

POOR COPY

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Campbellton Graphic

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SAVE THE TREES

The St. John Standard editorially refers to the enforcement of the law in Ottawa against persons injuring ornamental trees. In St. John lately a fine of \$25 was imposed for this offence. In a second case a boy was fined \$25, but the amount was allowed to stand on the youth promising to arrange to put in a new tree and making a \$5 preliminary payment. A few examples of this kind in Campbellton might stop the scandalous destruction of private trees and property that occurs almost every week.

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY

A Toronto contemporary makes the timely suggestion that the Canadian lumber industry should prepare to take full advantage of the needs of Europe in the period of recuperation that will follow the ending of the war. There would certainly seem to be such an opportunity ahead for the industry, which, during the years following the great real estate boom that swept over the country, has not flourished as in the past. France and Belgium will require tremendous quantities of building materials to reconstruct the cities, towns and villages destroyed by the cannon. The destruction caused by the war has been thousands of times as great as the destruction in such great disasters as the California earthquake, and yet the Toronto paper remarks, the reconstruction which followed the misfortune of San Francisco was a boon to the industries supplying building materials in this country as well as in the United States. Outside of Russia, Canada perhaps has the greatest supply of timber. The demand to be made on her will be large. To meet this demand there should be some preparation now. As one of the chief centres still of the Canadian lumber industry, New Brunswick is particularly interested in the outlook in this commercial field.

ROADS IMPROVED

The roads between Campbellton and Matapedia have been improved to a marked extent during the past two weeks. There are yet some very rough sections. Between Campbellton and Tide Head the road is good. From Tide Head to Morrissey Rock the road is very rough and full of holes, which could be easily repaired. From Morrissey Rock to Matapedia there has been some improvements. This work has been done in the past two weeks.

GIRLS WANTED

Two good girls for general housework. Good wages.
Apply to
ATHOL COOK,
Shives Hotel, N. B.

July 26-2-pd.

RIVER MEN ARE

WANTED AT FRONT

British Officer Arrives to Enlist Inland Navigators

Ottawa, July 26—Another call for Canadians to serve the Empire in a work for which many of them are peculiarly well fitted has been received from the Mother Country. Five hundred men are wanted in connection with work to be performed on the inland waterways of England, France and Belgium. Lieut. W. H. Owens of the Royal Engineers, has arrived in Canada to enlist the men who will be asked to serve during the period of the war. They will not, it is explained, go as a Canadian unit, but their services will be utilized where most urgently required. River men and men versed in the navigation of inland waters are the class required. Arrangements for recruiting have not yet been completed but men in all parts of Canada desirous of serving in this new auxiliary branch will be given an opportunity to enlist.

MAJOR ANDERSON

LOSES ANOTHER MAN

Herbert Gammon, of Old 8th, Has Been Killed in Action

During the past week the name of another Chatham boy who has given his life for his king and country appeared in the casualty list—Herbert Gammon, who enlisted with Major Anderson and went overseas with the 1st battery. He had been at the front for eighteen months and escaped injury until receiving the fatal wound.

BRITISH SHIP OLIVE SUNK

London, July 26—An Algerian despatch to Lloyd's says that the British steamer Olive has been sunk. Her crew was saved.

Election Agent—That was a good speech our candidate made on the agricultural question, wasn't it?
Farmer Plover—Oh, ay, it wasn't bad but a couple o' nights' good rain 'ud a' done a sight more good.

"John," asked the teacher, "what is a synonym?"
"A synonym," said John, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

TARDY, BUT TRUE

By ELSIE SEE.

It was well known in Plainville that Madge Ingram, who five years ago had refused to wed Jim Butler, the merchant prince of the town, was now getting a good salary as private secretary to a city lawyer. It was equally well known that the merchant's young wife of a year kept a servant and had an automobile and had charge accounts at the city department stores. Every time Madge came home for a vacation Plainville weighed the respective merits of her independence and the merchant's wife's affluence, but the shrewdest of the gossips did not sus-

pect that a memory antedating her affair with Jim Butler meant more to Madge than anything that had come into her life.

One summer morning Madge alighted from the 6 o'clock train for her vacation without having told of her coming, as she preferred to surprise her parents by appearing unannounced for breakfast. She hurried up the quiet street and slipping quietly through the yard gate, she picked a handful of dewy nasturtiums before stepping around to the side porch and knocking at the kitchen door.

"My dear child! I just felt you'd come soon!" exclaimed her mother at sight of her.

"The same dear mother—can't be surprised!" laughed Madge, as they embraced.

