

Mrs. A. M. Vercoe Opposite Post Office

EARLY FALL MILLINERY

Just Received Correct Dressers want Smart Hats. Yours is here waiting for you. We have just the Hat you want at the Price you want to pay.

Mrs. A. M. Vercoe

A Bit of Advice

First—Don't Delay. Second—Don't Experiment.

If you suffer from backache; headaches or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. In such cases the kidneys often need help.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney trouble. They are recommended by thousands. Can Barton residents desire more convincing proof of their effectiveness than the statement of a Barton citizen who has used them and willingly testified to their worth?

M. J. Smith, Marble dealer, Church St., Barton, says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good kidney medicine and worthy of endorsement. I have taken them for a lame and aching back and pains through my kidneys, and have had the best of results. I don't think that I could give Doan's Kidney Pills too much praise."

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

Estate of Charles C. Gillis

STATE OF VERMONT District of Orleans, ss. The Honorable Probate Court, for the said District.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles C. Gillis, now compos, of Barton in said District.

WHEREAS, application in writing hath been made to this Court by the guardian of said Charles C. Gillis for license to sell the real estate of said ward situated in Coventry in said District, to wit: an undivided one-fourth interest in a farm occupied by Fred A. Joslyn, and subject to a land contract in favor of the said Fred A. Joslyn, being the same land and premises described in said ward, Florence E. Gillis, William T. Gillis and Ida L. Foster, by said Probate Court on the 9th day of September 1915 from the estate of David Gillis, late of said Barton, deceased, and including certain springs of water conveyed to said deceased, by J. M. Wyman on June 25, 1902, representing that the sale thereof for the purpose of putting the proceeds of such sale to interest, or investing the same in stocks or other real estate, or using the avails thereof for the benefit of said ward as the law directs would be beneficial for said ward.

WHEREUPON, the said Court appointed and assigned the 25th day of August 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in Newport in said District, to hear and decide upon said application and ordered that public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing this order, three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper published in Barton, in the neighborhood of those persons interested therein; all which publications shall be previous to the time appointed for the hearing.

THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, then and there in said Court to object to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand at Newport in said district this 2nd day of August, 1916.

RUFUS W. SPEAR, Judge.

BE PREPARED



POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

300 ARTICLES—300 ILLUSTRATIONS KEEP informed of the World's Progress in the Engineering, Mechanics and Invention. For Father and Son and All the Family. It appeals to all classes—Old and Young—Men and Women. It is the Favorite Magazine in thousands of homes throughout the world. Our Foreign Correspondents are constantly on the watch for things new and interesting and it is written so you can understand it.

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE 6 No. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Typewriter Ribbons

CARBON PAPER at the

Monitor Press BARTON, VERMONT

WEAR HUB RUBBERS

The IDYL of TWIN FIRES WALTER PRICHARD EATON

CHAPTER I—I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight.

CHAPTER II—I inspect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer.

CHAPTER III—Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard trees.

CHAPTER IV—Hard Cider builds book-cases around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Temple hires Mrs. Pilling for me as a housekeeper.

CHAPTER V—Stella Goodwin, a New York girl, comes as a boarder to the Temple's. I try to avoid her, but meet her in the pines at twilight and together we listen to the singing of the hermit thrush. I show her the twin fireplaces.

CHAPTER VI. The Ghost of Rome.

"Stella Goodwin." "It's rather a pretty name," I thought, as I read it on the flyleaf of a volume she had left in Mrs. Bert's sitting room. The volume itself amused me—Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." Fancy coming to the country for a rest, and reading Chamberlain, most restless because most provocative of books! I was idly turning the leaves when there was a rustle on the stairs, and Miss Stella Goodwin entered with a cheerful "Good morning."

"See here," said I, "what are you doing with this book, if you are off for a rest? This is no book for a nervous wreck to be reading."

"Who said I was a nervous wreck?" she answered. "I'm just tired, that's all. I guess it's really spring fever. I saw a spear of real grass in Central park, and ran away."

"From what?" I asked. "From the dictionary," she replied. "The which?" said I. "The dictionary. Would you like me to sing you a song of the things that begin with 'hy'?"

She laughed again, and began to chant in burlesque Gregorian, "Hypocritamus, hyoscyanine, hyoscyanine—Hypocritamus, hyoscyanine, hyoscyanine—"

"Stop!" I cried. "You will have me hypnotized. See, I'm on the 'hy's myself! Please explain—not sing."

