

**Campbellton Graphic**  
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Thursday, January 3rd, 1918.

#### A DISGRACE TO CAMPBELLTON.

Some two years ago the town council talked of erecting a fire station and town hall. There was so much criticism of the undertaking that the matter was allowed to drop as the amount necessary was considered too great under existing conditions.

In the meantime Campbellton has contributed thousands of dollars to the Patriotic fund, the Military Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross funds, and last Friday night \$5,000 for the Halifax relief was voted. We do not wish to imply that it was not right to subscribe the above amounts. Not at all, but surely funds should be provided for necessary work.

Last Friday while the council was voting \$5,000 for Halifax relief a town official was mourning the loss of a baby which was born under circumstances which are a disgrace to the town of Campbellton.

The town employs a driver and caretaker of the Fire team. He has to be at his post twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. He is a young, married man, (a single man cannot be got to take the job) and two rooms were fitted up in the shack which houses the apparatus and the horses, for him to live in. During the mild weather conditions are not bad, but during the past two weeks the quarters provided are not fit for horses, to say nothing of human beings to live in.

When the weather was at its worst the young wife gave birth to a child, which later died. We ask our readers to imagine if they can, what living in two rooms in a board shack with the temperature about thirty degrees below zero would be, under these circumstances. Surely something can be done to remedy temporarily this state of affairs, and then let our citizens support the council in proceeding with the erection of the needed permanent building.

#### TIME FOR ACTION.

In Quebec, as in New Brunswick, true sportsmen are promoting a movement for better protection of the partridge, which is being gradually exterminated. The Quebec plan is for at least a three years' prohibitory law. This will be in effect unless much more vigorously enforced than has been the New Brunswick prohibition. The last two or three years has shown such an alarming decrease in these splendid game birds, despite laws against their slaughter for sale, that New Brunswick can hardly longer lay claim to being a partridge country. Apparently the situation in Quebec is little if any better. The time for action in the interests of preservation of our weathered and four-footed game has come. Unless something really effective is done a few years will forever end the claim that this province is a sportsman's paradise—Globe.

#### OBITUARY.

The death of Mrs. James Gerrard, one of Campbellton's pioneer residents took place New Year's morning at the home of her son, J. Herbert Gerrard aged 82 years. Deceased was the eldest daughter of the late Peter Gerrard and was born at Head Tide. Three children survive, Mrs. Chas. Adams and Messrs. Herbert and Peter Gerrard. The funeral was held this afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. H. Miller. Interment was made in the Rural cemetery.

A big packer's plot has been unearthed in the United States. It is time these packers were sent packing.

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Dec. 19-1-18.

## O. Henry Stories

### VII.—Art and the Broncho

By O. HENRY

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UP of the wilderness had come a painter. Genius whose coronation alone are democratic, had woven a chapter of chaparral for the brow of Lony Briscoe. Art, whose divine essence flows imperially from the finger tips of a cowboy or a dilettante emperor, had chosen for a medium the boy artist of the San Saba. The out come seven feet by twelve of beamed canvas, stood, gilt framed, in the lobby of the capital.

The legislature was in session. The capital city of that great western state was enjoying the season of activity and profit that the congregation of the artists bestowed. The boarding houses were corralling the easy dollars of the gamesome lawmakers. The greatest state in the west, an empire in area and resources, had arisen and repudiated the old time barbarism, in breaking and bloodshed. Order reigned within her borders. Life and property were as safe there, sir, as anywhere among the corrupt cities of the effete east. Pillbox, churches, strawberry feasts and labored corpus flourished. With impunity might the tenderfoot vent his "coveys" or his theories of culture. The arts and sciences received nurture and subsidy. And, therefore, it behooved the legislature of this great state to make appropriation for the purchase of Lony Briscoe's immortal painting.

Rarely has the San Saba country contributed to the spread of the fine arts. Its sons have excelled in the solid graces, in the throw of the lariat, the manipulation of the estimated 45, the intrepidity of the one card draw and the nocturnal stimulation of towns from undue lethargy. But hitherto it had not been famed as a stronghold of aesthetics. Lony Briscoe's brush had removed that disability. Here among the limestone rocks, the succulent cactus and the drought parched grass of that arid valley had been born the boy artist. Why he came to art is beyond speculation. Beyond doubt some spore of the afatus must have sprung up within him in spite of the desert soil of San Saba. The tricky spirit of creation must have incited him to attempted expression and then have sat hilarious among the white hot banks of the valley watching its mischievous work. Lony's picture, viewed as a thing of art, was something to have driven away dull care from the bosoms of the ricks.

