

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KREAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Commissioners' Notice Estate of Lydia E. Loomis

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, COMMISSIONERS, to receive, examine, and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Lydia E. Loomis late of Albany, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid at the store of R. M. Cowles in the village of Albany, in said District, on the 25th day of September and 2nd day of February next, from 10 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m. on each of said days, and that any person claiming to be a creditor of said estate is to present his claim for examination and allowance. Dated at Albany, Vt., this 24th day of September, A. D. 1915.

J. A. BROWN, E. A. BASHAW, Commissioners.

Estate of Rosetta S. Stark STATE OF VERMONT

District of Orleans ss. The honorable Probate Court for the district of Orleans, to all persons interested in the estate of Rosetta S. Stark late of Glover in said district, deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Newport within and for said District on the 10th day of September 1915 an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Rosetta S. Stark late of Glover in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for Probate. And it is ordered by said Court that the 8th day of October 1915 at F. W. Hallwin's office in Barton at 2 o'clock p. m. be assigned in said district for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will if you have cause. Given under my hand at Newport in said district, this 10th day of September 1915.

BACKACHE IS A WARNING.

Barton People Should Not Neglect Their Kidneys.

Backache is often nature's most frequent signal of weakened kidneys. To cure the pains and aches, to remove the lameness when it arises from weakened kidneys, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. If you have pain through the small of your back, urinary disorders, headaches, dizzy spells or are nervous and depressed, start treating the kidneys with a tested kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been proved good and are especially for weak kidneys. Doan's have been used in kidney trouble for over 50 years. Read Barton testimony.

A. E. Tripp, Main street, Barton, says: "I was annoyed by backache and my kidneys did not do their work as they should. Whenever I have had these troubles, I have taken a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills and have had relief at once. Another of my family has also taken this medicine and has been relieved."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Tripp had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Old Newspapers

5 cents

Large Bunch

WEAR HUB RUBBERS

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

On a Dark, Wintry Morning Warren Gets Up in a Surly, Irritable Mood

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Warren yawned, raised himself on his elbow, and stared at the small nickel clock that was half hidden by the thermo bottle.



Mabel H. Urner.

"Then why the devil do you put things so I can't see the clock?" settling down for another five minutes. "Hope you had enough air last night—this room's cold as Greenland."

Helen, who always got up and closed the windows, now with shivering reluctance slid out of bed. In her haste a fluttering curtain caught in the sash, and the icy wind blew mercilessly through her thin nightgown as she tried to free it. Then she stooped to turn on the heat, and then, chilled through, crept back into bed.

"No, you don't!" growled Warren. "Warm up on your own side."

A sound of water gurgling in the radiator, then a loud vicious thump. More gurgling, and more thumps.

"You didn't turn it on full—that's what makes that blasted noise!"

"I turned it on as far as it would go," dreading to get up again.

In the gray light of the winter morning, the room was dim and cheerless. Helen's head ached dully, and a feeling of utter dejection made her long to sink back into the oblivion of sleep.

The dining room clock struck the half-hour. "I tell you, we've got to get to bed earlier," with a vicious jerk Warren threw back the bedclothes. "Tonight I'm going to turn in right after dinner."

This was one of Warren's stock resolutions. Yet even if they spent the evening at home he would always read until twelve.

"Oh, be careful of that broken glass!" warned Helen, as he lurched out of bed.

Thrusting his feet into his slippers, he slammed into the bathroom.

Helen still lay huddled in bed. Getting up was always hard, but getting up this dark, frosty morning was excruciating. Her whole body shrank from leaving the sheltering warmth of the bedclothes. As a rule she got up when Warren did, but sometimes she allowed herself the few extra moments until he stropped his razor. That was her ultimatum.

Zip-smish! The first stroke on the razor strop! With a heroic effort, Helen forced herself out of bed and ran into her room.

For a moment she crouched over the radiator. Then, turning on the light by her dresser, with numb fingers she thrust up her hair. By this time Warren was out of the bathroom.

