

**Essex District Probate Court.**  
Sessions of said Court will be held at Brighton the second Tuesday of October and April, Canton the second Tuesday of November and May, West Concord the second Tuesday of December and June, Lunenburg the second Tuesday of January and July. Special sessions will be held at any place in the district by agreement.  
ROBERT CHASE, Judge.

**W. H. BISHOP,**  
Notary Public with Seal  
Island Pond, Vt.

**DALE & AMEY,**  
Attorneys  
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**H. E. SARGENT**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office at Residence, Main St., Island Pond, Vt.

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Dentist.  
Office Brighton Street, Island Pond, Vt.

**G. E. CLARKE,**  
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Mouldings, Stair Rail, Balusters, Sashes,  
Ash and Pine Sashings, Windows, and Door  
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Windows made to order. Regular sizes in  
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**O. H. HENDERSON,**  
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WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
All Work Warranted.  
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**PASSUMPSIC SAVINGS BANK,**  
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**IT'S THE  
LITTLE  
THINGS  
THAT  
COUNT**

Little drops of water,  
Like grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land,  
and so it is with the little pen-  
nies they grow into dollars, and  
almost before you are aware of  
it, you may have a little fortune  
of your own.  
Men like Mr. Andrew Carnegie  
are showing examples of what  
may be accomplished by minding  
the pennies.

**W. S. BOYNTON, Treas.**

**WEDDING CARDS** printed or  
engraved. The HERALD

## GOODBY, TOM REED!

**A Farewell Tribute to the  
Speaker.**

Goodby, Tom Reed!  
You were, indeed,  
A stout man and a true;  
You had the strength  
That brought, at length,  
The love of men to you.

Goodby, Tom Reed!  
You sowed the seed  
Of manhood where you passed;  
Your way was long,  
Your hand grip strong,  
Your heart strong to the last.

Mild heat of hate  
In the debate  
You saw hate take the lead;  
Your brain was sound,  
You stood your ground;  
You ruled them all, Tom Reed.

They called you czar,  
They cursed you far  
And cursed you far and high,  
But not a foe  
Who cursed you so  
But mourns you, now you die.

For as you fought  
Your soul was wrought  
By no mean thought or slight,  
And with your brain  
And might and main,  
You wrestled for the right.

But when 'twas done,  
At set of sun,  
The foes who fought you fair  
Fought face to face  
To gain a place  
Beside your rosy chair.

The world has ended;  
Few men have friends,  
But you, Tom Reed, God knows,  
Have at the last  
No friends more fast  
Than those who were your foes.

Therefore you go,  
Sane pomp or show,  
And faithful to your crew;  
Your friends were true,  
Your foes loved you,  
And so goodby, Tom Reed!

—Harold Richard Vynne in Chicago Inter  
Ocean.

## MEAT FIT DIET FOR ARMIES

**English Expert Says Our Feeding  
Makes Americans Best Soldiers.**

Nathaniel E. Yorke-Davies, London's  
famous consulting physician in dietet-  
ics, has forwarded to Secretaries Root  
and Long and Generals Miles and Cor-  
bin a statement containing his conclu-  
sions as to the proper feeding for fight-  
ing men. Speaking to the Chicago  
Daily News London correspondent the  
other day, Dr. Yorke-Davies said:

"Wars have been lost and won by  
commissary departments. The fate of  
peoples in civil conflict depends on the  
character of the food they eat. Sol-  
diers and sailors in this country (Eng-  
land) at present get too much bread  
and too little meat. The military suc-  
cesses of the ancient Greeks were due  
to their fare, which consisted of plain  
meats and almost nothing else. Much  
of England's trouble in South Africa  
was the result of diet. The transports  
landed the soldiers on the battlefield  
overfat from the consumption of starch.

"Rich food makes men effeminate  
and cowardly. Animal food makes  
them courageous and hardy. America's  
army is the best in the world because  
its feeding is more nearly right than  
that of any other nation. Russia comes  
next. England is third. Germany is  
fourth and France a bad fifth. The sol-  
dier, especially the growing soldier,  
should have one pound of meat each  
day in peace and an extra quarter of a  
pound during war."

## AVOIDS NEW BOOKS.

**Herbert Spencer Has Not Read One  
of This Year's Product.**

The London academy has put its an-  
nual question, "What two books in the  
past year have you read with the most  
interest and pleasure?" and Herbert  
Spencer, says the Chicago Inter Ocean,  
answers, "I have not read any new  
books this year."

Some of the other answers are as fol-  
lows:  
Professor Skeat of Cambridge univer-  
sity: "I have not read any new  
books this year. I have quite enough to  
do to read the old ones."