The painting—one might almost say panorama—was designed to portray a typical western scene, interest culminating in a central animal figure, that of a stampeding steer. Life size, wild eyed, fiery, breaking away in a mad rush from the herd that close ridden by a typical cow puncher, occupied a position somewhat in the right background of the picture. The landscape presented fitting and faithful accessories. Chaparral, mesquite and pear were distributed in just proportions. A Spanish dagger plant, with its waxy blossoms in a creamy aggregation as large as a water bucket, contributed floral beauty and variety. The distance was undulating prairie bleached by stretches of the intermittent streams peculiar to the region lined with the rich green of live oak and water elm. A richly wooded rattlesnake lay coiled beneath a pale green clump of prickly pear in the foreground. A third of the canvas was ultramarine and like white—the typical western sky and the flying clouds, rainless and feathery.

Between the place and pillars in the commodious hallway near the door of the chamber of representatives stood the painting. Citizens and lawmakers passed there by two groups and sometimes crowded to gaze upon it. Many—perhaps a majority of them—had lived the prairie life and recalled easily the familiar scene. Old cattle-men stood, reminiscent and candidly peering, chatting with brothers of former camps and trails of the days it brought back to mind. Art critics were few in the town, and there was heard none of that jargon of color, perspective and feeling such as the east loves to use as a curb and a rod to the pretensions of the artists. 'Twas a great picture, most of them agreed, admiring the gilt frame—larger than any they had ever seen.

Senator Kinney was the picture's champion and sponsor. It was he who so often stepped forward and asserted, with the voice of a bronco buster, that it would be a lasting blot, sir, upon the name of this great state if it should decline to recognize in a proper manner the genius that had so bravely transferred to imperishable canvas a scene so typical of the great source of our state's wealth and prosperity, land—and—er—live stock.

Senator Kinney represented a section of the state in the extreme west—40 miles from the San Saba country, but the true love of art is not limited by miles and bounds. Nor was Ben-

ator Mullens, representing the San Saba country, lukewarm in his belief that the state should purchase the painting for his constituents. He was advised that the San Saba country was unanimous in its admiration of the great painting by one of its own deities. Hundreds of constituents had straddled their broncos and ridden miles to view it before its removal to the capital. Senator Mullens desired re-election, and he knew the importance of the San Saba vote. He also knew that with the help of Senator Kinney, who was a power in the legislature, the thing could be put through. Now, Senator Kinney had an irrigation bill that he wanted passed for the benefit of the farmers, and he knew Senator Mullens could render him valuable aid and information, the San Saba country already enjoying the benefits of similar legislation. With these interests happily dovetailed, wonder at the sudden interest in art at the state capital must, necessarily, be small. Thus Mullens had uncovered their pictures to the world under happier auspices than did Lony Briscoe.

Senator Kinney and Mullens came to an understanding in the matter of irrigation and art while partaking of long drinks in the cafe of the Empire hotel. "You," said Senator Kinney, "don't know. I'm no art critic, but it seems to me the thing won't work. It looks like the worst kind of a chromo to me. I don't want to cast any reflection upon the artistic talent of your constituents, Senator, but I myself, wouldn't give six bits for the picture—without the frame. How are you going to cram a thing like that down the throat of a legislature that kicks about a little item in the expense bill of \$681 for rubber craters for only one term? It's wasting time. I'd like to help you, Mullens, but they'd laugh us out of the senate chamber if we were to try it."

"But you don't get the point," said Senator Mullens, in his deliberate tones, tapping Kinney's glass with his long forefinger. "I have my own doubts as to what the picture is intended to represent, a bullfight or a Japanese allegory, but I want this legislature to make an appropriation to purchase. Of course, the subject of the picture should have been in the state historical line, but it's too late to have the paint scraped off and changed. The state won't miss the money and the picture can be stowed away in a lumber room where it won't annoy any one. Now, here's the point to work on, leaving art to look after itself—the chap that painted the picture is the grandson of Lucien Briscoe."

"Say it again," said Kinney, leaning his head thoughtfully. "Of the old, original Lucien Briscoe?" "Of him. The man who, you know, the man who carved the highest peak of the wilderness. The man who settled the Indians. The man who cleaned out those horse thieves. The man who refused the crown. The state's favorite son. Do you see the point now?" "Wrap up the picture," said Kinney. "As good as sold. Why didn't you say that at first, instead of philosophizing along about art. I'll resign my seat in the senate and go back to chain sawing for the county clerk. I'll sign a bill I can't make this state buy a picture calculated by a grandson of Lucien Briscoe. Did you ever hear of a special appropriation for the purchase of a home for the daughter of One Eyed Smothers? Well, that went like a mutton to adjuvins, and old One Eyed never killed half as many Indians as Briscoe did. About what figure had you and the cashierman agreed upon to sandbag the treasury for?"

