

POOR COPY

PAGE SIX

THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1914

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMMLEY, 903 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CHILLO, Beatrice, Neb.

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF FIRES IN 1913

Forest Fires Loss Can be Greatly Reduced by Co-operation

Mr. R. H. Campbell, Director of the Dominion Forestry Branch, says: "Carelessness was undoubtedly the chief cause of forest fires in 1913. The best remedy is indicated by a recent statement of Mr. E. T. Allen, Forester for the Western Forestry and Conservation Association, who says: 'The best single result of the 1913 fire season is to prove that systematized co-operative effort at an insignificant cost per acre or per thousand, can reduce our forest losses of an average year from four or five million dollars to about as many thousands.' If, on the twenty million acres of timberlands controlled by the lumbermen forming this association, the fire loss can be so enormously reduced by co-operation, the saving which Canadian citizens could effect by co-operative effort on the 500,000,000 acres of forest land in Canada, is almost incalculable.

The functions of the Government in this respect are well understood, and a great deal has been done, especially by the field officers of the Dominion Forestry Branch, to promote the co-operative spirit in the matter of fire protection. But only recently has the initiative been taken by private associations in co-operative fire protection, yet there are now thirty timber-owners' associations in the United States, the members of which have got together to adequately protect from fire their combined holdings, which now total about 25,000,000 acres.

In Canada there is but one association of this kind but it compares favorably with any in the United States. The development of this co-operative movement, which culminated in Canada in the St. Maurice Fire Protective Association, is described in detail by a bulletin now being issued by the Forestry Branch, Ottawa. The Quebec limit-holders comprising this association have by a self-imposed tax of one quarter cent per acre installed a fire protective system on their 7,000,000 acres of holdings second to none in Canada. In 1913 over 275 forest fires were extinguished with practically no danger, proving, in the words of one of the members, that 'The success of co-operative forest fire protection has been established without a doubt.'

HACKING COUGH OF TWO MONTHS STANDING

Cured by Na-Dro-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne.

You know how hard it is to get rid of a cough that has hung on for over two weeks, let alone two months. So you will appreciate what Na-Dro-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne did for Mr. Patrick Holland, of East Belton, P. R. I. He says:

"I suffered from a hacking cough for over two months. I tried several remedies, but they failed to cure me. At last I tried Na-Dro-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, and got great relief that I tried more, and after using three bottles was absolutely cured."

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HOW TO CONSTRUCT A SPLIT-LOG DRAG

Home-Made Implement is Invaluable Aid in Maintaining Rural Roads

The following article which we reprint from Conservation, while perhaps may be a little behind or ahead of the times will no doubt be found of interest to the citizens of rural districts:

"There are many miles of roads which must be maintained by some inexpensive means. The split-log drag has been found to be one of the most useful implements for this purpose. It is now in use in many localities, and this simple instrument is keeping in repair economically an increasing mileage of the rural highways of this country.

"A dry, sound, red cedar log is the best material for a drag, the hardwoods being usually too heavy for this purpose. It should be from 7 to 8 feet long, from 10 to 12 inches in diameter, and carefully sawn down the middle. The heaviest and best slab should be selected for the centre, both flat sides to the front, and should be set on edge thirty inches apart. The back half is given a setback of 16 to 18 inches at the right-hand end, so that when the drag is drawn along at an angle parallel to the ditch on the right hand side of the road, the extremities of the back half will be directed behind those of the front half, as otherwise, the ditch end of the rear slab would project past the ditch end of the front slab, resulting in crowding into the bank and interfering with the proper working of the drag.

"Two cross-pieces are wedged in two-inch auger holes bored through the slabs and, on the right-hand side, a piece of scantling is inserted between the ends of the slabs. This is of great value in strengthening the end of the front slab. In working a clay or gumbo road it is advisable to put iron on the lower edge of both flat sides.

"Handles may be attached to iron shoes shaped like sled-runners, the shoes to be stapled to the back of each end of the front slab in such a way as to allow motion sideways as well as up and down. By pressing the handles the drag can be raised, thus depositing a load of dirt when desired to fill a hollow or increase the crown at some particular spot.

"A platform of inch board held together by three cleats should be placed on the stakes between the slabs. These boards should be spaced at least an inch apart to allow any earth that may heap up and fall over the front slab to sift through upon the road again. The end cleats should be placed so that they will not rest upon the cross stakes, but drop inside them. These cleats should extend about an inch beyond the finished width of the platform. An extra weight may be added if necessary, but it is seldom needed.

