

FIVE CENTS PER COPY

little and big Aboujagne streams

The Cracker Fairy

Once upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Peggy. She was a dear little girl, and everybody loved her. Her father and mother were not very rich, and they lived in a wee cottage that stood a long way from any other house.

So it was not often that Peggy had playmates. She was only six years old, and not nearly big enough to walk to the school which was three miles away.

On Saturdays Peggy went to town in father's cart. While he was busy in the market, friends of Peggy's would take her to see the shops, or to have tea in their homes.

The Fairy's Plea

Now it was getting near Christmas, and, every Saturday, Peggy's first thought on reaching town was the shop in which beautiful Christmas things were being shown. In the bottom corner of the window stood a wonderful box of crackers. Great big, big crackers, which had fairies and goblins made of crinkly paper stuck on the outside.

Peggy longed to have just one of those crackers.

"Please, how much is the box of crackers—that big box in the corner there?" said the little girl to the shopman one Saturday.

"Two dollars and a half my dear," said the shopman.

Peggy's face grew sad. As she turned away, the man said that he would sell her just one for a quarter. Peggy hurried off to find her father.

Yes, father was quite willing to give his Peggy a quarter. How happily she sped back to the shop! The little friends who were with her could hardly keep up with her fleet steps.

And how they looked at each crack-er! How hard it was for Peggy to make up her mind which she would have! One was fairy in a white crinkly dress seemed to say: "Buy me, little girl—do buy me!"

On Christmas Afternoon

So Peggy bought her. Carefully she carried her parcel to the cart. And carefully she nursed it all the way home. Mother wondered what her little girl had, so carefully did the child walk into the cottage.

Christmas Day came along. Father Christmas brought Peggy some presents, but not the one present she wanted most of all—a baby brother or sister to play with!

It was lonely without anyone small to play with. Father often crawled

on the floor and pretended he was a lion or an elephant; but, still, it wasn't the same as having a real boy or girl to pretend all sorts of lovely things with.

On Christmas afternoon Peggy took out her cracker. It was so beautiful that she felt she could not bear to pull it with father. She drew her wee chair up to the fire and nursed the cracker on her lap. She fell asleep and in her sleep managed to loosen the crinkly fairy.

How pleased the fairy was, to be sure! She danced and danced all over Peggy, and awakened her.

"Fairy, little fairy, have you come alive?" asked Peggy, in great excitement.

"I have been alive all the time, but I was a prisoner under a spell until you set me free. Now my power has returned, and I am a magic being once more. What can I do for you to show my thankfulness?"

The Wonderful Wedding.

"Stay and play with me for a while," said Peggy.

"I will do more than that. I will summon my fairy subjects to play here as well!" And the fairy waved her arms and said magic words.

And through the keyhole of the door and down the chimney, came dozens and dozens of fairies. They crowded round their Queen, crying: "Dear Queen we have found at last!"

"I should still be a prisoner on that chacker if Peggy had not set me free. What shall we do for her?" asked the Queen.

"Let her see your wedding. We will fetch his Majesty, and the wedding can take place here at once!" the fairies said.

The Queen thought this a splendid idea. And so it came about that a fairy wedding was held in the cottage on a Christmas afternoon.

A naughty goblin who loved the Queen dearly had stolen her, and because she would not marry him he had carried her into a big factory where crackers are made and stuck her on to a cracker when the girl who was making it turned her head for a minute.

And the sweet elf who was to have married the Queen had nearly died of grief when he found that she had disappeared. But now the fairies soon brought him along, and many of his subjects also, for he was a King.

The elves made a great fuss as they cleared the cottage table, and laid a silken mat and silken cushions

upon it. When all was ready, one elf went to the keyhole and gave a long, low whistle. An owl came flying down the chimney. He settled himself on the table.

Then the elf led the fairy to the owl, and he solemnly married them. Peggy had hard work not to laugh because the owl wore big spectacles which kept on coming off his funny beak, and some of the elves tittered right out. But the owl took no notice.

After the fairies and elves danced, the owl sat and blinked, the King and Queen held each other's hands. Then, with a "Good-bye, kind, kind Peggy!" they all flew up the chimney.

"I expect that the Queen has gone to her palace to change her frock. Fancy being married in a paper frock, mother!" cried Peggy.

For nights and nights Peggy dreamed of the fairies. I expect the fairies really came and whispered the dreams in her ears, so thankful were they that she had set their Queen free.

"LET US GO NOW EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM"

Bring in the holly and deck the hall With its shining leaves and its berries red, Pile high the logs till the crimson fire

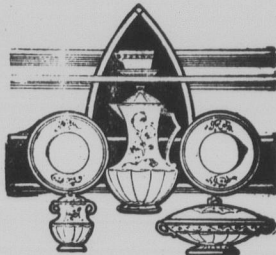
A Pharsee might worship to his desire, And hang the mistletoe overhead. Bring in the fir-tree and load its boughs With fairer fruit than the orchards know, Let East and West their treasures lend To gladden the hearts of kin and friend, Nor care how the winds of Winter blow;

Sing loud the carols of Christmas time, And tell the tale of the Child that was born In little Bethlehem's town afar, And how the Magi followed the Star. Till they found the Babe one hallowed morn;

Yet never the Christmas do ye keep Unless the spirit of Christ the Lord Who gave Himself for the sad earth's need. Shall prompt to sacrificial deed— For we worship not by word or song. But ye who the day would celebrate And honor the Babe all undefiled Know there is many a manger bed Ye shall find if ye will by His star be led— That the Christ is born in every child.

—Basil E. Ebers.

"The Store of Distinctive Gifts"



A Wonderful Gift Shop

Gifts that are distinctive and different may be selected here now from a stock that is larger and more comprehensive than ever. English Pottery, Silverware, Cut-Glass, Fancy China and Brass.

STATIONERY

Dainty and expensive Stationery in beautiful gift boxes ranging in price from

75c to \$7.50

per box.

BOOKS

A good selection for grown-up folks as well as for the Kiddies.

WE INVITE YOU

The articles mentioned here are only a few of the suggestions you will find in our store. We invite you to call and inspect these things for yourself. All goods will be packed ready for shipment.

SOME BIG SPECIALS

These include things that you have only to see to appreciate.

Six Fancy Cups and Saucers (Boxed) \$1.75

Another Line. Same number \$1.50

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH POTTERY BOWLS

Regular \$3.25 for \$1.98

Ivory Mirrors Reg. \$8.00 for \$5.00

Ivory Mirrors, Reg. \$5.00 for \$3.75

And many other specials, too numerous to mention. A call will convince you.

21 Piece Tea Set in popular pattern. A big value for \$4.95

Our Grocery Dept.

Our Grocery Department this year features a splendid assortment of Xmas Dainties.

Moir's Chocolates (one to five pound boxes) Nuts, Candy, Grapes, Table Raisins, Plain and Sultana Cakes, and Fruit Cakes, Turkeys, Geese and Chickens.

Complete Line of all Delicacies for The Holiday Trade.

I. W. Stevens

PHONE 67

ROSEBERRY STREET, OPP. SUBWAY

ONE WEEK GONE BY—THE EASTERN SALES SYSTEM SAYS:

Hurry! Hurry!

Positively the GREATEST Sacrifice of Ladies' and Men's Clothing and Furnishings, Etc., ever Attempted, Known Of, or Undertaken within the Borders of This County

Goldenberg's Final Closing-Out Sale!

WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AND TALKED OF FOR ITS VALUES. WE STILL HAVE TWELVE DAYS LEFT TO "BARE THE WALLS" OF THIS HIGH GRADE STOCK. FORMER PRICES AND COST FIGURES ARE NO OBJECTION TO US IN COMPLETING OUR CONTRACT BY JANUARY FIRST. THE ENTIRE STOCK AND FIXTURES MUST GO. IT WILL GO! With these orders the man in charge has cast aside every precedent in pricing merchandise and will clear this store at prices that will strangle completely every form of competition be it wholesale, retail or mail order.

Men's Suits and Overcoats

Still a good assortment of Men's Suits in Worsted Tweed Blue and Grey Serge to be cleared at unheard of prices

\$9.95—12.95—17.50—22.50

Men's Overcoats going out at the advertised prices. Ask to see the line of heavy tweed Coats offered out at

\$12.75

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS

A wonderful assortment of fine dress Shirts of the newest patterns. Ideal gift for "HIM" at this season see our display at

\$1.15

Men's Mackinaws \$5.15
Boys' Mackinaws \$4.65
Boys' Pure wool jersey Sweaters, but, neck, sizes 8 to 15 years \$1.29
Boys' Coat Sweaters, sizes 10 to 15 years 98c

BOYS' SUITS

15 Boys' Suits offered as a week end special

\$3.50

BOYS BLUE "FOX" SERGE Suits all sizes. Reinforced seams, heavily lined to clear at

\$6.90

LOOK MEN!

2 Fur lined Coats, with fur collars large sizes to clear at

\$21.90

Heavy Oxford and Bannockburn work Pants regular \$4.50 to \$5.25 values all sizes to clear at

\$3.10

7 SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS. MAKE THIS GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE YOUR BUYING HEADQUARTERS. IF IT IS SOMETHING IN LADIES, GENTS, BOYS OR GIRLS FURNISHINGS—WE HAVE IT.

LADIES' DRESSES

There is still a good stock of Ladies' Dresses in Wool Crepe, Satin, Crepe de Chine, Georgette, Flannels, Serge, Tricotine, etc. all new fall and winter goods to be cleared at prices far below cost.

CHILDRENS' NIGHTIES

Of plain white and striped flannelette, get in early on these at

Childrens floored lined underwear of first quality, all sizes, regular 75c going out at

55c

Our entire stock of smallwares offered out at greatly reduced prices.

Ladies' Coats

Mannish Coats of heavy tweed and Canadian Velvet, values to \$15.00

Velours with fur collars and cuffs, some with extra fur trimmings newest shades values to \$35.00 to

Still a few of our highest priced Coats of the newest shades with fur collars, cuffs and trimmings values to \$60.00, to clear at

\$7.10

\$17.90

\$37.95

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

A splendid assortment of Vests and Drawers in Cotton, Cotton Wool, Pure Wool and Silk almost given away. Prices range from

42c UP

Gift Handkerchiefs, neatly boxed at greatly reduced prices

LADIES' GLOVES

A fine assortment of Gloves in Kid all colors, Chambray with patterned turned cuff, wool all colors, at price

ranging from

Ladies' silk and wool Hosiery all new shades

Ladies' woolen Gloves "Scotch Knit" Dents make, worth \$1.25, 79c

LADIES' SWEATERS

Ladies' Sweaters or Chappy Coats of heavy brushed wool neat design and colors, to clear at

Ladies "Hyolom" fine silk knit Blouses all the newest shades and styles, two prices

\$3.40

\$2.39—\$2.89

The Eastern Sales System now in charge of

D. GOLDBERG & CO.

NEXT TO OPERA HOUSE

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Livery Ser

When in need of a Ri

Comfortable Sle assure you prompt at any hour.

PHONES :

Dow B

Stables: To rear

Turkey

Cranberries
Table Raisins
Green Grapes
Red Grapes

MOIRS CH

Toys

Our assortment of

Ladies' and Childre

W

Ch

Corner of Roseberry and

Our

Were select Washington. For a travelli BY THE WOR ARTI

This means the best class

FIRST—ed since w phone shal
SECOND that is clair understand
MAY wa

El

Livery Service

When in need of a Rig get in touch with us.

Comfortable Sleighs and good horses assure you prompt and satisfactory service at any hour.

PHONES 297 and 402

Dow Brothers

Stables: To rear of Brunswick Hotel.

BUSINESS LOCALS

Don't forget Goldenberg's closing out sale commences Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

Hot Point Electric Irons, \$2.50-\$5.50 and \$6.50 at RENAULT'S.

Work Baskets for mother and sister at RENAULT'S.

Smoker Stand for dad or brother at RENAULT'S.

LIVERY—For a comfortable Rig try Brooks' Livery. Open Day and night. Phone 522.

A JOB FOR YOU

\$6 TO \$10 DAILY

50 MEN WANTED. No previous experience necessary. Write for 40-page Free Book, which explains how you can earn while learning to work in city and town shops as Auto Mechanic, Engineer, Electrical, Battery or Welding Expert, Chauffeur, Salesman, Mechanical Dentistry, and Barbering. Don't die a labourer. WRITE NOW. Which job. Address: Hemphill Government characterized Trade Schools Free Employment

LOCAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Newsy Notes of Town and Country Happenings Gathered by Graphic Reporters

SMELT FISHING

Buctouche River smelt fishermen report having had two or three good runs, one man finding about \$750 worth of fish in his net in one day. Catches on the Cocagne river have been fair as they have been on the little and big Aboujagne streams.

MANY WILD CATS

Applications for bounties for wild cats are pouring into the Department of Lands and Mines, Fredericton. The prospect is that the total for the season will exceed that of last, as the number of wild cats seems to be increasing. The bounty now is \$5.00 per animal, having been increased from \$3.00. The central and southern parts of the province have sent in the greatest number of applications. Madawaska, Restigouche and Gloucester counties have sent a few.

W. M. S. EXECUTIVE

The Executive Committee of the Miramichi Presbyterian of The United Church of Canada met in St. James Hall, Newcastle, on Thursday afternoon, when several matters of business came up for consideration. One or two vacancies were filled by the appointment of Mrs. N. C. McKay of Campbellton as Presbyterial Treasurer in place of Miss A. B. Cameron, resigned. Mrs. A. D. Archibald of Bathurst was appointed Young People's Secretary and Mrs. George Gough of Edmundston, P. Q., assistant. The standing of the year's work to date was reviewed, and consideration was given to matters relating to the next annual meeting and any necessary readjustments that may follow upon the amalgamation of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Societies, east and west. Those present included Mrs. J. H. A. Anderson, president, Miss Rae Loggie, of Chatham; Mrs. W. F. Copp, Mrs. L. H. MacLean, Mrs. G. G. Stothart and Mrs. Neven of Newcastle; Mrs. Edge of Loggieville; Mrs. W. R. McMillan of Lacquet River and Mrs. S. McLaughlin of Campbellton.

CAMPBELLTON FIRM

IS INCORPORATED
Ottawa, Dec. 11—Incorporations given public notice in the Canada Gazette include Sullivan and Adams, Ltd., \$50,000, Campbellton, N. B.

Combined Electric Hair Waver, Comb and Curler at RENAULT'S.

CHEAPER ORANGES

It is said that the orange crop in California this season is one of the heaviest on record, being accounted for in some measure by continued moist weather. As a result of the big crop the price of oranges will be considerably cheaper.

SHIPMENTS OF CATTLE

Seventeen shipments of cattle are to be made from the Atlantic seaboard of Canada this month, seven of which will be made from Halifax and ten from Saint John.

THE EARLY SHOPPER

Getting around to the stores in good season for the acquisition of holiday gifts has three distinct merits: one, that the selection of goods is more complete and fresher; two, that buying having been done in time, the man or woman who has performed that act has a care-free mind and a prospect devoid of that awful "last few days" panic; three, that such taking time by the fore-lock is a merciful thing for the salespeople in the stores who by just so much are relieved of the crushing burden of late crowding.

ESCUIMAC UNITED CHURCH

Escumac United Church services for December 20th.
Oak Bay Mills 11 a. m.
Pt. a la Garde 3 p. m.
Escumac Flats 7 p. m.
Subject: "The Dayspring from on High."

Don't let stormy Sundays keep you away from church, probably on such days you need companionship and worship most.

INCREASE IN EXPORT OF DAIRY PRODUCTS

Our exports of butter for the twelve months ending with September totalled \$4,557,840 lbs. valued at \$12,566,834 compared with 18,026,399 lbs. valued at \$5,562,742 in the previous year, and of cheese 147,292,500 lbs. valued at \$31,553,388 compared with 115,245,400 lbs. valued at \$21,881,111. Of milk powder the exports were 9,847,400 lbs. valued at \$984,113 against 4,742,700 lbs. valued at \$465,050 and of milk, condensed, canned or preserved 45,885,200 lbs. valued at \$4,975,558 compared with 42,154,000 lbs. valued at \$4,873,971. Of cases there was an export of 286,053 lbs. valued at \$22,335 against 30,659 lbs. valued at \$2,710. We thus have a gratifying increase of the export of all dairy products for the twelve months ending September last of 57,650,139 lbs. valued at \$16,316,644 compared with the previous twelve months.

Simple Mixture Gas on Stomach

Simple buckthorn, bark, magnesium sulphate, etc. as mixed in Adlerka, helps any case gas on seated causes. The pleasant and QUICK action will surprise you. Because Adlerka is such an excellent intestinal evacuant it is wonderful for constipation—it often works in one hour and never gripes. (A. McG. McDonald.)

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to the general public that I am now engaged in the Undertaking Business and am prepared to handle funerals in the most approved manner.

Hearses and all necessary Equipment In Connection.

Consult Us Regarding Our Services.

JOHN TENNIER

Phone 178 Campbellton, N. B.

W. T. Cook.

Badger Shaving Brush \$1.25 and up at RENAULT'S.

IDEAL XMAS GIFTS

Among your Xmas Gifts include a few framed views of Restigouche, Matapedia and Gaspé scenery—We have a large assortment at prices from \$1.00 upwards—Write for particulars and prices etc.

POSTAL VIEWS SUPPLIED ALSO

Campbellton Agency AT McDONALD'S DRUG STORE

H. V. HENDERSON

WEST BATHURST, N. B.

Current Accounts.

equipped and prepared to give all Current Accounts the efficient care and careful consideration they demand. Open a Current Account with this Bank and your interests will be faithfully looked after by experienced men.

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Campbellton Branch: L. J. BOURQUE, Manager

IT PAYS TO PAY CASH

For Your Christmas Cake

Flour 98 lb. bag	\$4.97	Mixed Spice	.13 pkg.
Flour 24 lb. bag	1.45	Allspice	.10 pkg.
Shortening 1 lb. block	.19	Cinnamon	.18 pkg.
Shortening 3 lb. tin	.53	Ginger	.15 pkg.
Shortening 5 lb. tin	.87	Cloves	.24 pkg.
Shortening 10 lb. tin	1.75	Cassia	.12 pkg.
Shortening 20 lb. tin	3.15	Mixed peel 1/2 lb. pkg.	.23
Pure Lard 1 lb. block	.24	Shelled Walnuts	.58 lb.
Pure Lard 10 lb. wood	2.25	Shelled Almonds	.85 lb.
White Sugar 13 lbs	1.00	Sun Maid Raisins 15 oz. pkg.	.17
Carnation Milk, 2 tins	.25	Currants	.19
Fresh Milk	.15 qt.	White Icing 2 pkgs.	.25
Eggs, firsts	.49 doz.	Colored Icing	.14 pkg.
Creamery Butter	.53 lb.	Shredded Coconut	.12 pkg.
Extracts 1 oz. bottle	.14	Dates, 2 pkgs.	.25
Extracts 2 oz. bottle	.27	Baking Powder, 1-4 lb.	.14
Extracts 2 1/2 oz. bottle	.33	Baking Powder 1/2 lb.	.23
Cream of Tartar 1-4 lb. pkg.	.09	Baking Powder 1 lb.	.39
Cream of Tartar 1 lb. pkg.	.35	Baking Powder 5 lb.	\$1.68
Cow Brand Soda 1/2 lb. pkg.	.05	Bakers Chocolate	.28
Cow Brand Soda 1 lb. pkg.	.09	Bulk Cocoa, 3 lbs.	.25


CUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE.

Campbellton Cash Carry Stores

\$5.00 ORDERS DELIVERED

MINTO STREET 2 STORES ROSEBERRY ST.
Phone 197 O. DEWAR, PROP.

1870 THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION were in their prime when Morse's teas first won favor in Canadian homes. Today, when Canada takes her place among the nations, Morse's Teas are favored more than ever.



MORSE'S TEAS

Xmas Gifts

In Leather Goods always make acceptable gifts. Toilet rolls for ladies or gentlemen.

FOR LADIES

Purses
Hand Bags
Music Cases
Writing Cases

FOR GENTS

Bill Folds
Purses
Military Brush Sets
Collar Cases

IVORY TOILET WARE

in Amber, white and tortoise

Ladies' coloured Silk Umbrellas.

H. R. Humphrey

What About Your BATTERY AT ZERO

Cold weather is a severe test of any battery.

Your engine is harder to start.

You burn the lights longer.

And a battery which will deliver 100% of its rated output at 70 degrees will deliver only 50% at zero. Proper attention to your battery NOW will save time, temper and money. Don't blame the battery for YOUR neglect.

IF YOU DRIVE YOUR CAR

1.—Make three or four Hydrometer tests over a period of a month to be sure that the generator is keeping the battery sufficiently charged. As a rule the charging rate of the generator should be increased for winter driving.

2.—If your battery is not in first-class condition have the necessary repairs done.

3.—Have the oil in your crank case changed to the grade recommended for winter driving.

IF YOU LAY UP YOUR CAR

Let us store your battery. This will save you from worrying over a possible costly freeze-up and ensure your battery being in first-class condition in the Spring.

Wet Storage

This method of storage keeps your battery properly charged all winter—prevents freezing.

Dry Storage

Your battery is disassembled and reassembled with new insulation in the Spring.

CAMPBELLTON GARAGE

JAS. LOUDEN, PROP.

Phone 32-2 THE DEPENDABLE BATTERY FOR WINTER SERVICE

Our Portraits

Were selected at Washington, D. C. For a travelling exhibit BY THE WORLD'S BEST ARTISTS

This means you get the best class photographs

Try our projection Enlarges send us your films and have them enlarged for Xmas Gifts.

8 x 10 60c our prices defy all competitions of Professionals and Amateurs

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE IN TWO PARTS

FIRST—a confession that we are a bit old-fashioned since we insist that superior work and not the telephone shall blow our horn.

SECOND—we have a new process in photography that is claiming the attention of artists and those who understand.

May we have the honor of your visit before Christ

has.

CALL AND SEE OUR WORK

Elite Studio

Box 840, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

The Graphic

H. B. ANSLOW, MANAGER

Subscription - \$2.00

Strictly in Advance

If not paid in advance, \$2.50 per year.

To the United States \$2.50.

The rates for Transient Advertising

in the Campbellton Graphic, effective

April 1st, are as follows:

Per inch, first insertion 80c.

Per inch, subsequent insertion 50c.

Local readers Adv. 15c per line each

insertion. Minimum charges 50c.

Card of Thanks, Notices of Engage-

ments, Births, Marriages and Deaths,

60c.

Poetry with Deaths or Memorial

Notices, 10c per line extra.

General Mercantile display rates on

application.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B., DEC. 17, 1925

KEEPING THE LAW

Some people seem to think it is

all right to break the law of a coun-

try providing they can avoid detec-

tion. They even boast of smuggling

goods across the border, and go so

far as to make heroes of boot-leg-

gers. It should be regarded as a

duty to every citizen not only to

keep the law, but to see that others

do it, too, says the Canadian School

Board Journal. If the community

regards the law-breakers as a re-

spectable citizen, they can scarcely

expect the policemen to enforce the

law, as the latter have not the sup-

port of a civic conscience. The

police force is nothing more or less

than an expression of the will of the

people in obedience to the law of the

land.

Lawlessness cannot be kept down

by simply paying the policeman.

To stand aside and see the law per-

sistently broken is to become a part-

ner with the lawbreaker in his evil

deeds. We tolerate far too much

license all over Canada in regard to

the administration of the laws that

are now on our statute books. When

in Alberta some years ago, and

spending a Sunday in a little village,

I observed the stores were in full

operation. Men were buying and

selling real estate. Baseball games

were played accompanied with gate

receipts. Upon remarking to a friend

that these matters were violations of

the Lord's Day Act of the Dominion

of Canada, he replied that "laws

didn't apply in that part of Canada.

We know nothing of Sabbath legis-

lation." It is to our shame that we

hear of lawlessness, graft, crime un-

detected and wrong unpunished. It

may be taken as a maxim that the

administration of a law in any coun-

try will never be better than the pub-

lic conscience. A higher standard

of civic responsibility could be at-

tained throughout Canada in one

generation, if more attention were

paid to the incalculation of the duties

of citizenship through our elemen-

tary and secondary schools. All

patriotic Canadians should not lose

an opportunity of making the

school a more efficient agency in fit-

ting our coming citizens for the priv-

ileges and responsibility of a democ-

cracy.

For sister give a Manicure Case

\$2.50 up to \$30.00 at RENAULT'S.

More Facilities For

Care of T. B. Cases

Are Sorely Needed

(Continued from page 1.)

of school children in each of the provinces

of Canada was demonstrated by the survey

conducted by the survey conducted by the

provinces of Saskatchewan by the Royal

Commission in 1921 to inquire into the

question of Tuberculosis in that

province. Great benefit accrued to

Saskatchewan and to those especially

interested in tuberculosis throughout

Canada.

Money Voted

The Canadian Red Cross Society

voted certain sums of money to the

Canadian Tuberculosis Association

which allowed them to make an ap-

propriation of \$1000 each of the provinces

undertaking a survey. Surveys have

already been held in each of the

provinces, except the Maritime Pro-

vinces.

