

POOR COPY

The Campbellton Graphic

Vol. XX, No. 10

CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1918.

3 CENTS A COPY

J. & D. A. HARQUAIL COMPANY, (LIMITED)

CONTRACTORS, PLANING MILL, BUILDERS.
DAY KILN, DOOR AND SASH FACTORY
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

SHEDS, ROADS, BRIDGES, ETC.
We have a large stock of lumber, shingles, and other building materials. We also have a planing mill and a door and sash factory. We are prepared to take orders for all kinds of building work.

MAIL ORDERS.
We collect out of town orders which require our personal attention. The length of time taken to fill orders is governed very largely by how busy we are in the department of our factory in which the particular goods are made. While we have exceptional facilities for promptly turning out goods, it is important to place orders as far ahead as possible. Orders are filled by us in the rotation in which they are received, and customers can always depend on our doing everything in reason to give prompt despatch.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN:
CEMENT, LIME, COMMON, FRESSED, and FIRE BRICKS, ROCKWALL, PLASTER, CALCINE, PLASTER, FARM TILE, DRAIN TILE, and FITTINGS, NAILS, SPIKES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, STAINES.

Our Office is connected with the N. B. Telephone by two separate lines bearing prompt attention.
Office Hours—7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

\$67.50 UP
Is the best instrument you can buy, because it will play any record on the market, such as Edison, Pathephone, Columbia, Victor, etc.

Victor Records, 90c Up
Victor Records have the largest choice; the most popular and best Artists the world over.

Victor and Victrola \$27.50 UP
GRAMAPHONES
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

Our stock consists of leaders in every line, Stationary, Office Supplies, Fountain Pens, Flashlights, Sporting and Fancy Goods, etc.; Magazines and Books bound in Paper, Cloth and Leather Covers.

CENTRAL BOOK STORE.
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

A Great Showing of Spring Suits and Furnishings for Men and Boys

On Every Suit You Buy Here We Can Save You Dollars. Our Clothes Are The Best Tailors Can Manufacture. Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

| MEN'S BLUE SERGE SUITS | MEN'S PLAIN GREY PURE WOOL SERGE SUITS | MEN'S BROWN NORFOLK SUITS |
|--|--|--|
| Plain 3 button single breasted coat, and cuff, trousers, \$16.50, 18.00, 20.00, 22.50, to 35.00. | Made by F. A. Reform and Fashion Craft. 22.50, 25.00, 30.00, 32.50. Worth 20 p. c. more. | Cuff pants, \$18.50. Big Value. |
| MEN'S BROWN WOOLSTED SUITS |  | Our furnishings for men and boys are very new and moderately priced. |
| 2 and 3 button, \$15, 18, 20, 22.50, 25. House Value. | | Shirts, Hosiery, Pyjamas, Night Shirts, Etc. |
| MEN'S TOPPERS | | Our boys department of up-to-date clothing cannot be excelled in quality, quantity or price. |
| Big values in Men's Spring Overcoats, blacks, greys and fancy tweeds, made in plain chesterfields and fancy models, \$15, 18, 20 up to 30. |  | Boys extra Bloomers in all sizes. |
| MEN'S BLACK SERGE AND VICUNA SUITS | | Boys Suits from \$5 up to 18.00, in all sizes up to 36. |
| 3 button, plain cuff or plain trousers, \$18, 22.50, 25. | We ask you to consider our proposition before you purchase. | |

OAK HALL, McRae & McRae

MILITARY FUNERAL FOR PTE. H. McLENNAN

Funeral of Campbellton Hero Largest Ever Witnessed Here.

The body of the late Signaller Harry McLeenan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLeenan, who was gassed in France and died in England February 20th, arrived here Sunday morning. The funeral with full military honors was held Monday afternoon and was probably the largest ever witnessed here. Places of business, and schools were closed, and all assembled to pay a last tribute to one of our best loved fallen heroes. Throughout the town flags were flying at half mast.