"To use the drag attach a chain to the left cross piece, which is behind the front slab, running the other end of the chain through a hole in the front slab near the right end or around the front end. It is a mistake to hook this end of the chain over the front slab as in the case of the other end, for when the drag strikes a stone or snag there is great danger of toppling forward. With the right end of the chain drawn through the hole in the slab as suggested, this danger is obviated.

"The operation of the drag is very simple. For ordinary smoothing purposes the drag may be drawn up and down the road one or two rounds, commencing at the edge and working towards the centre. Usually it is drawn at an angle of about 45 degrees. For the last stroke or two the drag may be drawn backwards with the round side of the slab to the front and comparatively little angle."

Hair Falling?

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Ask Your Doctor.

MONCTON MAN GETS VERY FAST PACE

Mr. P. A. Bellevue, of Moncton has purchased from William Fenwick, of Bathurst, the fine dark brown pacer, list. 1-2, 2:11 1/4, and which is being greatly admired by local horse fanciers. Mr. Bellevue, who visited Campbellton last week, saw Hal L. in action on the ice there, and after he won the free-for-all from a good field of entries, Mr. Bellevue offered Mr. Fenwick a good price for the pacer, which was accepted. Mr. Bellevue is willing to match his recent acquisition against any other horse in the Maritime Provinces on the ice, particularly a St. John horse.

Candy Girl, formerly owned in Moncton by Mr. P. A. Bellevue and later by Mr. Chas. Beaupre, has been sold to Mr. Henry Good of Dalhousie, he purchasing her from Mr. Henry Beaupre of Moncton. Candy Girl has a mark of B17 and it is said that the latest price for her was \$450.

The Sable Lorcha

By Horace Hazelton.

A little later the morning papers were brought in, and I scanned one after another in search of some new twist or turn of the story of the previous afternoon. The more conservative journals were inclined to make light of the scare. "Mr. Cameron," said one, "ceased to be active in the affairs of the Crystal Consolidated over two years ago. If he is ill, which is by no means certain, the fact can have but little real significance so far as the company of which he is the largest shareholder is concerned. It may be stated on the best authority that Mr. Cameron's shares have never been used speculatively, and that even in the event of his death they could not by any possibility come on the market, for the reason that he has provided a trust fund, by will, for the benefit of his niece, and that they are a part of that fund."

The sensational press, of course, still insisted that the Glass King was in a New England sanitarium, though they had failed to locate the institution. Despite my alarm I smiled at the thought of how their afternoon editions would have to eat the leak, as the Welsh say.

The papers finished, I grew restless. I desired constant news from the sick room, and lacking it, I roamed about the house, in nervous uneasiness, my brain busy with conjecture, forming one theory after another, and dismissing such as readily. The situation was a tantalum. The answer to all the questions which had absorbed me for weeks lay dormant in the brain of the man sleeping beyond that closed door. Theories, therefore, were now more futile than ever. The one accomplishment to be asked was the arousing of an intellect, the stirring of a memory. Dr. Massey had promised that when Cameron's awakened mental clarity would be restored, that he would be able to answer questions with intelligence.

It is hard to explain why I doubted this. I think it must have been something I saw in those dull, vacant eyes, when I first looked into them under the pale light of the white-gloved electric street lamps. If I had been forced to identify Cameron by those eyes alone, I should have said that this man was not he. They were so different, lacking all the expression of the Cameron eyes I knew. And yet I made no question as to his identity. I knew him, despite this: knew that strong chin and jaw, which spelled determination in two syllables; knew his broad, generous nose, and his high intellectual forehead. These points of recognition were so convincing, that I never seen before and the wasted frame and the shrunken, unsteady legs.

At brief intervals I consulted the clock. It was marvellous how the time dragged. And that natural feeling I never have an errand outside the suite? I had told him I should spend the morning in the house, and that I wished to be informed of the slightest change in his patient. I must conclude, therefore, that Cameron was still sleeping, that Bryan was still watching.

From the fact that Evelyn had not yet appeared I drew a measure of consolation. If I could have tidings of even the slightest improvement in Cameron before meeting her, it would aid me in the assumption of confidence upon which I had determined.

At ten minutes past eight I was searching the encyclopaedia in the library for information on the subject of brain concussion. Already I had followed the trail through three volumes from "Brain" to "Nervous System" and from "Nervous System" to "Concussion," when an opening door caused me to turn eagerly. Mr. Bryan, the nurse, in a white uniform and cap, stood on the next moment I had risen from my crouching position before the bookcase and had met him midway across the room with anxious inquiry.

"Mr. Cameron awoke a quarter of an hour ago," he told me. "His power of speech has returned. He asked me where he was and what had happened. I told him he was in his own house, and that he had not with an accident."

"Yes, yes," I hurried him. "And where then? Did he inquire for any one?"