As Helen went in the drenched shower-sheet was an accusing reminder. Warren's cold morning shower had always seemed a form of torture until she read of the "youth-preserving" virtues of the cold spray, and resolved to form the habit. For three mornings she had forced herself under the icy stream; then her courage had failed.

"Come here and look at this shirt!" called Warren angrily.

"In just a minute," gulping down a glass of water, an "internal morning bath" that Helen never omitted.

"You're to send nothing more to that laundry—understand?" throwing down his brushes, his hair sleek from the vigorous grooming.

Helen examined the torn neckband of the shirt on the bed.

"I can mend that, dear, so it'll not show."

"Yes; you fixed that plaited one, and my neck's raw yet. Call up that other laundry—the one we had last year."

"With a conciliatory "All right, dear," Helen hurried back to her room. She finished dressing, then threw up the window, leaned out, and drew in ten long, deep breaths of the frosty air—another morning health-giving habit that Helen never neglected.

When she came into the dining room, Warren was at the table glancing over the war news. The deep, frowning lines between his eyes were the danger signals of a fault-finding and querulous mood.

The next half hour, until he left for the office, Helen knew would be a trying one. She must say nothing to irritate him, or he would go off in a temper that she would worry over for the rest of the day.

"See here, if it takes you so infernally long—why don't you get up in time?"

"I'm going to, dear. Hereafter, I'm

going to get up and take a shower before you do."

"Huh!" contemptuously, "I'll believe that when I see it."

He ate his grapefruit in grumpy silence, the paper propped up before him. His cereal he pushed away with an irascible, "What's the matter with that cream? Looks like it's blue!"

"He didn't leave nothin' but milk this mornin', sir. That's the top of the bottle," volunteered Emma, as she came in with the bacon and eggs.

Helen poured the coffee and served Warren with two eggs and three pieces of bacon, and herself with one egg and two pieces of bacon.

"Why in thunder can't I ever get that burnt the way I want it? This stuff's hot to a crisp," rapping it with his fork.

"Dear, she does cook yours less. That doesn't look very well done."

"You mean that's the way you want it—burnt to a shrivel. How much nourishment do you think's in that? If I didn't get a good square lunch—I'd not go far on this breakfast."

"Why, dear, you know I want you to have everything just as you want it."

"Huh, I know that bluff. You take mighty good care to have things your way. You want your bacon like dried chips, and your boiled eggs hard as bullets—so I've got to stand for the same kind of fodder."

Helen did not try to meet this tirade with argument. Instead she rang for the maid.

"Emma," as the girl came to the door, "after this don't cook any of the bacon so much. I'll take mine the same as Mr. Curtis. Cut it thicker and don't crisp it."

But even this effort at conciliation Warren ignored. Having gulped down his second cup of coffee, he took up his paper, pushed back his chair, and strode out into the hall.

For a moment Helen's hurt resentment kept her from running after him. He was getting into his overcoat. She heard the rattle of his cane as he took it from the rack—then the opening of the hall door.

"Warren!" She darted after him—but the door had closed.

Even then she felt he would come back to kiss her good-by, with an ironical, "Thought I'd gone, eh?"

The seconds passed. She opened the door. He was not standing before the elevator. The hall was empty.

"Shall I put this cloth in the wash, ma'am—or will it do for lunch?" as Helen, heart sick, passed the dining room.

"Yes—oh, no, it doesn't matter," running to the front room window.

A delivery boy with a basket, a couple of girls hurrying to work, a shuffling old man in a wind-whipped, threadbare coat—except for these the street was empty. Warren had already turned the corner.

It was foolish to feel so wretched, she told herself with passionate reassurance. She had done nothing to irritate him. It was not her fault. She must not let this spoil her day.

But Helen had the feminine trait of magnifying the thing that distressed her by the simple process of brooding.

By noon she had visions of Warren leaving her altogether, and of herself facing a loveless and destitute old age. The impulse to "do something" to avert these threatening calamities was irresistible. She could no longer keep away from the phone. She must call him up before he went to lunch.