This year the New Brunswick As-

sociation for the Prevention of Tuber-

culosis asked for a survey of school

children. The Department of Health

secured the \$1000 donated for the

purpose and agreed to provide a cer-

tain sum if further expenditure should

be necessary. The organization of

the survey was made part of the pro-

gramme of the travelling diagnostic

service for tuberculosis introduced this

year by the Department of Health.

Death Rate High

The work, so far is showing fair

progress but as those directly inter-

ested know, the need for even great-

er effort is undeniable. This fact is

demonstrated by the contrast be-

tween the death rate of this province

and that of Saskatchewan. Last

year's figures for New Brunswick

were 119 while those of the latter

were 48.

A Summary

Briefly stated the facts in regard

to tuberculosis are these:

While the incidence of the disease

is low in childhood, it is the age when

the majority of our people are af-

fected. From these infections, months

or years later, the disease develops

should debilitating conditions arise.

Many predisposing causes of tuber-

culosis are found in the disease and

defects of children. Weaklings are

more apt to fall victims of tubercu-

losis in adult life. Twenty per cent

of our children are definitely below

par, and unless their health is brought

up to standard the odds will be in

favor of the tubercle bacillus.

The value of periodical medical ex-

amination cannot be over-estimated.

If we wait until gross symptoms have

appeared 75% of our cases of tuber-

culosis will still be far advanced,

when recognized, and treatment will

be prolonged and in too many cases

of no avail. Yearly medical examina-

tion is applying in health what the

wise mechanic already applies in the

care of machinery. He is a fool who

neglects his automobile until the ac-

cident occurs which piles him in a

ditch, but we do not like to consider

ourselves lacking in foresight though

we neglect early symptoms and seek

medical advice for tuberculosis not

when we begin to be sick but when

we are beginning to die.

Tuberculosis should become a minor

cause of disease if the health of our

children was brought up to standard

and protected from sources of infec-

tion. This means that tuberculosis

must be recognized early and proper

teaching, treatment and care in-

stituted. The fostering and encour-

aging of periodical medical examina-

tion will go a long way in this regard.

Try RENAULT'S for children's red

rockers, chairs and tables.

EDITOR'S MAIL

To The Editor,

Campbellton Graphic,

Tewin.

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it very much if

you would grant me a small space in

your paper to advise the Merchants

and populace of this County that,

I have recently organized the Eastern

Sales Systems with headquarters at

Campbellton and the Maritime Pro-

vinces as our field of operation.

I have been successful in securing

the services of Mr. J. A. MacLean of

Pictou, Nova Scotia, who is an expert

sign and show card writer and also

a salesman of some experience.

We specialize in Sales Work of all

kinds, such as, Closing Out, Anniver-

sary and Special Sales. We are ex-

perienced in all branches of the mer-

chant business, having had previous

experience with Sales Service organi-

zations at present operating in the

Maritime Provinces.

Thanking you for your valued space,

remain,

Very truly yours,

EASTERN SALES SYSTEM,

C. F. WETMORE, Manager.

For Stainless Steel Carving Sets,

try RENAULT'S.

REAL VALUES

Folks who are in search of real bar-

gains in dry-goods and either mens

or women's clothing should take ad-

vantage of the Closing-Out Sale of D.

Goldenberg & Co., which is now in

progress. This sale opened last

Saturday with a big rush, but the

stock of this old established firm is

so extensive that a wealth of excep-

tional values still await prompt buy-

ers. It would evidently pay out-

town shoppers to take a run in to

Campbellton this week before the

Xmas rush starts, and get in on this

money-saving opportunity. This

firm is closing out its business here

and profit margins are obviously being

swept aside in order to unload a very

heavy stock.

BRITISH INSTALLMENT

ON WAR DEBT TO U. S.

London, Dec. 16.—The British Gov-

ernment yesterday States more than

\$22,000,000, representing a half-year's

interest and contribution toward pay-

ment of the British war debt.

FATE OF WATERLOO

BRIDGE NOW SEALED

London, Dec. 16.—The sorrow of

all art lovers, London is to lose its

famous Waterloo bridge across the

Thames. The fate of the structure

was sealed yesterday by the decision

of the London County Council to

build a new bridge with not more

than five arches and sufficient width

to take six lines of vehicular traffic.

Waterloo bridge was built in 1811-17

at a cost of more than a million

pounds and has been described as one

of the finest in the world. It rests

upon nine arches.

Give your wife or mother an Elec-

tric Washing Machine this Christmas.

RENAULT'S is the spot.

C. H. CAHAN, M. P.

SERIOUSLY ILL

Montreal, Dec. 16.—Mr. C. H. Cahan,

member of Parliament for St. Law-

rence, St. George division, Montreal,

was taken suddenly ill Monday eve-

ning and was immediately removed to

the General Hospital. It was stated

last night that his condition was not

very serious. Mr. Cahan had only re-

cently returned from Toronto where

he delivered several speeches.

EARL HAIG IS COMING

TO CANADA NEXT JUNE

St. John, N. B., Dec. 16.—Acting

Mayor Frink to-day received word

that Earl Haig would be in St.

John in June next. He is coming

here in the interests of the British

Empire Service League.



GEORGES VEZINA

Veteran goal-keeper of the Can-

adians who, at the age of forty-eight

has been forced to quit the game on

account of poor health. He has been

the idolized goalkeeper of the Cana-

dians for fifteen years. He has

never been known to draw down a

penalty.

To Amend Laws

At the present time only motor

vehicles are compelled to carry lights

on the highways in this province, al-

though in most other provinces and

in the United States all vehicles must

have rear lights and in some cases

side lights as well. Hon. Mr. Ste-

wart says that he is convinced the time

has arrived when some such protec-

tion is absolutely necessary in New

Brunswick for the occupants of the

horse drawn vehicles which will be

affected as well as for others. The

licensing of all drivers of motor ve-

hicles is to bring New Brunswick into

line with the rest of the Dominion,

the Minister said, all provinces have

agreed to have such legislation. In

some of the provinces as well as in

the United States all drivers of motor

vehicles must be licensed. In New

Brunswick an owner of a motor ve-

hicle and members of the immediate

family of an owner may drive their

car under the present law.

Hon. Mr. Stewart confirmed to-day

that at the outset the gasoline tax in

New Brunswick would be 3 cents per

gallon and that the reduction proposed

for automobile licenses would average

about 20 per cent. He said that he

looked for beneficial results from the

interprovincial conference. He re-

garded as important the steps taken

to increase the responsibility of the

railway companies in the elimination

of grade crossings; at present the rail-

ways are responsible for only 25 per

cent of the cost with a maximum of

\$15,000 and legislation is sought to in-

crease these figures. It is expected

elimination of a number of dangerous

Local Items of Interest

Newsy Notes of Town and Country
Happenings Gathered by Graphic Reporters

A DRY CHRISTMAS

By present appearances it begins to look as if this Christmas would be exceedingly dry in Campbellton. The new inspectors are watching things closely.

STORES OPEN

Beginning on Monday, Dec. 21st, all local stores will be open in the evening up till Christmas to accommodate gift shoppers.

THE ICE BRIDGE

The crossing on the ice from the Subway to The Mission has been good since last Friday and teams are hauling across. This road has been busied.

FOOT INJURED

While returning from church Sunday morning, Mr. James Evans slipped on some ice on the street and fell breaking a small bone in his foot. He will be laid up for some time.

READ ALL THE ADS.

The Graphic is this week crowded with the Christmas announcements of Campbellton merchants. We would suggest that our readers study these announcements and do their shopping from them. Don't be afraid to say you saw it in The Graphic.

AT WESLEY CHURCH

On Friday evening in the basement of Wesley United Church a set of stereo-opticon views dealing with "The Life of Christ" will be shown by members of the C. S. E. T. No admission fee will be charged but an offering will be taken during intermission.

DOLLS FREE

Many have taken advantage of our offer to procure handsome dolls free. We still have some dolls in stock and can procure more on short notice. Four new subscriptions to The Graphic entitle you to a doll. What would make a more acceptable Xmas present than The Graphic for a year, and a doll for your little girl.

CHRISTMAS CANTATTA

A special Christmas cantatta, entitled "The New-Born King" will be on Sunday evening in St. Andrews United Church. This special seasonal music will form the greater service and will be rendered by a full choir. Judging from the past successes of this fine group of singers, this special music, so in tune with the true spirit of Christmas, will be something to remember after the occasion itself has receded into the past.

DOUBLE WEDDING

A very pretty double wedding was solemnized at St. Andrews Mission on Wednesday morning, December 16th, the Rev. W. W. McNair, officiating, when James Johnston Bryant was married to Dorothy Elizabeth Court, and Elizabeth Ransom Price became the wife of Herbert Ransom Court. All four principals of the happy event belong to Escuminac, Que. The many friends of the newly wedded couples in Restigouche and Beauport counties join in extending congratulations and best wishes for a successful married life.

OPENED OFFICE HERE

The Sydney Lumber Co. has opened an office here in the Bruce building.

CURLING SOON

The ice in the curling rink is nearly ready for curling. By Saturday at least two rinks will be fit.

RINK OPEN

The Campbellton Skating Rink opened this week for the season and the ice is already in good condition.

ANOTHER SEIZURE

A quantity of booze was seized at a local place of business here this week. It is said that the wet goods had not entered Canada in the regular way, and consequently a charge of smuggling will be laid. Verily the day of the bootlegger is hard in Campbellton just now.

For Stits try RENAULT.

SALE OF FANCY ARTICLES
The World Wide Guild of the United Baptist Church will hold a sale of Fancy Articles on Saturday afternoon at the Vanity Box, Thompson Building. No article to be sold over \$2.00. Don't forget the date Saturday, December 19th.

MATAPEDIA UNITED CHURCH

Services Sabbath, Dec. 20th.
11 a. m. Wymers Brook.
3 p. m. Robisonville.
7:30 p. m. Upsalquitch.
Sabbath Dec. 27th.
11 a. m. Runnymede.
3 p. m. Matapedia.
7 p. m. Desjardis.
These services will be appropriate to the Christmas season.
All made welcome.

Electric Room Heaters \$6.50 and up at RENAULT'S.

HOCKEY TEAM
With good ice available here, members of the local senior hockey squad have got down to work in earnest and with each practise the aggregation seems to be developing greater speed. The individual players, have hardened up rapidly this season and each appears in excellent form. Without any doubt Campbellton is getting off to a better start this season for the coming league games. Continued training should make the local team one of the fastest in the entire league this year.

Odd pieces Satin Glass, very dainty at RENAULT'S.

PREMIER KING'S BIRTHDAY
Rt. Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, is celebrating his 51st birthday today. On December 17, 1874, he was ushered into the world at Berlin, Ontario, now the city of Kitchener. Entering the political arena at an early age, he became Premier of Canada at the age of 47, and was chosen leader of his party two years before that. He shares with Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen the distinction of being a comparatively youthful Premier, Mr. Meighen being about the same age as Mr. King and having been made Premier shortly after Mr. King assumed leadership of the Liberal party.

BLAIR TROPHY BON-SPIEL AT ST. JOHN

Will Take Place January 26-28
—Caledonian Curling Officers.

At the annual meeting of the New Brunswick branch of the Caledonian Curling Association held at the Brunswick Hotel, Moncton, Thursday night with President R. A. Snowball, of Chatham, presiding, it was decided to hold the Blair trophy bonspiel in St. John on January 26-28. Representatives of the provincial clubs were present as follows: Campbellton—R. K. Shives and Max Mowat. Bathurst—E. P. McKay. Newcastle—John Russell and Thos. Clarke. Chatham—R. A. Snowball. Moncton—W. N. Rippey and R. J. Dickson. Hampton—Megra. Hallet and Foster. St. Andrews, St. John—F. C. Beatty and F. W. Coombs. Thistles, St. John—J. C. Chesley and J. A. Sinclair. Carleton—C. O. Morris. Fredericton—Judge Limerick. St. Stephen—Mr. Vanstone. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Hon. President—John White, Saint John. President—E. P. McKay, Bathurst. 1st. Vice Pres.—Judge Limerick, Fredericton. 2nd. Vice Pres.—R. P. Dickson, Moncton. Sec. Treas.—F. W. Coombs, Saint John. Chaplain—Rev. G. M. Young, Chatham. Executive—A. D. Ganong, Saint Stephen; R. K. Shives, Campbellton, and J. A. Sinclair, Saint John.

The following were appointed to represent New Brunswick on the Scottish Curling team which sails from Saint John on January first for Scotland: John S. Malcolm and F. C. Beatty, Saint John; E. P. McKay, Bathurst; R. K. Shives, Campbellton; Senator C. W. Robinson and E. W. Givan, Moncton.

INCREASE IN EXPORT OF DAIRY PRODUCTS
Our exports of butter for the twelve months ending with September totaled \$4,557,840 lbs. valued at \$12,566,834 compared with 18,026,899 lbs. valued at \$6,562,742 in the previous year, and of cheese 147,292,800 lbs. valued at \$31,558,388 compared with 115,245,400 lbs. valued at \$21,881,111. Of milk powder the exports were 9,847,400 lbs. valued at \$984,118 against 4,742,700 lbs. valued at \$465,050 and of milk, condensed, canned or preserved 48,885,200 lbs. valued at \$4,975,558 compared with 42,154,000 lbs. valued at \$4,878,971. Of cases there was an export of 286,053 lbs. valued at \$22,385 against 20,659 lbs. valued at \$2,710. We thus have a gratifying increase of the export of all dairy products for the twelve months ending September last of 57,650,139 lbs. valued at \$16,516,644 compared with the previous twelve months.

Use the Want Ad. way

EVENING CLASSES CLOSE FOR TERM

Good Progress Shown By All Classes—Peter Shannon, Jr. Wins Typing Medal.

The following report of the Evening Vocational Classes for the past term has been submitted to us for publication by Mr. J. R. Vallis, the director of Vocational studies here. The work of the Evening Vocational Classes was completed on Thursday, Dec. 10, after a very successful term's work.

The total enrollment in the sewing classes was 90. Miss S. M. Barnett, B. Sc., Provincial Supervisor, visited these classes twice during the term and reported that the work was progressing favorably in both the Millinery and Dressmaking classes. The enrollment in the Conversational French class was 18 with an average of 12. This group was well satisfied and was loud in their praise of Miss Richard, their teacher, for the splendid work done. We had an enrollment of 17 in the typewriting with an average of 16. Splendid work was done by the members of this class. One of the members, Peter Shannon, won a bronze medal for typing at the rate of 40 words per minute.

The class in English and Arithmetic or General Education was small but the work accomplished is well worthy of praise. One of the pupils in this class during the 20 lessons, covered the regular Grade 7, Academic work for the term, and is an example of the work that can be done in this class and shows the opportunity available to those who care to take advantage of it.

The Motor Mechanics class has not completed the work for this term as it was late in opening. The work will be completed at the beginning of next term.

The total enrollment in all classes for this term was 120. Registration for these classes will be held again in January and the work will be resumed again about January 12. Dates due for registration and opening will be published at the beginning of the New Year.

J. R. VALLIS, Director.

Give the boy a pocket Ben Watch for Xmas at RENAULT'S.

P. E. I. MILL WORKER
CHARLOTTE TOWN, Dec. 16—Leman Morrow, 45, a mill worker, became entangled in a revolving shaft in the Compton Mills, today and received such injuries that he died shortly after. The machinery was quickly stopped but not before the unfortunate man had been horribly mangled. Three doctors worked over the injured man but he died thirteen hours after the accident.

ROBBER GOT AWAY WITH \$25,000 IN DIAMONDS
Chicago, Dec. 15—A robber last night threw a wrench through the display window of a downtown jewelry store, while hundreds of Xmas shoppers were passing, scooped up two trays of diamond rings valued at between twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars, and escaped.

BUSINESS LOCALS

TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS
Read C. Co's' advertisement on page three, it contains some interesting prices for your consideration.

CHANGE OF PRICE
In the Cash and Carry stores advertisement on page three the price of flour per bag is listed at \$4.97. This should now read \$5.25.

OPEN EVERY EVENING
Beginning Wednesday, December 16, and continuing until January 1, our stores will be open every evening. CAMPBELLTON CASH and CARRY STORES, O. Dewar, Prop.

IT PAYS TO PAY CASH
Ganong's curly Christmas candy can be bought for twenty-four cents per pound at the CAMPBELLTON CASH and CARRY STORES.

CLASSIFIED

MAID WANTED—Good wages. Apply to GRAPHIC OFFICE.

THE WINTER TERM OF THE

Fredericton Business College

OPENS—TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1926.

Begin today to prepare for a good paying position by getting information regarding our course of study, descriptive booklet of which will be sent on application.

Write for full particulars. Address:—F. B. OSBORNE, Prin., Fredericton, N. B.



Christmas Gift Greetings

XMAS GREETINGS will soon be in order. What nicer way could the spirit of "Good-Will and Peace on Earth" be expressed than by giving your friends a splendid pair of Shoes.

In our stock you will find about every style of Shoes for Gift purposes that the most fastidious would desire.

FOR FATHER—A pair of comfortable house Slippers, or perhaps a pair of our warm felt Spats would be appreciated.

FOR MOTHER—The choice of many things from our dainty Boudoir Slippers to match her new kimono, through a large range of evening Pumps to Overgaiters and Overshoes with the new Adjusto Dome Fastener.

FOR BIG SISTER—With the same range to choose from, with or without straps.

FOR LITTLE SISTER—Why not a pair of Strap Oxfords or Boots.

FOR BROTHER—We have a fine assortment of Shoes to choose from and other sturdy shoes as well.

FOR BABY—Here our selection will exceed your expectations—from Pussy-Foot Shoes down to dainty Shoes.

McPHERSON LIGHTNING HITCH BOUTS and Automobile Skates attached FREE when bought here.

HOSIERY—Is always an acceptable Gift, and our stock has a complete range of shades.

You are invited to inspect our stock, and considering "Quality" you will find our prices moderate, but whether you buy or not, you will have our courteous attention.

McRae's Shoe Store

XMAS GIFTS

A complete line of Gifts for every member of the family.

KODAKS AND BROWNIES
\$2.00 and up to \$65.00.
All prices and sizes.

FRENCH IVORY IN CASES

Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, Jewel Cases, etc. We have a complete line to choose from.

CANDY

Moirs, Page & Shaw, Sweetest Maid, etc. All in Xmas packages and every box fresh. Just received from the manufacturer.

MANICURE ROLLS

All prices \$5.00 to \$50.00
Perfume Atomizers in many styles.
\$2.00 to \$6.00

PARKER PENS AND PENCILS

All Prices and styles.
\$2.75 to \$12.50 Sets

See our Red and Gold line containing many useful gifts at moderate prices.

—GIFTS FOR ALL—

Agent for
Page & Shaw
Chocolates
Fresh Each Week

THOS. WRAN
DRUGGIST THE REXALL STORE
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Kodaks
Films
and
Supplies

Christmas Suggestions

FOR DAD AND THE LAD

Dressing Cases

Cigars, Tobaccos

Pipes and Pouches

Fountain Pens, Pencils

Razors, Shaving Materials

Military Brushes

For Mother and the Girls

Perfumes, Toilet Waters

Face Powders, Compacts

Ivory, Leather Goods

Dressing Cases, Manicure Rolls

Stationery

Fountain Pens, Pencils

Bath Salts, Sachets

LOWNEYS

CHOCOLATES

XMAS

PACKAGES

FOR BABY

Special packages choc's

J. & J. Gift Boxes

Soaps, Baby Powders

WATERMAN'S

FOUNTAIN

PENS

AND PENCILS

A. McG. McDonald.

GIVE

FURNITURE

THIS CHRISTMAS!

"The Years Cannot Dim Its Charm"

Some Suggestions

Chesterfields

Couches

Sewing Baskets

Rattan Chairs

Kindergarten Sets

Rocking Horses

Easy Chairs

Smokers

Pedestals

Rugs and Mats

High Chairs

Sleighs

Library Tables

Reading Lamps

Tea Wagons

Card Tables

Boys' and Girls' Sleds

Childrens Cribbs

Dining Room and Bed Room Furniture, Beds, Springs, Mattresses.

Choose Yours Now

H. M. ARMSTRONG

The Big Store With the Big Values.

Phone 48

Queen St.

EDWARDSBURG
CORN SYRUP

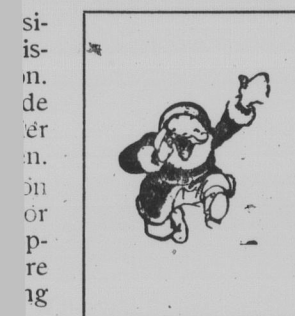
Recipe Book tells how useful CROWN besides being a delicious table syrup to-day for a free copy.

CH CO., LIMITED - MONTREAL.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN
AND
CORN SYRUP

A. D. Couds, we are proud of the appearance of this folder, which we feel will attract buyers to their big store.

Go go!
Gifts



Gifts
A beautiful assortment of
GOODS
Xmas Shaving Sets)
Gift Boxes)
Christmas Boxes and
Priced.
IDS
LS AND TAGS

NEED FOR THOSE
YET SOMETHING

ious to show
ends are await-
to give as well

id Confectionery

ates will always have
mas Gift list. Our
ear will meet your
especially prepared
deliciously fresh.

RS ACCEPTED FOR

nd a Happy

ES

ention. P. O. Box 536



Head and Chest Colds Relieved In a New Way

A Salve which Relieves Medicated Vapors when Applied Over Throat and Chest.

Inhaled as a vapor and, at the same time, rubbed through the skin into the tissues, Vicks VapoRub reaches immediately into the congested air passages. This is the modern direct treatment for all cold troubles that is proving so popular in Canada and the States where over 17 million jars are now used yearly. Specially for sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis, croup, head and chest colds, catarrh, asthma or hay fever. Just rub Vicks over throat and chest and inhale the medicated vapors. It quickly loosens up a cold.

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

MURINE
For Your
EYES
Wholesome Stimulating Refreshing

IT WAS DAD'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

Of course it wasn't the first Christmas dad had lived through. It couldn't be, since it happened in his second year! But, as he afterward phrased it, it was the first Christmas "as was a Christmas" to his thinking. This is how it happened:

About a month before Christmas last year Dad and Mother called us up on the long-distance to ask about the kiddies, who, poor lambs, had whooping cough. It was rather expensive calling away from home, but I knew they could ill afford it; so I talked fast and did all I could to make the call a brief one.

But after Mother had said "good-bye," Dad wanted a last word, although it had been he who had opened the conversation in the first place. A hundred miles away I heard him knocking over a chair in his nervous haste to get to the receiver, and Mother's sharp but kindly, "Take care, Father! They'll wait."

And all he wanted to say in this telephonic P. S. was "Now Bessie, don't you and Harry get me anything for Christmas this year. I really don't want anything—not after all you spent on theatre tickets when we were there Thanksgiving!"

"What makes you think they're planning to give you anything, any-

way!" came Mother's tart protest from somewhere back in that familiar sitting room, a hundred miles away. "Hang up, Father! Don't be foolish!"

"Now, remember, Bessie. Nothing for me—not a thing!" and Dad did hang up, but not before I had heard Mother's decisive step approaching him.

"Well, Harry, Father says we're not to give him anything for Christmas," I told my husband, going to sit on the arm of his chair, and at least share the newspaper, since it hadn't been offered me outright. "And I don't know but that lounging jacket we had thought of will be rather an extravagance on our part. What do you say to postponing it till another year, when you'll have your manhood, and getting a tie or something instead?"

But, to my amazement, Harry, who is the mildest of men, snatched the paper, which I was holding lightly by the corner, out of my fingers, threw it on the rug, and himself took the proverbial stand of the bossy male before the hearth. But his look was quizzical, not irritated, as his sudden motion had suggested.

"Now, Elizabeth, hasn't your father said that to us every single year, all these ten we've been married?"

"Yes. And he always said it when we were growing up at home. He's so unselfish, you see, he just hates having us spend money on him."

"But he always spent it on you, didn't he, even when he didn't have it to spend? Why do you suppose?"

"Why, just because he is so ridiculously fond of us all. He wanted to."

"Yes. But think beneath that for a minute. How do you suppose he knew it would please you so to get all the nice things he gave you. Why did he spend so much time and thought, as well as money? Why, just because he imagined what your pleasure would be. And how could he imagine it unless he himself in his secret heart looked forward to Christmas just as you did, and cherished a secret hope that he might get a few of the things he rather wanted himself. Knowing his smoking hope, he could imagine yours. Why, that's why he gave you that impractical pearl gray handbag last Christmas! He knew you wanted it, even against your own good sense!"

"Oh, Harry! You needn't go so deep as all that for Dad's reasons. He'd heard me say I coveted that handbag, impractical as it was. That's not imagination on his part—just a matter of knowledge."

"That's all very well. A steady light of determination beamed from Harry's eyes, as he spread his legs farther apart on his heart's rug. I could see that this was no idle argu-

ment with old Harry. He was deadly serious, and had been planning this conversation in its every detail.