"No. For all of a minute he lay looking about the room without another word. Then, in a puzzled way, he repeated: 'My own house?' and asked, 'Where is this house?' And I told him. He did not seem to recognize the room at all."

"Is he still awake?"

"Oh, no. Dr. Massey left directions that he was to be given some more sleep—a raw egg and milk—and then another powder to make him sleep. He turned on his side after that, and in less than three minutes was in a deep slumber once more."

I was annoyed that I had not been called. I let myself hope that night as I might possibly have stirred his memory even though the faintest echo of his old mind might have been in the air. I let myself hope that night as I might possibly have stirred his memory even though the faintest echo of his old mind might have been in the air.

sure, whose twinkling eyes were in violent contrast with his thin-lipped, grave, determined mouth.

"Dr. Massey's orders were that for twelve hours no one should be admitted to the room," was his unanswerable rejoinder.

"Which means not until after five o'clock, this evening?"

"Exactly, sir. But I shall report to you everything he says as nearly as possible in his own words."

"Very well," I said. "I shall spend the day here." My tone conveyed dismissal and I felt it still smacked of annoyance. Mr. Bryan, however, gave no sign of resentment. His eyes were still kindly merry, his mouth still inspired reliance. He turned towards the door, saying:

"I'll probably sleep four hours at least, Mr. Clyde. If you wish to go out, there's no reason why you shouldn't."

I meant to reply. My lips were already framing a sentence, when a faint knock checked me.

Evelyn Grayson was standing in the doorway. She wore a clinging house gown of pale blue, cut low at the throat, and bordered with a deep collar of Irish lace. The rose flush of youth and health tinted the cream of her complexion and a shaft of sunlight from a near window made a glittering golden nimbus of her hair. With wide, startled eyes she was gazing at Bryan, or to be more exact, at the snowy linen duck in which he was clad, and which must have held for her a perplexing significance.

The nurse had halted, deferentially standing aside at sight of the girl whose young beauty seemed to dazzle him.

For a moment the stillness and silence were absolute. Then Evelyn turning her gaze upon me advanced quickly, with a little questioning cry:

"Philip?"

"You're surprised to find me here," I interpreted, with hands outstretched.

"And to—" she began, laying her fingers against my palms.

"To find a nurse here, as well," I finished for her. "Let me introduce Mr. Bryan." But when I would have presented him he had already gone.

"But who is ill?" she questioned in nervous haste. "What?"

It were well, I thought, to have the revelation over and done with as speedily as possible.

"Your uncle, I brought him home at two o'clock this morning."

I do not know what I expected, but I am sure I was not prepared for what ensued. Her fingers, suddenly releasing themselves from my fond but hurried support, closed wildly at the lapels of my coat for support, as she burst into a passion of sobs. In vain I made efforts to comfort and quiet her. She became hysterical. She laughed and cried by turns, and the I, making bold to regard her as a sorrowing child rather than the woman she was, held her close and murmured all the soothing, encouraging words and phrases I could conjure.

"I am so glad," she whispered at last, her big liquid blue eyes swimming, her fair face wet with the torrent of her emotion. "I am so happy."

Presently I placed her in a great, cavernous leather chair, and lent her my handkerchief—washed, indeed—to remove the evidences of her tumultuous joy. After which I sat down opposite her and answered a hundred questions, still marveling at the contrary of the feminine's permanent which defies disaster, dried and over good tidings is like the Nile at its tears.

Evelyn's emotions alone considered, it was, therefore, just as well that Cameron had not returned robust and at ease. Her unrestrained and unbridled might have resulted in nervous breakdown. As it was, the mere fact that he was weak and a trifle dishevelled, which was the mildly equivocal way in which I softened the truth for her—had for her fortitude the revivifying potency of a tonic. It so balanced her joy with anxiety, that she grew strong in surprisingly short space.

"I do not see why a nurse is at all necessary," she objected, at once. "I shall nurse him, myself. Louis and I can do everything that is required."

"But Dr. Massey—" I began, when upon she interrupted me.

"Dr. Massey probably thinks I am a foolish, frivolous child. I shall nurse Uncle Robert even if I have to dismiss Dr. Massey and get another physician."

There was nothing to be gained by opposing her at this time, so I held my non-committal peace, doubting, nevertheless, the practicability of her proposition. But to her next proposal I must needs interpose the obstructive truth.

"Come," she commanded, brushing back from her temples with both hands the encroaching golden hair, with the gesture of one who prepares for conquest, sitting down, as it were, the last lingering vestiges of her own emotion.

"Come, let us go to see him."

"I will go with you, but I shall not go to see him."

To be Continued.

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