

POOR COPY

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Campbellton, N. B., Feb. 3, 1916.

PEACE

Do we want peace? To what extent do we wish peace? Let us sit down and consider the question. Some of our young men have proved with their life, their desire for peace, their desire that all the people of all countries be permitted to live within homes of their own choosing—"none daring to make them afraid"—and there to attain to the highest life, the life enjoyed by British subjects. This peace—are we vainly wishing for it, or are we doing "our bit" to bring it about? It can be brought about in no other way than carrying this conflict to an issue. The men who are directing affairs are men who have had a vision of the peace that the Allies are contending for, a stable, lasting peace, on the foundation of fair play and equal rights to all men and this can only be attained by beating Germany to her knees. Pastor Zoebel speaking in the great Lutheran church in Leipzig said—"We must fight the wicked with every means in our power; their sufferings should give us pleasure."

A Peace under such teaching would not make for our comfort or happiness and if we want peace, let us be willing to pay the price for it—to fight for it—until it is ours by right. Others are paying the price, why should we expect to receive its benefit without any cost to us.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Do our young men consider at what price we are enabled to keep "business as usual". Young men who enlisted at the beginning of the war, went forward leaving the farm, the old folks and all the comforts of home. They have been "on the job" ever since. Some have paid the great price, made the great sacrifice, and we express our sorrow according to our feelings. Do we sufficiently honour those noble fellows who gave up that life which was as sweet to them as ours to us. Then some have been wounded and we have a pity and sympathy for them too. But what of the continued suffering of those who are still in the firing line? We save our conscience by sending them socks of tobacco, all of which is good, but the continuous everyday wearing of life in the trenches will bring about serious results unless something is done to inspire them. Would not thoughts of those poor fellows lead us to a desire to share with them the hardships of the campaign and to strengthen their tiring hands. Would not the news going forward to them that the whole country was enlisting and in training to follow their noble leading, serve to encourage and renew the energy of those noble fellows on the job?—They have done much for us, they deserve much of us.

THE BANNER COUNTY

A speaker in St. John recently made some comparisons and quoted some figures to show that the Loyalist city and county have done more than their share in the matter of recruiting for overseas. While we are pleased to learn that St. John has done so well in this work, we wish to point out that another county has done equally as well, if not better. Upon examining the figures, we find that Restigouche has a higher average per population, in fact our county is the banner one in the province. To date we have enlisted over 1200 men, our proportion, according to

"SALADA"

It has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold—

population would be 375, so we have sent over 3 times our quota.

St. John city and county with a population three and a half times that of Restigouche has sent 3500, which leaves a respectable margin in our favor.

THE POTATO SITUATION

Those of our farmer friends who have fair stocks of potatoes on hand, should see to it that they don't over-stand their market. Potatoes are higher today than they have been for years, and it is quite possible that they may even go higher. But there is not quite the scarcity of potatoes in the country that some people seem to be trying to make out, and just now when the season gets a little further advanced, and every one who has been holding his stock will want to realize, prices will take a tumble without much notice. A well known expert a few days ago expressed the opinion that "potatoes will be down at \$2 or 'so again before the season is over."

If this happens our farmer friends should see to it that they are not caught napping.—Commercial.

OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN TRADE

All who are pessimistic about commercial conditions in Canada just now should read "Our Great Revival in Trade", an article by the well-known expert, W. L. Edmonds which appears in The Canadian Magazine for February. According to deductions made by Mr. Edmonds from Government reports, the farmers were urged by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa to make an effort to produce 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. That would have been nearly 89,000,000 bushels more than in 1914, or an increase of about 55 per cent. But they did a great deal better than that. They raised 336,258,000 bushels, an increase of 108 per cent. Of oats the soil yielded 481,000,000 bushels, an increase of forty-six per cent.; barley, 50,868,000 bushels, an increase of thirty-seven per cent.; rye, 2,478,588 bushels, an increase of 18½ per cent.; flax, 12,604,700 bushels, an increase of nearly forty per cent. The total increase in these five grains was 347,777,700 bushels, or sixty-five per cent.

In quantity the root and fodder crops were smaller than in 1914, but their value, according to the figures issued by the Statistical Bureau, was larger by \$4,152,000 than that of the previous year, being placed at \$230,379,000.

SAWDUST

Have you had the la grippe?

Who saw the ground hog Wednesday?

Bishop Richardson publicly stated that he was in favour of prohibition. So say all true men.

National members in the House of Commons are learning to "speak out in school." Sounds logical too.

To pray, to live the everyday life, to vote—and to bear the part in the "great job"; all on the same moral plane, seems to be some of the teaching gotten from the Bishop of Fredericton's address to the Anglican Synod.

Are you interested in the winning of this war? How much will you give towards attaining that success? Be practical now! Will you sacrifice for one year, your "blood-bought" rights—county is the banner one in the province. To date we have enlisted over 1200 men, our proportion, according to

Let there be light in the town clock.

We haven't had "the worst storm in years" so far this winter.

Colonel Roosevelt tells some very pertinent truths even if he is seeking for votes. Our American neighbors have such short memories.

If it is true that the grip germ lingers on the rosy lips of beauty, one must concede that the grip germ shows remarkably good taste.

"Pride goeth before destruction." And Solomon, you will note, did not specifically exempt the person who is too proud to fight.

This is an era in which the young man leaves the country and works like the deuce in the city for thirty years, so that he can afford to go and live in the country.

Sir Sam does not encourage the idea that all young men should be officers. There is rightly a responsibility on officers that young men should hesitate before accepting. The history of the British army in the past shows the lamentable results of inefficient officers.

