

Public Works Dept

# The Campbellton Graphic

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## UNION MEMORIAL SERVICE CONDUCTED SUNDAY EVENING

### Citizens of All Denominations Assemble at Opera House to Hear Discourse of Pastor.

VERY TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

A joint memorial service was held in the Opera House last Sunday evening in memory of the late D. J. Bruce. Long before the hour of service opened were seeking admission and by seven o'clock there was scarcely a seat left. The service was conducted by Rev. T. P. Drumm, St. Andrew's church, Rev. G. A. Hardy, Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Britton, Baptist church, and was undenominational. The choir of the Methodist and Baptist churches united with the Presbyterian church and sustained a beautiful and solemn funeral musical service, under the leadership of Mr. John G. MacColl, St. Andrew's church organist, who played the "Dead March in Saul," after the closing hymn. The service was most solemn and impressive, the keynote being struck with intense feeling when Rev. Mr. Morris read the Scripture lesson beginning with the words, "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends." As a choral opening the choir sang "Sleep thy last sleep," and during the offertory rendered the anthem "The radiant morn hath passed away." Rev. Mr. Drumm took for his text the passage of Scripture which had been read from the 15th Chapter of John, and based his remarks on the words, "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends." In the course of his remarks the rev. gentlemen said:

I need not begin to tell what different kinds of duties he performed as elder, as Committee man, as member of the Musical Committee, as member of the Communion Committee. You have all recognized hymn books from his hand as he stood with genial smile at that altar. Many of you have heard him pray in the mid-week service. The highland accent, which we found so winsome, strengthening his spiritual emotions, deepened in the sacred act, and now he is gone. His place is vacant. His home is desolate and our hearts are sore. With moist eyes and stammering lips we whisper—"The Lord and the Lord hath taken away," and we pray "He may help us to finish, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

On Wednesday evening last he walked down from his last Prayer Meeting Service with me. On that occasion he addressed the last-mentioned words I heard him utter, and they were words of love and encouragement, which I shall cherish to my dying day. He has gone but he has left behind him an exceedingly precious memory. His wife and family never heard him say a cross word. His fellows never knew him to do a mean action. He lives in our hearts and will continue to do so. We bow to the God who has taken him home and we are grateful for his life and influence in our community. In business, in politics, in society, in church, in home he was a model of what a Christian man should be.

With profound sincerity this evening, I tell you I never met a better man and I feel sure you will agree with me. It was a summat to come up higher was an urgent and tragic one, but what of that? He was ready to go. The Lord had need of him for higher service. He has gone from the shadows of earth's little while,—gone along the rocky path which leads from twilight into light,—gone to meet face to face the Maker whom he loved and served so faithfully here.

O faithful heart, sweet peace hast thou,  
 In God's eternal bosom now;  
 Dust sinks to dust in calm repose  
 Into its rest the Spirit goes.  
 The love which was thy life while here  
 Is now thy heavenly atmosphere.  
 God's Heaven envelopes us round, and thou  
 By His art nearer to us now;  
 So this we say farewell and hail brave heart,  
 Thy watch shall never fail,  
 And we who here a friend deplore,  
 Have gained in Heaven one angel more.

What of his rest and days gone? We can but dimly picture what this means to them. God has sustained them marvelously in the hour of their trial, but they need our prayers,—they need our help and our Christian sympathy. I have confidence that they will not lack for all these. Commend them to Him whose compassions fail not,—who is the Father of the Fatherless and the Judge of the Widows,—who, though he often veils his workings in apparently impenetrable gloom, is ever seeking the highest good of all his children and will give to them the moaning of joy for the night of weeping.

"The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The memorial of virtue is immortal because it is known with God and with men, and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and turn many to righteousness as they shine for ever and ever. Let us call to remembrance the great and the good through whom the Lord hath wrought great glory."

On Monday afternoon, amid a drizzling rain, the whole town virtually turned out to the funeral of the late D. J. Bruce. The service in his home was conducted by Revs. T. P. Drumm, G. A. Hardy, (Clerk) Head J. M. McLeod, (New Mills) and George Morris. Rev. Mr. Drumm referred in feeling terms to the high Christian character of Mr. Bruce, of his work and service in St. Andrew's church, as Elder and Member of Session, and of the ideals he ever strove to show in his own life here. Truly he was a man of whom no one could say a wrong word. In all his doings he was ever actuated by a sense of his Christian responsibility and his memory will ever be revered in the hearts of those who arise and call him blessed.

After the service a long cortege was formed and the casket was received by Rev. T. P. Drumm and Rev. C. A. Hardy at the grave. The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Drumm and the body of the martyr laid to his rest before a sorrowing concourse of his fellow citizens.

The chief mourners were the deceased's only son, Campbell, Mr. D. A. Bruce, a cousin, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Mr. Earle Bruce, a nephew, of Florenceville; Mr. McKinnon of Fredericton, and other friends from out of town.

The pall bearers, who were chosen from the Session of St. Andrew's church, were, Messrs. D. C. Firth, John M. McLean, J. H. McKenzie, W. F. Vorston, John Mair, A. G. Adams, W. D. Durean and James Craig. A large number of floral tributes were received, wreaths being sent from the Session of St. Andrew's church, from the ladies of the congregation, from the Bible Class, from the High School and others.