"That's all very well, wife of mine. But without imagination he would have taken your word for it that the handbag was impractical—you insisted on that every time you mentioned it—and given you something else. No, sir, he didn't just hear your light words about always having wanted such a foolish folderol. He did hear them, all right. You saw to that! But he imagined, too. He knew what that kind of winking means."

"And believe me, your old dad, when he has waked on all these dozens of Christmas mornings of his life, has hoped that he himself would find just such a long-wanted folderol in his sock. And instead of it, what has he found? Say, what has he?"

I hung my head. "Neckties, socks, handkerchiefs, calendars and writing paper."

"Huh! And what has he hoped he'd find?"

"A phonograph, a genuine meersch, a five-pound box of chocolates, house slippers (Mother never would let him go shuffling round in slippers, though!), a seal ring for his little finger (imagine!) a full set of Dickens. On lots of things that he really didn't need, you know, and some that would have been ridiculous. Finishing, I looked up at my loving husband. Speechlessly, he was pointing one long finger at me. When

King Cole
ORANGE
PEKOE
THE EXTRA IN CHOICE TEA

our eyes met, he burst forth. "And you knew all this, and never took the pains to imagine how he felt. A fine daughter! All of you, fine, unselfish people! Well, his son-in-law can't give him all those long-wanted folderols—not this year—but you bet he's going to give him the lounging jacket, a blue velvet one with gilt braid, and a cord with tassels. His loving daughter may give him a tie—if she's absolutely sure he needs one—and she can find one suitable for an aged man of seventy!"

But Harry's sarcasm, by now, was being wasted. I had caught his point some seconds before. For the first time, I saw Dad in a new light. Why, he had never had a proper Christmas, poor dear; never in his whole life. And all of his children, had been brought up on perfect Christmases; all our heart's desires bulging out of our stockings and singing from the tree! And he had done it for us—simply because he knew the hidden, childish disappointment of almost seventy Christmas stockings filled with practical, sensible gifts! His parents had been really poor. Christmas on their barren little farm had been of necessity a slim affair. And his early married years had been a struggle, too. An innocent child-hearted youth making his way against odds, selling insurance in a stiff-necked old town!

But these later years—things might have been different. He had made good. There was a comfortable home all paid for to the last mortgage, and a sufficient income from "renewals"—now that all of us children had flown to nests of our own. Yes, things might have been different now.

"And they shall be different this Christmas," I cried out of my sudden waking. "We'll give Dad a real Christmas, the kind—slightly, dear old fox—he's always dreamed of!"

"Where are you off to Elizabeth?" shouted my husband, for I had jumped from the chair-arm and was out in the hall, talking to myself as I went.

"I'm going to get my writing paper. I sang back from the landing at the first turn of the stairs. And when I had fumbled for it through the desk in our dark room (I was too impatient to find the switch) and returned to the sitting room, I explained.

"We can't do it alone, Hal. Not a regular, bang-up Christmas like he deserves! I'm going to write to my brothers and sisters, all six of em, and say they must come in. We'll just not give presents to one another at all this year. We'll concentrate on Dad. And Mother, too, of course. Only we always did give her nice things anyway."

"Bully for you! I'll say you are quick in getting an idea, Elizabeth! You know you—"But I'd best leave out all that. Harry is an old dear, and entirely overdoes his perfectly ordinary little wife."

So that is how Dad's first Christmas came about.

Harry and I and the children got home for it. The others, unfortunately, live too far away to come. But they had all fallen in with our scheme, and we found their exciting-looking bundles for Dad there, hidden by Mother in the attic. Their bold "Don't open till Christmas" inscriptions glared out at us from the attic twilight.

But it didn't seem fair that all of us shouldn't have had the fun of seeing Dad the next morning in his bewildered delight!

On Christmas Eve, after we had stuffed the children's stockings, and then hung up our own, and put our bundles for each other around them, or in them, Dad eyed his curious and bulky packages keenly.

"Those don't look like handkerchiefs and socks," he said, with a most queer quaver of eagerness. "And how can there be so many! Haven't you mixed my pile with Mother's?"

But we reassured him, on tiptoe ourselves, like children, with expectation of his surprise of the morrow.

Then he suddenly began his old song: "Now I really don't want anything this Christmas, children. I do hope you haven't gone and spent a lot of money foolishly. I do need some socks, and I've lost my last handkerchief, since mother took to sending our clothes to the steam laundry. But I don't need any thing else."

But we laughed down this ancient protest, as we said "good night." At

NEW METAL IS DISCOVERED.

Only Two Points Heavier Than Aluminum But of Great Strength.

A discovery that promises to bring fame to its inventor and may revolutionize the mechanical world, has been made by Harry McClane, aged 32, chemist, employed at the University of Kentucky as a plumber.

The discovery is a new kind of metal called Mac-Lite, after the inventor, and was made after nine years of constant research, he says. The formula, which is known only to McClane, is three times as strong as bronze, cast iron, brass and milled steel, and can be used at much saving in the place of any of these metals.

Materials used in the new product are sufficiently abundant to warrant the manufacture of Mac-Lite in large quantities.

McClane perfected his invention last April while at the University of Kentucky, where he came to do research work in mining and metallurgy.

Although it is one-third as heavy as bronze, brass or cast iron, and only two points heavier than aluminum, Mac-Lite is strong, requiring a pressure of more than 100,000 pounds to the square inch to crush it. The metal closely resembles aluminum in appearance and under a buffer wheel takes on the appearance of silver.

It will not rust or corrode. Earth acids have no effect on it. In testing his new metal, McClane made a bearing and installed it in machinery that is being used at St. Louis. The bearing ran more than six months before it had to be oiled, he said.

Chemists all over the country have tried unsuccessfully to analyze the metal and learn its ingredients, according to McClane.

WORTH SOMETHING TO THE PROVINCE

The fact that thousands—one report places the total as high as 300,000—Christmas trees have been shipped out of Maritime Canada is suggestive of many things. Most of all it is suggestive of a lumber export from which little or no direct and very little indirect benefit accrues to the province.

The cutting of so many trees for general lumbering purposes would yield substantial returns either to the province or to private land owners in stumpage and would give some return to provincial operations.

This Christmas tree business is carried on in such a way that it is very doubtful if the revenue derived compensates for the loss thereby occasioned. There is little truth in the argument that the trees cut and shipped away as Christmas trees do not come from the forests and therefore do not deplete valuable timber stands.

The year after year export of Christmas trees is a year after year depletion of many areas that would in a short time become valuable timber stands. The trees cut are, for the most part, valueless as timber, but many of them would, in a few years, become sufficiently valuable to produce either Crown land or private revenues far in excess of the trivial sums now realized. It is a business of such proportions, and such an insidious menace that our government might well consider its prohibition on its revenue value.

An export tax of a few cents on every Christmas tree would either stop the business or produce revenue, either result would be a worthwhile benefit.—St. John Globe.

AN AUTHORITY ON LUMBER TRADE EXPECTS BETTER RESULTS NEXT YEAR

Sir Keith Price, prominent English authority on the lumber market, managing director of Price & Price, London, and director of Price Bros., Quebec, is authority for the statement that conditions are improving in Canada generally and that the improvement is likely to continue over 1926. He expressed the opinion that while recent events in France and Ireland are disquieting, on the whole the European position is decidedly better than it was a year ago, confidence is returning and business while still unsatisfactory, is showing signs of improvement in many quarters. The timber trade, which has been very disappointing during 1925, the decline in value having been considerable, is expected to show better results over 1926. In fact, if it were not for the unknown Russian factor some considerable improvement might be effected, but traders naturally are very nervous when they have this menace hanging over them. There is no doubt the Russians, whose forests cost them nothing and who work with practically forced labor, are a dangerous competitor to all who have to produce lumber under normal conditions. The consumption of lumber in the United Kingdom is excellent and likely to remain so.

Give Furniture for Xmas. Try RENAULTS.

For Rogers Silverware, try RENAULTS.

last, thanks to Harry. Mother and I had had our eyes opened about Dad!

In the bedroom, with our door closed, I whispered to Harry, "What do you bet Dad lies awake a while to night thinking

This Christmas a Ford

Any Ford model may be purchased on easy payments by arrangement with your local authorized Ford dealer. The moderate down payment entitles you to take immediate delivery of your car and you can pay for it at your convenience during the year.

Your local Ford dealer will be glad to show you the Ford Christmas Gift Certificate which enables the giver of a Ford to announce the gift in the most fitting manner. Delivery can also be arranged for any desired time on Christmas morning.

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

Merry Christmas to All!

The Christmas Store

See Santa in his wonderful snowball in our up town window.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

What would be nicer than a real FUR COAT with the Shepherd guarantee, we are showing some beautiful garments in Hudson Seal, Persian Lamb, Canadian Coon, Muskrat, and French Seal.

Special Discount off the balance of our Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Coats.

SILK UNDERWEAR

Crepe de chene nightgowns, chemise, and step-ins, silk rayon knit bloomers, slips, step-ins and vests in peach, pable, flesh, american beauty and white.

LADIES' SILK SCARFS

The newest in crepe de chene, georgette and a fine showing of silk knit Scarfs.

UNDER ARM BAGS.

In grey tan and black also a line of novelty beaded bags.

New Lace Neckwear in jabet effects.

SILK HOSIERY and HANDKERCHIEFS

Silk hosiery in all the newest shades put up in fancy Christmas boxes.

Ladies and childrens Handkerchiefs in hand embroidered Irish Linens and Swiss, all boxed ready for the holiday season.

Gloves that are appreciated in French Kid, Jaegers Wool, Chamoisette and Silk lined.

Skating Sets in the new bright shades.

Ladies' Dresses in afternoon, evening and street wear.

Cosy bath robes in the bright warm shades.

Babies Kimonos, Booties, Wool Setts, Bibs, etc.

Fancy bordered Linen Towels, Linen Pillow Cases.

Maderia Sets, cut work centres in different sizes.

Beautiful boxed Stationery for Christmas gifts.

The new Umbrellas in the newest shades.

You will find here the largest assortment of NEW Goods for the holiday season.

LADIES' OUTFITTERS

F. E. SHEPHERD AND COMPANY

READY-TO-WEAR ONLY

THIS CHRISTMAS A CHRYSLER CAR CAPBELLTON MOTOR SALES CO.

Dealers for Chrysler Cars for Rest., Gloucester Co. N. B. and Gaspe Co. Que.

CHRYSLER

WILLYS-KNIGHT

OVERLAND

Performance and Beauty that appeal to those who know the Dominion wide popularity of this new quality Four or Six Chrysler Car is due to the enthusiasm of men and women who say they have never seen its equal for comfort, beauty, ease of handling and performance.

These characteristics, so uniquely Chrysler, are the result of the application, for the first time, of the proved scientific engineering of its famous companion car the Chrysler Six, to four-cylinder practice. Linked to this is a degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy found only in Chrysler products.

Men and women who like fine things are captivated by the Chrysler Four beauty of line and coloring, by the restful riding and handling—the result of Chrysler—designed spring suspension and pivotal steering, together with balloon tires.

Test these distinctive Chrysler advantages yourself by a visit to our show rooms on Water Street. SHOW ROOMS ON WATER ST. CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

SOCIAL & PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Joan Lemieux are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl at the Hotel Dieu Hospital on December 15th.

Mrs. Marion Roby Toole of Nashua, N. H., was hostess at a bridge and tea of seven tables at the Naxos Country Club on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Florine Nelson of Boston, who is being married on Dec. 17.

Miss Violet Barbridge of Bathurst is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Alexander for a few days.

Miss Gladys Benoit of Grand River, Que., spent the week-end here the guest of Miss Ethel Farrar enroute to her home from Mt. Allison Ladies College, Sackville, where she is taking a Post Graduate Course in Piano.

Miss Dorothy Hinton, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Kerr, has returned to her home in Bathurst.

Miss Beatrice Myles who has been attending the Moncton Success Business College spent a few days of this week in town enroute to her home at Uprishouth.

Mr. Jimmy Smith spent the week-end in town the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller have returned from a trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Smith returned this morning from Saint John. She was accompanied by Master Jimmy Wilson, of Saint John who will spend a few months in town.

Mr. Angus Sinclair, student at Dalhousie University is spending the holidays at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Barry spent the week-end in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen Gully.

Miss Ethel M. Glover one of the recent graduates from the Soldiers' Memorial Hospital has successfully passed her State Board examination in the State of New Hampshire and is now a R. N. Miss Glover has been doing private nursing in Keene, New Hampshire for three months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter, today, December 17th.

Stainless Steel Table Ware will please mother. —At RENAULT'S.

Miss Muriel Stevens, Post Graduate student at Dalhousie University is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Stevens.

Mr. Gerald Stewart of Mount Allison University is spending his holidays here the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Stewart.

Miss Ruth Alexander, student at Mount Allison Ladies' College, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Alexander for the holidays.

Mrs. Camille LeBlanc of Moncton is spending a few days in town the guest of Miss Irene Levesque.

Mrs. Melvin Dunn of Ottawa is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wright "Brookside Lodge," Col River Crossing.

Mr. J. O. Underhill of Spruce Lake, Sask., arrived in town on Tuesday last and is the guest of his mother, Mrs. B. N. Underhill. It is eighteen years since Mr. Underhill left town.

Mrs. W. A. MacCormack, Black Lams and Mrs. W. C. Jamieson, Charlottetown, were visitors to town on Tuesday.

Rev. J. S. McKay, evangelist, who preached here 28 years ago will occupy the Baptist pulpit on Sunday both morning and evening and will be glad to see his old friends.

Miss Flora Adams has completed her three years training at the Soldiers' Memorial Hospital and is spending a short vacation at her home in Matapedia.

Child's Table and two Chairs \$2.75 at RENAULT'S.

PACKAGE SALE

On Saturday, December 19th, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning, we will hold a \$1.00 Package Sale. These packages are guaranteed to contain articles worth one dollar or more.

These consist of hats, dresses, gloves, scarfs, hosiery and various novelties worth, in many cases, several times the amount asked for one of these packages. Many of these articles will be on display on Friday. This is a real opportunity. Don't miss it, Mrs. Jas. McNaughton, Millinery Parlors.

For large Fire Place Sets try RENAULT'S.

Ye Merry Christmas

WHY COOK XMAS DINNER?

The Chateau is serving a Special Dinner from 12.30 to 2, and from 6 to 8 p. m.

Pleasant Surroundings

Special Music and Attractions.

Make Your Reservations early, and thus have your Table when wanted.

Come and Enjoy our Special Dinner, next Sunday.

ChateauRestigouche

UNDER DIRECTION, R. W. HEINE

OPERA HOUSE

Evenings 7.30 & 9.00 Sat. Mat. 2.30 Usual Prices

WILLIAM FOX Presents

BUCK JONES

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS



When a bad man turns good you can credit a nice trigger on a fine woman. Durand was kind to children and decent to women—but he was also "powerful" good at getting the draw.

—ALSO—
The Charming Mack Sennett Beauties in hilarious comedy "HIS NEW MAMMA"

MONDAY & TUESDAY
NAZIMOVA in "The Redeeming Sin" Vivid drama of the Paris Underworld

—AND—
Bobby Vernon Comedy "HIGH GEAR"

NEXT WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED"

THE LADY OR THE BEAR

Bears, says Sir Hiram S. Maxim in My Life, do not make safe pets. If you step on a dog's foot, the dog has brains enough to know that it is an accident and actually expects you to pity him for your blunder, which no doubt you will do. But if you step on a bear's foot, the bear will not stop to reason. He will retaliate by taking about a pound of steak out of the calf of your leg.

My uncle, Hiram Stevens, after the largest creature known, keeps whom I was named, captured a small cub and brought it up as a pet. It was as much as a pig, so it soon attained a considerable size and had very peculiar ways of showing its affection. At that time my uncle was paying his respects to the young lady who afterward became his wife, and she objected very strongly to the bear. The next Sunday night, therefore, my uncle locked the bear securely in the woodshed, but he had not been very long with his ladylove when the front door was burst in and the bear rushed in and landed in his lap. That brought matters to a crisis; the young lady

delivered her ultimatum,—he must either break off the engagement or kill the bear,—and so the interesting pet was sacrificed on the altar of Cupid the next day.

For Cut Glass, Fine China try RENAULT'S.

MONSTER WHALES. Washington. —Large animals are about as common as porcupine quills, but the sulphur-bottomed whale, the largest creature known, keeps well out of sight. These animals often reach a length of 90 feet. Its weight has not been determined, but a torpedo boat of the same length and of the same underwater contour would displace 32 tons of water. These animals live in the twilight zone of the ocean.

Don't Cry over Lost Articles—Try a Graphic Lost and Found Ad.

Try RENAULT'S for Pipes, Smoking Stands, Pouches.

He tried to cross the railroad track. Before the rushing train; They put the pieces in a sack, But couldn't find the brain!

One hundred British farm families are due to reach British Columbia early next spring. These are the fore-runners of 3,000 families that are to come out to settle in Canada on the land. Provincial and British Government assistance is being given them to get started.

A remarkable statue modelled entirely in ice is to be seen at Quebec. It represents one of the latest or 2300-type locomotives of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about one-fourth full size and is perfect in every detail. Ice statuary has been brought to a fine art in the Ancient Capital.

Skaters from New York, Boston, Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa will compete with Quebec champions in a great international amateur figure skating contest, to be held in Quebec city February 23-24, for handsome trophies and medals donated by the Frontenac Winter Sports Club. A record attendance of spectators is expected.

Skiing parties over the week-end are being conducted by the Laurentian Winter Club in different points in the Laurentian Mountains, the tours being superintended by a competent skier. To those remaining in Montreal the big six-chute toboggan slide on Mount Royal has an added attraction in toboggan races every Saturday, winners receiving prizes.

That Canada is on the verge of a trade boom which may last until the end of this year was the statement made in Toronto recently by Richard Conway, Vice-President of the New York Forecasting Service of New York. The main factor responsible for the upswing of Canadian business, he said, is the opening of the foreign markets to the grains of the past year.

Federal control of United States railroads, adopted as a war measure during the period December 31, 1917, February 29, 1920, cost the country \$1,674,400,000, of which \$1,125,000,000 was total loss, \$536,000,000 estimated expenses and \$10,000,000 was required to reimburse small deficit roads, according to James C. Davis, Director General of Railroads, who has just submitted his annual report.

STOP AND SHOP AT RENAULT'S GROCERY

Our stock is heavy and we can fill your wants at moderate prices

FLOUR—98 LB. BAG \$4.75 and \$5.00 PER BAG

Delicious juicy Oranges, Apples, Grape Fruit, Candies, Sauces, Cakes, Biscuits, Chocolates, Olives, Pickles, Jams, Jellies.

OUR FLOOR SPACE IS LARGE. TAKE A WALK AROUND AND SEE OUR STOCK

2 cans Pears.....	\$.35	Sweet Apple Cider.....		Patches, large tins, heavy	
2 cans Plums.....	.35	Table Raisins.....		symp.....	.40
12 cans Tomatoes.....	1.70	Grapes.....		Sliced Pine Apple, tin.....	.20
12 cans Corn.....	1.60	Figs.....		3 cans G. Bantam Corn	
12 cans Peas.....	1.75	Cranberries.....		on cob.....	\$1.00
				Cocoa (25% fat).....	.15 lb.

M. J. RENAULT

Phone 33

Water Street

Phone 33

IT PAYS TO PAY CASH

FOR CHRISTMAS NUTS AND CANDY

Peanuts.....	24c lb.	G. B. Paragons.....	33c lb.
Brazils.....	33c lb.	G. B. Carmels.....	37c lb.
Walnuts.....	27c lb.	Perrin's Creamy Toffee.....	45c lb.
Almonds.....	27c lb.	Butterscotch.....	30c lb.
Filberts.....	33c lb.	Jersey Carmels.....	40c lb.
Mixed Nuts.....	29c lb.	Guernsey Carmels.....	50c lb.
G. B. Barley Toys.....	33c lb.	Jelly Beans.....	33c lb.
G. B. Christmas Mixed.....	24c lb.	G. B. Chocolates 1/2 lb. box	42c
G. B. Hard Mixed.....	18c lb.	G. B. Chocolates 1 lb. box	70c
G. B. Regal Mixed.....	22c lb.	Hamiltons Chocolates 1/2 lb. box	38c
G. B. National Creams.....	33c lb.	Hamiltons Chocolates 1 lb. box	65c
G. B. Gum Drops.....	22c lb.	McCormacks Chocolates 1/2 lb. box	19c
G. B. Klondyke Chews.....	27c lb.	Table Raisins.....	33c pkg.
G. B. St. Croix Mixed.....	27c lb.		
G. B. Peanut Crisp.....	33c lb.		

Cut this out for reference.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Cheerfully Refunded.

CAMPBELLTON CASH AND CARRY STORES

Minto St. TWO STORES Roseberry St.
\$5.00 Orders Delivered
Phone 197. O. DEWAR, Prop.

FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH IN WOODS

Causapscal, Que., Dec. 15.—The frozen body of Ernest Beaudoin, who left his home on Tuesday last and had not been seen since, has been found in the woods about sixty miles from here. He must have lost his way and died of hunger and exposure. Beaudoin was 36 years of age, and is survived by a widow and eight children.

Electric Table Lamps \$3.00 to \$17.00 at RENAULT'S.

Don't Cry over Lost Articles—Try a Graphic Lost and Found Ad.

MARRIES SISTER OF LORD BEAVERBROOK

London, Dec. 9.—Lord Beaverbrook's youngest sister, Miss Laura Allen, was married today to Douglas Ramsey, of Bowland. The wedding ceremony took place in St. Columbia's Presbyterian church. There were six bridesmaids, three of them being nieces of the bride. Lord Beaverbrook gave the bride in marriage.

CHEAPER ORANGES

It is said that the orange crop in California this season is one of the heaviest on record, being accounted for in some measure by continued moist weather. As a result of the big crop the price of oranges will be considerably cheaper.

Quarters

new bright shades.
afternoon, evening and street
the bright warm shades.
Satees, Wool Setts, Bibs, etc.
en Towels, Linen Pillow Cases,
centres in different sizes.
tionary for Christmas gifts.
in the newest shades.
ne largest assortment of NEW
ason.

READY-TO-WEAR ONLY

on wide popularity of this new
men who say they have never
lication, for the first time, of
Six, to four-cylinder practice.
in Chrysler products.
Four beauty of line and color-
spring suspension and pivot-
show rooms on Water Street.
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

AT GROCERY

at moderate prices
PER BAG
Candies, Sauces,
Jellies.

AND SEE OUR STOCK
es, large tins, heavy
p .40
Pine Apple, tin .20
G. Bantam Corn
ob \$1.00
(25% fat) .15 lb.

Phone 33

PAY CASH

TS AND CANDY

B. Paragons 33c lb.
B. Carmels 37c lb.
rin's Creamy Toffee 45c lb.
sterscotch 30c lb.
ey Carmels 40c lb.
rnsey Carmels 50c lb.
y Beans 33c lb.
3. Chocolates 1/2 lb. box 42c
B. Chocolates 1 lb. box 70c
niltons Chocolates 1/2 lb. 38c
ox 65c
niltons Chocolates 1 lb. 65c
ox 19c
ormacks Chocolates 1/2 33c pkg.
le Raisins 33c pkg.

reference.

y Cheerfully Refunded.

CASH

RY STORES

Roseberry St.

ivered

O. DEWAR, Prop.

RIES SISTER OF

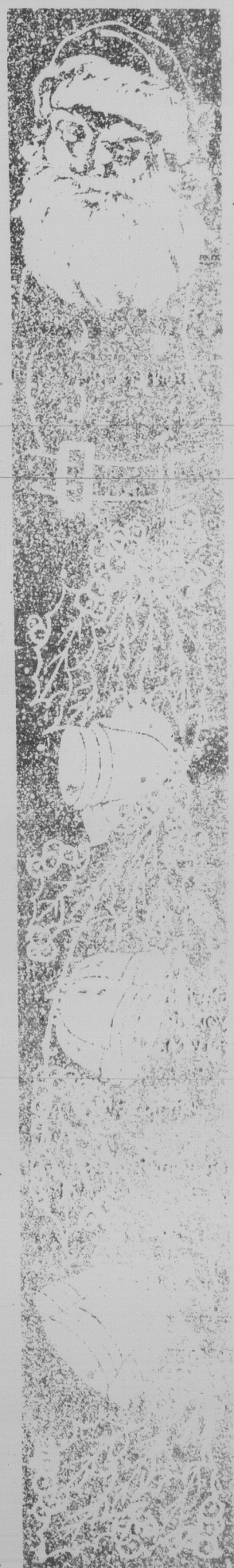
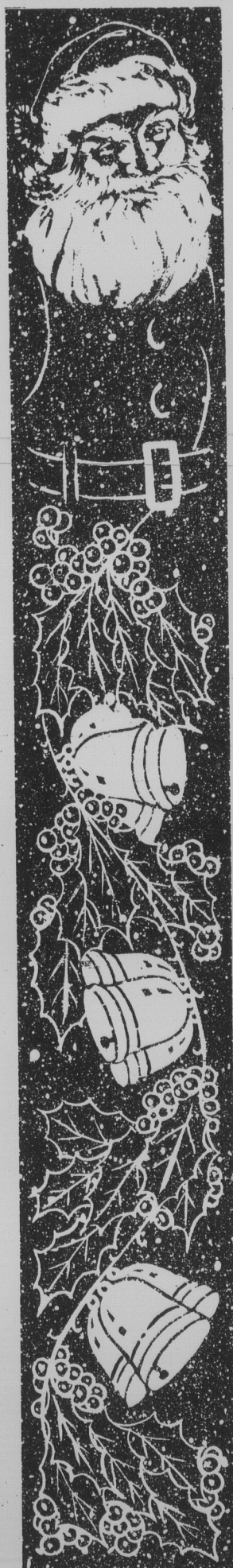
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The Campbellton Graphi

1925 CHRISTMAS EDITION 1925



Merry Christmas



BAIRD & PETERS
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

a very *Happy*
Year : : :

W. & A. Machine Clocks, Ltd.

The Campbellton Graphic

CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1925.