The service at the house was conducted by Rev. Hugh Miller, assisted by Rev. Camp, Bertram and Barnes. The casket draped with the Union Jack was covered with floral tributes from numerous friends and societies. While the body was being carried from the house to the bier the Campbellton citizens band played "Nearer My God to Thee". The following members of the G. W. V. A. acted as pall-bearers: Harkins, McNaughton, Wallace, Fraser, Dugan, McNeil, Cabot, and Asprey.

The order of procession was as follows:—Firing party under command of Sergeant Major Fincombe with rifles carried at the reverse Citizens band, clergy, conveyance with floral tributes, hearse and pall-bearers, mourners, members of G. W. V. A., McLeenan Foundry & Machine Works employees, Western draft stationed here under command of Lieut. Brown, and citizens on foot and in sleighs.

At the grave the service was conducted by Rev. H. Miller, after which the firing squad fired three volleys and Bugler McMillan sounded Last Post.

BOY'S CLOTHING.
Andrew's Clothing Store has just received a shipment of Boy's Clothing in all sizes.

THE VALLEY OF THE ST. JOHN.
The Canadian Government Railway has issued a most attractive folder presenting the beauties of the St. John river valley, the grandeur of the New Brunswick, together with a map showing the Valley railway from Centreville to Gasquetown and the proposed road to Westfield, the Transcontinental, Intercolonial, and the various branches. The folder is profusely illustrated with fine views of the beauty spots of New Brunswick. The picturesque history of the St. John river is given in brief and attractive account of the river valley to-day.

A close friend is one who refuses to loan you anything.

DON'T BORROW.
Don't borrow your neighbors Graphic, send \$1.00 to-day and have it sent to your own address until Jan. 1st, 1919. The Graphic is worth twice the money.—L.

LAST MEETING OF OLD COUNCIL

Returning Officers Appointed—Larger Discounts for Large Power Users.

A meeting of the Town Council was held last evening. His Worship Mayor Andrew presiding. Couns. Quinn, McBeath, Miller, Alexander and Evans were present.

Resignations of B. Larsen as fireman at power house, and Wm. Taylor as streets commissioners were read and referred to respective committees.

Applications for positions as firemen at power house were read from John S. Nelson and George E. Day, for streets commissioner from Michael Shannon and for policeman A. F. Yerxa, which were referred to the respective committees.

O. J. Larsen wrote asking that the returned veterans names be placed on voters lists.

His Worship explained that qualification for voters was set by law and he did not see how council could do anything without special legislation. Was sorry that our boys were disfranchised.

Coun. Miller moved that the matter be laid before the town solicitor for his opinion.—Carried.

An increase of discount was authorized to users of electric current whose monthly accounts exceed \$500. The rate is now 4c. per kilowatt.

On motion of Coun. Evans, electric light committee was authorized to install lights on street leading to McLeenan Foundry.

The following returning officers were appointed:

WARD I.—G. E. Asker.
WARD II.—D. F. Graham.
WARD III.—Thos. McDevitt.

The returning officers were authorized to employ their own poll clerks. The council then adjourned.

"SUNNY SOUTH" COMPANY COMING

Will Be At Opera House, Saturday Night, With Pleasing Program.

As a sort of diversion local theatre goers will have an opportunity of seeing something entirely new in the amusement line at the Opera House, Campbellton, Saturday evening, April 13th, when the ever popular, J. C. Rockwell "Sunny South" Company, the show that leaves you laughing when they say "good night", is due to make its appearance. This is a new and original production, and is conceded to be one of the strongest combinations of colored talent ever organized. The performance is up-to-the-minute bright and pleasing from beginning to end. It contains more real wit, humor, novelties and original ideas than any similar attraction. The management wish to give the public a run for their money and have gotten together a strong and evenly balanced organization that is bound to please the most fastidious seeker after amusement. There is snap and ginger about it from start to finish. The music is all bright and catchy, it is all new and of that popular sort that can be whistled after one hearing. There is also plenty of fun in the performance, in that it was built for laughing purposes only and it is generally conceded to be one of the funniest shows since time began. Mr. Rockwell has not sacrificed quality for quantity. Each and every feature is the very best, in its particular line, that is obtainable. If you want to have a good laugh, enjoy the evening and get home whistling, happy and contented, at the same time feeling satisfied you have had full value for your money, come and spend two and a half hours in the "Sunny South".