Thomas Hardy names Margaret L.  
Woods' "Princess of Hanover" as one.  
Edmund Gosse selects James' "Wings  
of the Dove," and Frederic Harrison  
picks out Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses."

## Odd Adventure With a Cat.

Mrs. Alexander Downey of the vil-  
lage of Gatesburg, near Niles, Mich.,  
was preparing to attend an entertain-  
ment the other evening and was nearly  
ready, only waiting the return of her  
husband, who was to accompany her,  
when she opened a closet door, and the  
family cat sprang from a shelf and  
alighted upon her head. Its claws be-  
came entangled in Mrs. Downey's hair,  
and upon his return Mr. Downey found  
his wife unconscious on the floor, while  
the cat was struggling furiously to re-  
lease itself. It was found necessary to  
chloroform the animal so as to release  
Mrs. Downey, who was not seriously  
injured.

## Novel Fishing Lure.

In France a novel method of catching  
fish is being tested by anglers. A tiny  
mirror is attached to the line near the  
baited hook. The assumption is that a  
fish, when it sees itself in a glass, will  
conclude that some other fish is trying  
to carry off the bait and will make  
haste to secure the tempting morsel it  
feels the result being that it will speed-  
ily be caught on the relentless hook.  
From experiments which have been  
made there seems to be some founda-  
tion for this assumption. At any rate,  
some anglers say that they catch more  
fish when they use the little mirror  
than they ever caught before.

## Latest Hygienic Fad.

A society has been formed in Man-  
chester, England, the members of  
which each day the morning meal. The  
nonbreakfasters contend that break-  
fast retards activity of both mind and  
body and is a fertile cause of indiges-  
tion, dyspepsia and like ailments.

## THE FISH SURGEON.

**OPERATIONS WHICH HE PERFORMS  
UPON HIS PATIENTS.**

**Knife and Shears Are Used, and the  
Fish May Be Kept Out of Water  
From Five to Seven Minutes—How  
Medicines Are Administered.**

The fish doctor, like the regular sur-  
geon, gives medicine, performs surgical  
operations and superintends his pa-  
tients' diet and environment. These  
are the principal operations which he  
performs: Trimming the fish's tail with  
fish shears when fungous growths en-  
large it; stripping the fish to remove  
the eggs or milt that have not been  
naturally deposited; excising with the  
lance tumors, lacerated scales and  
splinters of bone.

Among the medicines that the fish  
doctor gives are castor oil for swelling  
of the swimming bladder and nux vom-  
ica for debility and emaciation. This  
specialist also presides over the food  
of the fish, inspects their food troughs  
thoroughly and makes microscopic ex-  
aminations of their water to see that it  
contains the proper life giving elements  
in their due proportions. Regarding  
these matters, which are as important  
to healthy as to sick fish, the leading  
fish doctor of Philadelphia recently  
said:

"A food trough of enameled ware  
that will not rust should be used for  
fish. At the same time each day their  
outmeal should be put in this trough,  
which should always be kept in the  
same place, and as a consequence of  
this treatment the fish will gather  
around their trough at mealtime, which  
they will instinctively recognize, as  
greedily as hogs, burying their noses  
in the food when it is set before them  
and crowding and pushing one another  
in a healthy, ravenous and hoglike  
manner. The trough should be cleaned  
once a day lest it get sour, but the wa-  
ter of the fish should rarely be changed.  
Even when it becomes foul smelling it  
should only be changed gradually—a  
quart a day, say—for to change it all  
at once has the effect of a terrible ex-  
posure—is, indeed, the same as if you  
should snatch a child from its warm  
bed and lay it naked out of doors in the  
cold night wind and snow."

It is not the detention of fish from  
their native element that makes fish  
surgery difficult, for they can be kept  
out of the water for five, six and seven  
minutes without the slightest harm  
to them, and there is no operation that  
requires a longer space of time. But  
what makes it difficult is the disincul-  
cation of the fish to heal after it has  
been cut. A wound to heal requires to  
be dry. Nothing is more deleterious to  
the trouble of a fish wound bathed  
and soaked in water all the time. In-  
evitably, therefore, fish operations are  
simple and slight.

One of them is the trimming of tails  
enlarged to unwholesome growths  
of fungus. In this work sharp shears,  
with blades oddly curved—fish shears—  
are employed. The fish is lifted from  
the water and held head downward  
while its tail is being trimmed. A dex-  
terous operator gets through the work  
in two or three minutes. There is no  
flow of blood and no gaping wound  
that will not heal; hence tail trimming  
is in nine cases out of ten successful.  
It must be resorted to often with Jap-  
anese goldfish, for these costly and  
graceful creatures, with their resem-  
blance to strange golden flowers, have  
tails bigger than their bodies, and when  
their tails, as frequently happens, be-  
come affected with fungus, they are un-  
able to swim well, and sometimes, in-  
deed, they drown. A fish "drowns"  
technically when, floating with its head  
out of the water, it dies from asphyxia-  
tion.

