

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE

- 1—PURE DRUGS.
- 2—CORRECT DISPENSING.
- 3—REGISTERED PHARMACISTS.
- 4—CORRECT PRICES.

Four cardinal rules that we follow with each prescription dispensed in our store. "You are safe to trade here."

C. F. Thomas, Ph. G.
APOTHECARY

Special Sale

of three lots on Oak Grove Park. Two Lots on Home St., and one on Corner of Home St. and Parkside Ave. Lots are 66 ft. by 108 feet deep. Will sell for cash or exchange for house in village.

WM. C. HORTON'S AGENCY
75 Main St., Brattleboro, Vt.

Bowling

is a healthful and fascinating sport. The place to enjoy it is at

Buzzell's Alleys

Emerson Block, Elliot St.
Beet pool and billiard tables in town. Don't forget Mrs. Buzzell's lunch room at 20 Elliot. The food is all home cooked.

Crescent Bottling Co.

Importers and Distributors
NORTH WALPOLE, N. H.
Established 1869—that tells the story.

We Have Direct Distillery Connections
SOLE AGENTS FOR

Uri's Montreal Malt Rye

We handle America's leading brands of Scotch Whisky.
Send for price list.

P. E. Griffin, Proprietor and Manager
P. O. Box 786 Telephone 110

A Happy Combination

Our Tailoring
Brüner
Woolens

J. W. IZARD

Merchant Tailor

Clear Policies

REASONABLE RATES

General
Insurance
Agency

GEO. M. CLAY

Bank Block Brattleboro, Vt.

Confectionery

Large Assortment
REMEMBER I SELL

Fishing Tackle

18-ft. Bamboo Poles
15 cents

C. W. Cleaveland

The Tobacco Man

COAL

OF ALL KINDS
BARROWS & CO.

Show Card Writing

Plain or Fancy.

O. T. WHITNEY

7 Main Street

FRESH CUT FLOWERS

A SPECIALTY.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Try
HOPKINS, The Florist

144 Western Ave.
Telephone 427—Brattleboro, Vt.—On car line

THE MORE YOU READ REFORMER ADVERTISEMENTS THE BETTER WE CAN MAKE THE REFORMER.

BELLOWS FALLS.

Paul R. Henkel Given Commission to Design Armory.

The members of the state armory commission and the members of the local armory committee met here Monday and conferred with Architect Paul R. Henkel of New York city in regard to plans for the state armory which will be built on the Daveport estate on Westminster street for which the town voted to appropriate \$10,000 for its purchase in the annual meeting in March. The committee instructed Mr. Henkel to prepare plans after he had presented tentative sketches which call for the erection of a building 60 feet wide by 110 feet long. The building will have a headhouse 60 by 30 feet, two stories in height and in which will be rooms and quarters for the officers and privates. The drill hall will be 60 by 80 feet. It is expected work of excavation for the cellar will be begun about July 1. The architect is a Vermonter, being a native of Brattleboro.

Dr. Riley Presented With Watch and Fob by St. Charles Council.

The members of St. Charles council, K. of C., last evening presented Dr. Bernard F. Riley, who had resigned from his office of grand knight of the council, with a watch and solid gold fob.

Dr. Riley will go to Worcester where he will manage an office for Dr. F. G. Whitehouse after conducting a dental practice of his own in this village since July, 1910. He was elected grand knight of St. Charles Council, about 18 months ago. He is a graduate of the local high school and of the Baltimore Medical college, where he was a star member of the football team.

Lieut. L. J. Mygatt of the 5th United States infantry, last evening inspected Company E, V. N. G. The company made a respectable showing although undergoing hardships during the year. Last March the quarters were destroyed by fire and the men lost their outfits and for several months were obliged to drill in the streets, no suitable place being available.

WESTMINSTER WEST.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thwing of BelloWS Falls spent Sunday at J. H. Clark's.

Lloyd Stone moved last week to the farm which he has bought of Mrs. Augusta Ranney. His mother, Mrs. Atwood Phillips, goes with him to remain for the present.

Bert Houghton has sold his farm in the southwest part of the town near the Putney line to F. L. Parmelee of Putney. Mr. Houghton will remain in the house and will work for Mr. Parmelee.

Seymour Minard has rented the house recently occupied by Lloyd Stone and Mrs. Phillips and it is now occupied by the family of Thomas Tomlin, who will work for Mr. Minard the coming season.