As a token of the sympathy and sorrow of the town, most of the stores were closed from two till four, p. m., during the time of the funeral.

"Let us call to remembrance the great and the good by whom the Lord hath wrought great glory."

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Sometimes the heart is too charged with emotion for utterance. Not infrequently, words seem to be a profanation. We are met together this evening beneath the shadow of a great sorrow. All class and conditions of churches and societies, all righteous causes have suffered a loss, which, at present, they are quite unable to estimate. This large congregation, consisting of the members of the church our departed brother loved so well and served so loyally, and friends from other denominations, testifies eloquently to the high position he held in the esteem of this little community.

Most of you knew him for a much longer time than I did, but no one, I think, outside of his nearest and dearest, loved him better. The life of our brother, the circumstances which shrouded his death in tragedy, all seem to me to emphasize the importance, in a wonderful way, of the truth of these words of our Saviour—"Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Here I would say very solemnly and with much reserve, without referring to the tragic circumstances which surrounded his death, that our brother laid down his life for the men and women of the Town of Campbellton, as truly as any martyr that suffered the flames of the stake. He died witnessing for a cause that he loved, and tonight in God's Holy Name, I ask you to see to it that this testimony be swept from our midst before it demands any more sacrifices of our noblest and of our best.

It is with a manifold sense of incapacity to voice the feelings of our hearts that I address you this evening. My text is a task laid upon me for which I feel so absolutely unequal. In the first place, no words are adequate to express our sense of loss in our admiration for his Christlike character. In the second place, my own feelings are much too deep for expression.

The first man to address a word to me in Campbellton was Mr. D. J. Bruce. A year ago last April I alighted at the old station from the Maritime express. Our friend was going in the train to Prince Edward Island, I think to attend the funeral of his father. His words were kindly, his hand shake cordial. From that time our friendship has been close and tender, and it was growing in depth every day. As I said before, most of you have known him longer than I have, but there are better methods of measuring than those of time. After the fire had destroyed our town and men were wavering as to whether they would leave or remain, Mr. Bruce adhered firmly to his belief in the future of our community. He resolved to sink or swim with us and so was, if not the first man, one of the first men to lay a permanent foundation in Campbellton, and that cheerful optimism was a part of his life. He was never gloomy. The very day of his death was an inspiration. Often I have gone into his home and have seen him when down town did I come to see him? He was in the same mood. His mind in life was that of an idealist, yet with all, he was practical in the best sense. There was mingled in his personality the emotion of the poet, the devotion of the mystic, the shrewd common sense of the man of business. Perhaps, most conspicuous of all his lovable attributes was his magnificent loyalty. He who found a friend in our ascended brother, found a true one,—one who would never be false. Men there are here today and elsewhere, who can rise up today and call him blessed. He was pure and upright through and through. His word was as good as his bond. If he had anything to say he told it to a man's face and never behind his back. I might speak of the generosity of his views to every good cause,—of his large hearted generosity, which led him to open his arms to anyone who needed entertainment, but you all know these qualities as well as, or better than I do. Most important of all, the words of all his goodness were truly grounded in God. He was no talker about the deep things of the soul, but his life talked. His life was a continuous walk with his Saviour. Christ was very real to him and he never lost sight of his responsibility to Him. His hope was grounded on Jesus' blood and righteousness. He loved the sanctuary; he loved Him. He brought to his service the same reverent spirit that he had for it in other places, in which he lived. He was a tower of strength to us in this congregation. No one could do exactly what he could do. Nothing was a trouble or a weariness to him. He was never too busy to take in hand some additional task. He loved the church of his fathers with the deepest affection and she never had a more loyal

## FALL MILLINERY OPENINGS

The feminine interest has been greatly quickened by the splendid show of millinery in the fall displays, begun by Miss Henderson last Saturday, by Miss Ullman on Wednesday, followed by O'Keefe on Thursday and Friday and continued by Miss McIntyre on Friday—Saturday. For this opening the show a wide range of style and beauty of coloring, and among the models shown by Miss O'Keefe is a new steep shape in black and royal blue, and a panel velvet draped high over the crown the brim faced with rich, iridescent taffeta silk, trimmed with imported beaded girle and imported French pointed wings with Nephthys whips. Another model is the new Boulevard shape in black and emerald with wide deep, soft brim and narrow collar edge of raw silk velvet the under

brim inside with liberty satin imitation willow plume of silk fringe poised over the hat with artistic effect and caught to side of crown with spangled and beaded cabochon.

There seems to be a falling away of the large cart wheel hood (which the millinery habitues mathematized) except for very dressy occasions, the small felt shapes coming more into favour, one especially looking very chic, helmet shape in coronation purple with close fitting Le Cloche brim made of pan silk velvet and chamois cloth, trimmed with aeroplane wings.

In Miss McIntyre's display one is struck with a beautiful model in black pan velvet, rolled a little at one side trimmed with two large willow plumes and gold banding.

Another stunning model is shown in brown pan velvet with large bird of Paradise in front. Among the smaller models is found a coquettish little toque of ruse shape in blue with blue and gold banding with feathery plume.

All over the show are about the best of hats that have been made in the past season over the displays.

THE GRAPHIC TILL JANUARY 1913 FOR \$1.00

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