J.D. Hargreaves Co.
Limited

CAMPBELLTON
NEW BRUNSWICK

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

NOW is the time for INTERIOR WORK

IF YOU HAVE ANY FLOORS YOU WANT RELAID, REPAIRS OF ANY KIND, ROOMS TO TINT, KALSOMINE OR WALL PAPER, FLOORS TO PAINT OR VARNISH, TELEPHONE US AND WE WILL GIVE YOU IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

OUR WORKMEN ARE COMPETENT AND CAREFUL AND OUR PRICES ARE REASONABLE.

Get our Catalogue and price list for all kinds of building material. It will interest you.

Dewar's Cartage

Trucking of all kinds promptly attended to. Furniture moved with special care, also properly crated and shipped.

WORK DONE ON CONTRACT OR BY THE HOUR

HORSES HIRED
By the day with or without drivers.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Promptly on any class of work.

Dan Dewar

Phones 136—Day Calls.

417—Night Calls

Christmas Gifts

Just For Men
Christmas Gifts coming from
"Ferguson & Wallace Ltd.
have that touch of distinction.

All displayed in holly boxes of silver and gold. Fairly breathing the Christmas Spirit.

BROADCLOTH SHIRTS
\$2.75 to \$5.00

SILK AND WOOL HOSIERY
50c to \$2.50

HANDKERCHIEFS
SILK AND LINEN
25c to \$1.50

MEN'S PYJAMAS
\$2.50 to \$5.50

HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR

MEN'S MUFFLERS
\$1.25 to \$5.00

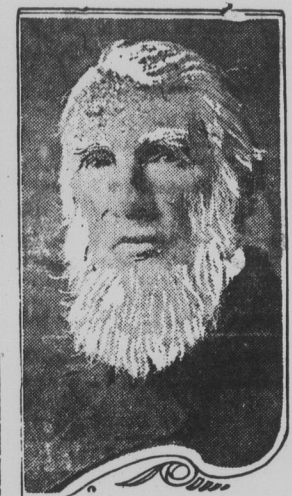
MEN'S NECKWEAR
50c to \$2.75

WOOL AND MOCHA GLOVES
75c to \$6.00

COMBINATION SETS
Suspenders and Garters
50c to \$2.00

BELTS, CLUB BAGS, ETC.

Ferguson & Wallace



JOHN R. BOOTH
Canada's veteran lumber king, who died at his Ottawa home at the age of ninety-eight. He was the Grand Old Man of the Canadian industry.

TORY CANDIDATES DEPOSIT SEIZED

Quebec Advocates Took Out Seizure Against Bonaventure Candidate.

Messrs. Langlois and Langlois, advocates of Quebec took out seizures against Lt. Col. E. Theo. Paquet, tory candidate in Bonaventure County, in the hands of E. J. S. Verge, Returning Officer and the Auditor General of Canada on the \$200 deposited by him as a candidate, in behalf of their client, Horace Legendu of Quebec who holds a judgement against him for a debt of \$117.00.

A seizure was also taken out against Ernest Belanger of Bonaventure, who asked for the account on behalf of the tories to hold the \$100, deposited by him. This seizure was also taken on a judgement against Belanger.

Resolution Passed at Council Meeting Instructs Treasurer to Prepare and Publish Such List. Other Business Transacted at Meeting.

A meeting of the Town Council was held Friday evening, His Worship Mayor McKay, presiding. Couns. Armstrong, Cool, McDonald, Savage and Caldwell were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The matter of the assessment on Walker Brook reservoir, for school purposes in the parish of Addington was discussed. It was pointed out that the town paid one sixth of the total assessment. The account was ordered paid, but it was decided to watch the assessment next year.

The matter of the case of the historic Monument and the site in Riverside Park was brought to the attention of the council by the Historic Sites Commission.

On motion Coun. Caldwell the Chairman of the Public Property and Streets committee was named to see that this matter was properly looked after, and the clerk was instructed to write the commission of action taken.

Dr. Donnelly reported work accomplished for month of November. The work of the food inspector seems to be receiving the attention it merits.

The Town Solicitor reported that after years of negotiations a complete plan of the O'Leary property, with deeds of all streets had been duly prepared and signed.

The clerk was authorized to have deeds placed on record.

The usual departmental accounts were ordered paid. Recently Mr. Robt. St. Onge submitted a proposition to the town to enable him to get electric current for his farm. On motion of Coun. McDonald this proposition was accepted.

Coun. Caldwell brought up the matter of the claim of Mr. C.S.O. Crockett for reduction of \$1000 on the assessment on his building claiming that because of water entering his basement, it was damaged to this extent. Reduction was asked to date back to 1912.

Coun. Savage said that he thought Mr. Crockett had been dealt very leniently with by the assessors. In his way of thinking his property had been under-assessed. He (Coun. Savage) had a little house up on the hill which you could place in Mr. Crockett's building twice, and he was assessed \$3700, and now Mr. Crockett wants his place at \$2500.

Some Councillor asked what was Mr. Crockett assessed, and Coun. Caldwell produced the Assessment roll and read as follows:

C. S. O. Crockett.	1923
Lot	\$ 750
Real Estate	3250
Plant	2000
Income	1000
Total	\$7000
1924.	
Lot	\$ 750
Real Estate	3250
Plant	500
Income	800
Total	\$5300
1925.	
Lot	\$ 650
Real Estate	3250
Plant	500
Income	900
Total	\$5300

Coun. Caldwell asked how this compared with his neighbors and turned up Mr. Charles Kilam and found his assessment as follows:

Lot	\$ 975
Real Estate	3000
Income	1700
Total	\$5675

How does Mr. Crockett's assessment compare with his competitor The Graphic, and the figures were as follows:

Lot	\$ 600
Real Estate	5000
Plant	4000
Income	2100
Total	\$11,700

Other councillors expressed the opinion that Mr. Crockett was assessed altogether too low and that this matter should be brought to the attention of the Assessors.

Coun. Caldwell moved that the clerk notify Mr. Crockett that no rebate could be allowed by the Town upon his assessment—Carried unanimously.

Coun. Caldwell moved that when the blue book is printed the names of all tax defaulters be printed in same—Carried.

The council then adjourned.

Give Furniture. Time does not dim its charm. See RENAULT'S.

TWELVE MOTOR CAR FATALITIES

Occur in Ten Days in City of Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 10.—Twelve motor car fatalities in the streets of Detroit during the first ten days of December; 60 traffic deaths during the 30 days of November; 327 persons killed by automobiles thus far in the year 1925, and 10,263 injured in car crashes during the same period, are items furnishing the high spots in the record of the auto killers as they enter the holiday season which is killing frissao heliothe turk-dinsoctayoe the streets with swarms of Christmas shoppers.

PRESENTATION

A very pleasing affair took place at the last meeting of the Missionary Society of St. Andrews United Church when Mrs. John MacLean was presented with an address and a Life Membership Certificate of the Society. Mrs. MacLean although greatly surprised by the presentation, replied happily thanking the ladies very heartily for their kind thought and wishing them much success in their further work for the Master.

MUST PAY WATER RATES

Under special instructions issued by the Council, the Town Treasurer is charged to collect all arrears of water rates before the close of the year. All who are in arrears will take notice as water will be turned off if payment is not made.

CONDITIONS BAD IN CAPE BRETON

Four Collieries of "Besco" Only Working One or Two Days A Week.

Glace Bay, N. S., Dec. 14.—Working conditions at the four collieries of the British Empire Steel Corporation which are now working only one to two days a week was discussed at a special and largely attended meeting of the Caledonia local here today.

Resolutions were passed and forwarded to the Federal Government and the members of the Duncan Coal Commission, now investigating the Nova Scotia coal industry, calling the attention of these bodies to the existing state of affairs.

The local described the position as one fraught with more dangerous possibilities than last winter and urged both Governments to take some interest and help find a remedy.

RHODES SCHOLAR NAMED FOR N. B. APPOINTMENT

St. John, N. B., Dec. 15.—Kenneth B. Palmer, of Sackville, son of Dr. J. M. Palmer, principal of Mount Allison Academy, was chosen Rhodes scholar for New Brunswick yesterday afternoon. There were eight applications for the honor and the contest was very close, the committee finding it necessary to hold an adjourned meeting before a final decision was reached.

"STANDING PAT"

Boilermakers of the Atlantic region of the Canadian National Railways, who number about 160, are "standing pat" on the question of breaking with the International Union and the Railway department of the American Federation of Labor, it was stated at Moncton, Monday, by John O'Neill, president of the local organization.



VISCOUNT ALLENBY
British Field Marshal, who conquered Jerusalem and who has been mentioned as a successor to Lord Byng, is coming to Canada early in the New Year as the guest of the National Council of Education.

A. M. BELDING IS ILL WITH PNEUMONIA

St. John Newspaper Man Had Been Visiting Son in White Plains, N. Y.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 15.—A. M. Belding of the Telegraph-Journal and the Times-Star who has been prominent in the project of the Maritime "case" through Canada in the last year, is ill with pneumonia at the home of his son in White Plains, N. Y.

Mr. Belding had gone there for a short visit with his son. Mrs. Belding left here last evening to be with her husband.

Santa Claus Broadcasting



Santa Claus has arrived and is broadcasting Christmas Gift Suggestions. Tune-in on These Splendid Xmas Gift Offerings

Fancy Goods in Ivory, Brass, Copper, Silver and Cut Glass

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¶ On January seventh, 1926, Dodge Brothers of Canada, Limited, will announce a tremendous reduction in the prices of their complete line of motor cars. These reductions will apply on all cars bought after December 15th, 1925.

¶ When the new prices are made known on January 7th, the full amount of reduction will be immediately refunded to all purchasers since December 15th.

¶ There is no change in the policy upon which Dodge Brothers established their leadership eleven years ago; the policy of constant improvement without yearly models.



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better than gas
been tested by
and 35 leading
to be superior
lamps. It burns
clean, safe,
common kerosene.
The inventor,
Craig St. W.,
and a lamp
or even to give
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for full particulars
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NEW LAMP BURNS 94 p. c. AIR

Beats Electric or Gas
A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).
The inventor, J. M. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

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CHRISTMAS EVE AT CAMP FOUR

A Yuletide Story Redolent of the Spirit of the Bunk House.
BY CHARLES J. BROOKS

English Jack was not long over. He had been deposited by the economic-social ebb and flow at Mackie's number four camp on the upper waters of the Nashwaak. He didn't belong. There was no doubt whatever about that. The lumber jacks with whom he came in, all agreed to the proposition. Foreman McPherson asserted it profanely.

English Jack had come into camp sans "turkey" or blankets and wearing spats. That, in itself, was enough. He had hired in the city as an expert axeman, and had been sent up to number four with a half dozen other recruits.

Foreman McPherson greeted the newcomer with exclamations that might have been pious—but were not; including in his remarks certain references to employment agencies that are, perhaps better imagined than revealed.

"A joke is a joke," he said. English Jack possessed the national willingness to tackle anything, in due degree. He had always managed to "muddle through," and certainly felt that this rough work of the woods was not beyond his self-admitted powers. To take an axe and knock down a tree—it was simple. Nothing to it.

So when McPherson, to test his proclaimed ability with the tools of the woodsman, handed him a double-bitted axe and requested that he remove a leading spruce that overhung the tote road just a few yards from camp, English Jack gracefully accepted the challenge and moved towards the scene of action with, at least, outward equanimity. He had never seen a double-bitter before.

As fortune favors the brave, he did not inflict any mortal wounds on his personal lower limbs with his first wild swings; his going into action was unobserved as McPherson, to give him a fair show, had ordered the grinning lumber jacks to the bunkhouse and withdrawn himself to the sacred precincts of the office, being mindful of the demoralizing effects of critical observation.

The blows of English Jack's axe as he attacked his first arboreal victim, did not ring through the air in approved style, being mostly glancing but his earnest grunts needed no amplifier as he went at his task with an expenditure of energy that was, perhaps, five per cent. efficient.

Ten minutes flitted by while expectancy standing on tip-toe, suffered muscular cramp before McPherson strode forth to inspect. He approached the perspiring axeman, amazed to find that the pearl-colored spats showed no stain of blood, silent because his mouth was wide open in astonishment at the apparent results of labor done. Had the operator not been present, he would have sworn that a beaver had come to take this

tree away for his own purposes; for English Jack's axe had gnawed a shallow, ragged scar completely around it. However, the frosty air was rapidly cooling the inner side of the "quid" tucked away in his left cheek, and the sensation brought him back from the unreality in which he had been wandering, to the present and actual.

"Say," he gasped, still struggling for self-possession, "How's she goin' to fall?"

Mildly English Jack paused, drawing deep breaths as he rested on his axe, and turned an enquiring eye upon the foreman.

"Not being a bloody prophet, I really can't say," was his answer. All of which explains why English was duly elected as funkey at number four camp, on the day before Xmas.

When we remember the high authority behind the statement that the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, we should not be surprised that certain man-made "Thou shalt nots" are honored more in the breach than in the observance. The foot of the law had been set upon the national container of alcoholic beverages, but it seemed that there were seepages at the toe and heel all along the sole, which had been collected and artfully conveyed to camp four, that the holiday might not pass without lubrication.

Foreman McPherson was not ignorant of the situation. It was his business to get out logs for the company, and he knew that, if the "liquid demerol" were confiscated, there would be a general exodus to the city over a hundred miles away, and two or three weeks in which the camp would be a ghost town. He had decided before he could get a full crew together again. So a five gallon can, presumably containing "coal-oil," had disappeared from the last load of supplies without comment; and an unusually large consignment of prunes and raisins on the cook's requisition were admitted under the official O. K. Things at camp four were "all set for a blow out."

English Jack, his spats reverently laid aside, decorated with a gunnysack apron, was scrubbing the floor of the cook-house when the crew came straggling into camp from their work in the "brush."

"Git a move on, you," ordered the cook, "supper'll be ready in half an hour, an' them lumber jacks don't want to be kept from their grub by no green funkies." The cook's constitutional pessimism was made manifest in his drooping moustache.

English Jack said nothing, but dug a splinter from beneath a finger-nail and went on with his job. The adaptation of organism to environment was proceeding but not without pain.

"Them hellions has got likker," went on the cook morosely as he dumped an immense pile of "French

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

Hats remain small, but there is no lack of variety because of the fact. New trimmings continue to furnish new effects. The faille silk above, for instance, is stitched in a leaf design and has a pin of cut steel representing a leopard.

The hat sketched beneath this is of rose-colored velour and has its brim edge and its flanges edged with scallops of silver.

The lower hat is a small black satin affair, with no brim at all in the back. The pointed front brim has a small silver clip ornament.

"fries" into their bath of hot lard; "best keep away from th' bunkus 't-night, English, less yuh wants a maulin'." Bad actors, some o' them fellers, specially that Frenchman they calls Joe Gallant; allus picks on a new funkies—he does."

"A-o-w," drawled English.

"Yah, 'a-o-w," mimicked the cook, "chases new funkies outa camp regular, does Joe. An' yuh can't look fer no help from the foreman. Men wanta fight 'mong themselves its their business, he says. Anyone can funkies but it takes a good man to swing an axe. Yuh'd best stay in here with me; yuh can sneak out an' git yore blankets while th' men's eatin'."

"A-o-w" said English Jack.

Meanwhile, in the bunk-house, as the men washed up for supper, English Jacks advent contented with candlestick supplies of an illegal liquid for the most prominent part in conversation.

"Just like a blank, blank beaver—yuh can see it t'morra," said Angus McLeod to his partner of the cross-cut, made him funkies, McPherson did—

"An' 'me Lud' comes into camp wearin' spats," interjected one of the new arrivals.

"Tell yuh say," came an incredulous chorus from a dozen quarters.

"Yah," went on the informant, proud to hold the centre of the stage for his brief moment, the fingers he can do any rough work—don'tcher know—that any ordinary laborer can handle; claimed t' be an all around bushman till th' foreman showed him up."

Joe Gallant rubbed reflectively behind his ears with a very ragged towel.

"Wear de spat, eh?" he sneered, "I'll tak he apart an' see wat mak he go after supper; meantime, wat 'bout de little drink 'fore we eat?"

"That's the stuff, Frenchie, holler Angus McLeod, 'who's got the can?' "She's under ma bunk," replied Joe, "no fear anyone touch him dere; and he threw out his big chest to impress all and sundry that, by virtue of strength, he was cock of the walk.

"You crawl under an' git him," he ordered one of the new arrivals, who implicitly obeyed.

"Strangers in de camp tak de first drink," directed Joe when the five gallons of whiskey had been produced and opened. He tilted the can, allowing a man-sized drink to gurgie into the tin dipper, and handed it to the nearest of the newcomers who threw back his head and gulped it down, only to drop the dipper and splutter.

"Gee-rusalem, I'm pizenod," "Wassamatter," said Joe, "don't she be good likker?"

"Not bad, at that," returned the first victim, wiping his eyes after his spasm of near-strangulation.—"Rye 'is, but 'pears t' be flavored with coal-oil."

"Is that all?" said Angus McLeod disdainfully, "thought by the fuss yuh was makin' must be gasoline or suthin'." Ole George Stevens' likker alus tastes o' coal-oil—yuh'll git usta it."

"How about invitin' his ludship in fer a snifter?" Spike Taylor volunteered.

"Not till she's be done her work after de supper," vetoed Joe. "Dat cook need de help, an' she's bad beensness t' give likker t' de man while she's workin'; we'll fix up her Xmas tree bimby—no fear for dat," and Joe grinned widely in anticipation of the evening's entertainment.

So the dipper went its rounds with much smacking of lips and profane

appreciation, just completing its course as English Jack, directed by the cook, belted the steel triangle hanging outside the cook-house, with an iron belt as the signal for "come and get it."

In the cook-house English Jack officiated as head-waiter in the absence of the other funkies who had gone out for Xmas and whose return was problematical. At this work he got along nicely for this was no short order restaurant. Heaping plates of the various tables were piled on the long tables before the crew was admitted, and his duty was simply to keep these replenished which, in itself, was a fair sized job; for the quantity of grub that fifty earnest lumberjacks, who have just partaken of an appetizer, can consume in ten or fifteen minutes, is by no means small.

During the meal English Jack was, as it were, the cynosure of all eyes but he seemed to be blissfully unconscious of the appraising stares of the diners. Even stage whispers of "More beans, me Lud;" "Will yore highness kindly renew the 'punk'?" "May we have more pie, your spatship?"—were unable to penetrate the hard shell of his reserve, as, fitted out with an old apron of the cook's, he strode manfully about the room ministering to his would-be tormentors.

Of course, nothing was scheduled to happen at supper-time. One of the new arrivals found himself quickly and sternly brought to book when he ventured a remark that could be heard all over the room; for the cook who was standing, glowering, at the kitchen door, bewailed him out on the spot.

"Do yore alkin in th' bunkus," he ordered, "yuh come in here t' eat—not talk."

This, having the sanction of custom and being backed by the authority of the foreman in person, the culprit immediately felt himself to be the object of an adverse public opinion and, choking on a breadcrumb, withdrew from the cook-house in a state of confusion; while, apart from the active rattle of table-ware, the meal was concluded in silence.

In the bunk-house, under the soft glow cast by the oil lamps, the men sat on the deacon-seat or reclined in their bunks smoking and talking intermittently of work and grub, drink and play. Back in one corner of the long room lined on either side with double-decker bunks, a small crowd were discussing with French Joe Gallant the prospective torment of the new funkies.

At the table in the centre, just back of the big wood stove, Angus McLeod and his partner with their two historical opponents played a concentrated game of cribbage; the droning of their successive counts sounding like the murmur of a restless bee-hive.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, six, an' a run o' three's sine, an' a pair's 'lev. me," moodily intoned Angus, as he to mouths and lighted matches, forthrew his head into the discard and gotten, burned down to sear hardened,



peged industriously.

"Here! let's see that nit," said one of his black-browed opponents suspiciously. Angus flared up immediately. "Wot'nell yuh mean t' 'sinnuate—I'm cheatin'?" he roared belligerently as they both made a dive for the cards.

But a probable fistic encounter was swept aside by a greater and more overpowering interest; for at the moment when hostilities were about to commence, French Joe stood up, grasping the big-bellied can affectionately and opined that it was time for "everybody she's now have little drink," and the tin dipper was started on its rounds amid universal approval.

"Hey, Joe," shouted Spike Taylor, "yore drinkin' outa yore turn."

"Shut up," returned Joe promptly, "me, I be bartender n' I drink when I like,"—which was all of that. Joe was counted on to furnish the main entertainment of the evening and by this time French Joe's face must be humored. His money had mostly paid for the hootch anyhow.

Joe was helping himself to a concluding drink when the door opened and English Jack strode into the bunk-house, carrying his spats in his hand. There was complete silence on the instant. Pipes paused half-way en, moodily intoned Angus, as he to mouths and lighted matches, forthrew his head into the discard and gotten, burned down to sear hardened,

and he did.

The snicker that spread over the room was quickly put to rest by a stern rebuke from the foreman, who, English Jack, who had just raised to his lips a "By gar," he chuckled, "here's English wit de spat come t' de party—Here, have little drink, English," he stretched out the dipper to the full extent of his thick-muscled arm, and his tone was an insult.

The attitude of the funkies to his superior in strength or authority is usually suppliant, and the men silently awaiting the expected amusement heard the answer to French Joe's combined invitation and threat with a sneer of contempt.

"A-o-w, yah," said English Jack, and he did.

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BIG GAME HUNTERS' PARADISE



Upper—On the lookout for a kill—With a canoe suit of trophies of moose and caribou, the Thompson brothers expect a grizzly before calling it a day. Lower left—Getting Big Game. Thompson Brothers, famous guides in the Canadian Rockies, had a busy season this summer conducting parties in their territory. Bull moose such as shown in the photograph were plentiful and every member of the parties took home a trophy. Lower right—Caught at Last—A giant grizzly, nine and one-half feet from nose to tip of the nose, was killed at Bear River, near Barkerville, B.C. Here he is with his toes turned up lying at the feet of one of the Thompson brothers. Inset—He Doesn't Want a Ferry—A Caribou crossing from shore to shore, covered entire high up.

Norman Thompson and his brother, of Barkerville, uninitiated the joyous lust in the heart of the hunter. The glorious monarch of the forest running swiftly, head erect, chest heaving, nostrils dilated. The next minute the ruler of a wooded domain is prone and lifeless at the feet of some straight-shooting hunter. Never will he roam the wilds again or breast the rolling waves in crossing lakes and streams and rivers. No more will he know the sweet, fragrant odors of woods and forest. His great heart broken, the bull moose is majestic even in death.

Perhaps some few months later his head will grace the library of a man's home in a city. Then the hunter can remember the thrill of the first hunt and the capture of his first prize. But in the meantime, the hunters go onward. The Rockies are also the playground of caribou and grizzlies, and the victors are plentifully supplied with trophies before they turn back toward civilization.

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The Story of Christmas

Christmas Day, you know, dear children, is Christ's day, Christ's birthday, and I want to tell you why we love it so much, and why we try to make every one happy when it comes each year.

A long, long time ago—more than nineteen hundred years—the baby Christ was born on Christmas Day; a baby so wonderful and so beautiful, who grew up to be a man so wise, so good, so patient and sweet that every year, the people who know about him love him better and better, and are more and more glad when his birthday comes again. You see that he must have been very good and wonderful; for people have always remembered his birthday, and kept it lovingly for nineteen hundred years.

He was born, long years ago, in a land far, far across the sea. Before the baby Christ was born, Mary, his mother, had to make a long journey with her husband, Joseph. They made this journey to be taxed or counted for in those days this could not be done in the town where people happened to live, but they must be numbered in the place where they were born.

In that far-off time, the only way of travelling was on a horse, or a camel, or a good patient donkey. Camels and horses cost a great deal of money, and Mary was poor; so she rode on a quiet, safe donkey, while Joseph walked by her side, leading him and leaning on his stick. Mary was very young and beautiful I think, but Joseph was a great deal older than she. People dress nowadays, in those distant countries, just as they did so many years ago, so we know that Mary must have worn a long, thick dress, falling all about her in heavy folds, and that she had a soft white veil over her head and neck, and across her face. Mary lived in Nazareth, and the journey they were making was to Bethlehem, many miles away.