"Well," she laughed, "you see it's this way. I have to eat, drink, and try to be merry, or tomorrow I die, so to postpone tomorrow I am working on a new dictionary. Somebody has to justify the pronunciation of America to man. I'm sort of learned, in a mild, harmless, anti-militant way. It isn't fair to keep the truth from you—I have a degree in philology! My doctor's thesis was published by the press of my kind university, at \$150 per copy, of which as many as seventeen were sold, and I'm still paying up the money I borrowed while preparing it. I stood the dictionary pretty well down to the 'hy's, and then one day something snapped inside of me, and I began to cry. That wouldn't have been so bad, if I hadn't made the mistake of crying on a sheet of manuscript by a learned professor, about Hyoscyanine (which is a genus of dicotyledonous gamopetalous plants), and the ink ran. Then I knew I should have to take a rest in the cause of English, pure and well defined. So here I am. The doctor tells me I must live out of doors and saw wood."

"Madam," I cried, "God has sent you! I shall get my orchard cleaned up at last!"

"Breakfast!" called Mrs. Bert. She refused to come down to Twin Fires with me that morning, so I toiled alone, getting out more of the brush from the orchard—all of the small stuff, in fact, which wasn't fit to save for fuel. In the afternoon she consented to come. As I looked at her hands and then at mine, I realized how pale she was.

"It's wrong for anybody to be so pale as that," I thought, "to have to be so pale as that!"

I was beginning to pity her. When we reached the farm I took her around under the kitchen window and showed her my seedbeds, where the asters were already growing madly, some other varieties were up, and the weeds were busy, too; but in the present uncertainty of my horticultural knowledge I didn't dare pull up anything. I hadn't realized till that moment that half the fun of having a

new place is showing it to somebody else and telling how grand it is going to be.

"And where are you going to put these babies when you set them out?" she asked.

"That's just the point," I cried. "I don't know. I want you to help me."

"I shouldn't dare advise you," she smiled.

"Well, let's ask Hiroshige," said I. "Come on."

"Is he your gardener? The name sounds quite un-Hibernian."

I scorned a reply, and we went around to the shed where all my belongings were stored, still unpacked. I got a hammer and opened the box containing pictures, drawing forth my two precious Japanese prints.

"A Roman aqueduct of roses," I read.

Then I led Miss Goodwin through the kitchen, in spite of her protests of propriety, through the fragrance of new flooring, into the big south room, where Hard had nearly completed his main work and was getting in the new door frames while his assistants were patching up the floor. She sat down on the new settle, while I climbed on a box and hung the pictures, one over each mantel. Instantly the room assumed to my imagination something of its coming charm. Those two spots of color against the desolation wonderfully. I hastily kicked some shavings and chips into the fireplaces and applied a match.

"The first fires on the twin hearths!" I cried. "In your honor!"

The girl smiled into my face, and did not joke. "That is very nice," she said. Then she rose and put out her hand. "Let me wish Twin Fires always plenty of wood and the happiness which goes with it."

We shook hands, while the fire crackled, and already the spot seemed to me like home. Then she looked up at the prints. "Now," she cried, "how is honorable Hiroshige going to advise you? Here is a blue canal and a lavender sky in the west, and bright scarlet temple doors—and all the rest snow. Lavender and bright scarlet is rather a daring color scheme, isn't it?"

"Not if it's the right scarlet," I replied. "But it's not the color I'm going to copy. Neither is it the moon bridges in this other temple garden. It's the simplicity. Out here south of this room is my lawn and garden. Now I want it to be a real garden, but I don't want it to dwarf the landscape. I don't want it to look as if I'd bought a half acre of Italy and deposited it in the middle of Massachusetts, either. I've never seen a picture of a real Japanese garden yet that didn't look as much like a natural Japanese landscape as a garden. I want my garden to be an extension of my south room which will somehow frame the real landscape beyond."

We went through the glass door, and I showed her where the grape arbor was to be, at the western side of the lawn, and how a lane of holly-hocks would lead to it from the pergola end, screening the kitchen windows and the yet-to-be-built hotbeds.

"Now," said I, "I'm going to build a rambler rose trellis along the south; there's your red against the lavender of the far hills at sunset! But how shall the trellis be designed, and where shall the sundial be, and where the flower beds?"

The girl clapped her hands. "Oh, the fun of planning it all out from the beginning!" she cried. "My, but I envy you."

"Please don't envy; advise," said I. "Oh, I can't. I don't know anything about gardens."

"I Led Miss Goodwin Through the Kitchen."

CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

WEST BURKE

Mrs. Myrtle Hall, who has been ill, is improving.

Gordon Davis of Oberlin university, is home for a short visit.

Mrs. Nettie McCoy spent a part of last week with relatives in Barton.

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Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thayer and baby of Waterbury recently visited at E. I. Laclair's.