"But I can be glad, and I am, dearie," said the mother, with a catch in her voice. "And here's crisp bacon and fried apples and hot biscuit just as if you'd ordered your favorite summer breakfast."

"And I'm ready for the breakfast, too," said Madge, with a happy sigh. "But where's father?"

"He's in the garden," said Mrs. Ingram, and the next moment Madge was in the garden, too, and in her father's arms. No sooner, though, had he begun to point out the excellence of his tomatoes and sweet corn than Mrs. Ingram summoned them to breakfast.

"What's doing to-day, mother? Is there a picnic?" asked Madge, after breakfast.

"Now, how did you guess that?"

"I saw Tom Jordan hauling some giant ice cream freezers and a lot of fruit up to the Maplewood pasture, and, oh, I saw a distinguished-looking man in grey tweed over near the hotel. He looked like a man of affairs above and beyond Plainville pieties."

"That must have been Tom Whitlow. He's here for a visit, and he dresses like that, and is staying at the hotel," Tom Whitlow, who used to—

Madge hesitated, and her mother continued. "Used to drive Butler's delivery waggons. But they say he's made something of himself. He is manager of some mines out west somewhere, and I guess he deserves credit, for his folks were poor as Job's turkey."

"But Tom was bright and gentlemanly," said Madge quickly, "and he used to help me do my arithmetic problems, although he wouldn't talk to me outside."

"I guess he's still kind o' quiet," said Mrs. Ingram, "for they wanted him to make a speech at the picnic and he made excuses that he'd rather listen than be heard."

That afternoon Madge went with her parents to the picnic, and although she felt a certain pleasure in greeting her old friends and answering their unvarying questions about her health and her impressions of local improvements, she soon began to feel keenly that she was no longer in sympathy with their lives or they with hers.

When people began to gather to listen to the speeches of the county candidates for office and of the local politician who introduced the speakers, Madge slipped away and went across the little stream and up the hill to the north, where she had often gone for wild flowers.

A thick undergrowth had changed the appearance of the hillside, but she soon found what she was seeking, a big oak tree, with a gnarled limb near the ground that formed a rough seat on which she had sat many times watching the birds and squirrels. As she walked around a thick clump of hazelnut bushes and sumacs to reach the grassy space underneath the tree, a tall man in blue serge, who had been sitting on the grass, with his broad shoulders against the tree, rose and removed his hat in respectful, but embarrassed, greeting.

"I hope I haven't startled you," he said, "and may I hope, also, that you would care to remember Tom Whitlow?"

"Not at all," blurted Madge. Then, in embarrassment, she hastened to add: "That is, you didn't startle me, and I'm glad to meet you again. But are you sure you know who I am?"

"You? Why, you're Madge Ingram. Pardon me—Miss Ingram."

"No—let's be Madge and Tom before we begin to be formal," said she, extending her hand. "You used to help me with my lessons, but you wouldn't talk to me. Won't you make up for lost time now by telling me of the interesting things you've been doing?"

"May I not tell you what I wanted to tell you years ago, but hadn't the courage?" His gray eyes were eager and his strong hand still held hers.

"May I not tell you that it was you who first aroused in me a desire to do things? Some of the girls at school made mouths because they had to stand beside me in class, but you never did. Those girls, later, looked over my head when they saw me driving a delivery wagon, but you spoke to me even then. And may I tell you that I her say that just as you were starting went away determined to achieve something that would make me worthy of even more than your friendly greetings? I worked away for a year, and then I heard you were going to marry Jim Butler."

He turned away and dropped her hand. In a different tone he resumed a moment later.

"I never opened another issue of the little old Plainville paper for fear I'd find the account of your wedding. I worked my way through the State University and into mining engineering. For years my work has absorbed me, and I've known nothing of what went on at Plainville, but last week in a railroad restaurant out west I happened to hear news of you. I overheard one woman tourist speaking to another as they sat at dinner. I begged Madge to make this trip with me."

She said, "but she thought she must go to Plainville. I told her she'd as well have married that merchant after all, but she says there's a lot of difference between going for a vacation and, for the first two weeks in August."

"That must have been Elsie Wagoner," exclaimed Madge, "and what a coincidence that you should have heard her say that just as you were starting to Plainville!"

"But I wasn't starting until I heard that! It was knowing you were free that brought me here! It is because time in the past five years, Tom, and I've loved you ever since we were children that I've tried to make myself free," she said.