W. C. T. U.

This department is conducted by the Local Union, and is under the charge of an editor appointed by them. This Editor assumes the responsibility for the statements and articles which appear in this column.

IMMANUEL: GOD WITH US

By Georgina Marshall.
God with us when our youthful feet are treading

Life's untrodden ways with steps uncertain, slow;

Unseen, a Presence goes before us, threading

The thorny paths along which we must go.

God with us when temptations fierce

Assail us,

As o'er the toilsome road our way we

wend.

This sure and certain help will never

fail us,

His Hand will guide, uphold unto the

end.

God with us when the hopes of earth

Departed,

We view our dead with dry, unseeing

eyes,

His voice breathes comfort to us, broken

and hearted,

And points our erring vision to the

skies.

God with us when the way is dark and

dreary,

When courage fails, and strength is

well-nigh spent,

When years seem over long and hearts

are weary

He speaks to us, and lo! we are con-

tent.

And when the night of Life is swiftly

falling,

When on our souls there strikes

Death's solemn knell,

May we then hear His loving accents

calling

Forever, God with us—Immanuel!

Kidney Trouble?

The waste material which the Kidneys are intended to remove from the blood, if allowed to accumulate in the system, poison the blood and thus produce deleterious effects.

If from over-work, exposure to cold, or some local injury, the kidneys become congested or inflamed and cannot perform their functions, the system becomes filled with uric poisons.

Whenever a dull, heavy pain is felt over the region of the kidneys for any length of time, accompanied by a sallow complexion, loss of appetite, decrease of weight, and a pulsy condition under the eyes and in the ankles, a chronic inflammation of the kidneys must be suspected, and if not relieved promptly chronic Bright's Disease will certainly develop.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt, sold everywhere at 25c and 50c which is a Diuretic as well as an Aperient, will carry out of the system the poisonous material which the kidneys cannot get rid of, and will relieve the congestion of the kidneys.

WHY DON'T THE

CHRISTIANS HELP?

By Mrs. Esther T. Housh.

The words were intense with pleading. I shall never forget how all else paled into insignificance before that cry of a soul just on the border of the Heavenly Land. The pleading of a sister, beloved. She thought a great pit lay in the path of men, and they were constantly falling in. The green grass grew up to its edge, the flowers drooped over. It had no barriers, or lights of warning. "There," she would call, "the dearest friend I had slipped in, and you never tried to stop him. And a boy went over, and you never told him there was a pit there. Can't you save that girl?" she cried. "Oh! the world goes by, the great thoughtless world, and it jostles people in. Where are the Christians? Where are the Christians? Why don't the Christians help?"

"If I could live," she said in calmer tones. "If I could live, I would spend every day of my life keeping people out of that pit. I would build a wall so high no little child could climb over, or I would cover it so deep that none could fall in." Then looking at me with eyes luminous with the light of the world beyond, she clasped my hands and said, "Sister, sister, won't you try and keep people out of that pit?"

It has come to me far over the years, and a power I cannot resist, impels the sending out of her warning cry, with the hope that some one may be saved from the pit by the friendly hand of the one who reads it. Sisters, we know the pit is there, right in the way of life. What are we going to do about it?

Is it a pit grassed over, flower-decked, do birds sing in the arch-ways, and beautiful visions tempt beyond? The pools that offended the sight are bridged over. The great pit is made respectable by law. It is the High-License saloon. Christians, have you uttered no warning cry. Where are the danger signals? Must the young men, the pride of our lives go unwarned? Will it be less a death of manhood if buried beneath the costly Moloch? Will the home be less shadowed because the tax that made the saloon lawful, swelled the county resources?

But the danger lies not only here. Look, opening on every side, quicksands of impurity! Nay we see not, we cannot believe there are pits there. Yet who that reaches them, comes up the same? Perhaps the steps were impure pictures and stories, hidden books, idle conversation, foolish company, sinful amusements.

They were such little steps, just down a plane outside of mother's or father's care, where the Sunday School did not reach, and away from the teacher's guidance. Such little deviations from the right way. But the boy went over and you never told him there was a pit there, and you never tried to "save the girl."

What can be done to make safe paths for our children?—is the great question of today. The friends of education are building a wall of knowledge so high that a little child will not climb over to the pit of ignorance. Warning lights are burning all along the way that science treads. Are the Christians as aroused to see that the Sunday-schools and the churches stand shoulder to shoulder with the teachers on this question?

In some states the people are to decide whether or not their boundaries shall be freed from the curse of the saloon the distillery and the brewery, whether a wall shall be built between the home and the enemy of home, or the pits of temptation still be open to lure unwary feet. In this hour of decision, "where are the Christians?" The battle will be sharp, and victory must depend much upon the acts and influence of the Christian men and women.

Does the fact of only 300,000 Christian women banded together in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to defend the home from the saloon by organized effort—which means right home training, right education or head, heart and hand, and righteous laws enforced, that shall both warn the young feet away from the pits of temptation, and in time take away the temptation itself—touch not your heart, oh Christian woman not yet enrolled in the glorious army? Where are the millions of mothers and home-keepers who can arise in their majesty of womanhood and say, "The saloon shall no more tempt our sons and destroy our daughters?"

The emergency of the hour, the knowledge of our national and social danger, call for action. Today we can help, tomorrow it may be too late.

Dear Christian sister, "won't you try and keep people out of that pit?"

NO NAME

We have received interesting notes from York Centre, Camps Co., but as no name accompanied these, we could not use them. When will our correspondents learn that it is necessary to sign their names to all items intended for publication. It is not sufficient to "write in." The name of the writer is kept strictly in confidence. Please remember this.

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