

THE THREE CRAFTSBURYS

CRAFTSBURY

John Ryan is building a new barn. Mrs. Ella Howard returned from Boston Friday. John Allen is putting an addition onto his barn. Blanche Robbins is the new central telephone girl. Harry Mackender lost a valuable horse Wednesday. Henry Smith, who has been ill since Friday, is improving. Mrs. John Allen spent a few days in Morrisville last week. Harry Mackender and C. J. Brewster each have new cars. Mary Spaulding left Tuesday to visit her brother, in Franklin, Mass. May Coomer of South Albany is working for Mrs. E. N. Nelson. Mrs. E. N. Nelson was a business visitor in St. Johnsbury Thursday. A. P. Wakefield of Hardwick was a business visitor in town Wednesday. Jane Harvey of South Albany was a guest of Mrs. Mary Reed Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Cowles attended the funeral of their nephew May 9th. Buy from Miles' auto fruit and tea truck, and save money. Fresh eggs bought. Mrs. J. E. Davison was called to Barton Sunday by the illness of her son, Alden Twiss. Clifford Bartlett has bought the farm known as the Frank Grimes farm, immediate possession given. The Epworth League held a very interesting Mothers' day service in the M. E. vestry Sunday evening. Mrs. Emily Williams returned from Hardwick Monday where she has been caring for her daughter a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kinney and daughters of Orleans were Sunday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Kinney. "A Girl in a Thousand," a four-act drama will be given to the public by the Ladies Aid society at the town hall Monday evening, May 29. Mrs. Robert Calderwood left the first of this week and will visit her daughter in Stannard a few days, then will go to Nashua to visit a daughter and grandchildren, where she will remain some weeks.

NORTH CRAFTSBURY

Mrs. G. L. Wheeler is very ill.

PREPARE THE YEAR IS BIG WITH OPPORTUNITIES ATTEND THE ALBANY BUSINESS COLLEGE SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Lee Cowles is home from Bridgeport, Conn. H. R. Cowles from Lyndonville was home over Sunday. R. N. Tomlinson of Bridgeport, Conn., is visiting at Mrs. Sadie Cowles's. Mrs. Fida Chasse has gone to Hardwick to work for Mrs. R. Gallagher. Dr. Flagg gave a very interesting sermon Mother's Sunday to over 100 listeners. Mr. Perkins, who has been wiring here for lights, has returned to St. Johnsbury. Mrs. Denio has gone to Greensboro to stay with her sister, Mrs. Bailey, for a while. Mr. and Mrs. James McCaffrey of Irasburg were guests at M. B. Johnson's recently. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen and two children visited their mother, Mrs. Witt, Sunday. George H. Chasse has gone to the home of his grandfather to stay until the close of school. In the ball game Saturday between our boys and Hyde Park the North Craftsbury boys were badly beaten. Mr. Gage of St. Johnsbury was in town the first of the week in the interests of the electric lights. Dr. Flagg, N. B. Williams and E. T. Wheeler were in Wolcott Sunday to attend the funeral of Alfred Wilkins, an old resident 93 years old. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Pike, Mrs. Abbie Keeler, Mrs. Craig Cole and Allen Pike were in Cabot Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Kenniston.

EAST CRAFTSBURY E. A. Dutton and family now whiz by in a new Oakland motor car. Miss Ruth Hejager came home from Orleans Friday for the week-end. Miss Mary Simpson of Morrisville spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother. Miss Mary Wylie of Glover is the new housemaid at Mrs. Mary E. Wylie's. Guy Edgely and family have moved into the house recently vacated by John Griffith. The Jr. C. E. society will give a social and ice cream sale on Friday evening, May 26th. Miss Carr of Johnson normal school spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. William Mabon. The new electric light poles were planted in the village this week, but the shine is moonshine yet. Mrs. Mary E. Wylie has returned and opened her home after spending the winter in Cleveland and Boston. The Jr. C. E. society united with the senior society Sunday evening for the first time. The Juniors gave a good account of themselves. Mrs. Marion Denio of North Craftsbury is now at the home of her sister, Mrs. Herbert Bailey, while recovering from her recent serious illness.