His stenographer answered. "Yes, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Curtis is right here. Just a moment!"

"Hello!" It was Warren's voice, curt and hurried.

"Oh, dear, I couldn't help calling you up," quiveringly. "I—I'm awfully sorry about that bacon."

"Eh, what's that?"

"I—I'm so sorry about the bacon."

"Talk up, I can't hear you," impatiently. "Wait a minute, Miss Middleton, to his stenographer, who was evidently typing. "Now, what is it?"

Something in the curt, matter-of-factness of his voice helped restore Helen's sense of proportion.

"Oh, I—I," floundering desperately for something to say, "I can't find the name of the laundry. I thought maybe you'd have it down there."

"Oh," in impatient disgust, "I can't bother about that now. Colonial—Cumberland, some such name. Look it up in the book. By the way, I met Stevens in the subway; they want us to come to dinner Thursday. See if I've got a clean white waistcoat."

Helen turned from the phone with a hysterical desire to laugh. Would she never learn? It was always like this—she was always anguishing over something to which Warren had not given a thought.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

The Wheelock association now composed of Free Baptist and Baptist churches in the Danville Baptist association is to convene at Sutton October 19-21. This takes the churches in both associations in Caledonia and Orleans counties except the church at Groton.

A memorial free bed fund at St. Johnsbury now amounts to \$3,028.33. This must be greatly increased before the income will be adequate to meet the demands for aid. At least \$5,000 will be required to have the income sufficient to warrant Brightlook hospital management in establishing a free bed.

G. P. Greenslade of Lyndonville has going to get up and take a shower before you do."

Burke Has Much Late Fruit.

Though killing frosts have been reported in nearly every town in the northern tier of counties in Vermont, the town of Burke comes forward with the claim to being the banner locality for small fruit raising in the state, so far as late crops are concerned. Monday afternoon Mrs. Henry Duval picked a pint of ripe field strawberries and found many green berries and also many blossoms. Ripe raspberries have been found in several Caledonia county towns during the past fortnight and in Wheelock there are several apple trees in bloom in an apple orchard. A hunter, returning from the unincorporated town of Ferdinand in Essex county, reports that he found a number of specimens of trailing arbutus in full bloom. A bowl of fresh, ripe raspberries, grown on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Olin H. Pratt of North Sherburne, bore testimony Monday to the peculiar weather of the past season. The berries are of the cultivated variety, of excellent size, color and flavor. A parently present possibilities in the line of late garden raspberries that are worth looking into.

WEST BURKE

Olin Angell was at home over Sunday.

O. C. Spencer is very ill with heart trouble.

Mrs. Jennie Craig was in Lyndonville Tuesday.

Burleigh Pratt of Concord, Mass., was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Frasier visited in Newport last week.

Miss Verna Aldrich is working at W. M. Stoddard's for a while.

Bert Dean of Rochester N. H., has been visiting at G. M. Dean's.

Mrs. Luther Murray has been spending the past week in Littleton, N. H.

Mrs. O. L. Worthen spent several days in Ayers Cliff, P. Q., last week.

Mrs. Mary Smith, who has been quite ill for the past two weeks, is much better.

Mrs. Mary Bailey, who has been quite ill for the past two weeks, is much better.

Mrs. A. L. Burns, F. D. Burns of Newport and Miss Florence Burns of Boston visited in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Chappell have been visiting relatives in Newport, N. H., making the trip by auto.

The president of the W. R. C., desires every member to be present at regular meeting Saturday, Oct. 2.

Dr. and Mrs. Lumpkin and Frank Woodruff, who have been spending the past two months at C. O. Woodruff's have returned to their home in Meridian, Texas.

The Seavers have leased Pisgah Lodge for five years, and will have an auto next season with which to meet guests. The house will be kept open this year until Oct. 15th.

The Woman's club met with Mrs. C. H. Colby Saturday afternoon. An interesting paper was read by Mrs. Effie Solomon, and the roll call was answered by quotations from American statesmen.