"They were a long time travelling, I am sure; for donkeys are slow, though they are careful, and Mary must have been very tired before they came to the end of their journey. They had travelled all day, and it was almost dark when they came near to Bethlehem, to the town where the baby Christ was to be born. There was the place they were to stay—a kind of inn, or lodging-house, but not at all like those you know about. They have them to-day in that far-off country, just as they built them so many years ago.

It was a low, flat-roofed, stone building, with no window and only one large door. There were no nicely-furnished bed-rooms inside, and no soft white beds for the tired travellers; there were only little places built into the stones of the wall, something like the berths on steamboats now-

days, and each traveller brought his own bedding. No pretty garden in front of the inn, for the road ran close to the very door, so that its dust lay upon the doorstep. All around the house, to a high, rocky hill at the back, a heavy stone fence was built, so that the people and the animals inside might be kept safe.

Mary and Joseph could not get very near the inn; for the whole road in front was filled with camels and donkeys and sheep and cows, while a great many men were going to and fro, taking care of the animals. Some of these people had come to Bethlehem to be counted, as Mary and Joseph had done, and others were staying for the night, on their way to Jerusalem, a large city a little further on.

The yard was filled, too, with camels and sheep; and men were lying on the ground beside them, resting, and watching, and keeping them safe. The inn was so full and the yard was so full of people, that there was no room for anybody else, and the keeper had to take Joseph and Mary through the house and back to the high hill, where they found another place that was used for a stable. This had only a door and a front and deep caves were behind, stretching far into the rocks.

This was the spot where Christ was born. Think how poor a place—Mary was glad to be there, after all; and when the Christ-child came, he was like other babies, and had suddenly come from heaven that he was happy everywhere.

There were mangers all around the cave, where the cattle and sheep were fed and great heaps of hay and straw were lying on the floor. Then, I think, there were brown-eyed cows and oxen there, and quiet, woolly sheep, and perhaps even some dogs that had come in to take care of the sheep.

And there in the cave, by and by, the wonderful baby came, and they wrapped him up and laid him in a manger.

All the stars in the sky shone brightly that night, for they knew the Christ-child was born, and the angels in heaven sang together for joy. The angels knew about the lovely child, and were glad that he had come to help the people on earth to be good.

There lay the beautiful baby, with a manger for his bed, and oxen and sheep all sleeping quietly round him. His mother watched him and loved him, and by and by many people came to see him, for they had heard that a wonderful child was to be born in Bethlehem. All the people in the inn visited him and even the shepherds left their flocks in the fields and sought the child and his mother.

And he grew to be such a sweet, wise, loving boy, such a tender, helpful man, and he said so many good and beautiful things, that every one loved him who knew him. Many of the things he said are in the Bible, you know, and a great many beautiful stories of the things he used to do.

After a time, when the baby had grown larger, Mary took him back to Nazareth, and there he lived and grew up.

He loved little children like you very much, and often used to take them up in his arms and talk to them, while he was on earth.

And this is the reason we love Christmas Day so much, and try to make everybody happy when it comes around each year. This is the reason. Because Christ, who was born on Christmas Day, has helped us all to be good so many, many times, and because he was the best Christmas present the great world ever had.

WHEN THE PAPER DOESN'T COME

My father says the paper that he reads ain't put up right, He finds a lot of fault, he does, perusin' it at night,

He says there ain't a single thing in it worth while to read, And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need.

He tosses it aside and says, it's strictly on the bum— But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come!

He reads about the wedding's and he snorts like all get out He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout,

He says they make the paper for the women folks alone. He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groan:

He says of information it doesn't have a crumb— But ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He's always first to grab it and he reads it plump clean through; He doesn't miss an item or a want ad—that is true.

He says they don't know what we want the "blamed newspaper guys." I'm going to take a day sometime and go and make 'em wise. Sometimes it seems as tho' they must be deaf and blind and dumb."

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

SANDY BEACH NOTES
The Oddfellows entertained a number of their friends at a quiet dance on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th where everyone had a very enjoyable time.

Owing to the condition of the roads many were disappointed by being unable to attend.

The W. A. held their semi-monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Ella Miller on Tuesday, December first, where they laid plans for a sale to be held on Wednesday, December 9th. It is hoped that this affair will be largely attended.

Miss Mabel Carter has recently returned home after making a short visit in Gaspe Bay South, the guest of the Misses Vibert.

Miss Helen Carter will resume her studies at the Gaspe Intermediate School after Christmas.

The Misses Doris Harbour and Joyce Asch were in Gaspe on Saturday, December 5th, where they spent a very enjoyable time.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Percy Harbour is recovering from his illness and we hope to see him completely cured very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Miller were in Gaspe on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd.

Mrs. Clifford Mullin, our organist, was unable to attend the service in St. John's church on Sunday, Dec. 6th, owing to a severe cold. Mrs. Wm. Carter very kindly fulfilled her duties for her.

Miss Kathleen Quigley has returned home, after having spent sometime in a hospital at Montreal to be operated on for appendicitis. We are pleased that she is recovering slowly.

GEESSE CARRY GOSPEL TEXTS TIED ON LEGS BY THE SALVATION ARMY

Commissioner Peart, of the Salvation Army, sponsors a story obtained from the principal who trapped wild geese, affixing Salvation Army gospel metal tags which afterward turned up in remote parts of the world.

Jack Miner was a bricklayer by trade, a naturalist by avocation and a preacher by profession, says "The War Cry," in a recent issue.

Miner speculated on how he might do something to spread the Gospel. He thought of stamping texts on the bricks, but there was no certainty of the stamped side being left exposed by the builders.

One night as he sat thus speculating the geese began to fly.

Occasionally a small flock of the birds came to rest in the water-filled clay pits, but this was infrequent. It was as these thoughts filtered through Miner's mind that the great idea began to be born.

Next day Miner brought a full bag of corn from the town to the brick yard, and at night he scattered this on the edge of the clay pits and in the shallow places. He waited until late, but had no success in attracting the geese. Several nights of this brought their reward in the shape of a few birds, and having ascertained they that could be attracted the brick-maker put the other part of his scheme into operation.

Birdtraps, cunningly devised to fool the unwary geese, were built into the shore and along the edge of the pits. These, well supplied with grain, were kept working overtime, and every day saw them yield a few geese to the man behind the idea.

A large metal tag concern received an order for a thousand aluminum bands and tags with scriptural texts stamped on each of the leg bands. Thus in due time there came to the brick plant a box containing the tags and the leg bands.

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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME AT BRIAR COVE

As the money of the tidal rip the dory, whirled recklessly, the girl bending on the oars, rowing with frenzied strokes. Caught in the grip of the squall, that had broken with sudden fury over the Bay of Fundy, the little boat tossed at the will of the breakers. Then, carried high on the crest of an angry sea, the dory washed up on the cliff-bound shore, the oars wrenched from the grasp of the girl, flung helplessly to the spray-drenched rocks.

"Keep cool down there, and don't be losing your head, and we'll have you on shore in a jiffy," shouted a stern command from the top of the cliffs.

Clutching the jagged edges of the rocks, her fingers torn and bleeding, Carol Linstrom clung to her perilous position, the sea breaking over her feet, her head swimming dizzily. Down the side of the cliff leaped an

olekinned figure, and, as the girl sensed the strong arms of the fisherman swing her trembling body from the rock, she slipped drowsily away into a sweet forgetfulness of storm and peril and failure.

"And will you be telling me what madness possessed a slip of a girl like yourself to try crossing the Passage, tumbling with wrath?" demanded the stern voice as the girl of the wrecked dory opened her eyes in bewilderment before the blazing logs of a sweeping stone fireplace—the one splash of warmth and color in a room as grey as the cliffs.

"I—I wanted to get across to the Harbor to buy the toys and sweets for the Christmas tree," gasped the girl with a sobbing breath, as she struggled to a sitting position on the rustic couch of willow.

"Three days I have waited for the Passage to calm down, and this morn-

ing, when the fishermen said there was a mad squall threatening, I was afraid there would be no chance to get to the Harbor before Christmas Eve. I just couldn't bear the thought of disappointing Sweet Briar Cove—you see they have set their hearts on a real Christmas this year, and there was to be a beautiful glittering tree in the school house—"

"Sweet Briar Cove won't be so much disappointed, don't fret," broke in the man of the grey room harshly.

"Sweet Briar Cove doesn't know the meaning of Christmas merry-making, and so won't miss the festivity."

"That is why I was so determined to cross to the Harbor today, for it has been my heart's dearest wish to bring Christmas to the fisher folk, and introduce Santa Claus to the youngsters in the cove," explained the girl, shivering as she drew her drenched body nearer the friendly flames of the fireplace.

"I take it you are the schoolma'am down at the cove. I can assure you that the squall the fishermen said was threatening has broken for sure, and there is little likelihood of crossing

the Passage before tomorrow night—that is Christmas Eve, isn't it?" questioned the man, as the girl nodded her head. "You'll not be able to get back to the schoolhouse in this squall, and you'll be sort of forced to take pot luck in the Grey Cliff Hermitage. Looks as if you'd soon turn to an icicle in those wet togs, so as soon as you get your wind and can climb the stairs to the attic, you may find something in the sea chests that will fit you out while your own clothing is drying. I'll see that Becky O'Toole brews you a cup o' tea."

With abruptness the man turned from the fireside toward the kitchen where the rattle of tins and pots indicated that Becky O'Toole was making ready the dinner. The girl struggled to her feet and studied the great room with its sweeping, spray-glazed windows and meagre rustic furnishings with curious glance. As dreary as the cliffs on which it perched was the big, rambling house.

"A captive in the Grey Cliff Hermitage," whispered the girl, a delicious thrill of mystery creeping through her chilled body.

Always a source of curiosity was the Hermitage of the cliffs to the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove, and the mystery shrouding Cap'n Dave Ritchie, the hermit, bait for the spirit of superstition fostered throughout the isolated island. None but Becky O'Toole, the little white-haired widow of the fisher folk, ever crossed the threshold of the Hermitage.

"Tis a miser, like as not he is, an' we take it Dave Ritchie has hunted out the treasure as they say lies buried to one o' the caves," the fishermen had told the school teacher. "He's hoardin' the chests o' gold he hunted from the cave in the garret o' the big house on the cliffs, so he is, but it's a riddle why he don't pilot 'em off to the mainland to trade."

The heart of Carol Linstrom had yearned to probe the mystery of the hermit and the Hermitage. The dreariness of the rambling house set upon the cliffs had challenged her to light-en its sweeping windows with the glow of myriads of lights, and to fling open the doors with the sweet ministry of hospitality to the isolated folk of Sweet Briar Cove.

Her teeth chattering with the chill of her drenched clothing, she turned to the stairway winding from the grey room to the attic and its hoarded sea chests. Dimly lighted by the snow-driven skylight was the crudely finished storeroom, with its dusky shadows and curiously grotesque apparitions, shrouded in camphor-laden paper, hanging from the beams. A sweet aroma of strange spices and fragrant woods assailed the girl as she stopped over the sea chest of cedar and flung up the lid. Her pulses tingling with excitement, her heart throbbing with the mystery of her quest, she gave vent to a cry of ecstasy.

Tremblingly her fingers rustled the silken folds of daffodil and the shimmering sea of ruffles, recalling the fragrance of dawn roses. Rich Oriental blues and crimson and rose in silks and satins beckoned to her from the depths of the sea chest. With curious, little gasping breaths she lifted from the treasure store a silk vivid with the flaming crimson of the garden hollyhock. What a glorious note of color the frock would introduce into the drab room below.

Alluringly these other sea chests reached out to her and piqued her woman's curiosity. With a touch of reverence she opened a chest of rosewood, the lover's knot carved on the lid stirring a nameless something within her heart. As her fingers rustled the white tissue wrappings she glimpsed the sheerest of soft white under-garments exquisitely embroidered.

"It is the dowry of a bride—a queenly bride," she whispered. "Truly the Hermitage hoards chests of treasure, yet stranger far than any Cap'n Dave could have plundered from the caves," and she flung open a chest, redolent with rich spices.

Stars glowed in the eyes of the teacher as she beheld the glories of the Orient hoarded in rich hangings, rugs and pottery, pictures and books in rare bindings. Her being—ever responsive to beauty—thrilled at the touch of these wonder treasures. A chest of camphor wood, irresistible of tenderness, opened, revealing, and her pulses quickened as, rummaging among the Japanese boxes and colored tissue papers, she brought to light curios and trophies, gathered from countries far away.

"Truly the mystery deepens—a veritable cave of a dreary house, yet the attic hoarding rich, beautiful treasures, that might have been wrought by the magic of Aladdin's lamp," whispered Carol, flinging off her wet clothing, and hurriedly dressing in the flaming hollyhock silk. Trailing the wet strands in two braids, she banded her raven-black hair with an Oriental ribbon, and, turning to the stairway, stole softly down to the grey room. The Japanese sandals, with their crimson ribbons twisted about her ankles, made scarcely a sound on the stairs.

The man, browsing moodily before the fire, looked up with a start—the girl in the hollyhock silk as fantastic a picture in the somberness of the grey room as the crackling fire in the fireplace. His calloused hand brushed his eyes in a gesture of bewilderment; then into them leaped passion and hatred and incredulity.

"Who are you—whence came you—

are you some madness of the night—a ghost masquerading in the flame of mockery?" Dave Ritchie demanded hoarsely.

"I am the girl you rescued from the rocks—the schoolma'am of Sweet Briar Cove—I am called Carol," returned the girl simply, her heart beating furiously with a fear she could not name.

"Carol—Carol—I thought you might be somebody else—a trick of the imagination—the black braids and the ribbon perhaps," muttered the man. The girl-Carol caught the look of pain smouldering under the passion hatred flashing from Dave Ritchie's eyes, and she was no longer afraid. She descended the stairs, laughter in her brown eyes, winsome in her eagerness.

"Or the dress of hollyhock silk—it is very beautiful—all the treasures in the attic are beautiful—"

"Becky O'Toole has a cup of tea waiting for you," broke in the man curiously. "She will do for you in her queer, rough way. The squall's thickening and you're sure a prisoner for the night in the Hermitage, but there is no use fretting," and Dave Ritchie turned away from the fireside to the door, that opened out to the morning of storm and blizzard, leaving the guest of the Hermitage smarting under his gruffness.

"The brute—the crab—the cynic!" muttered Carol, a glint of fiery anger, mostly darting from her brown eyes. "Oh, my pretty, but 'tis a glad day for the gloomy, old house that washed the likes o' you up on the rocks," crooned a cracked voice in the doorway leading to the kitchen. "Come an' be makin' merry over a cup o' tea," coaxed Becky O'Toole, and her withered old arms went around the little schoolma'am in a motherly embrace.

Suddenly the girl sat up straight of driftwood the sea chests in her chair of guarded willow, a curious light of daring in her brown eyes as she looked deep into the blaze of driftwood. A strange impulse had taken possession of her soul.

"I am going to do this mad thing. I shall be strong and courageous and work a miracle in the Hermitage. And I am going to free Dave Ritchie—the hermit," she murmured passionately, and the glow of the fire lighted the fearless eye, veiled with a mist, that had been born of an unexplainable tenderness for the man fettered by the bond of hermitage.

Springing to her feet she lighted the tall iron candlestick of the fireside shelf, and, with tingling pulses, ran up the stairway to the attic, with its wonder hoard of treasures. It was a merry-mad hour—the dusk of the gloaming filled with a thousand tasks, the little school teacher flitted between the attic and the grey room, her arms laden with the trophies of the Orient, Becky O'Toole chuckling and working with her as she wrought her miracle of transformation.

In the dusk of the white, storm-driven night David Ritchie struggled through the blizzard from the wharf to the Hermitage; then, startled by the brilliance of light streaming from the windows, he halted on top of the cliffs and stared stupidly at the myriad twinkling stars beckoning to him from the grey room.

Puzzled, he pushed up the rugged path to the Hermitage and flung open the door. On the threshold of the grey room he paused, blinking his eyes bulging under their snow-weighted lashes. Staggered by the strangeness of the scene that had burst upon his vision, his mittened hand brushed his eyes confusedly.

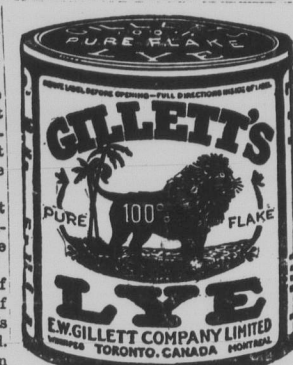
The melody of tinkling laughter echoed through the room, and, heaping Oriental pillows upon the Turkish rug, the girl-Carol dropped down among them. Her dancing, bewitching brown eyes laughed back into the mystified frowning eyes of the hermit. "Dear hermit-man, 'tis blind man's holiday an' the witchery hour for the telling o' fairy tales," babbled the girl. "I'm fair bursting with yearning to hear the stories woven into these beautiful rugs with their romance breathing out in the rich gold and crimson, the rose and royal blue."

Under the spell of the magic spun by the grey room in its Oriental setting, there fell from the lips of the man, so long sealed except for blunt, crabbed expressions, tales of romance, adventure and mystery. The glow of tender interest lighting the face of the girl rekindled his memory and his enthusiasm. Forgotten was the raging blizzard of the night in the enchantment of the blazing hearthside, the stories of the hermit winging his listener to the far-away Orient.

"It is more wonderful than ever I dreamed," whispered the girl, then springing to her feet, she urged, "I know you are starving. Becky O'Toole will bring the supper in here and we will not break the spell o' the flaming hollyhock silk."

Suddenly recalled to the Hermitage and Sweet Briar Cove, the hermit started involuntarily from his chair as if in protest. But as he glimpsed the elusive dancing lights in the brown eyes laughing back at him from the Japanese screen, he dropped again into the depths of the pillows. He was the victim of some spirit of madness tonight, and he would see the dream to the end.

Only a moment was the girl-Carol gone from the hearthside, in her wake she returned! Becky O'Toole bearing a tray, laden with Chinese dragons, gleaming silver and egg-shell china, exquisite with birds of brilliant plumage. Dearly the girl spread the sup-



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per on the rustic table, making the tea in the shiny, silver teapot with its fantastic dragons. Weaving imagery tales of romance, the fairy of the gloaming with bewitching laughter served the supper. Of course, a Goddess of the Sun had once poured tea from the Chinese teapot, and the man did not deny the girl her fancies. Thus drifting back into the enchanted land of romance and story, Dave Ritchie spun the wonder tales of those days when he had plundered strange countries for the treasure that the girl-Carol had found hoarded in the attic. Then in the silence, vibrant with the thrill of mystery and adventure recalled by the hermit, the girl-Carol was suddenly reminded of the Christmas that would not come to Sweet Briar Cove because she had failed to cross the Passage. Musingly she gazed into the flames of the crackling fire, her heart sorely fretted that she must disappoint the fisher folk and their children. Then curiously she saw pictured in the flames of driftwood the sea chests in her chair of guarded willow, enough to satisfy a village awaiting a fairy Santa Claus.

"Listen, I failed this morning in trying to cross the Passage—I failed to bring back Christmas to Sweet Briar Cove," Carol broke out tremulously. "But up in your cob-webby attic there are chests of treasure hidden that would make Christmas for all of the fisher folk. There are souvenirs of strange countries that could play the part of toys for the little folks, and there are gay silks and satins that would make merry the hearts of the fishers' wives."

"Little Fairy o' the Gloomin', I cannot refuse you—the spell of the Christmastide is upon me, and your plucky attempt to cross the Passage should not go unrewarded. The Hermitage is yours to do as you please 'Christmas Eve,'" said the man huskily, throwing a log of driftwood on the fire, as Becky O'Toole came to the grey room to hear the guest of the storm to the bed in her honor.

Far into the night the hermit crouched over the smouldering embers of the driftwood blaze, his pipe clanked between his teeth, strange fires gleaming in his black eyes. "I could have taken my oath that the twilight echoed with sweet melodies. Was it only the witchery of her laughter?" questioned the man.

In the room above a girl's flushed cheek pressed hard down upon her pillow, her heart throbbing unto madness, her eyes glowing with curious lights. "It was marvellous, glorious, thrilling, but he did not tell me the story I was longing most to hear—the story of mystery woven into the hoarding of the treasures in the cobwebby attic. Why should he court adventure romance and even death to procure these wonders of the Orient? Was it a spirit of misanthropy that urged him to plunder the countries across the seas? And why should the sea chests lie hoarded all these years in the attic shrouded in mystery?" the girl-Carol questioned the velvety darkness of the night; but only the wail of the storm shrieking its vengeance out on the cliffs answered her. Christmas Eve and in the gloaming the Hermitage flung out its beacon of light down over the cliffs, a friendly welcome to the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove, who had been bidden to make merry within the grey room. Crouching before the driftwood blaze of the hearthside, the hermit stared gloomily into the flames.

"Time for just one story, dear hermit-man, before the Sweet Briar Cove breaks the spell o' the gloamin'," coaxed the girl-Carol, dropping down

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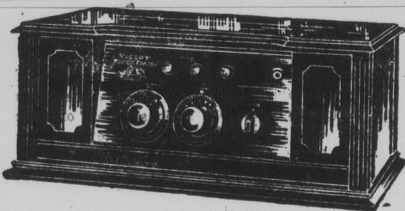
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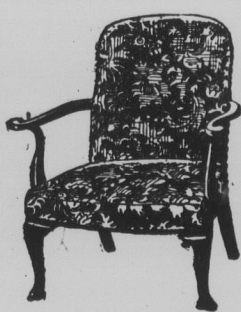


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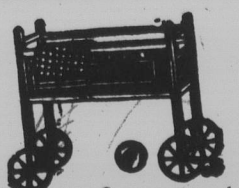
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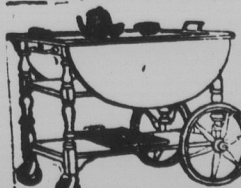
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The Story of Christmas

Christmas Day, you know, dear children, is Christ's day, Christ's birthday, and I want to tell you why we love it so much, and why we try to make every one happy when it comes each year.

A long, long time ago—more than nineteen hundred years—the baby Christ was born on Christmas Day; a baby so wonderful and so beautiful, who grew up to be a man so wise, so good, so patient and sweet that every year, the people who know about him love him better and better, and are more and more glad when his birthday comes again. You see that he must have been very good and wonderful; for people have always remembered his birthday, and kept it lovingly for nineteen hundred years.

He was born, long years ago, in a land far, far across the sea. Before the baby Christ was born, Mary, his mother, had to make a long journey with her husband, Joseph. They made this journey to be taxed or counted for in those days this could not be done in the town where people happened to live, but they must be numbered in the place where they were born.

In that far-off time, the only way of travelling was on a horse, or a camel, or a good patient donkey. Camels and horses cost a great deal of money, and Mary was poor; so she rode on a quiet, safe donkey, while Joseph walked by her side, leading him and leaning on his stick. Mary was very young and beautiful I think, but Joseph was a great deal older than she.

People dress nowadays, in those distant countries, just as they did so many years ago, so we know that Mary must have worn a long, thick dress, falling all about her in heavy folds, and that she had a soft white veil over her head and neck, and across her face. Mary lived in Nazareth, and the journey they were making was to Bethlehem, many miles away.

"They were a long time travelling, I am sure; for donkeys are slow, though they are careful, and Mary must have been very tired before they came to the end of their journey."

They had travelled all day, and it was almost dark when they came near to Bethlehem, to the town where the baby Christ was to be born. There was the place they were to stay—a kind of inn, or lodging-house, but not at all like those you know about. They have them to-day in that far-off country, just as they built them so many years ago.

It was a low, flat-roofed, stone building, with no window and only one large door. There were no nicely-furnished bed-rooms inside, and no soft white beds for the tired travellers; there were only little places built into the stones of the wall, something like the berths on steamboats now.

days, and each traveller brought his own bedding. No pretty garden in front of the inn, for the road ran close to the very door, so that its dust lay upon the doormat. All around the house, to a high, rocky hill at the back, a heavy stone fence was built, so that the people and the animals inside might be kept safe.

Mary and Joseph could not get very near the inn; for the whole road in front was filled with camels and donkeys and sheep and cows, while a great many men were going to and fro, taking care of the animals. Some of these people had come to Bethlehem to be counted, as Mary and Joseph had done, and others were staying for the night, on their way to Jerusalem, a large city a little further on.

The yard was filled, too, with camels and sheep; and men were lying on the ground beside them, resting, and watching, and keeping them safe. The inn was so full and the yard was so full of people, that there was no room for anybody else, and the keeper had to take Joseph and Mary through the house and back to the high hill, where they found another place that was used for a stable. This had only a door and a front and deep caves were behind, stretching far into the rocks.

This was the spot where Christ was born. Think how poor a place—but Mary was glad to be there, after all; and when the Christ-child came, he was like other babies, and had a little cry when he came from heaven that he was happy everywhere.