Miss Nettie Butterfield has finished working for Mrs. J. H. Clark and will go this week to Brattleboro, where she will have the care of her grandmother, who lives in the family of Miss Butterfield's aunt, Mrs. Brooks.

Mrs. Elvira Smith of Saxtons River and Mrs. Alfred S. Hall of Winchester, Mass., attended church here Sunday morning and called upon some of their old friends in the place. They are both former residents here. Mrs. Hall recently returned from a trip to California, where she was accompanied by her husband and daughter.

HINSDALE, N. H.

Miss Minnie Snow spent Saturday with friends in Winchester.

F. W. Robertson, who has been critically ill, is much improved.

Mrs. Frank Lamb visited in Greenfield and Amherst briefly last week.

Roger F. Holland was at home from Indian Orchard, Mass., Sunday.

Clifford Hall has gone to Turners Falls, Mass., where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Butler of Fitchburg, Mass., came Sunday to visit relatives in town.

Mrs. Amanda Park was taken suddenly ill Sunday and since then she has been confined to her bed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Redding returned home Friday after spending 10 days with relatives and friends in Barre, Vt.

Miss Ella H. Streeter came home Saturday from Providence, R. I., for a short visit with her mother, Mrs. Isis Streeter.

Mrs. John Cole of Keene is spending the week in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Beauchain. Mr. Cole spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thompson and child of Keene visited at the home of Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McCaugher, Saturday and Sunday.

The young people of Vantastipinet Grange will present the three-act comedy, Maidens All Forlorn, at the next regular meeting, May 7. All patrons are cordially invited.

The food sale by the women of the Congregational church in the vestibule of the church Saturday was largely attended and as a result a very satisfactory sum was added to the treasury.

EAST MARLBORO.

Mrs. Annie Snow is ill.

Mr. Hobbs lost one of his work horses this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Adams are away for a few days.

WEST DOVER.

Miss Jessie Adams was a guest of Miss Martha Jones recently.

Dr. Richie was called Sunday to attend Burton Heseock's horse.

Frank Bogle is working for William Shippee, the road commissioner.

Leon Pike of Jacksonville was a weekend visitor of his father, Oscar Pike.

Charles Pike visited at Hollis Stetson's in Jacksonville Saturday and Sunday.

Some from this place attended the Stowe auction in Wilmington Wednesday, April 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyd and two children were at J. M. Upton's Wednesday, April 23.

The death of Eaton Ryther of Dover Center has removed from our town another octogenarian.

F. G. Harvey was in Pittsfield, Mass., a few days recently. He has sold his horses to Mr. Cheney.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Moore and son, Howard of Wilmington were guests at O. E. and S. L. Hill's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Snow went to West Wardboro and visited at H. U. Smead's last week Thursday and Friday.

Walter Heseock was called to Newfane as a witness in a case being tried at the county court Friday afternoon.

Mrs. H. C. Davis and Rebecca Alexander visited Miss Bessie Davis's school in Wilmington one day last week.

Leon Alexander and Charles Stearns came from Northfield, Mass., last week to attend the Alexander auction.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Haskins of Wilmington were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Titus, last week Wednesday.

E. J. Bartlett has returned from a few days' trip to Burlington, where he went for treatment for his eyes. He has catarracts forming.

N. D. Alexander and family left town Saturday, having been here several days to prepare for and attend to their auction sale. The hotel property was not sold. It is hoped by the people here that someone will buy it and open the hotel for the summer season.

WILLIAMSVILLE.

Miss Gertrude Carey visited in East Dover over Sunday.

Paul Stratton of Springfield is visiting his uncle, L. E. Stratton.

G. W. Dickinson was a visitor with his daughter in Brattleboro Sunday.

John Carey finished work for A. M. Merrifield and gone to East Dover.

H. O. Bowler of Syracuse, N. Y., was a visitor at C. E. Perry's recently.

Several from here attended the service for Old Fellows and Hebeahs at Newfane Sunday.

A. N. Sherman has bought a Studebaker automobile of Manley Brothers of Brattleboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bastain and children of Brattleboro spent Sunday with Mrs. J. H. Merrifield.

The ball game Saturday afternoon with the East Dover nine resulted in a victory for the home team.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Willard and daughter, Dorothy, spent Sunday in Brattleboro with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Willard.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Stedman and four children of Gardner came Sunday to spend the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Stedman.