COVENTRY Austin Mongeon is ill again with the grip. Herbert Wilson has purchased a new auto. P. L. Metcalf and family spent Sunday in Barton. John Wells has purchased a new Studebaker auto. Mrs. L. W. Drake is visiting her parents in Newport Center. Mrs. William Stevens and Mrs. L. Lathé have been ill the past week. Mrs. H. A. McMurphy fell and injured herself quite severely last week. Mrs. Emma Kneeland visited her mother, Mrs. Jane Hermon, last week. Justin Woodcock and his mother are moving into Mrs. Esther Hancock's house. Mrs. L. M. Thurber has gone to East Burke and St. Johnsbury to visit friends. C. S. Boynton has so far recovered as to be able to come down street Monday. Miss Mabel Ware went to Newport Monday night to assist in caring for Mr. Patterson. Miss A. R. Kidder, who has spent the winter at H. C. Cleveland's, is back in her own home again. On account of the quarantine in Orleans, Misses Ruth Shippee and Lucy Hancock, have not returned to their school. Dr. Frank Farmer of St. Johnsbury was called last week in council with Dr. P. C. Templeton in the case of W. E. Niles. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kidder of Sunderland, Mass., and Will Kidder of Irasburg visited at Mrs. A. J. Hancock's Thursday. Mother's day was observed with special services in both churches Sunday. The churches were prettily decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. Miss Bell, a returned missionary from Africa, visited at Rev. C. C. Claris's last week and gave an interesting address on her work in Africa at the social held in the Congregational church Friday evening. The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held with Mrs. C. C. Claris May 2d. The meeting was opened with the usual devotional exercises led by the president, followed by the reports of officers and superintendents. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. C. C. Claris; 1st vice president, Mrs. L. E. Taylor; 2d vice president, Mrs. Ida Niles; 3d vice president, Mrs. Vinnie Elliott; secretary, Mrs. Clara Morrill; treasurer, Mrs. Ida Orne; superintendents—rescue home, Mrs. Mabel Fairbrother; flower mission, Mrs. Myra Wells; press and literature, Mrs. Ida Niles; Sunday school, Mrs. Ida Orne; campaigners, Mrs. Alice Shippee; program committee, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Corrow, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Ida Niles.

The following books have been presented to the Riley E. Wright Public Library: "Graustark," presented by Mrs. E. P. Burt; "Treasure Island," "Ben Hur" and "Thelma," by W. R. Shippee; "The Burning Prairie," and two other books by Mrs. E. H. Hancock; "Green Mountain Boys" and "Lords of the Soil," by E. L. Batchelder; "Life of U. S. Grant," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," "Hector's Inheritance," "Life Among the Flowers," "The Man from Glangarry," "Donovan," "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "The Deerings of Medbury," and "Eben Holden" by J. P. Wheelock; "Anne of Green Gables," "Penrod," "Lin McLean," "The Fifth String," "Angela's Business," and "The Virginian," by A. D. Thurber. Does anyone else wish to help the good cause? Either books or magazines will be acceptable. Hon. Riley E. Wright has sent copies of the National Geographical magazine and E. L. Batchelder will contribute the Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post and The Country Gentleman.

EVANSVILLE Ed. Aldrich is repairing his barns. H. Dunham is having rheumatism quite badly. D. Gallup has gone to work for the Pike company. B. R. Bement has moved into the Edmond Davis house. Mrs. Elden Laclair visited friends at Willoughby last week. Louis LaRock has bought the Going farm of Mr. Hanson of Barton. Vern Miles has the job of drawing the stone from the Pike quarry to the factory. Mrs. D. H. Randall is home from Massachusetts where she has been visiting her husband. There will be a dance and pictures at M. W. A. hall Friday evening. All are cordially invited to attend. Good music in attendance. The reception given Friday evening to Rev. David Hickland and family was well attended. A pleasing program consisting of readings and songs was given. Refreshments of cake and coffee were served and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

WESTMORE Mrs. A. L. Peene was in Westmore recently. Miss Clara LaClair has come to J. W. Hyde's to work this summer. Buy from Miles' auto fruit and tea truck, and save money. Fresh eggs bought. Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood of Brownington visited their daughter, Mrs. Fred Tatro Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Ross and two children of St. Johnsbury spent the week-end in town. Mrs. Wilbur Rand was called to Morrisville recently to help care for Mr. Rand's mother, who is ill. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marshall of St. Johnsbury were in town Sunday and Mrs. Marshall is spending the week with her father, M. E. Calkins.

WILLOUGHBY H. B. Orcutt has finished work at the Summit. E. O. Gray was home from Island Pond Sunday. E. C. Drown made several trips last week buying pulp. W. T. Brooks is building a camp at "Little Fish Pond." Mrs. Ames spent the week-end with her mother in Boston. George L. Duke of Lyndon recently visited at E. C. Drown's. W. T. Brooks has finished painting and papering the lower rooms in his house.

MORGAN CENTER Miss Gladys Orne visited her home in Westmore over Sunday. D. W. Scribner was a business visitor in Newport and Manssionville Saturday. Mrs. Bell Peters has finished work at D. A. Elliott's and gone to Morrisville. Mrs. Grace Caswell was here from West Charleston Sunday, accompanied by Miss Elsie Calkins. Mrs. Coulette and children, who have been stopping at C. J. Barnes's, have returned to Island Pond. Mrs. J. A. Calkins and son, Willard, were called to Center Harbor, N. H., by the death of Mrs. Calkins's mother, last week.

MEMORIAL DAY Gather the garlands rare today, Snow-white roses and roses red; Gather the fairest flowers of May, Heap them upon the heaps of clay, Gladden the graves of the noble dead. This day the friends of the soldiers keep, And they will keep it through all the years, To the silent city where soldiers sleep Will come with flowers, to watch and weep And water the garlands with their tears. —Cy Warman.