Miss Beth Switzer is visiting friends in different parts of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Mrs. Helen Heath of Groton, who is in very poor health, has come to live with her son, M. V. Heath.

Alice Hamilton was badly hurt one day last week when a horse she was leading stepped on her foot.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Campbell are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Bernice, and husband from Indianapolis.

Mrs. Charlie Newell and daughter, Ruth, of Sheffield, spent Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sanborn.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Upton, Mr. and Mrs. F. O.

Berry, Corydon Parker and Gladys Kelley have been spending a vacation at Ocean Park, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. George Snelling of Beverly, Mass., recently called on an old schoolmate, F. B. Norris. Mr. Snelling used to live in what is known as the Gray house, now owned by Mr. Norris.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

George Page and family have moved to Lisbon, N. H.

Several from here attended camp meeting at Lyndonville Sunday.

Leon Moore and son, Harold, have returned to their home in Chelsea, Mass.

ANOTHER TEXAS LETTER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

thought to be fatal at first but later turned out to be. He died at the regular hospital of the 3d U. S. Infantry at Fort Duncan. The Maryland and Kansas regiments have each lost one man the former was shot by a guard and the latter was drowned in the Rio Grande.

Our first pay day came on July 30th. This was welcomed by most of the boys as funds were becoming rather low. Fifteen dollars per month doesn't last long as most of us have found out.

A great many packages and boxes have been received by most of the boys from friends at home. These were very welcome. It seems rather nice to taste homemade cakes and pies for a change. One of my fraternity brothers sent us a thirty-pound box of two ounce sugar cakes which were the finest I ever ate. When we first reached here watermelons could be bought for fifteen cents, but they soon became worth fifty to sixty cents. Orders have been given forbidding us to bring any more into camp as they help draw the flies and every precaution is being made to destroy and prevent them.

Every day at 1.30 a complete sanitary inspection is made for the entire camp. This inspection includes all cook tents, utensils, equipment, etc. On Saturday the regiment takes a hike of from six to eight miles, sometimes we take our packs and pitch shelter tents. One evening we took our rations and each squad of two men built a fire and cooked their own supper. We enjoyed this very much. On these hikes there are as a rule one or two men who fall out of ranks and it is necessary to bring them in by ambulance. These men fall out from heat exposure or exhaustion. Two or three medical men follow each battalion on every occasion to take care of the unfortunate ones.

Good reports have been received from the men, who are on patrol duty. They do not get their mail as often as the men in camp. Our mail comes and goes from Eagle Pass twice daily, Sunday included. The army trucks go to the outposts twice each week to take provisions and mail to the boys.

At Indio ranch, which is about 40 miles south of Eagle Pass, there are 700 acres of corn in one field. The ranch has six silos which have a capacity of 500 tons each. Very few dairy cows are kept, only enough to provide milk and butter for the ranch help. These are Jerseys as a rule. A number of goats are kept around Eagle Pass, as it does not cost much to feed them and there is not much here to feed on. They eat mesquite and cacti as readily as our domestic animals eat grass.

Good news has come to the college boys and there are a number of happy fellows about camp. Our major made the statement this morning that all college men would be at home by Sept. 1st. We are all awaiting the day when we shall entrain for the old Green Mountain state, although we would all be glad to cross the border and help clean up the "greasers" if we need be.

Hoping to see the hills of old Vermont soon, I will close.

Yours, Ray A. Walcott.

WHAT ONE BIG MAN THINKS OF ANOTHER.

President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown university is a pretty live wire who keeps abreast of the times, has keen powers of observation and knows a good man when he sees him. Here is what he has to say about the Republican candidate for the presidency:

"I have known Justice Hughes intimately since we were students together at Brown and have seen him a thousand times at work and at play. No man of our generation has a finer combination of character and intellect. Absolutely fearless, unselfish, loyal to American ideals, he is worthy of a nation's trust.

"All his friends know that behind the dignity of bearing is a rich fund of humor and good fellowship. Whether he is climbing a mountain, reading novels, playing with his children, resisting a political lobby or delivering the opinion of the supreme court, he is ever the same rugged, democratic, fair minded American. His varied experience has given him wide horizon and sympathy with every aspect of American life.

"He possesses two qualities rarely found together—the judicial temper and the capacity for swift and resolute action. Under his administration the fog which now besets many public questions would be cleared away.

"His penetrating mind goes to the heart of any subject he selects and strips off the irrelevant at once. Such a mind is peculiarly needed amid the intricate problems that now confront America.

"We need more than good intentions. We need clear vision, sound judgment, strong will, unhesitating decision. In short, we need Charles E. Hughes."

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