"I thought," said Mullens, "that maybe five hundred—"

"Five hundred?" interrupted Kinney as he hammered on his gavel for a lead pencil and looked around for a waiter. "Only five hundred for a red steer or the head delivered by a grandson of Lucien Briscoe? What's your state pride, man? Two thousand is what I'll be. You'll introduce the bill and I'll get it up on the floor of the senate and wave the scalp of every Indian old Lucien ever murdered. Let's see; there was something else I should like to bid, wasn't there? No, yes; he declined all emoluments and pensions he was entitled to. Refused his head right and veteran donation certificates. Could have been governor, but wouldn't. Declined a pension. Now's the state's chance to pay up. I'll have to take the picture, but then I'll deserve some punishment for keeping the Briscoe family waiting so long. We'll bring this thing up about the middle of the month after the tax bill is settled. Now, Mullens, you need over as soon as you can and get me the figures on the cost of those irrigation ditches and on the cost of the increased production per acre. I'm going to need you when that bill of mine comes up. I reckon we'll be able to pull along pretty well together this session and maybe others to come, eh, senator?"

Thus did fortune elect to smile upon the boy artist of the San Saba. Fate had already done her share when she arranged his atoms in the comcomogy of creation as the grandson of Lucien Briscoe.

The original Briscoe had been a pioneer both as to territorial occupation and in certain acts prompted by a great and simple heart. He had been one of the first settlers and crusaders against the wild forces of nature, the savages and the shallow politician. His name and memory were revered equally with any upon the list comprising Houston, Boone, Crockett, Clark and Green. He had lived simply, independently and untried by ambition. Even a less shrewd man than Senator Kinney could have prophesied that his state would hasten to honor and reward his grandson, come out of the chaparral at even so late a day.

(Continued next week.)

They Loafed in Front of the Painting With Tireless Zeal.



They Loafed in Front of the Painting With Tireless Zeal.

and out of their motes of timber. Them lawmakers in a drowsy mood, "round over Sam Eldrake's old paint house that killed himself over drinkin' on a hot day. You can't see the horse for that most of 'em on the creek, but he's there. Anybody that was going to look for Dead Horse valley and come across this picture, why, he'd jest light off'n his broncho and hunt a place to camp."

Skinny Rogers, wedded to comedy, conceived a complimentary little piece of acting that never failed to make an impression. Edging quite near to the picture, he would suddenly utter favorable moments emit a piercing and awful "Yip!" leap high and away coming down with a great stamp of heels and whirling of towels upon the stone faced floor.

"Jeening Christober!"—so ran his lines—"thought that rattler was a genuine one. Ding baste my skin if I didn't! Seemed to me I heard him rattlin'. Look at his broncho uncovered, insect a-layin' under that pear! Loo-

General Pershing allows only wine and beer to his soldiers. But how some of the folks in Canada's dry provinces must envy said soldiers!

Sherbrooke, Que.—The coldest dip of the season was experienced this morning when the thermometer registered 32 below. Trains were running late and the roads were so bad that few farmers attended the market.

To the threat of peanut butter and oleomargarine as a competitor in the markets the superior and plaid cow retorts that you cannot milk a peanut nor make shoes of oleomargarine.

#### A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Every home in Canada should treat itself to The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal for 1918. It will bring pleasure and happiness to every member of the family for every week of the year. The price is only \$1.25, and if your subscription is received on time you will receive a copy of their great War Map, six 2 1/2 x 6 1/4 feet in four colors and surrounded with a border of facsimile badges representing nearly every battalion that left Canada. It is the biggest value ever offered to the people of Canada and no home can well afford to be without it.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star has no equal on this Continent as a great family and farm paper.

It takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw skin, a toper to draw a cork, a free lunch to draw a crowd, and a well displayed advertisement in this paper to draw trade.

#### AND IT IS TRUE

A wife will insist that the husband shall not go out of the house on cold raw days without two undershirts, a liver pad and a muffler on, in addition to his regular clothes. Yet as soon as he is safely down town she will rush out of the hot kitchen bare-headed and bare-armed to hang out clothes so as to get ahead of the woman next door; or she will tramp off down town, and from house to house to work up some society or church enterprise with nothing on her head but a little saucerpan of a hat, and shoes not thicker than a newspaper. Isn't this so?