There were mangers all around the cave, where the cattle and sheep were fed and great heaps of hay and straw were lying on the floor. Then, I think, there were brown-eyed cows and oxen there, and quiet, woolly sheep, and perhaps even some dogs that had come in to take care of the sheep.

And there in the cave, by and by, the wonderful baby came, and they wrapped him up and laid him in a manger.

All the stars in the sky shone brightly that night, for they knew the Christ-child was born, and the angels in heaven sang together for joy. The angels knew about the lovely child, and were glad that he had come to help the people on earth to be good. There lay the beautiful baby, with a manger for his bed, and oxen and sheep all sleeping quietly round him. His mother watched him and loved him, and by and by many people came to see him, for they had heard that a wonderful child was to be born in Bethlehem. All the people in the inn visited him and even the shepherds left their flocks in the fields and sought the child and his mother.

And he grew to be such a sweet, wise, loving boy, such a tender, helpful man, and he said so many good and beautiful things, that every one loved him who knew him. Many of the things he said are in the Bible, you know, and a great many beautiful stories of the things he used to do. After a time, when the baby had grown larger, Mary took him back to Nazareth, and there he lived and grew up.

He loved little children like you very much, and often used to take them up in his arms and talk to them, while he was on earth. And this is the reason we love Christmas Day so much, and try to make everybody happy when it comes around each year. This is the reason. Because Christ, who was born on Christmas Day, has helped us all to be good many, many times, and because he was the best Christmas present the great world ever had.

WHEN THE PAPER DOESN'T COME

My father says the paper that he reads ain't put up right. He finds a lot of fault, he does, perusing it at night. He says there ain't a single thing in it worth while to read, and that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need. He tosses it aside and says, it's strictly on the bum—

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come!

He reads about the wedding and he snorts like all get out. He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout. He says they make the paper for the women folks alone. He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groan: He says of information it doesn't have a crumb—

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He's always first to grab it and he reads it plump clean through; He doesn't miss an item or a want ad—that is true. He says he don't know what we want the "blamed newspaper guys." I'm going to take a day sometime and go and make 'em wise. Sometimes it seems as tho' they must be deaf and blind and dumb."

But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

SANDY BEACH NOTES
The Oldfellow entertained a number of their friends at a quiet dance on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th, where everyone had a very enjoyable time. Owing to the condition of the roads many were disappointed by being unable to attend.

The W. A. held their semi-monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Ella Miller on Tuesday, December 1st, where they laid plans for a sale to be held on Wednesday, December 9th. It is hoped that this affair will be largely attended.

Miss Mabel Carter has recently returned home after making a short visit in Gaspe Bay South, the guest of the Misses Vibert.

Miss Helen Carter will resume her studies at the Gaspe Intermediate School after Christmas.

The Misses Doris Harbour and Joyce Asch were in Gaspe on Saturday, December 5th, where they spent a very enjoyable time. We are pleased to announce that Mr. Percy Harbour is recovering from his illness and we hope to see him completely cured very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Miller were in Gaspe on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. Mrs. Clifford Mullin, our organist, was unable to attend the service in St. John's church on Sunday, Dec. 6th, owing to a severe cold. Mrs. Wm. Carter very kindly fulfilled her duties for her.

Miss Kathleen Quigley has returned home, after having spent sometime in a hospital at Montreal to be operated on for appendicitis. We are pleased that she is recovering slowly.

GEORGE CARRY GOSPEL TEXTS TIED ON LEGS BY THE SALVATION ARMY
Commissioner Peart, of the Salvation Army, sponsors a story obtained from the principal who trapped wild geese, affixing Salvation Army gospel metal tags which afterward turned up in remote parts of the world.

Jack Miner was a bricklayer by trade, a naturalist by avocation, and a preacher by profession, says "The War Cry," in a recent issue.

Miner speculated on how he might do something to spread the Gospel. He thought of stamping texts on the bricks, but there was no certainty of the stamped side being left exposed by the builders.

One night as he sat thus speculating the geese began to fly. Occasionally a small flock, of the birds came to rest in the water-filled clay pits, but this was infrequent. It was as these thoughts filtered through Miner's mind that the great idea began to be born.

Next day Miner brought a full bag of corn from the town to the brickyard, and at night he scattered this on the edge of the clay pits and in the shallow places. He waited until late, but had no success in attracting the geese. Several nights of this brought their reward in the shape of a few birds, and having ascertained they that could be attracted the brick-maker put the other part of his scheme into operation.

Birdtraps, cunningly devised to fool the unwary geese, were built into the shore and along the edge of the pits. These, well supplied with grain, were kept working overtime, and every day saw them yield a few geese to the man behind the idea.

A large metal tag concern received an order for a thousand aluminum bands and tags with scriptural texts stamped on each of the leg bands. Thus in due time there came to the brick plant a box containing the tags and the leg bands.

50c Per Hour
For limited number of men, while learning to operate and repair autos and tractors, battery work, oxy-acetylene welding, tire vulcanizing, taxi and truck driving. Special terms now on. If you want big pay, and a successful future, apply, at once, to Hemphill's Employment Service, 168 King Street West, Toronto.



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Christmas Bargains!

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MILLER'S STORE

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SPECIAL!

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Stanfield make, size 38 to 46.

98c each

Ladies' Four Buckle Overshoes.
\$3.25 pair.

Ladies' Pure Wool Cashmere Hose.

Brown shade only.

49c.

Ladies' Pure Wool Colored Hose
69c.

Ladies' Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Hose.

Extra Value 98c.

LADIES' DRESSES.
Entire Stock at half price.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats.
At big reductions.

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In Gift Boxes.

Fancy Handkerchiefs for 'Xmas Trade.
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Reg. \$2.25, now \$1.75.

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PLUM PUDDINGS
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BARLEY TOYS
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APPLES.
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TURKEY
GEESE
CHICKEN

Groceries—
EXTRA SPECIAL FOR XMAS WEEK.
98 lb. Bag Flour, \$4.75.

20 bars Laundry Soap, \$1.00
8 lbs. Choice Prunes, \$1.00
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Four 12 oz. Bottles Pickles, assorted, \$1.00
Two 12 oz. Bottles Catsup for 35c.

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EVERY MEAL



affords benefit as well as pleasure.
Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.
The World Famous Sweetest, untouched by hands, full of flavor.
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME AT BRIAR COVE

At the mercy of the tidal rip the dory whirled recklessly, the girl hanging on the oars, rowing with frayed straps. Caught in the grip of the squall that had broken with sudden fury over the Bay of Fundy, the little boat tossed at the will of the breakers. Then, carried high on the crest of an angry sea, the dory washed up on the cliff-bound shore, the oars wrenched from the grasp of the girl, flung helplessly to the spray-drenched rocks.

"Keep cool down there, and don't be losing your head, and we'll have you on shore in a jiffy," shouted a stern command from the top of the cliffs.

Clutching the jagged edges of the rocks, her fingers torn and bleeding, Carol Linstrom clung to her perilous position, the sea breaking over her feet, her head swimming dizzily. Down the side of the cliff leaped an

olekinned figure, and, as the girl sensed the strong arms of the fisherman swing her trembling body from the rock, she slipped drowsily away into a sweet forgetfulness of stern and peril and failure.

"And will you be telling me what madness possessed a slip of a girl like yourself to try crossing the Passage, fuming with wrath?" demanded the stern voice as the girl of the wrecked dory opened her eyes in bewilderment before the blazing logs of a sweeping stone fireplace—the one splash of warmth and color in a room as gray as the cliffs.

"I—I wanted to get across to the Harbor to buy the toys and sweets for the Christmas tree," gasped the girl with a sobbing breath, as she struggled to a sitting position on the rustic couch of willow.

"Three days I have waited for the Passage to calm down, and this morn-

ing, when the fishermen said there was a mad squall threatening, I was afraid there would be no chance to get to the Harbor before Christmas Eve. I just couldn't bear the thought of disappointing Sweet Briar Cove—you see they have set their hearts on a real Christmas this year, and there was to be a beautiful glittering tree in the school house."

"Sweet Briar Cove won't be so much disappointed, don't fret," broke in the man of the grey room harshly. "Sweet Briar Cove doesn't know the meaning of Christmas merry-making, and so won't miss the festivity."

"That is why I was so determined to cross to the Harbor today, for it has been my heart's dearest wish to bring Christmas to the fisher folk, and introduce Santa Claus to the youngsters in the cove," explained the girl, shivering as she drew her drenched body nearer the friendly flames of the fireplace.

"I take it you are the schoolma'am down at the cove. I can assure you that the squall the fishermen said was threatening has broken for sure, and there is little likelihood of crossing

the Passage before tomorrow night—that is Christmas Eve, isn't it?" questioned the man, as the girl nodded her head. "You'll not be able to even get back to the schoolhouse in this squall, and you'll be sort of forced to take pot luck in the Grey Cliff Hermitage. Looks as if you'd soon turn to an icicle in those wet logs, so as soon as you get your wind and can climb the stairs to the attic, you may find something in the sea chests that will fit you out while your own clothing is drying. I'll see that Becky O'Toole brews you a cup o' tea."

With abruptness the man turned from the fireside toward the kitchen where the rattle of tins and pots indicated that Becky O'Toole was making ready the dinner. The girl struggled to her feet and studied the great room with its sweeping, spray-glazed windows and meagre rustic furnishings with curious glance. As dreary as the cliffs on which it perched was the big, rambling house.

"A captive in the Grey Cliff Hermitage," whispered the girl, a delicious thrill of mystery creeping through her chilled body.

Always a source of curiosity was the Hermitage of the cliffs to the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove, and the mystery shrouding Cap'n Dave Ritchie, the hermit, built for the spirit of superstition fostered throughout the isolated island. None but Becky O'Toole, the little white-haired widow of the fisher folk, ever crossed the threshold of the Hermitage.

"Tis a miser, like as not he is, and we take it Dave Ritchie has hunted out the treasure as they say lies buried to one o' the caves," the fishermen had told the school teacher. "Tis a hoardin' the chests o' gold he hunted from the cave in the garret o' the big house on the cliffs, so he is, but it's a riddle why he don't pilot 'em off to the mainland to trade."

The heart of Carol Linstrom had yearned to probe the mystery of the hermit and the Hermitage. The dreariness of the rambling house set upon the cliffs had challenged her to light on its sweeping windows, with the glow of myriads of lights, and to fling open the doors with the sweet ministry of hospitality to the isolated folk of Sweet Briar Cove.

Her teeth chattering with the chill of her drenched clothing, she turned to the stairway winding from the grey room to the attic and its hoarded sea chests. Dimly lighted by the 'snow-driven skylight was the crudely finished storeroom, with its dusky shadows and curiously grotesque partitions, shrouded in camphor-laden paper, hanging from the beams. A sweet aroma of strange spices and fragrant woods assailed the girl as she stopped over the sea chest of cedar and flung up the lid. Her pulses tingling with excitement, her heart throbbing with the mystery of her quest, she gave vent to a cry of ecstasy.

Tremblingly her fingers rustled the silken folds of daffodil and the shimmering sea of ruffles, recalling the fragrance of dawn roses. Rich Oriental blues and crimson and rose in silks and satins beckoned to her from the depths of the sea chest. With curious, little gasping breaths she lifted from the treasure store a silk vivid with the flaming crimson of the garden hollyhock. What a glorious note of color the frock would introduce into the drab room below.

Alluringly those other sea chests reached out to her and piqued her woman's curiosity. With a touch of reverence she opened a chest of rose-wood, the lover's knot carved on the lid stirring a nameless something within her heart. As her fingers rumpled the white tissue wrappings she glimpsed the sheers of soft, white under-garments exquisitely embroidered.

"It is the dowry of a bride—a queenly bride," she whispered. "Truly the Hermitage hoards chests of treasure, yet stranger far than any Cap'n Dave could have plundered from the caves," and she flung open a chest, replete with rich spices. Stars glowed in the eyes of the teacher as she beheld the glories of the Orient hoarded in rich hangings, rugs and pottery, pictures and books in rare bindings. Her being—ever respondent to beauty—thrilled at the touch of these wonder treasures. A chest of camphor wood, irresistible with its hidden mysteries, opened readily, and her pulses quickened as, rummaging among the Japanese boxes and colored tissue papers, she brought to light curios and trophies, gathered from countries far away.

"Truly the mystery deepens—a veritable cave of a dreary house, yet the attic hoarding rich, beautiful treasures, that might have been wrought by the magic of Aladdin's lamp," whispered Carol, flinging off her wet clothing, and hurriedly dressing in the gleaming hollyhock silk. Braiding the wet strands in two braids, she banded her raven-black hair with an Oriental ribbon, and, turning to the stairway, stole softly down to the grey room. The Japanese sandals, with their crimson ribbons twisted about her ankles, made scarcely a sound on the stairs.

The man, browning moodily before the fire, looked up with a start—the girl in the hollyhock silk as fantastic a picture in the somberness of the grey room as the crackling fire in the fireplace. His calloused hand brushed his eyes in a gesture of bewilderment; then into them leaped passion and hatred and incredulity.

are you some madness of the night—a ghost masquerading in the flame of mockery?" Dave Ritchie demanded hoarsely.

"I am the girl you rescued from the rocks—the schoolma'am of Sweet Briar Cove—I am called Carol," returned the girl simply, her heart beating furiously with a fear she could not name.

"Carol—Carol—I thought you might be somebody else—a trick of the imagination—the black braids and the ribbon perhaps," muttered the man. The girl-Carol caught the look of pain smouldering under the passion of hatred flashing from Dave Ritchie's eyes, and she was no longer afraid. She descended the stairs, laughter in her brown eyes, winsome in her eagerness.

"Or the dress of hollyhock silk—it is very beautiful—all the treasures in the attic are beautiful."

"Becky O'Toole has a cup of tea waiting for you," broke in the man curtly. "She will do for you in her queer, rough way. The squall's thickening and you're sure a prisoner for the night in the Hermitage, but there is no use fretting," and Dave Ritchie turned away from the fireside to the door, that opened out to the morning of storm and blizzard, leaving the guest of the Hermitage smarting under his gruffness.

"The brute—the crab—the cynic!" muttered Carol, a glint of fiery animosity darting from her brown eyes.

"Oh, my pretty, but 'tis a glad day for the gloomy, old house that washed the likes o' you up on the rocks," crooned a cracked voice in the doorway leading to the kitchen. "Come an' be makin' merry over a cup o' tea," coaxed Becky O'Toole, and her withered old arms went around the little schoolma'am in a motherly embrace. Suddenly the girl sat up straight and tense in her chair of gnarled willow, a curious light of daring in her brown eyes as she looked deep into the blaze of driftwood. A strange impulse had taken possession of her soul.

"I am going to do this mad thing I shall be strong and courageous, and work a miracle in the Hermitage. And I am going to free Dave Ritchie—the hermit," she murmured passionately, and the glow of the fire lighted the fearless eye, veiled with a mist, that had been born of an unexplainable tenderness for the man fettered by the bond of hermitage.

Springing to her feet she lighted the tall iron candlestick of the fireside shelf, and, with tingling pulses, ran up the stairway to the attic, with its wonder hoard of treasures. It was a merry-mad hour—the dusk of the gloaming filled with a thousand tasks, the little school teacher fitted between the attic and the grey room, her arms laden with the trophies of the Orient, Becky O'Toole chuckling and working with her as she wrought her miracle of transformation.

In the dusk of the white, storm-driven night David Ritchie struggled through the blizzard from the wharf to the Hermitage; then, startled by the brilliance of light streaming from the windows, he halted on top of the cliffs and stared stupidly at the myriad twinkling stars beckoning to him from the grey room.

Puzzled, he pushed up the rugged path to the Hermitage and flung open the door. On the threshold of the grey room he paused, blinking his eyes bulging under their snow-weighted lashes. Staggered by the strangeness of the scene that had burst upon his vision, his mitted hand brushed his eyes confusedly.

The melody of tinkling laughter echoed through the room, and, heaping Oriental pillows upon the Turkish rug, the girl-Carol dropped down among them. Her dancing, bewitching brown eyes laughed back into the mystified frowning eyes of the hermit.

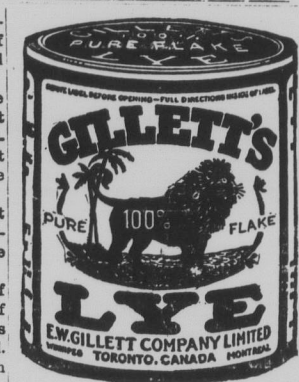
"Dear hermit-man, 'tis blind man's holiday an' the witchery hour for the telling o' fairy tales," babbled the girl. "Im fair bursting with yearning to hear the stories woven into these beautiful rugs with their romance breathing out in the rich gold and crimson, the rose and royal blue."

Under the spell of the magic spun by the grey room in its Oriental setting, there fell from the lips of the man, so long sealed except for blunt, crabbed expressions, tales of romance, adventure and mystery. The glow of tense interest lighting the face of the girl rekindled his memory and his enthusiasm. Forgotten was the raging blizzard of the night in the enchantment of the blazing hearthside, the stories of the hermit winging his listener to the far-away Orient.

"It is more wonderful than ever I dreamed," whispered the girl, then springing to her feet, she urged, "I know you are starving. Becky O'Toole will bring the supper in here and we will not break the spell o' the goosum."

Suddenly recalled to the Hermitage and Sweet Briar Cove, the hermit started involuntarily from his chair as if in protest. But as he glimpsed the elusive dancing lights in the brown eyes laughing back at him from the Japanese screen, he dropped again into the depths of the pillows. He was the victim of some spirit of madness tonight, and he would see the dream to the end.

Only a moment was the girl-Carol gone from the hearthside, in her wake as she returned Becky O'Toole bearing a tray, laden with Chinese linens, gleaming silver and egg-shell China, exquisite with birds of brilliant plumage. Deftly the girl spread the sup-



per on the rustic table, making the tea in the shiny, silver teapot with its fantastic dragons. Weaving imagery tales of romance, the fairy of the gleaming with bewitching laughter served the supper. Of course, a Goddess of the Sun had once poured tea from the Chinese teapot, and the man did not deny the girl her fancies.

Thus drifting back into the enchanted land of romance and story, Dave Ritchie spun the wonder tales of those days when he had plundered strange countries for the treasure that the girl-Carol had found hoarded in the attic. Then in the silence, vibrant with the thrill of mystery and adventure recalled by the hermit, the girl-Carol was suddenly reminded of the Christmas that would not come to Sweet Briar Cove because she had failed to cross the Passage. Musingly she gazed into the flames of the crackling fire, her heart sorely fretted that she must disappoint the fisher folk and their children. Then curiously she saw pictured in the flames of driftwood the sea chests of the attic with their hidden treasure—plunder enough to satisfy a village awaiting a fairy Santa Claus.

"Listen, I failed this morning in trying to cross the Passage—I failed to bring back Christmas to Sweet Briar Cove," Carol broke out tremulously. "But up in your cobwebby attic there are chests of treasure hidden that would make Christmas for all of the fisher folk. There are souvenirs of strange countries that could play the part of toys for the little folks, and there are gay silks and satins that would make merry the hearts of the fishers' wives."

"Little Fairy o' the Gloomin', I cannot refuse you—the spell of the Christmas is upon me, and your plucky attempt to cross the Passage should not go unrewarded. The Hermitage is yours to do as you please Christmas Eve," said the man haltingly, throwing a log of driftwood on the fire, as Becky O'Toole came to the grey room to hear the guest of the storm to the bed in her honor.

Far into the night the hermit crouched over the smouldering embers of the driftwood blaze, his pipe clenched between his teeth, strange fires gleaming in his black eyes.

"I could have taken my oath that the twilight echoed with sweet melodies. Was it only the witchery of her laughter?" questioned the man. In the room above a girl's flushed cheek pressed hard down upon her pillow, her heart throbbing unto madness, her eyes glowing with curious lights.

"It was marvellous, glorious, thrilling, but he did not tell me the story I was longing most to hear—the story of mystery woven into the hoarding of the treasures in the cobwebby attic. Why should he court adventure romance and even death to procure these wonders of the Orient? Was it a spirit of misanthropy that urged him to plunder the countries across the seas? And why should the sea chests he hoarded all these years in the attic shrouded in mystery?" the girl-Carol questioned the velvety darkness of the night; but only the wail of the storm shrieking its vengeance out on the cliffs answered her.

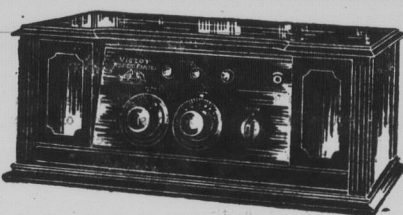
Christmas Eve and in the gloaming the Hermitage flung out its beacon of light down over the cliffs, a friendly welcome to the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove, who had been bidden to make merry within the grey room. Crouching before the driftwood blaze of the hearthside, the hermit stared gloomily into the flames.

"Time for just one story, dear hermit-man, before the Sweet Briar Cove breaks the spell o' the gloamin'," coaxed the girl-Carol, dropping down

(Continued on page 16)

THE GIFT SUPREME

WHEN YOU GIVE FURNITURE OR A RADIO as a Gift you are making a lasting contribution towards the beauty and comfort of a Home—and "Home" with all its associations is, after all, the Cradel of the True Christmas Spirit.



Type R-21 3 Tube Set, In American Walnut

As a gift this is something that will merit deep appreciation and lasting remembrance

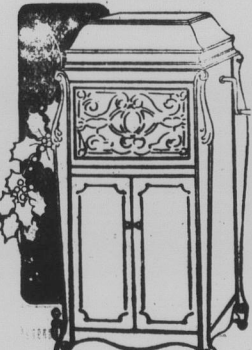
A HANDSOME SET

This model is a three Tube Receiving set adapted to head phones or loud speaker use, built into a rich walnut cabinet concealing all the batteries.

All the connections are made at the rear of the cabinet through holes in the base board. A long or short aerial of one wire may be used.

Three controls suffice for the operation of this set. Two large dials for tuning the circuit and "regeneration" or "sensitivity and a knob for filament control.

GRAFONOLAS

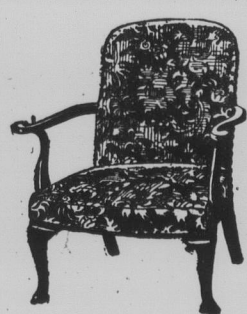


The newest in Table Grafonolas. Finished in mahogany and walnut with a richness of tone and a beauty of structure that is all its own. Don't fail to see these before completing your Xmas Shopping.

An Opportunity!

Our wonderful array of Christmas bargains constitutes a real opportunity for those in search of gifts that will be appreciated. This year we have gathered together a remarkable showing of beautiful household furniture. Don't consider your Shopping List Complete until you have visited our store and looked over our great assortment of home furnishings—or a radio, installed by us on approval.

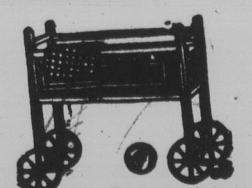
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Cots and Cosy Beds for the Tiny Tots. We have a variety of these in designs that will delight the little ones and give long service as well.

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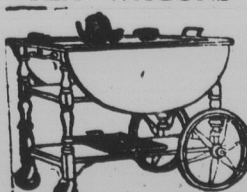
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Men's Fancy Hose	\$1.50
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Silk Ties	75c to \$1.50
Silk and Wool (boxed)	\$1.50

SMOKING JACKETS AND BATH ROBES

\$8.50 to \$12.00

MEN'S MUFFLERS

All Wool	\$1.00 to \$3.50
Wool Cashmere	\$1.75 to \$5.50
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BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

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\$2.75 to \$3.25

PYJAMAS

Broadcloth	\$4.25
Fancy Flannellette	\$2.75

We can assure you that when you buy him a Gift at OAK HALL he will appreciate it.

OAK HALL

CHRISTMAS EVE AT CAMP FOUR

(Continued from page 11.)

arrival in camp. "Yeh," returned McLeod, "dang his hide, he's went an' done it. Hell of a Christmas around here with a corpse in the bunkhouse."

"I don't know," said Spike, "that English lad, he's wily."

Further speculation on the outcome of the inevitable battle was suspended by the commencement of the war itself. French Joe had sponged the whiskey out of his eyes and from his face with a big red handkerchief, and he tottered from toe to heel, devastating wrath exuding from and enveloping his gorilla-like form, as he roared—

"English—come to poppa!" His big hands were outstretched, fingers contracting convulsively, as though what the world did to this upstart would be plenty.

English Jack had removed his coat, pulled it over his head and placed it away in his bunk. At French Joe's belated, he stepped down from the deaconess, for his bunk was on the hurricane-deck, and walked directly into the enemy's lines, where he side-stepped the big Frenchman's lethal rush, slapping him smartly on the cheek as he swept past.

"Youah madders are simply disgusting, old deah," he said mildly.

Joe returned to the fray with murder in his eye and erupting censorious language, the burden of which was his intention to remove certain vital organs from the internal economy of "English," and burn them in the stove. English Jack, looking if anything, a little bored, made no reply.

Ready hands transferred moveable objects to out of the way corners, and to the tops of bunks, for this looked like it would be the real thing; and the men crowded around to see the show.