THOUGHTS ON MEMORIAL DAY DECORATION day, day of flags, and flowers, and green, grass-covered graves. Decoration day, the time of sobs and tears, of prayers, and memories, and smiles. Decoration day! It comes only once a year, this brave holiday, on the boundary line between May and June, spring and summer-time. Schools give a holiday and banks close. Business is shut up, and the tired workman hangs a flag out over his porch, and rests. Old soldiers, tottering on canes, soldiers bent and white-headed, waiting for the last "taps" to be sounded, get out their suits of blue and gray, covered with tarnished gold lace and brass buttons, and hobble to the cemetery to lay a wreath on some comrade's last resting place. It is a beautiful thing to think of a nation celebrating a day—setting it apart from all others—for the purpose of honoring the nation's heroes. I was sitting in a trolley car when a lady entered—a woman no longer very young, with a pale, sorrowful face. She wore expensive black, and her two carefully gloved hands held a huge dewy mass of roses. Like an oasis in a desert they filled the dusty city air with sweetness and color. In a little while a small newsboy dragged himself up the step and presented a grimy transfer to the conductor. "I found it," he confided loudly to a man seated near the door. Then he tramped down the aisle, and climbed up on the seat next to the lady. "Them flowers are swell," he told her in a soft, wondering tone of voice. "I never saw any like 'em before." Reverently he touched the nearest blossom with moist, grimy fingers. The lady moved down on the seat, putting several feet of space between herself and the small intruder. "Don't touch them!" she ordered crossly. Several blocks farther on she got out, her arms full of her fragrant burden. With halting footsteps and tear-filled eyes, she turned in at a great marble-columned cemetery gate. She was taking her roses to lay on the grave of some loved dead one. I was sorry for the woman; but I could not help thinking of the little newsboy. He was very much alive, and a single flower would have meant paradise to him. I know a girl who had a very dear friend—a friend who meant more to her than I could possibly put into words. One day, the friend died and

left her plunged in grief. A year after, the dead girl's birthday came around, and the day before the anniversary I happened to meet my friend on the street. We went to tea together. I did not speak to the absent one, but suddenly, as we sat quietly gazing out of the window, the girl began to talk. "Margaret," she said, "something has been bothering me. I want to ask you if I'm doing right." "Perhaps I won't help any. I'm not so good at advice—but go on." "You see, it's this way," she told me. "Tomorrow is Alice's birthday—the first birthday when we haven't been together for ten years. I had earned five dollars—it seemed more personal that way—and I was going to buy flowers for her grave. I was just on my way to the florist to order them when I met a woman I know—a woman who used to wash for us. Margaret, you should have seen her. Her eyes were large and black and her cheeks were perfectly hollow. I asked her what was the matter, and she said she was hungry. Hungry? She was starving! And so were the three children that belonged to her! Well, I told her that I would find some work for her today, and then I gave her all the money I had. It was only after she had left me that I remembered Alice's flowers—I can't get them now. Do you think that she'll mind—very much?" "Mind?" I gaped blindly for words. "Mind?" Of course not! She would be glad and thankful if she only knew." "Do you think so too, friends of mine?" One day this week I felt rather blue and unhappy. It was a dark, gloomy day, with a biting wind coming around the bleak corners and a heavy rain that fell drenchingly to the ground—a steady downpour of big splashing drops. Somehow the world inside my office seemed very lonely and gray. I had a headache, my work had been going badly and I was rather discouraged. When the mail came in—a big package of letters to be opened—I was not much cheered. But my special guardian angel was on duty that day. When I cut the first envelope, I found a plain little letter, written in pencil on cheap paper, by an unknown lady, old enough to be my grandmother. But the words, lightly written in an old-fashioned hand, fell across my heart like a ray of golden sunshine, through the grayness of the rain. "Dear Friend," read the letter, "I have been seeing your pieces in the Christian Herald for some time, and I made up my mind to write to you. Some people believe in keeping their kind words and their flowers and their love until a person is dead. But I don't. I want you to know, right now, that you've cheered me up lots of times, and that I like your stories and that I like you." Now, I don't want you to think that I am disapproving of Decoration day. The world is stupid enough and matter-of-fact enough to forget easily the heroes who lie in our cemeteries. But we should consider the living, too. Let us place roses over the little green mounds, but don't let us overlook the pleading child-hands that are stretched out for their sweetness. While we honor the memory of those beautiful spirits that have passed from us, let us not forget the living, breathing souls that need our help. It is not necessary to save all the flowers, the kind words and the kisses until lips and hearts and minds are cold and dead.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.

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Testimony from Oklahoma. Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ailing women because it has done so much for me."—Mrs. A. L. McCASLAND, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman. Roxbury, Mass.—"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it."—Mrs. B. M. OSGOOD, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass. 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.

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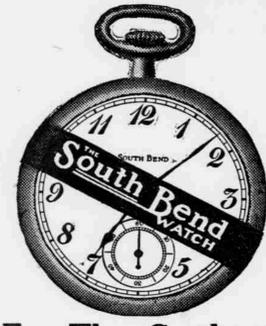
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