The knife is used on fish to remove  
tumors or lacerated scales or splintered  
bones, which, unexcised, would cause  
the fish's death. Lacerations of the  
scales are only treated when they are  
so severe that the fish without treat-  
ment would surely die. This operation  
is successful in about 70 per cent of the  
cases. The remaining 30 per cent die  
because their wounds do not heal.

Stripping is an operation resorted to  
when, in the breeding season, the fish,  
through some natural or other cause,  
not deposit naturally its eggs or its  
milt. The patient in this operation is  
held with the left hand while with the  
right a firm pressure is exerted along  
its sides from the breast down to the  
tail. Stripping is the least dangerous  
of all the operations in fish surgery.

Admirable results are obtained by  
dosing fish with medicines. Castor oil,  
for swelling of the swimming bladder,  
is a remedy that seldom fails. A fish's  
dose of castor oil is one drop, diluted  
slightly. The liquid may be adminis-  
tered either with a spoon or with a  
quill toothpick. The process in each  
case is similar. The fish is held in an  
erect position, its head well up, and the  
drippings from the toothpick on the  
contents of the spoon are directed into  
its mouth. Sometimes they flow forth  
again through the gills, and in this  
event the dose must be repeated.

A swollen swimming bladder is a  
frequent and dangerous ailment of  
captive fish. Under it they become ex-  
tremely corpulent and unwieldy. At  
length they turn over and float on their  
backs. Finally they die. But in nine  
cases out of ten one dose of castor oil  
cures this disease in a day. Fish often  
lose appetites, become thin and weak  
and apathetic. Their trouble then is  
stomachic, and nux vomica, with them  
as with human beings, affords quick  
relief. A drop of dilute nux vomica  
will bring back a fish's appetite, re-  
store its weight and make it active and  
cheerful.—New York Tribune.

## Woodchurch parish, Wilt, England,

has a parish cow which may be bor-  
rowed for a year at a stretch for 64  
cents as the result of a legacy.

## CHOWFA'S LOVE NOTES

**Siamese Prince's Wooing of  
an American Actress.**

**SENT HER MANY WARM VERSES.**

**Love Letters Recent Royal Visitor  
to the United States Is Said to  
Have Written to Miss Mabelle Gil-  
man While He Was at College in  
England.**

The passionate press agent for Ma-  
belle Gilman has broken into that ac-  
tress' writing desk and stolen there-  
from a packet of letters, and the other  
day he gave to the world the love let-  
ters of the Prince of Siam, says the  
New York Tribune. Miss Gilman, who  
is called "Tcherny Okaya" by her Si-  
amese swain, was sorry—quite grieved,  
in fact—that the letters had got out.  
She could not understand how the  
press agent dared to take them with-  
out her permission.

The prince, by the bye, has left the  
country and is well on his way to  
Siam. The wise heads may take this  
fact for what it is worth.

The Prince of Siam first met Miss  
Gilman in London, when she was there  
with "The Belle of New York" in the  
dangerous rival of Edna May in the af-  
fections of royalty" (the phrase is a  
bubble from the lips of her press agent).  
Their friendship seems to have in-  
spired the crown prince to pour forth  
verse that if quantity counted should  
have won for him the Newdigate prize.  
Letters from him to her in 1901 bear  
the seal of Christ college, Oxford, and  
in all of them are enclosed verses,  
sometimes two or three separate  
poems. On the backs of the photo-  
graphs he sent her he was more mod-  
erate, contenting himself with quoting  
from the poems of other men. If the  
letters themselves did not furnish proof  
of the genuineness of the story, the  
fact that these quotations are from  
Loveless, Carew, S. T. Coleridge and  
Omar the Tentmaker would at once  
put them beyond the invention of Miss  
Gilman's press agent.

The first of the letters made public  
is dated from the Siamese legation,  
London, in December, 1900, and begins  
"My Dear Miss Gilman."

One year later, writing from Oxford,  
he opens as follows:

"My 'Tcherny Okaya'—I hope you know  
what this means by now, for you should  
have got the book I sent you the other  
day. But in case of accidents I had best  
explain that 'Tcherny Okaya' is Russian  
and, being translated, means 'sparkling  
eyes.' Who deserves the name better  
than you?"

This he signs "Bijou."