The organization is accompanied by a solo concert band and an excellent orchestra. The "Kootenay" parade, a decided novelty, takes place at 7.30 p.m. The prices of admission have been placed at 35, 50 and 75 cents.

Reserved seat sale starts at the Box Office, Friday night and all day Saturday.

CAMPBELLTON ASTONISHED BY MERCHANTS STORY

A merchant related the following: "For years I could not sleep without turning every hour. Whatever I ate caused gas and sourness. Also had stomach catarrh, ONE SPOONFUL buckhorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ka relieved me INSTANTLY." Because Adler-ka flushes the ENTIRE alimentary tract, it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach organs and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. A. McE. McDonald.

REST. BOY WHO HAS GONE BEYOND

Extract from Letter from Cadet D. E. McMillan, and one from Companion.

Extracts from the last letter written home by Cadet D. E. McMillan.

I had my first accident today. At Armour Heights, where I landed there was only a small space where the snow was not deep. I circled around a couple of times, and having picked on this as the best spot, came down and made a beautiful landing. Before I lost speed altogether I started to "Taxi" in to the Hangars, and just as I turned on the engine the wheels caught in the snow and tipped the "Buss" up on her nose. Of course the propeller was broken. So I will not now be able to say that I got through without breaking anything. But I cannot complain for I have a far better record than most. After I got a new propeller fitted, I came back to Lesclide, reported, and went over for my second trip. When I

reached here I found two other Lesclide machines standing on their noses. I remained there for dinner, saw all my old friends and started back about 2.30. There was just a little strip to "take off" in beside the hangars, and I had to take off across wind. As I left the ground I was pointed so that one wing would just nicely meet the corner of the hangars. So I waited till I got a little elevation and banked around steeply so that the wing just passed over the corner. I turned away with about ten feet clearance. I straightened out and that bank and nosed down towards the ground to get up speed, then "sunk" ed up about one hundred feet, and as I did so banked over to the left, climbing all the time and circled the hangars on a steep bank about one hundred feet high. I was waving my hand and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

LIVELY CONTEST FOR MAYORALTY

Three Candidates in the Field Contest in Ward III Only.

Tuesday was nomination day and the following nominations were duly filed:—

For Mayors:—
Chas. A. Alexander
Mr. Robert A. Ross, C. E.
William H. Wallace
For Councilors at Large:—
W. H. Miller
Chas. Goss

Councillors for Ward I:—
John Harquail
Henry J. Currie
Councillors for Ward II:—
James W. Patterson
John Quinn
Councillors for Ward III:—
Bruce McBeath
David Channoux
Wm. J. McNeil
Henry A. Eagles.

The contest centers around the mayoralty contest and a great interest is being taken.

to get through till Monday night. From appearances tonight, it is likely to be cold. I freeze my face twice in the same place, but not badly either time.

I had a rather cold a few days ago, but am getting fairly well and over it now.

There are some technical terms in the above letter which might require an explanatory note.

"Banking" means turning the machine partly on edge so that the one wing is higher than the other.

"Zumping" means driving the engine hard and pointing the machine straight up.

"Sole" means flying alone.

Hicks, Texas.
My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

At Lesclide we were talking of formation flying once, and the troubles of a leader. Mac said, "I have been in six formations, and led five of them", and he went on to tell us of the job. "I don't know of anyone else good enough to have been picked for leader five times out of six. And I saw him come in the time he was Number Two. He reported the other town in a field and saw an 'off' off to help him. Number Three came in soon after. Say, I lost that leader, I couldn't chase him. He was very nose dives and S turns and everything else. How long did you follow him?" Mac said, and it was rather prophetic, "To the bitter end, boy."