Retail merchants in Canada will, beginning January 7, co-operate with the food controller in educating their customers to ask for substitutes for wheat flour, wheat products and beef and bacon.

It is expected that Germany will now shift 500,000 men to the West Front. It will take a good many more than that to break through.

#### WHY SHE NEEDED IT

Mr. Robert Lansing, the American Secretary of State, tells a good story of how an old negro woman made her way into the executive offices at Washington one day recently and implored him, with tears in her eyes, to use his influence to obtain a pardon for her husband, who was in jail.

"What's he in for?" asked Mr. Lansing.

"Fo' nothin' but stealin' a ham," explained the wife.

"You don't want him pardoned," argued Mr. Lansing. "If he got out he would very likely only make trouble for you again."

"Deed, I does want him out ob that place," she objected. "I needs dat man."

"Why do you need him?" enquired Mr. Lansing, patiently.

"Me an' de chillun," said she, apparently in perfect seriousness, "needs nother ham!"

## Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Ladies' and Misses' Coats,  
25 per cent Discount.

### FURS

This is your opportunity to get a nice Throw or Muff at a big reduction, - 20 p. c. discount.

1 only Electric Seal Coat, size 38, trimmed with Prairie Wolf, reg. \$107.50, to clear at - \$87.50.

1 only man's rat lined otter collar coat, good quality melton, size 42, reg. \$125, sale price \$80.

Sweater coats, received too late for the Xmas trade, - 15 p. c. discount.

Balance of our ladies' serge and silk suits, late shipment, - 15 p. c. discount.

Dents gloves, dark and light tan and white, special - \$1.69.

Lingerie shirt waists, regular \$2.25 to \$3.00, sale price - \$1.29.

A few odd sizes silk waists, up to \$5.00, sale price - \$1.89.

Kimonas, good heavy quality, \$4.50, sale price - \$2.98.

Coatings, 2 pieces tweed, 1 navy blue serge regular \$2.50 to \$3.00 yard, sale price - \$1.49.

Our stock of ligerie waists, jabots and Tuxedos, received too late for the Xmas trade. They are the very latest novelties, and will be put on sale at a discount of 10 p. c.

### GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

#### P. E. I Fowl.

Turkeys,	37c lb.
Geese,	32c lb.
Ducks,	34c lb.
Chicken,	32c and 35c lb.
Fowl,	30c lb.

A big range of Moirs and Ganong Chocolates, Creams, Etc.

Nuts, Rasins, Dates, Apples, Cranberries, Olives, Libbys, sweet mixed 45c, sour mixed 35c., quart jars.

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PHONE 267.

## POOR CO

### Local It

Newly Notes of Ten  
Gathered

#### BORN.

John River on Dec. 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. W. daughter.

**SALVATION ARMY**  
Major Barr of St. John will meet the meetings at the Salvation Army, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 5 and 6th.

#### TOUGH RAILROADING.

The extremely cold weather past ten days has made railroading very difficult and trains are considerably behind schedule.

#### MARRIED.

At the Manse, New Mills of Canada, 24th, 1917, Mr. Reid son of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Black Point and Miss A. F. D. of Black Point. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. L.

#### THA IN AID OF

HALIFAX SUFF. Mrs. F. F. Matheson, a former afternoon tea at her home for 6 on Wednesday next Jan. 9th of the Halifax relief. Tea is cordially invited.

#### RECEIVED XMAS BO

Fts. John Riddell, a former afternoon tea at her home for 6 on Wednesday next Jan. 9th of the Halifax relief. Tea is cordially invited.

#### OFFICERS INSTALL

Campbellton Lodge No. 32. At the regular meeting, January evening, (St. John's day) installed the following officers:

W. M.,	J. W. E. B.
T. W.,	E. B.
J. W.,	E. B.
Treas.,	J. R. E.
Soc'y,	C. A. A.
Chaplain,	A. A.
S. D.,	Rev. H. E.
S. B.,	E. B.
S. C.,	C. H.
I. G.,	E.
Tyler,	Dom.

#### LETTER OF CONDOLE

To Mrs. Mary McKee and family. At the regular meeting, Campbellton Fire Brigade, adj. resolution was unanimously:

Whereas God in His infinite and power has been pleased to remove from this life one of our esteemed members, McKee, and while we bow of Him who doeth all things.

Resolved that realizing that we are members far beyond to them our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement be further resolved that this resolution be sent to the family. A copy filed on of this meeting, and a the press for publication.

A. E. O'Donnell,  
Wm. J. S. Walsh,  
Captain Chas. S. Chas. A. Alexander.

At the  
we wish  
generous  
tend th  
and P

A. M.

CAMPBELLTON