Mrs. Lorinda Marshall, who has been with her son during the summer, has decided to remain with him permanently, and her goods were taken to Hardwick last week. We are sorry to lose Mrs. Marshall, who has been a resident of West Burke for many years.

Albert Hall has left the Ruggles store, where he has been clerk so long, and we understand that Dale Sleeper will take his place. Mr. Hall is one of the young men we do not like to lose, and the best wishes of his many friends here will go with him wherever he decides to locate.

Ruby Ash is very poorly with little hope of recovery.

Helen Roberts has been on the sick list the past week.

Mr. Lyon of Glover has moved into Silas Gray's house.

Alice Davis goes to Boston this week to visit her mother.

Howard Dopp was badly hurt at the ball game Wednesday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brown recently.

Nellie McFarland of Sutton is visiting her brother, Clarence Ash.

Archie Fitzpatrick and family have moved to their new home in Kirby.

Charles Chesley exhibited 18 varieties of apples at the fair Wednesday.

Lute Chesley has moved onto the Jack Drown place recently purchased.

Mrs. Snelling slipped and hurt her hip at the Grange hall, but is better now.

Mrs. Lorain Mansey of St. Johnsbury visited at William Simpson's last week.

W. A. Bishop will hold a meeting in the Upper Nation schoolhouse Thursday evening of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Harley Chappell of West Burke are visiting friends in Newport, N. H., this week, going by auto.

The Grange fair passed off very pleasantly last week, and was a success. The exhibits were very good and the music by the Glover Cornet band was much enjoyed.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Arthur Curtis has been working at Myron Ham's.

Avery R. Curtis has finished work for Oscar Bundy.

Thursday evening the young people enjoyed games about a campfire opposite the schoolhouse.

Miss Belle Fairbanks has gone to Greensboro, where she has employment in the home of George C. King.

Friday evening about thirty gathered at the home of Raymond Miles to remind him that he had passed the nineteenth milestone. Games, cake and coffee filled the evening.

The new officers of the Dramatic club are: President, Raymond Miles; vice-president, Louise Fairbanks; secretary, Charlotte McFarlin; treasurer, Ray Grey. Three new members were voted in at the last business meeting.

SUTTON SUMMIT

Little Effie Gray, who was recently injured by being thrown from a horse and was taken to Brightlook hospital, St. Johnsbury, for treatment, suffered the amputation of the arm Monday. She is gaining.

Very Much Critical. Frost—Critically ill, is he? Snow—Yes, critical of everything and everybody.—Harper's Bazar.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE. A voice resounds like thunder peal, Mid clashing waves and clang of steel; "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards today my stream divine?"

Chorus. Dear fatherland, no danger thine; Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong; Quick to avenge their country's wrong. With filial love their bosoms swell, They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race From heaven look down and meet their gaze. They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine, Be German as this breast of mine!"

"While flows one drop of German blood, Or sword remains to guard thy flood, While rifle rests in patriot hand—No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!"

"Our oath resounds, the river flows, In golden light our banner glows; Our hearts will guard thy stream divine— The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!"



MRS. C. L. HUTCHINS Davis Block Barton, Vt.

Tel. 56-3

Now IS the Time

To place your order for Telephone Service and get your name in the new Directory which goes to press in October.

The Passumpsic Telephone Company now has over 5400 Stations in Caledonia, Essex and Orleans Counties and through its connection with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, offers service with 560,000 telephone stations in New England.

With a BELL TELEPHONE you may call anyone anywhere anytime

Passumpsic Telephone Co. C. A. BROWN, General Manager NEWPORT, VERMONT

Take the MONITOR

Our terms are strictly in advance. When your time is up the paper stops

A Real Cooking Wonder!

Crawford Ranges

have more improvements than all others combined. The "Single Damper" (patented) does with one motion what, in other ranges, requires moving two dampers, and does it better.

The deep Ash Hod in the base—with Coal Hod beside it —(patented) is better than the old clumsy Ash Pan. Easy to remove and carry — doesn't spill the ashes.



Crawford Ovens bake best;—no "scorching spots" or "cold corners"

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