In this letter the verse begins. It is  
funny how Oxford affects people, as  
Sue used to remark to Jude. The poem  
inclosed is called "The Prince's Re-  
verie" and consists of five quatrains  
modeled on the Rubaiyat and prefaced  
by the famous quatrain beginning "Ah,  
love, could you and I with him con-  
spire," which the prince misquotes,  
though Mabelle probably didn't know  
it. His poem seems to be something  
like that which faces the hero of  
"Alt Heidelberg" for he sings, after  
three prefatory and ardent stanzas:

"Ah, love, if only thou wert born prince  
Or else myself were only something less  
Than that which I am now—of rank so  
high—  
Oh, then we two might know such happi-  
ness!"

The best hours of my life away have  
been  
But I am so thankful that I have known  
The best and sweetest joy upon this  
earth  
And that once I did call thee, love, my  
own.  
M. V.

Writing from Washington in October  
of the present year he again reverts to  
verse for consolation, the shadow of  
coming parting cast across the paper.  
The poem is of four stanzas, wherein  
he goes Loveless, who furnishes the  
model, one better. The poem closes as  
follows:

"Ah, would I go, were it not such  
As loveless song of yore—  
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more?"

At the Bijou theater the other night  
Miss Gilman said she might some day  
visit Siam, but, on the whole, she con-  
sidered America good enough for her.  
In reply to the question put to her by  
an unabashed reporter whether or not  
the prince proposed, she replied, "What  
would you have done?"

This seemed to admit of but one an-  
swer, and she was allowed to make  
her entrance on the stage, where she  
could be heard singing, "Oh, listen to  
the mocking bird."

**Result of Senator Clark's Rich Gift.**  
Representative Bowersock of Kansas  
recently received a letter that made  
him pause, says a Washington special  
to the New York World. His son wrote  
it. With the letter was a newspaper  
clipping reciting how Senator Clark of  
Montana would give \$1,000,000 to his  
first grandson, born a few days ago.  
The letter said:

"Dear Father—This plan worked in  
Senator Clark's case. Why not try it  
yourself?"

"I am inclined to the opinion that  
Senator Clark has established a bad  
precedent," said Mr. Bowersock.

## Seven New Poisons.

Professor Julius Schlotterback, pro-  
fessor of pharmacology in the Uni-  
versity of Michigan, has discovered  
seven new poisons, says a dispatch to  
the Chicago Tribune from Ann Arbor,  
Mich. Three of them are made from  
the Chicago Tribune from Ann Arbor,  
Mich. Three of them are made from  
the Allegheny vine. He has named  
two of the poisons adumine and ad-  
luridine, and one is still unnamed.  
From the calandine poppy he has ex-  
tracted the fourth and fifth poisons,  
called stylophine and disphylline, and  
the Chicago Tribune from Ann Arbor,  
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tracted the fourth and fifth poisons,  
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## SIN GRAVEN UPON MARBLE.

**Warning to Those Who Take Snuff  
During Worship.**

There is a quaint old parish church in  
Plurien, Brittany, built in the early  
part of the fifteenth century and hav-  
ing, with many other primitive ar-  
rangements, the bell rope from the bel-  
try hanging down from the roof of the  
nave and dangling just in front of the  
pulpit, so that the process of bell ring-  
ing is performed in full view of the  
congregation. But what was more pec-  
uliar was the projection at right an-  
gles from one of the walls (also near  
the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and  
arm of full size as though held out from  
the shoulder by somebody built into the  
solid fabric of the wall itself, and the  
hand opened and, palm upward and fin-  
gers extended, had a suggestion of ap-  
peal and solicitation which naturally  
provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or any-  
thing to hint at the nature of the story  
that evidently lay behind the sculp-  
tured limb, I made inquiry of a charm-  
ing old lady who was decorating the  
altar with flowers in view of the next  
day's high mass, and she told me that  
many years ago, in the faroff past,  
there was a wicked villager who went  
indeed to mass, but was far from de-  
vout, and on one occasion he so far  
forgot himself in the service on a hot sum-  
mer's day as to hold out his hand  
through the open door or window to an  
equally undevout friend outside for a  
pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St.  
Peter, the patron saint of the church,  
was so scandalized by so terrible a  
want of reverence that he straightway  
paralyzed the arm of the offending  
snuff taker, who thereupon took to his  
bed and died, but not before he had ad-  
mitted the justice of his punishment  
and had left directions in his will for  
setting up in the church of the marble  
reminder of his sin in order that all fu-  
ture villagers in Plurien might be warn-  
ed against the terrible enormity of al-  
lowing any distraction to interrupt the  
devout hearing of the mass. It is a  
curious story and reminds one that  
there has been an infancy in religion  
as well as in most other of the great  
motive powers of existence.—Glasgow  
Herald.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The rarest of flowers is candor.—Racine.  
One golden day redeems a weary  
year.—Celia Thaxter.  
Common sense is instinct, and enough  
of it is genius.—H. W. Shaw.  
The misfortunes that are hardest to  
bear are those that never happen.—  
Lowell.  
The highest exercise of charity is  
charity toward the uncharitable.—Buck-  
minster.  
He who believes in nobody knows  
that he himself is not to be trusted.—  
Auerbach.  
Superiority to circumstances is one  
of the most prominent characteristics  
of great men.—Horace Mann.  
Self laudation abounds among the  
unpolished, but nothing can stamp a  
man more sharply as ill bred.—Buxton.  
Cheerfulness is like money well ex-  
pended in charity—the more we dis-  
pend of it the greater our possession.—  
Victor Hugo.

