STRIKE A STRANGER FOR A JOB.

WE KEEP UP THE QUALITY; WE KEEP DOWN THE PRICE.

ANDREW'S CLOTHING STORE

Father Time, who I saw laughing to himself. "Are you going to roll on, and leave me in this house of spinsters too? Take me back" I begged.

He spoke to me then, and said, "If I take you back, will you never wish to be ahead of your time again?"

Glad I promised. With a whirl Father Time rushed off again, and as I looked around, I found myself once more on Andrew Street with my books under my arm, leaving school for the last time, having just said good-bye to my teacher, Mr. Carr to whom I am greatly indebted for the little I know.

Oh, such a sigh of relief escaped me when I found I did not really have to spend the remainder of my days in Jessie's Home for Spinsters.

Written by JEAN ISABEL YOUNG



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