"Keep back an' give 'em room," ordered Angus McLeod, restraining Spike Taylor by the neck-band of his shirt from becoming an active ally of English, who was dancing on tip-toe around French Joe, eliciting the clutch of his powerful arms, and as a profane admirer remarked, "hittin' him when an' where he liked."

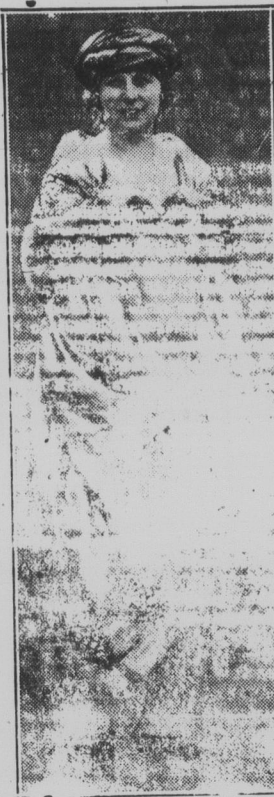
"Just wait till Joe lands on him or gets hit of him," said another, "the freks says English don't last ten minutes." The bet was immediately snapped up by Spike Taylor.

A fight was practically an everyday occurrence and gave an opportunity of keeping money in circulation; but this looked to be a one-sided affair and the betting was not brisk even when French Joe's backers offered odds of ten to one.

Joe had ceased swearing and had settled grimly down to business. Although his face was cut on both cheekbones, and one eye was rapidly closing, while bruises on his ribs resembled the Englishman's punching ability, he had not yet succeeded in laying a finger on the elusive enemy who kept up his maddening will-o-the-wisp tactics; but when he did—

He growled deep down in his throat, in the primitive profanity of the man, animal before articulate speech had become a usable implement, and the crowd waited for the fatal moment when English Jack would slow down from lack of steam and come within reach of those great hairy arms.

But, if some of the spectators were fearful on Jack's account, he, himself did not seem to be worrying as he



DISCOVERS HE HAS FINE NOSE FOR MUSIC

Mr. Werner, Cellist, in Accident on Way to Concert.

(Robert J. Craig in Chicago News)

The boazer of Thomas Werner, the eminent cellist, is well moulded and structurally sound. It is as fine a beazer for purposes of inhalation and decoration as has ever been seen in these parts. And what has that to do with the musical arts. Well, aptly, although the connection, inasmuch as Mr. Werner does not sing, may not be evident.

Mr. Werner was engaged to play a solo in a sacred concert at Grand Boulevard and East 45th street last night. But he didn't get there. An organizer hastily recruited did what could be done with his programme. In the midst of the service I. Klein, choral director, received a telephone call. "It is Mr. Werner," said the caller. "He won't be able to play tonight on account of his nose."

"Does he play the cello with his nose?" gasped Mr. Klein, aware that a nose-playing cellist might have done much to increase the effect of the concert.

"He doesn't do it any more," replied the informant, and that was the end of that.

But Mr. Werner, what of him? Well, we shall see. Mr. Werner started for the specified rendezvous with his beazer and cello held as he had always held them, and both in good order. The cello was in a beige wrapper. The beazer was unused. Mr. Werner alighted from his bus at East 45th street and tripped over a low wire fence.

In every cello are two little S-shaped holes that normally are about wide enough to admit the passage of a dollar or maybe \$1.45. In falling Mr. Werner struck on top of the cello with unprotected beazer squarely over one of these ventilators.

There was a bit of a crash—the wood with which the cellos are made does not lend itself readily to strengthening—but, notwithstanding a certain amount of breakage, Mr. Werner accomplished what no cello player in the world had ever done before. He stuck his nose right through the hole so far that it expanded on the other side.

Presently there came Patrolman Haverly of the West 50th street station. "What are you looking at?" he inquired, with excusable concern. He got no reply.

Mr. Werner attempted to lift his nose out of the ventilator, but it was no use. The wood had sprung back and the beazer was wedged. The cellist struggled to his feet and tried to appear unconcerned at the bull fiddle so firmly attached to his face.

"If you'll pardon me saying it," observed the polite policeman, "that's

a rotten way to carry a cello. It makes it so hard to see where you're going."

Mr. Werner's reply was diametrically opposite to that of the policeman. Mr. Werner wished to take the cello home.

"I don't know much about such things," said Mr. Haverly. "But it seems to me you'd do better if you'd take your face off it. However, as I say I don't know anything about music and if that's your way of carrying it all right." And he called a patrol wagon.

Mr. Werner rode to the West 50th street station with his cello and nose inside the wagon while he stood on the back step. Once at the station three members of the police band and a letterer with a pocket knife pried Mr. Werner and his fiddle apart.

Mr. Werner was taken home and put to bed surrounded by appropriate nose-gays. But he is unspoiled by his success. He announces that he would make no further attempts to better the record established at West 45th street and Grand boulevard. A nose is a nose and self-healing, but cellos cost \$1,000 with or without the customary beazer trap.

WANTED—Salesman wanted for line of art Calendars and lithographed labels. Wright Litho Co., London, Ont. Nov. 12—5p.

WANTED—Furnished house to rent for first three months of year, longer if desired. For further information phone 21 or apply to MRS. W. R. FITZMAURICE Dec. 3-5w.

CLOSED CAR FOR SALE—An Essex 4, 1923, Coach. Run about 12000 miles. Four new tires. Will sell for \$600. If interested write "H" care GRAP-HIC.—Nov. 24—3 pd.

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GIRL WANTED—Good capable girl for general housework. Apply to W. A. ROGERS, Green Lantern Restaurant.—Nov. 26—4f.

WOOD FOR SALE—I can supply hard wood in stove, furnace or four foot lengths. Phone orders to 254-2, JOSEPH CORRIER. Dec. 7-3w.

FOR SALE—Two radio receivers both three tube regenerative sets. Original price \$150.00 to clear at \$135.00. Completely equipped with Willard storage "A" and "B" batteries and a rectifier. W. J. GILLIS, Box 564.

TO RENT—Furnished house to rent for first three months of year, longer if desired. For further information phone 21 or apply to MRS. W. R. FITZMAURICE Dec. 3-5w.

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PERUGA, A CITY UPS AND DOWNS

Situate About Midway Rome and Florence, Many Others in Italy Antiquated Style.

With so many ancient tumbling before the pick shovel of modern progress that an ancient gateway one of Italy's famous "f" has been saved from through popular appeal is lovers of antiquity. Per been granted by the Com town to run electric tms this gateway, near the 1 Popolo, famous palace, b digestion brought about s of the permit.

"The city has known stormiest and bloodiest of says a bulletin from the D. C. headquarters of the Geographic Society. "The commanding River Tiber, i been safe from enemies fr but it has been torn i quarrels. In the declin no barbarian mounted its the plots of its nobility as tempers of its citizens re in teapot tempests that v one side or the other was terminated.

"Perugia is almost mid



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Xmas Bargains

at the Up-Town Gift Shop

We now have on display a great variety of gifts suitable for both young and old. These are too numerous to mention, but below are a few suggestions:

Dainty Things in Ivory and Cut Glass
Parker Dufold and Waterman's Fountain Pens
(In Christmas Sets.)

A LARGE STOCK OF NEW BOOKS
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TOYS IN RICH PROFUSION

Dolls and Toys of Every Prescription

With Every \$3.00 Cash Purchase We are Giving Away Free A 75c Victor Record.

SHOP EARLY WHILE ALL LINES ARE COMPLETE

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Up-Town Bookstore

Roseberry St.

CHATHAM DIOCESE
Father Paquin Goes to Grand Anse and Father Poirier to Baie St. Anne. Father Paquin, 11—Father Paquin of Baie St. Anne, has been appointed by the Bishop of Chatham to the parish of Grand Anse, for many years under the direction of Mons. S. Doucet, V. G., who died a few days ago. Father Paquin has had a distinguished career, having formerly been a missionary of the Franciscan Order. He is well known in Bathurst having been curate to Mons. Varrault for some time. At the Family church, West Bathurst, Father Paquin takes up his duties Sunday next.

Rev. Albert Poirier, at present curate to Rev. Father Conway at Edmundston, has been transferred to Baie St. Anne in succession to Father Paquin. Father Poirier was last year assistant to the Rev. John Whelan at Bathurst.

Furniture. The gift that helps to make happier homes, at RENAULT'S.

Here's A REAL

Subscription Offer

The Graphic wants to add 100 names to its subscription list by January 1, 1926, hence the following generous offer:—

To every person who will bring us one NEW subscription to THE GRAPHIC we will give his or her subscription, for one dollar, that is \$3 for the two subscriptions, one old and one new, or both new. (America subscriptions 50 cents extra.)

Here's a chance to cut your own subscription price in two or to make a present to the boy or girl friend abroad at a nominal figure.

The Campbellton Graphic

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

PERUGIA, A CITY OF UPS AND DOWNS

Situate About Midway Between Rome and Florence, it is, Like Many Others in Italy, Built in Antiquated Style.

With so many ancient landmarks standing before the pick and shovel of modern progress the news that an ancient gateway in Perugia, one of Italy's famous "hill towns," has been saved from destruction through popular appeal is welcome to lovers of antiquity. Permission has been granted by the Commune of the town to run electric trams through this gateway, near the Palazzo del Popolo, famous palace, but public indignation brought about a rescinding of the permit.

"The city has known one of the stormiest and bloodiest of histories," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "High on a hill commanding River Tiber, Perugia has been safe from enemies from without, but it has been torn by internal quarrels. In the decline of Rome no barbarian mounted its walls, but the plots of its nobility and the quick tempers of its citizens resulted often in hot tempers that went on until one side or the other was almost exterminated."

Perugia is almost midway between

Rome and Florence, although not on the mainline railroad connecting the two cities. Like Siena and Assisi, its neighbors, it is built in antiquated style, partly on top of a group of hills, and partly on the slopes, with fine views of the Apennines in every direction. It has a picturesque quality of accident, irregularity, of rising and falling ground, and of striking combinations of light, shade and color.

"Everywhere except on the short spiral ridge the streets are staircases and cobblestone alleys. Everywhere one climbs or burrows. The life of a Perugian is truly one of ups and downs."

"On the map, Perugia is spread out like a great stone-scaled dragon its rock, crouching over the country and extending long paws down the valley side. Nature furnishes backgrounds of olive-colored hills and distant mountains, while nearly every vista on its staircases is broken and framed by the graceful stone arches that buttress the tall houses. The old towers and donjons have largely disappeared, but the atmosphere of the town is military and despotic. Many houses still show traces of the heavy chains that barred the streets after nightfall, when, if a man forgot his steel undershirt, he came home in a wooden coat."

"Perugia is really four cities in one. There is the ancient Etruscan Perugia, with its walls and stone gateways; the Roman Perugia, whose masonry rests on what remained of the Etruscan city after the natives had

set fire to it; the medieval Perugia of the Baglioni, built on the Roman foundations; and the Renaissance Perugia of the Popes, reared on the ashes of the Baglioni palaces."

"In the strict sense, however, there is no modern Perugia. The railroad station is, as in most European cities far outside the ancient walls. Two street car lines, a few shops, clustered around the tourist center, are the only intrusions the present has been able to make. There has been no temptation to build since the 16th century. The patches added to its crumbling ramparts and houses in the last four hundred years have enhanced their natural attractiveness."

"The rich pastoral beauty and repose of Perugia's surroundings have left their mark on the art of the city. As the seat of the renowned Umbrian school of painting it earned a high place in the goings of Italian art during the 16th century, when Perugia was the most powerful city in this part of Italy. The neighborhood of Siena and the religious atmosphere of near-by Assisi and Loreto doubtless exercised an influence on the prevailing style, which has been described as lacking dramatic power, but being rich in reverie. Raphael was once a student of the Perugian master, Pietro Vannucci. To-day the walls of many of Perugia's churches and former palaces are alive with examples of the work of the school."

"In the main square by the side of the big unfinished Gothic Cathedral, the life of the city centered. Here the gentle Perugians played at one of the bloodiest and most dangerous games in the world—that of hunting at one another until half a dozen were killed and scores wounded. In times of peace this was the Perugian equivalent of a baseball game or the movies."

"According to some critics Perugia has, in the Porta Augusta, one of the finest gates in the world. It beetles in black magnificence above a whole quarter of the town, its base early Roman, the middle sections Renaissance, and the airy top Renaissance. The whole is now blackened with dust, decay and fire, and while it is not imposing in the sunlight, its heavy stone bucklers, fluted pilasters and massive base are awe inspiring in the damp and gloom, when mist is flying through the streets. "These Umbrian cities seem so Roman," says one writer, "that the sight of Caesar's legion marching through them, with lances and bucklers flashing in the sun, would be the most natural thing possible."

"FOR CHRIST THE LORD IS BORN"

(By Martha B. Thomas.) It was Christmas eve, and the stars were holding a conference. They could not leave their places in the sky, because it was against the law of night, so they managed to talk by ray-dial. That is, each star sent a ray toward a certain spot, where all the other rays were shining, and this made the conference.

Star talk! Words of light! It was a very bright and busy time. The large stars did the most talking; they and a good deal to say about the way they shone when the moon was away. "We are not only beautiful

MAMA DOLLS FOR EVERYONE

A New Supply Record This Week and Assurance of More if Needed.

Last week we were afraid our stock of mama dolls would be exhausted so telegraphed for another shipment, which have been received. There are now dolls for every little girl who cares to work and get four new subscriptions to The Graphic at \$2.00 each, to any address in Canada, \$2.50 to the United States.

The little girls who have already received dolls are delighted with them, and we know that every little girl would be delighted to receive such a gift.

Remember also that the other members of the family either at home or abroad would appreciate The Graphic as a Christmas gift. It is one gift that is remembered the full fifty-two weeks.

The following letter was received from a little girl last week. The Graphic, Limited, Campbellton, N. B. Dear Sirs:

Seeing your ad. in the Graphic that you were giving away a handsome Mama Doll for four subscriptions to The Graphic.

I am a little girl 9 years old and I did want a nice Mama Doll so much like you illustrated in the paper I got four new subscriptions all myself.

Hoping to hear from you soon and that the doll will soon come so I can show it to all my little friends and that the paper will be sent to the following people on the other paper, I am

Yours sincerely, VIVIAN WILLETT, Dimock Creek, P. Q.

December 10th, 1925. The doll was at once packed and forwarded by express so we have not a doubt that little Miss Willett has received it by this time. To any who are working for these dolls, we would suggest that they write us, so that during the late Christmas rush we may have a sufficient number of dolls to fill all orders before Christmas.

We have a large number in stock, now, but they may go quickly. We have been assured by the manufacturers that they will ship promptly any additional orders. Our advice however, is send in orders early.

to look at," they declared, "but we help folks to get about on dark nights. The earth folks like to look at us, and wonder about us. We are very important!" If stars could swell with pride, these stars would have burst. When they had talked very hard for about an hour, a small, slender shaft of light twinkled into their midst.

"Who are you?" came a chorus of shining voices. "I am the Star of Bethlehem," was the answer.

The other stars had never heard of her. They were inclined to hush her up. But there was something so sweet, so penetrating, so beautiful in her light that they were constrained to give heed.

"What is your history?" then demanded the largest and oldest star. The Star of Bethlehem quivered with a clear radiance which seemed to have all the colors of the rainbow.

"An angel with a torch came and lighted me the very first Christmas eve. I shone with a special luster and guided many people to the manger in Bethlehem, where the Christ Child lay with His Mother Mary. Shepherds saw me while they were watching their sheep on the hillside. And other angels of blinding beauty sang near me. They played on golden harps. The sky shone with a heavenly glory. There has never been a night so wonderful.

The other stars listened with awe. Before this sweet, compelling light felt silent and humble. Then, for an instant, there came an incomparable brilliance. The Star of Bethlehem blazed in indescribable beauty. And faint and far came the music of harps and singing. "For Christ the Lord is born!"

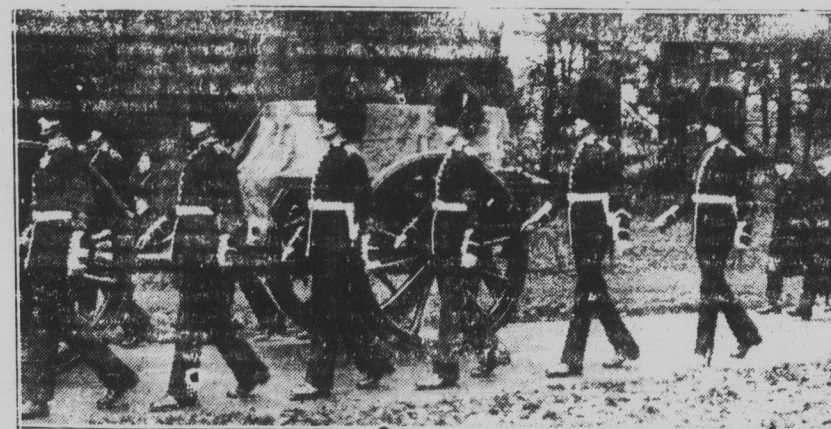
NOT OUR BUSINESS, IS IT, GOD? Did you ever hear of that little girl who, having said her prayers as usual before getting into bed, forgot some thing which ought to have been mentioned? When her head lay on the pillow she went on with the prayer in a whisper:

"And, dear Lord, this afternoon, I saw, out on the cold pavement in the snow, a poor little girl who had no shoes and stockings on, and—then there was a pause and silence, as though what should come next was difficult to say. At last it came—the prayer finished with words: "And its none of our business, is it, God?"

Is it our business? Of course it is—to feed the hungry, to warm the shivering, to give clothes to the badly clothed to the poor and homeless.

Therefore the Salvation Army will make their business by putting the Christmas pot on the street next week in aid of funds to help bring comfort and cheer to the needy. All donations thankfully received, also clothing and groceries. Phone 277.

Pyrexware at RENAULTS.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FUNERAL. The coffin of the Queen Mother being escorted from Sandringham House to the station, en route to London, by Guardsmen. At the extreme right of the picture are the King and Prince of Wales, on foot.

Burning the "Yule Log"

In Merrie England the yule log—never called that, by the way, but the yule clog, the Christmas batch or clog—was a great institution. The "clog" was laid in some time before Christmas was generally of birch—barked and dried—and of no meagre dimensions. It was lighted on Christmas eve, and what was not consumed by Christmas night was saved. It was deemed very lucky to preserve a piece wherewith to light next year's clog.

There is a legend that, so long as the Yule Clog burned, the servants had a right to demand ale at their meals. This may or may not account for the superstition. One old writer says that logs sometimes burned for eight days!

The ecclesiastical authorities of the past did not look kindly on this ceremony. "The blazes," in their opinion "were foolish and vain." But their fulminations had not any effect. The custom continued until the coal fire and smaller fireplaces gave it a mortal blow.

But in remote rural parts of England a big log is still set aside for Christmas, and in the north a big lump of coal. In Lincolnshire the natives still refer to the "guleblock," and "oldest inhabitant" provide a link with the past by dubbing any big piece of firewood a "guler."

Some of the learned folk who go deeply into these matters say the burning of the Christmas log is a relic of paganism. Others more prosaic, say it was merely intended to provide extra light and warmth and cheerfulness.

Visit RENAULTS during your Xmas shopping.

KEEPING THE FAITH

I've gotta b'lieve in Santa Claus. An' that's just all there is to that! I've gotta keep my faith, because we're poor down where we're livin' at. An' when I said: "I want to git a job an' help a little, too," Ma hugged me up an' cried a bit. But pa said: "Nope, it's school for you!"

"Well, then," I said, "I'll tell you this, An' ma thought I was gonna fuss—An' tried to stop me with a kiss—So don't buy us no Christmas things. An' I just sort o' clamped my jaws."

"For this year you have got, by jings, To leave all that to Santa Claus!" Kids say there ain't no Santa Claus. But from now on I'll contradict The kid that says it, an' because I gotta b'lieve it, they'll get licked If they don't hush. The more I do keep my faith strong through good an' bad, Ab'levin' Santa Claus is true, The more I'll be helpin' dad.

WHEN EDITORS TELL TRUTH Only about three ago the editor of a paper in Indiana grew tired of being called a liar, and announced that he would tell the truth in the future and the next issue contained the following items:

"John Benin, the laziest merchant in town, made a trip to Beville last Monday."

John Coyle, our groceryman, is doing a poor business. How can he expect to do much?"

"David Conkey died at his home on Tuesday. The doctor gave it out as heart trouble. Whiskey killed the man."

"Married—Miss Silvia Rhodes and James Collins, last Saturday at the Baptist Parsonage, by the Rev. Gordon. The bride is a very ordinary girl who doesn't know any more about cooking than a jack-rabbit, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means and has a exit like a duck. The groom is an up-to-dateloafers. He has been living off the old folks at home all his life and is not worth a shake. It will be a hard life."

HOOVER'S VIEW

Secretary Hoover names prohibition, with abolition of waste, advance in science and other changes, as responsible for the increasing wealth of the United States. That puts temperance beyond the point of bitter prejudice in discussion. Its position is established as a sociological advancement.—Toronto Globe.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

Up through my office window came the city's ceaseless din; I just had paused a moment when the evening mail came in—A pile of business letters and the papers with the news Of wars and murders, fires and wrecks—most anything I'd choose.

I cast them one by one aside and found beneath them all A homely country paper, blurred with ink and somewhat small, That drew my full attention to its columns up and down—The little weekly paper that they print in my home town.

This country paper always tells of things in quiet tone; It deals not with the outside world, but topics all its own; It tells about the folks who visit in and out of town; That meat is soaring upward or that eggs are going down.

That some old chum is married, or a life-long friend has died; The stork has paid a visit and two hearts are swelled with pride, This paper strikes a tender chord when far away you roam For one is always glad to hear what's going on at home.

RAINBOW CURVE REVERSED

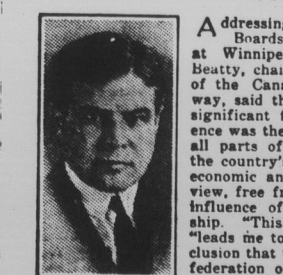
RED AND VIOLET SIDES

Phenomenon Witnessed When Sun Was 25 Degrees From The Horizon. A scientific correspondent reports the details of a phenomenon witnessed in the sky at Dulwich, S. E., on June 12, last. Fluffy clouds appeared across the sky and gradually a section of a rainbow appeared about twenty degrees from the zenith and thus almost directly overhead.

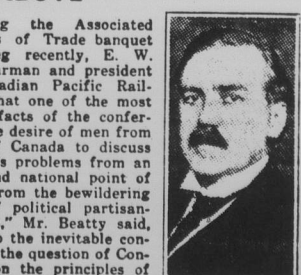
The curve of the rainbow was reversed, the outer side of the arc instead of the inner side, which is usual, being towards the sun. The whole outer side was colored red and the inner side violet. At the time this unusual section of the rainbow was observed the sun was twenty-five degrees from the horizon.

Usually when a rainbow is seen the observer stands between the sun and the arc in the Heavens. In this case the position was almost overhead and between the observer and the sun. A brightly colored section remained in the sky for about an hour.

"MAKE IMMIGRATION HUMAN" SAYS C. P. R. PRESIDENT; SIR THOMAS WHITE PAYS HIM HIGH TRIBUTE



Sir Thomas White, President of the C.P.R.



C. P. R. President, Sir Thomas White.

In order to achieve national prosperity, Mr. Beatty advocated an extensive immigration policy to supply the man power necessary for the "largest undeveloped country in the world."

"If I had any suggestion to make in respect to this question," continued the president, "I would suggest that we take it out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations. We are apt to forget that the people who come to our shores are not so many hundreds or thousands of British or Continental settlers, but rather a mass of human beings, members of families who have torn themselves up from old homes, homes in some cases centuries old, to come and live in Canada, to be neighbours. If we are willing to be neighbours, and to become good citizens, it is only by holding out a welcoming hand."

"We realize how great the wrench must be when we learn that some bring with them a handful of earth so that when the time comes for them to die in Canada it may be scattered over their coffin. I wonder how many Canadians, who have made the trek to the United States, have ever thought to carry with them a handful of Canadian soil. No immigration scheme for Canada can ever achieve success unless due allowance is made for such human factors."

On the same occasion Sir Thomas White, former Federal Minister of Finance, paid a high tribute to Mr. Beatty. Sir Thomas said that he had always looked upon Mr. Beatty as a representative Canadian who typified the qualities which are to be found in true Canadians. Mr. Beatty had carved his own niche in Canadian affairs and had made his own way in the world as in the manner of Canadians. As president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Beatty occupied one of the highest positions in the Dominion and was absolutely unspotted by his enormous success, and Sir Thomas liked to think that in this the former was also a characteristic Canadian.

Referring to the improvement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the former Finance Minister pointed out that the history of the Dominion and the Company were intertwined and could not be dissociated. The Canadian Pacific Railway had stood as the type of example of Canadian enterprise and courage in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles. Sir Thomas also commented favorably on the good work the Canadian Pacific Railway had done during the Great War and later in some of the employment to soldiers who were returning after the war.