Mrs. D. D. Dickinson was taken suddenly ill Sunday evening. Her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Newton of Wallingford, Conn., has come to be with her.

HALIFAX.

Mrs. Ellen Duncan is keeping house for A. A. Fairbanks.

Miss Ruth Crosier is visiting relatives in Brattleboro this week.

Herbert Grant spent the first of the week in Fitchburg, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Perry is staying with her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Croan, a while.

H. M. Ward of New York city and a Mr. Hall of Boston spent the week-end at the deer park.

Albert Larrabee and his mother, Mrs. Susan Larrabee, were guests at C. H. Leonard's recently.

Dr. E. S. Niles of Boston was at Maplehurst lodge Saturday, making the trip from Brattleboro in his new Ford touring car.

Cornered.

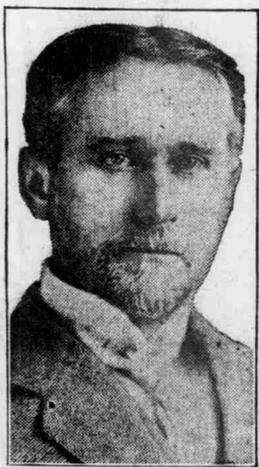
"That chauffeur was a great disappointment."

"I thought he would be."

"But you gave him a letter of recommendation."

"Of course. And I advise you to do the same. It's the only way to get him to go peaceably."

DR. C. P. NEILL



Dr. Neill, who has been commissioner of labor, was appointed commissioner of labor statistics by President Wilson.

MRS. PRINGLE'S INCUBATOR

It Was a Questionable Success

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Pringle found the advertisement in the pages of her favorite magazine, and after she had read it carefully for the third time her great idea came. Times were rather hard with the Pringles. Mr. Pringle, the wage earner of the family, had been sick for three weeks, and he had suffered a consequent loss of salary, while his expenses had gone relentlessly on, with the addition of doctor's fees and bills for medicine. Now he was back at his desk in the insurance office, and his loyal little wife racked her brains to think of some way to earn money, and thus help George out of his financial difficulties.

Then she saw the advertisement, and the great idea came to her. She put on her hat and went directly to the savings bank. Then she went home and wrote a letter.

The Pringles lived in an apartment in New York, and, besides a parlor, dining room, kitchen and two bedrooms, the architect had allotted them an extra room, small and cubbyhole, with one window opening on an air-shaft. This room Mrs. Pringle had used for a wardrobe, but in the zeal of her new endeavor she now packed her pretty gowns into all sorts of impossible places, and had Mary, the maid, scrub the cubbyhole and wash the one window.

"You're laying yourself liable, ma'am," warned the expressman gloomily, when the great idea had materialized in the form of a huge express crate.

"Liable to what?" Mrs. Pringle had demanded, with her haughtiest air, at the same time forgetting to remind the man that he had not given her 50 cents change.

"Nothing, ma'am," said the man hastily, and he disappeared as if glad to get away from the fourth floor of the Myona apartments.

"I suppose he thinks I forgot that 50 cents," smiled Mrs. Pringle triumphantly as she called Mary to help her carry the crate into the cubbyhole.

"For the love of him, mum, whatever have you done?" gasped that handmaiden as the crate dropped from her fingers.

"It's an incubator, Mary," said her mistress impressively.

"An incubator? And whatever would you be doin' with it here?"

"Raise chickens," explained Mrs. Pringle.

"Chickens! Maybe you'll be kapin' a cow, too, mum, and a bit of a pig," suggested Mary with irony.

"That will do, Mary," said her mistress severely. "I am taking you into my confidence because I want your help in this matter, and I want to keep it a secret from Mr. Pringle until it proves itself a success. I've bought several books on chicken raising, and I know them by heart. I've bought eight dozen eggs of White Leghorn fowls—you know they are very small and just the thing for an apartment house incubator! I have a brooder ordered, too, and when the chicks are hatched the brooder will hover them like a mother hen."

"Seems like them chicks oughter have a sight of God's blessed sunshine, mum," commented Mary as she dragged the remnants of the crate away.

"The sun shines directly down the skylight at noon, Mary, and they will have some then; but, you see, being incubator chicks, they probably do not require sunshine. I should think electric light would do very well."

"Humph!" snorted Mary from the kitchen.