When Pigs Were Cheap

IN your grandfather's day—ask him about it—you could buy a dressed hog for three dollar; a nice big pig. And a live pig would cost no more.

Everything in those bygone days was cheap—that is, the things of common use.

Clothes, boots, milk, bread, beefsteak, eggs, butter, lumber, farm labor, domestic servants—they all cost a good deal less than they do today.

It cost less to live—and less to be born—and less to die fifty years ago than today.

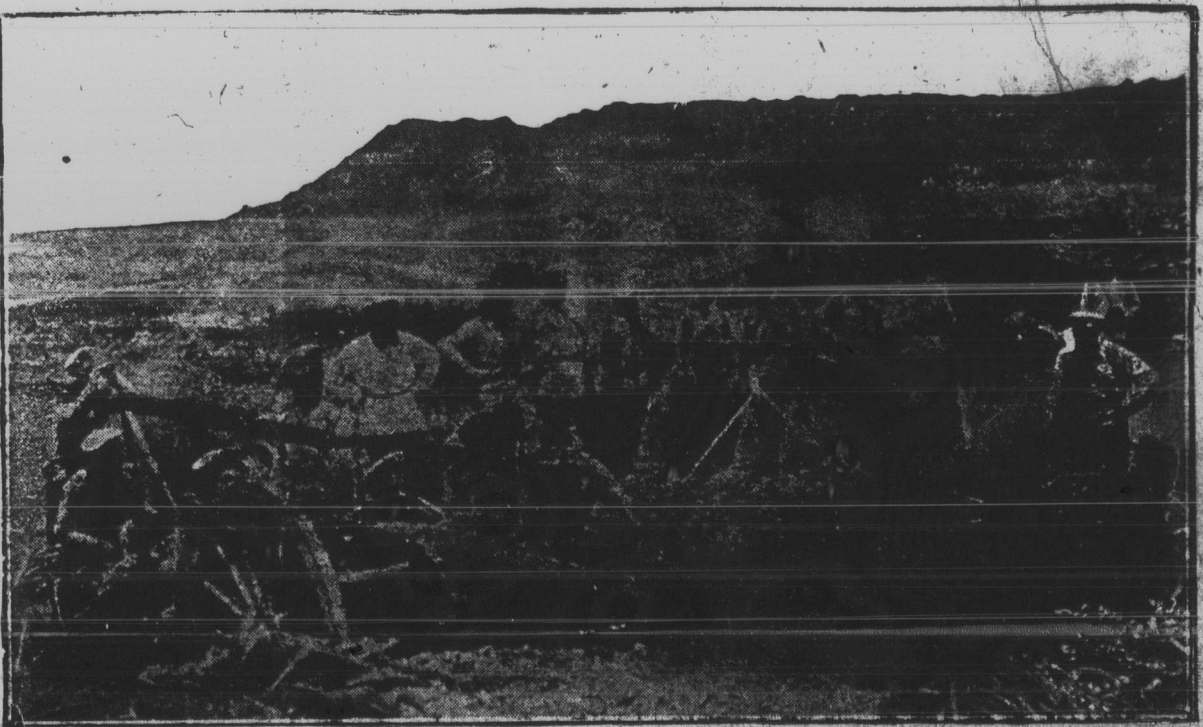
And it cost much less to publish a country weekly fifty years ago than it does today—very much less.

Yet you paid—or your grandfather did—just a dollar a year—the same as you are paying today. But the dollar must yield to the pressure of necessity. We must do now what we ought to have done years ago—raise the price of The Graphic to \$1.50. The tremendously increased costs of paper, ink, supplies, and the more-than-doubled cost of living have made us furiously to think. And so, the price of The Graphic will in future be \$1.50 a year.

Good Readers All

If you were in our place, and knew all we know about the higher costs of publishing you would wonder how we didn't make the advance long ago. We trust you to meet the new rate with a smile. Not for 50 cents a year will you say "Stop my paper."

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4 FLAG OUTFIT

Scout, fast-colored, full-sized (3x5) Union Jacks, brass-terrace jointed pole, bell and bellard, and rusted wire socket, on a base which is so nicely finished, that it is a pity to let it go, etc., the flag alone may be secured. The Complete 4 Flag Outfit is the most desirable. Through the efforts of leading Canadian news, press, co-operating with the

Graphic

Legal and patriotic citizens can secure the Graphic's emblem of this new virtue. EVERY HOME must have a flag, and now has such an opportunity provided to get a \$4.00 outfit on terms which just about cover the cost of assembling and distributing.

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The Complete \$4 Flag and Outfit

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