The end was bitter. I think it always must be. But death came to him very quickly. He was so good a pilot that he must have been hit very suddenly with no chance or he would have lived and died like a gentleman, and that I hope to do as well. I can't hope to do better. I am,

Yours sincerely,
G.—D.—

My Dear Mr. MacMillan:
I roomed with your son at Burwash Hall and next to him at South Residence in Toronto, and knew him at Long Branch and Armour Heights and Lesclide, and am writing to offer you my sincere sympathy for his death.

This letter is very delayed. I was unable to write for three weeks after the accident and have hesitated since for I didn't know what to say. But on Wednesday next we leave for Toronto to get our commissions, and Mac was with us. So I'm doing what I can for him anyway. You will see that he is not forgotten here.

When I came here an old man said to me, "It should make a difference to you fellows in the flying corps. You'll be killed, but this won't make any difference to you, I suppose, but it would help your friends to know what you have done something first."

Well, Mac did something first. It is very empty talk for me to say simply "I'm sorry", but if I write of Mac you may understand me better, and at the same time you will understand something that he did.

He always acted as a gentleman. We used to be inclined to rush for meals. There would be some noisy ones in the dorm, some funny ones behind, and the ones with an idea of behavior clear and waiting. I remember one evening seeing Mac there and saying to myself, "Yes, you're behind the bunch here, but when the front is not so crowded you're there alright. You were one of the few who got out early from the school of Military Aeronautics. And you'll get flying first. And we're going to Germany. You'll be there too, and some of these ones will give you room, too." Well, I thought a lot more than I can write. I thought of writing to my brothers, my younger boys, I'm getting there and will see them, and will tell them. "For I was quite right. When it was a question of hard work or trouble Mac was there first and stayed till it was done. He used to carry meals down to the hospital for the hurt boys, I didn't know of it till afterwards.

A. CHAS. MARCIL FOR MONTREAL

One of Commissioners Appointed to Govern That City—Bonaventure's Loss.

Quebec, April 6.—At a meeting of the Provincial Cabinet yesterday, the following five commissioners were appointed for the administration of the city of Montreal.

Mr. Ernest Decary, notary.
Mr. Robert A. Ross, C. E.
The Hon. Charles Marcil, M. P.
Mr. Alphense Verville, M. P.
Mr. Charles Arnoldi, Treasurer of the city of Montreal.

The extra appointments were made necessary by the refusal of Mr. Charles Laurendeau, chief city auditor, and Mr. J. Pettit, city comptroller, and auditor, to serve on the commission.

The Hon. Charles Marcil, M. P., St. John's, July 1, 1860. He was educated in the common school and at Ottawa College, and the University of Ottawa conferred the degree of L. L. D. upon him in 1905. He has been connected with journalism for many years past. He was elected to the House of Commons in Bonaventure in 1906, re-elected in 1908, 1910, 1911 and 1917. He was Deputy Speaker of the House in 1905, and Speaker in 1909 to 1911. He was made a member of the King's Privy Council in 1911. He is vice-president of the Montreal Trust Co. He is a Liberal in politics and resided on Sherbrooke street, Montreal.

His acceptance of the Montreal post will make his resignation as a member for Bonaventure necessary, and his very many friends throughout the Bay Chaleur count will regret to learn this.

Prohibition Is Responsible For Fifty Percent Cut In Revenue.

Editor Graphic, Campbellton, N. B.

Dear Sir:
I attach herewith for your information a comparative statement of duties collections showing the total collection for 1916 and 1917 with two Liquor Bonds for the whole of the year ago and in 1917 and 1918 liquor for the month of April only.

What is going to take the place of the Whiskey for Revenue.

Yours respectfully,
SCOTT McFAT,
Collector of Customs.

CUSTOMS REVENUE.
1916 and 1917

April 2260.42
May 3041.83
June 2720.60
July 1972.93
August