**Open to Persuasion.**  
"Is your husband a strong willed  
man?" asked Mrs. Sampson of her  
neighbor, Mrs. Towne. After a mo-  
ment's reflection Mrs. Towne replied:  
"I don't know," she said dubiously.  
"I always thought he was, but the other  
day he went into a department store  
to get a new rug for the sitting room  
because he said he wouldn't go another  
day with our old shabby one."  
"He happened to get off on the wrong  
floor, and he came home with four new-  
fangled flatirons and a porcelain kettle  
and no sign of a rug. So you see I  
don't quite know what to say about  
him since then."

"All he told me was that you never  
knew just what you needed till you  
saw it right before you."—Youth's Com-  
panion.

**Hackneys and Dachshunds.**  
Hackneys of skyscraping knee action  
are to some extent freaks in horsemel-  
of little more real value to mankind  
than dachshunds, the saved off dwarfs  
among dogs. The little child who said  
of this ridiculous spayfooted, bowleg-  
ged caricature of the canine race that  
it must have been born under a bureau  
hit the mark exactly. The nose smil-  
ing cloud carrying horses that try to  
throw their front legs over their ears  
at every stride are grotesque aberrations  
from sound and admirable types.  
They and the dachshunds should dis-  
appear together.—New York Tribune.

**Municipal Aid.**  
"Well," remarked Miss Innocence,  
"the government may not believe in  
women taking the initiative in matters  
of love, but this city certainly does."  
"I don't see how," replies Miss An-  
tike, with more interest than might  
have been expected.  
"It's plain as print. The city clerk  
is advertising in the newspapers for  
"sealed proposals,"" replies Miss In-  
nocence.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Following Custom.**  
"Whooop!" yelled the excited inebriate  
as he rushed into the hotel. "I'm a ter-  
ror! I'm a man eater! I'm the biggest  
guy that ever hit the pike! Wow!"  
"It's customary," remarked the  
bouncer as he gazed at the subsequent  
wreck outside, "when a gun is loaded  
to fire it."—Baltimore News.

**Competition.**  
The Second Story Man—Well, Bill,  
how's business?  
The Bank Burglar—Well, we're hav-  
in' a lot of competition from de fellers  
on de inside.—Puck.

We wish to thank our custo-  
mers for their liberal patronage  
during the past year, and wish  
them a Merry Xmas and Happy  
New Year.

**The Bosworth Store Co.**

**Life Insurance as an Investment.**

Have you lost a friend who carried life insurance? You know then that his insurance policy was the most profitable part of his estate—yielded more in proportion to cost than anything else.

In a vast majority of instances life insurance is the only estate a man leaves.

Ninety-nine percent of all estates yielded less in their settlement than the deceased or his heirs anticipated, but there is no shrinkage in the part which is embraced in the old life insurance policy. That is always worth its face.

The life insurance policy is cash in bank. No delay, no discount by brokers, no sacrifice at forced sale. Being ready cash it saves the rest of the estate from sacrifice. It is one of the few investments in which the gains are certain—in which the proceeds will invariably exceed the cost, whether maturing early or after many years.

**The Investment Insurance Trust Bonds of the National Life Insurance Co.,**  
of Montpelier, Vt., are the best in the world.

Sample copies of Bonds sent on application.  
State age at nearest birthday.

**W. W. SPRAGUE, General Agent,**  
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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**Java and Santos Coffee,**  
2 lbs. for 30 Cents.

**Heinz' Prepared Mince Meat.**

Try a pound before you make your mince meat.

**O. L. MANSUR.**

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**The G. A. GANE SHIRT CO.**

Island Pond, Vermont

**Baseball Carnival.**