Gifts That Merit Appreciation

When you present a relative or friend with a musical instrument, you give something that is bound to be appreciated. And every time its music is heard, memory of the giver is renewed.

WE HAVE THREE

DE FOREST CROSLEY RADIO RECEIVING SETS

on which we are giving a

DISCOUNT 20 PER CENT.

REGULAR PRICES \$125.00, \$110.00, AND \$85.00

Call and see these. They're modern day gifts of real value.

TWO BARGAINS

We also have two Enterprise Kitchen Ranges—Regularly priced at \$86.00 and \$64.00.

TO CLEAR AT
\$73.00 and \$54.40
DON'T MISS THESE

OTHER GIFTS

WILLIS PIANOS AND PLAYER PIANOS, GOLD MEDAL GRAMAPHONES.

Come in early and let us show these and other appropriate Gifts in Furniture, Sleigh Robes, Harness, Rugs, Etc.

SOMETHING NEW

See the Snowmobile—The Ford on Snowshoes—in Action. To Be Demonstrated Thursday and Friday. This is something new here.

AND ITS A MARVEL!

Gillis & Richards

Phone 143-2

Water Street

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO BRIAR COVE

(Continued from page 13)

among the gay, Oriental cushions heaped on the Turkish rug, her eyes wandering off to the towering fir laden with gifts, that would make happy the fisher folk, big and little.

"The stories are ended," returned the hermit curtly. "You will go back to the cove and your schoolhouse tonight with the fisherfolk, and the spell of the magic will be broken."

"But there is one story that you have not told me—a story you must tell me," protested the girl's sweet, low entreaty. "The story of how you came to plunder the Orient for the treasures you hoarded in the attic of the Hermitage. Why did you count adventure, romance, even death, as a price for the magic? Was it merely greed and a lust for beautiful things that lured your ship with the strange, rich cargo?"

"Stop!" the man's note of bitterness broke in upon the girl's passionate outburst. "I vowed that story would never pass my lips, but I cannot send you away from the Hermitage with ignoble thoughts of me in your heart. I did not need to invade the dens of the Orient to learn this story of romance and tragedy, for it happened on the misty shores of the Bay of Fundy. When I was but a sailor lad, I pledged my troth with the girl-Cecile—(Carol started with an involuntary tremor). We planned the Hermitage on top of the grey cliffs—a home that was to minister to and make happy the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove. Cecile was a winsome lass and possessed with a passion for beautiful things. In my blind love I

became possessed with a passion to gratify her vanity. I sailed strange seas, invaded mysterious dens and plundered amid adventures that breathed romance and death.

"I had forwarded home orders and plans for the building of the Hermitage, that it might be in readiness when I sailed into the harbour with my cargo of treasure. But adventures in India, misunderstandings and a short imprisonment, incurred in plundering treasure delayed my homecoming. I sailed into the home harbor, my ship bearing its cargo of treasure chests, to discover that the girl-Cecile had wedded a waiting man, a man of wealth, who could not be so easily satisfied by vanity, and had sailed away from the shores of the Bay of Fundy. I unloaded my cargo of treasure chests in the attic, making the Grey Cliff Hermitage the prison that my bruised soul demanded. I gave up the sea—plundering for treasure had lost its glory. I tried to forget the days of romance and adventure."

"And now you are hungry again for the sea, for thrilling adventure and the sight of strange countries," broke in the girl impetuously, her heart throbbing strangely.

The man started. He had not realized it, and yet it was true. He was hungering again for the sea and adventure.

"My mother's name was Cecile, and I believe she was the girl who wedded waiting for her sailor lover," said the girl-Cecile. "A little while ago she slipped away in the shadows but for years she had trained and educated me with one ideal ever before my horizon: ministry to the fisher folk of Sweet Briar Cove. That is why I could not bear to disappoint Sweet Briar Cove this Christmas Eve. I would give my life to render retribution for the wrong my mother did. I have learned to love the fisher folk and I have tried to serve them. But I am afraid I am a poor substitute for my winsome mother."

"You little fool—very little fool," said the hermit, his eyes fixed on the girl. "And in the glow of the firelight she saw that the bitterness was gone from the face of the man, even as the years had slipped away, and again he was at heart a boy, bleated at the girl-Cecile with the eagerness of youth.

"Retribution!" he murmured brokenly. "All the hurt of past years was swallowed up in the magic of the gloamin' last night. In your sweet womanliness and laughter you have created a home of the Hermitage. I am eager again for life on the high seas, but I want ever to think as I plunder strange countries for treasure, of the Hermitage as it is tonight—aglow with firelight and candlelight, and your dear face aglow with love-light, making happiness for the fisher folk, and watching for my ship to sail into the home port of Sweet Briar Cove."

The girl raised her face to meet the impassioned kiss of the hermit. She would not have it otherwise. David Ritchie would sail the high seas, combat danger, court adventure, while she waited for his ship to sail into port, aglow with happiness for his wonder-stories and his caresses—treasures more precious than any hoarded in the sea chests of the attic.

"Little heart," murmured the hermit, tenderly; then, as the stamping of many feet echoed along the snow-drifted porch, and a Christmas Carol rang out in the dialect of the fisher folk, he laughed happily.

"Christmas has come to Sweet Briar Cove."

DOUGLASTOWN

Miss Eva Hardy teacher at the Protestant school in Douglastown leaves in a few days to spend the Christmas holidays at her home in New Richmond. Many regret to hear that Miss Hardy will not return here as she goes to McDonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., to study for her final examination.

Mr. Louis Robin hunter and watchman on the Douglastown river from Haldimand West was in the village of Carmo, Ontario on Monday night recently.

Mrs. Lucien Boulet of Gaspé Basin spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Henry McDonald here recently. On returning home her mother, Mrs. Joan McDonald accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland Jr. of this place are being congratulated upon the arrival of their first born a son, at their home sometime ago.

Much less than the usual amount of full ploughing has been done on account of the very heavy rainfalls and the early frost. Cattle were housed this year earlier than usual on account of the inclemency of the weather. This will have an influence in reducing the year's surplus amount of hay.

Mr. Peterson of Point St. Peter, agent for the W. T. Rawleigh Co., Freeport, Illinois, U. S. A., was a

business visitor here last week.

Mrs. Joseph Kennedy of Haldimand East accompanied her son, Master Joseph Kennedy to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal last week where he will undergo an operation. While in the city Mrs. Kennedy will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Moran.

Many members of the Roman Catholic congregation in Douglastown have heard with regret of the illness of their former bishop Rt. Rev. Joseph Romo Leonard, D. D., of Rimouski, Que., who resigned his charge of that diocese on account of ill health. His Lordship Bishop Leonard who is a native of Carleton, Que., is well known in this part as he made several trips down to Gaspé, his last visit being to attend the enthronement of His Grace Bishop Ross as first bishop of Gaspé.

Mr. Edward J. Trachy, Post Master of Douglastown is building an extension to his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kennedy are being congratulated upon the arrival of their first born a son at their home on Sunday, November 22nd, baptized Joseph Francis Henry, sponsors Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bond.

The end party and box social held on Friday night Dec. 4th in the Holy convent here was a grand success. The handsome of \$192 was raised which will be used to help the convent.

The prize winners were: James H. Morris, James White, Mrs. Christina McArthur, Mr. Archie Maloney, Mr. James Kennedy and Mr. Chrystome Kennedy.

The B. and O. of Buffalo, New York, arrived in Douglastown on Friday night and will spend sometime at his home.

VARIETY OF WHEAT WILL RISE IN 100 DAYS

Production on the Prairies promises to receive a new impetus. It will, perhaps, be given such a new stimulus as was received when Marquis wheat first was developed and made available to the farmers.

Marquis wheat made it possible for the greatest varieties of the world; but now a new kind of wheat is about to occupy the stage. This is Garnet wheat, which, unless the final tests, which are to be made in the course of the next few months, show weakness, not hitherto discovered, is to be made available for seed purposes next spring.

In order that no false hopes should be created, this wheat, after it was written, was submitted to the scientists in charge of the work and was approved by them.

Marquis wheat reduced the period of time between sowing and reaping from 120 to 110 days and brought millions of acres in Western Canada within the wheat belt. Garnet wheat reduced the period to 100 days.

When introduced in his study at the Ottawa Experimental Farm recently, L. H. Newman, Dominion cerealist, declined to make extravagant claims for the new wheat which he has nursed all these years.

"I think that Garnet wheat will be a most useful wheat for certain parts of Western Canada," was all he would say. He added that his greatest difficulty was in restraining the opinion of those who have followed the record of Garnet wheat. Mr. Newman looks at it from a cold and scientific point of view. If Garnet wheat revolutionizes the wheat production of Western Canada, as he admits it is very likely to do, so much the better. Until the revolution is an accomplished fact, however, Mr. Newman is not going to say a word about it.

For some years, the experiments with Garnet wheat have been assuming an ever-increasing importance in the eyes of Mr. Newman. For several seasons, he brought on this new variety in the little experimental soil patches at the Ottawa farm. Then as he noticed its rapid ripening qualities, he decided to push it faster. Seeds were sent out to the various experimental farms and subjected to different climatic conditions. Garnet wheat stood up under all these tests.

In 1925 Garnet wheat was grown on about 100 selected farms in Western Canada, and its record is one which augurs well for the future of the Prairies.

In Southern Alberta, Garnet wheat ripened and was threshed long before the snow and rains came. Marquis and other varieties of wheat grown in the same field is unthreshed. At Morden, Man., Garnet was grown alongside Marquis wheat. At the time the Garnet wheat was ready for the binder, the Marquis had still ten days or more to go, and bore considerable rust, which might easily do it tremendous injury.

ENJOY ELECTRIC HOMES WHILE WE CAN

One has only to look back a very few years to realize how completely the complexion of the electrical situation has changed, says the Electrical News. It seems only yesterday that our chief worry was a surplus of power and how to use it. To-day, generally speaking, the problem is, whose need is the greatest—because somebody must do without.

Of course the retailers to-day are still in feverish competition over the sale of electrical appliances for household use, and we could all wish that this condition may continue until every house is supplied with all the modern labor saving devices. How far and how long can this go on, how-

ever?

It seems best to raise this point in case the general public should get the idea that the condition of electrical luxury in which we are living at the moment, and the frantic rate at which the household use of electrical appliances is increasing, can continue indefinitely. There are two main reasons. The first is that the amount of available power is limited—Julian C. Smith estimates that in twenty-five years everything in the way of water power within reasonable distance will have been harnessed. The other reason that the demands of industry must always take precedence over the demands of the home.

In the main then it is evident that the use of electrical power in the home is only possible in proportion as there is a surplus available after the demands of industry have been supplied.

The urge of the average household who has once tasted the luxury of an electrical home will, doubtless, be sufficient to keep power development well in advance of industrial requirements in order that the required surplus may be assured. However,

the time most evidently arrive when the last available water fall has been brought under control, and from that date onward the encroachment of industry's needs on household needs will be as inevitable and unrelenting as the advance of the ice age. How long a time will really elapse before this encroachment must begin, is, of course almost impossible to estimate at this date; it may be less or more than the twenty-five years estimated by Mr. Smith. There is no reason in refusing to enjoy the summer just because we know that winter is coming. In the same way we are not justified in developing and using our water powers to the full, so that, even if it is temporary, our citizens may have a few years' enjoyment of the ideal home life conditions that can only come through the ample use of electricity.

Let us develop the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and all the other water resources, now, and let us live electrically in our homes in the interval—enjoying life none the less because we realize that it cannot last for ever.

GIPSY LANGUAGE

The language of the Gipsies, many, is said to be Hindoo, dialect derived from Sanskrit. Ethnologists pretty well agree that the Gipsies are descendants of an obscure Hindoo tribe. The popular belief that Gipsies are descendants of the Egyptians has no other basis than the similarity of the two words. The word "Gypsy" as a matter of fact, is from the Bohemian, and means "vagrant." The first Gipsies appeared in England early in the sixteenth century, but were found in eastern Europe at least two centuries earlier. They are now scattered all over the world.

MARRIES SISTER OF LORD BEAVERBROOK

London, Dec. 9.—Lord Beaverbrook's youngest sister, Miss Laura Aitken, was married today to Douglas Ramsey, of Bowland. The wedding ceremony took place in St. Columba's Presbyterian church. There were six bridesmaids, three of them being nieces of the bride. Lord Beaverbrook gave the bride in marriage.

FORGING AHEAD

More and more cod-liver oil is forging ahead as a protector and builder of health. For more than fifty years

Scott's Emulsion

of invigorating cod-liver oil, pleasant to take, has been protecting and helping people of all ages forge ahead in health and strength. Take Scott's Emulsion!

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Big Bargains At Matta's Holiday Sale

This year our holiday offerings are real money-savers... As a result of a slack season we are throwing aside time—honored rules and price-tags as well, and are giving our customers a chance to save on their Xmas Shopping.

These Reductions extend to every line of our big stock of dry goods and wearing apparel. A few examples are given below but in addition to these are many other bargains too numerous to mention.

DON'T DELAY Rush to our store as soon as you see this announcement.

IN MEN'S SUITS

Serge and tweed, all colors Regular \$25.00 to \$30.00
Now \$14.50
DON'T MISS THIS

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Latest Styles and shapes Reg. \$22.00 to \$25.00
Now \$14.50

Men's Flannel Shirts, Reg. \$1.75, now \$1.24
Men's Shirts (fleece-lined), Reg. 1.75, now 1.25
Men's Oxford Pants (all wool), Reg. \$4.50, now 3.49
Men's Horseshoe Moccasins (14 in.), Reg. \$3.50, 2.49
Men's Mackinaw Shirts, Reg. \$3.50, now 2.65
Men's Khaki Pants, Reg. \$3.50, now \$2.49
Men's Woolen Gloves, Reg. \$1.25, now .79
Men's Garters, Reg. .25, now .19
Men's Dress Shirts, Reg. \$1.25 to \$1.50, now .79
Men's Silk Scarves, Reg. \$2.25, now \$1.49
Men's Underwear at very low prices.

LADIES' COATS

Good Materials
In Popular Shades
Reg. \$25.00
Now \$12 to \$15.

LADIES' DRESSES

All Wool Serge
Reg. \$15.00
Now \$7.00

Ladies' Hosiery (all wool) Reg. \$1.25, now 69c
Ladies' Handkerchiefs in Xmas boxes, 25c and 30c
Girls' Flannel Dresses (all sizes) Reg. \$5.00 now \$3.49
Ladies' Skirts, all kinds, Reg. \$5.00, now 2.69
Ladies' Blouses, Reg. \$2.00 now 1.29
Ladies' Bloomers (fleece-lined, Reg. 85c now 64c
Ladies' Silk and Wool Bloomers, Reg. 90c now 59c
Ladies' Corsets, Reg. \$1.75, now \$1.35
Ladies' Sweaters, now going at very low prices.
Ladies' Overshoes (4 buckle) Reg. \$3.75 now \$3.45
Ladies' Brassieres, Reg. 60c, now 39c
Bathrobe, Reg. \$1.00, now 69c
All Wool Serge, 56 in. wide, Reg. \$1.50 now \$1.19
All Wool Serge, 42 in. wide, Reg. \$1.25, now 71c
White Cotton, Reg. 25c, now 17c
Plaid, Reg. 40c, now 28c
Gingham, Reg. 25c now, 19c

Come Early. Avoid the Week-End Rush.

K. Matta

Water St.

Next Stetson Cutler Office Bldg.

"That's a great pie, mother"



How the whole family enjoys mother's wonderful pies! Crisp, crunchy pastry that brings the plates of boys and girls back for more.

And mother's pies are always delicious. With Quaker Flour her recipes always bake the same, for Quaker Flour is always the same.

Quaker Flour is best for all baking purposes. During the milling it is tested hourly to our standard. It is baked every day in our own bake-shop. That is why we can guarantee you absolute satisfaction with a money-back offer.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

MAMA DOLLS FREE



Your Little Girl would like one of these handsome Mama-Dolls for Christmas, and we are sure you would LIKE to GIVE her one.

They are 25 inches high: have Moving Eyes; Natural Hair; Open Mouth, showing Pearly White Teeth; Very Pretty Assorted Dresses; Composition Legs; Patent Leather Shoes and Real Stockings.

They retail ordinarily at \$7.50 each.

Given for Four new Subscriptions to The Graphic at \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or \$2.50 to any address in the U. S.

GET BUSY AT ONCE

The Graphic would make an appropriate Christmas present to absent friends.

THE GRAPHIC LIMITED
Campbellton, N. B.



388

CHRISTMAS Confectionery

Our line of Xmas Candy Nuts and Fruits of all kinds is all you could wish for assuring a splendid variety of Choice.

Smiles'n Chuckles.
In special Xmas Boxes.
Ice Cream Bricks.

Distinctive Gifts of Quality & Charm

Moir's the Peer of Canadian Confectionery—priced from 65c to \$5.00 Other makes of choice, fresh Chocolates in beautiful Gift Boxes.

A FEATURE OF OUR XMAS SERVICE.

Gift Purchases of Chocolates, Cigars, Etc. Will be Suitably Wrapped Ready for delivery. Take advantage of this service. It will give your gifts the desired Christmas effect.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR HOME COOKING.

THE LINMAC

Novelty Dances.

There will be several Novelty Dances at "The Linmac" during Christmas Week. Don't miss these. Full particulars will appear later. Watch for announcements.



Christmas At The Green Lantern

Christmas will be a Happy Occasion at the Green Lantern.

SPECIAL XMAS DINNER

Will be served from 5 to 8 p. m.

This will be a real Old-time Xmas feast—with all the frills—prepared and served in true Green Lantern Style. If you are not Dining at Home, come and make yourself at home here.

\$1.00 PER COVER

Christmas Home Cooking
W. A. ROGERS, PROP.

Order Early
Water St.

To Our Patrons

At this happy Yuletide Season we take this opportunity of extending to our friends and patrons Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Florence Hotel

Philip H. Bagold, Proprietor Campbellton, N. B.

Have You Seen

GUIDRY'S COLLECTION OF XMAS GIFTS?

Do not miss an opportunity of seeing these before completing your Christmas Shopping.

Our stock of footwear is as complete as ever but in addition to our usual stock we have received a special shipment of High Grade Boots, Shoes and Slippers for our Christmas Trade.

Here are a few of the many things which are worthy of your attention.

Snowshoes, Children's **Ladies' Sport Gloves,**
Bob-Skates, Ladies' Sporting **Fancy Bedroom Slippers,**
Boots, Hockey Sticks. **Hand-painted Hosiery in all**
the popular shades.

HOCKEY BOOTS AND SKATES

Make a Very Acceptable Gift.

We carry McPherson Lightning H. ch in Sp. Boots and the widely popular Aut. mobile Skates with every outfit we give free skate sharpening. We also attach and sharpen skates free. Best quality skates and blades at 15c each.

CALL AND SEE THESE GIFTS AND MORE. **Yuletide Shopping.**
ASK US ABOUT OUR NEW PATENT SKATING BOOTS.

J. O. Guidry

Phone 41

House of Hope

Water St.

Good Things For The Xmas Menu

Phone 219 for your Christmas Table requirements.

Turkeys Geese Chickens
Vegetables Beef Pork
Butter

Irvin

Christmas Groceries - Toys Confectionery

Our Stock is Large and First Class in the Above Lines and our Prices are Right.

BUY VERMETTE'S BREAD

CHOICE FRUITS OF ALL KINDS

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!
DOLLS, STOCKINGS, AND ALL MANNER OF GIFTS
FOR THE CHILDREN
DOLLS A SPECIALTY.

George Vermette

Water St.

Campbellton

A Wealth of Christmas Eatables

You will find our showing of Xmas Dainties More Attractive than ever this year. Our stock is all carefully selected and very moderately priced.

TURKEYS, GLESE AND CHICKENS
All Drawn

PASCALL'S CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.
RAISINS, DATES, FIGS, NUTS AND XMAS CANDY
CELERY, LETTUCE AND CHOICE FRESH FRUITS

Evergreens and Holly Wreaths
Fancy Christmas Groceries of All Kinds.

Subway Grocery

Phone 136

For The Christmas Trade

As usual you will find our store full of attractive offerings at the Christmas Season. Put our Store on your Xmas Shopping List.

TURKEYS, GEESE AND CHICKENS
All Drawn.

Nuts and Confectionery of All Kinds, Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Raisins and Innumerable other dainties for the Christmas Table.

Fresh Beef and Pork at attractive prices—fresh vegetables. With every \$1.00 purchase we are giving a Free Ticket to the Opera House.

Joseph Duncan

Phone 231

General Merchant

Phone 231

Please shop early. You can depend on better service in the morning.
Our Store will be open every evening during Xmas week—beginning Monday, December 21st.
Phone 511—Grocery Department.
Phone 512—Ladies Outfitters.

Geo. G. McKenzie Co., Ltd.

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We can truthfully say that never before have we been able to get together such a large and beautiful assortment of goods suitable for Holiday shopping. The magnificent fur coats, the latest styles in neck pieces, the most popular and desirable of all the season's offerings are now on display. We feel that the holiday season is the best time to buy.

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574.50, 575.00, 575.50, 576.00, 576.50, 577.00, 577.50, 578.00, 578.50, 579.00, 579.50, 580.00, 580.50, 581.00, 581.50, 582.00, 582.50, 583.00, 583.50, 584.00, 584.50, 585.00, 585.50, 586.00, 586.50, 587.00, 587.50, 588.00, 588.50, 589.00, 589.50, 590.00, 590.50, 591.00, 591.50, 592.00, 592.50, 593.00, 593.50, 594.00, 594.50, 595.00, 595.50, 596.00, 596.50, 597.00, 597.50, 598.00, 598.50, 599.00, 599.50, 600.00, 600.50, 601.00, 601.50, 602.00, 602.50, 603.00, 603.50, 604.00, 604.50, 605.00, 605.50, 606.00, 606.50, 607.00, 607.50, 608.00, 608.50, 609.00, 609.50, 610.00, 610.50, 611.00, 611.50, 612.00, 612.50, 613.00, 613.50, 614.00, 614.50, 615.00, 615.50, 616.00, 616.50, 617.00, 617.50, 618.00, 618.50, 619.00, 619.50, 620.00, 620.50, 621.00, 621.50, 622.00, 622.50, 623.00, 623.50, 624.00, 624.50, 625.00, 625.50, 626.00, 626.50, 627.00, 627.50, 628.00, 628.50, 629.00, 629.50, 630.00, 630.50, 631.00, 631.50, 632.00, 632.50, 633.00, 633.50, 634.00, 634.50, 635.00, 635.50, 636.00, 636.50, 637.00, 637.50, 638.00, 638.50, 639.00, 639.50, 640.00, 640.50, 641.00, 641.50, 642.00, 642.50, 643.00, 643.50, 644.00, 644.50, 645.00, 645.50, 646.00, 646.50, 647.00, 647.50, 648.00, 648.50, 649.00, 649.50, 650.00, 650.50, 651.00, 651.50, 652.00, 652.50, 653.00, 653.50, 654.00, 654.50, 655.00, 655.50, 656.00, 656.50, 657.00, 657.50, 658.00, 658.50, 659.00, 659.50, 660.00, 660.50, 661.00, 661.50, 662.00, 662.50, 663.00, 663.50, 664.00, 664.50, 665.00, 665.50, 666.00, 666.50, 667.00, 667.50, 668.00, 668.50, 669.00, 669.50, 670.00, 670.50, 671.00, 671.50, 672.00, 672.50, 673.00, 673.50, 674.00, 674.50, 675.00, 675.50, 676.00, 676.50, 677.00, 677.50, 678.00, 678.50, 679.00, 679.50, 680.00, 680.50, 681.00, 681.50, 682.00, 682.50, 683.00, 683.50, 684.00, 684.50, 685.00, 685.50, 686.00, 686.50, 687.00, 687.50, 688.00, 688.50, 689.00, 689.50, 690.00, 690.50, 691.00, 691.50, 692.00, 692.50, 693.00, 693.50, 694.00, 694.50, 695.00, 695.50, 696.00, 696.50, 697.00, 697.50, 698.00, 698.50, 699.00, 699.50, 700.00, 700.50, 701.00, 701.50, 702.00, 702.50, 703.00, 703.50, 704.00, 704.50, 705.00, 705.50, 706.00, 706.50, 707.00, 707.50, 708.00, 708.50, 709.00, 709.50, 710.00, 710.50, 711.00, 711.50, 712.00, 712.50, 713.00, 713.50, 714.00, 714.50, 715.00, 715.50, 716.00, 716.50, 717.00, 717.50, 718.00, 718.50, 719.00, 719.50, 720.00, 720.50, 721.00, 721.50, 722.00, 722.50, 723.00, 723.50, 724.00, 724.50, 725.00, 725.50, 726.00, 726.50, 727.00, 727.50, 728.00, 728.50, 729.00, 729.50, 730.00, 730.50, 731.00, 731.50, 732.00, 732.50, 733.00, 733.50, 734.00, 734.50, 735.00, 735.50, 736.00, 736.50, 737.00, 737.50, 738.00, 7