"Mary?" called her mistress a little later.

"Yes, mum," responded Mary.

"Do you remember that blue velvet suit I had last winter?"

"And winter before last," added Mary guardedly.

"Of course, though it's almost as good as new this minute."

"Except for the skirt bein' cut too wide for this sayson's style," corrected Mary, standing pudgy and fat footed in the doorway.

"I was thinking of giving it to the laundress, Mary. She's about the right size," observed Mrs. Pringle, with the diplomacy. "I knew you wouldn't care for it."

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"But I would be likin' it, mum," cried Mary explosively. "Tis me that always thought it the purtiest dress ever had. Shure, that Ann Maguire could never get into the coat, she's that stretched with washin' and bendin' over the tub. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Pringle. I'll take the blue suit as soon as you're ready to hand it over. As for your blessed chicks, I'll watch over them like an old hen meself until they come out, and divvie a worrud I'll breathe to Mr. Pringle until some fine day I poke a billed chicken under his nose at the table, poor man."

"Very well, Mary," smiled Mrs. Pringle. "We will have to see that the lamp doesn't get to faring, and we must be careful that the temperature is kept just so. If you'll run out and get some kerosene I'll start the thing going."

There was much enthusiasm over the installation of the incubator in the Pringle apartment. The element of secrecy that surrounded the undertaking

only added to its attractiveness in the eyes of mistress and maid. All day long the little lamp at the end of the machine burned steadily and gave forth a sickening odor that at last attracted the attention of Mr. Pringle.

"What is that smell, Irene?" he asked one night at dinner.

Mrs. Pringle's innocent nose sniffed the air. "It's the vanilla sauce Mary has made for the pudding," she declared.

Mr. Pringle shook his head doubtfully. "Smells like a kerosene lamp. Didn't know we had one in the she-bang."

"Why should we burn horrid kerosene when we have these lovely electric lights?" demanded Mrs. Pringle deceitfully.

"Never mind, Irene; we can't expect everything's going to be perfumed with violet in a thirty dollar flat."

"How long will it take you to get ready?" asked her husband suddenly, looking at his watch.

"Fifteen minutes," said Mrs. Pringle, for they were going to the theater.

"Get my clothes out of the wardrobe, will you, dear?" he requested.

When the Pringles returned from the theater Mary admitted them. Her eyes were a startled look, and she beckoned mysteriously to her mistress, who followed her into the kitchen.

"What is the matter, Mary?" she asked.

Mary pointed a finger at the door of the cubbyhole. "Some of them chickens is hatchin' out, mum, and what are we to do with Mr. Pringle, mum?"

Fate solved that question almost as she spoke, for there came the shrill siren scream of fire engines and a rattle and tearing down the street with a sudden pause.

"It's on the next block. I'm off, Irene; don't sit up for me, dear," yelled her husband as he dashed out of the room.

"Let us go in at once, Mary. I had forgotten how the days were slipping by and that it was time to expect the chickens. Won't George be surprised?"

"Indade and he will, mum," agreed Mary dryly.

They entered the cubbyhole and assisted seven anxious chicks into the world. The brooder was waiting and hovered them protectively.

"Isn't it too lovely for anything, Mary?" cried Mrs. Pringle delightedly as she examined the other eggs carefully. "I believe these others will be out in the morning. I do hope their peeping will not arouse George's suspicions."

Several days elapsed before Mr. Pringle's suspicions were aroused, and then he said nothing to his wife. He was a man of action, and he knew just what steps to take in such matters as this one. He went directly to the offices of the board of health.

"I live in the Myona apartments," he explained to the official who met him. "I'm dead sure somebody in that house is running an incubator."

"An incubator? Do you mean a baby incubator or a chicken incubator?" asked the man skeptically.

"A chicken incubator. You can't fool me, sir. Why, when I was a boy I raised more chickens that way than you can remember to have seen all your life. I know the smell of the wretched kerosene lamp; I recognize the atmosphere of the brooder, and I have heard the peeping of the chicks."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked the official.

"I don't know; I leave that for you to find out," returned Mr. Pringle rather tartly. "I'm furnishing you the information, and I thought perhaps you could do the rest."

"I'll send an inspector around," promised the official, and he at once took down the name of the complainant.

Mr. Pringle proceeded on his way to business and thought no more about the matter until he reached his home that evening.

There he found Mrs. Pringle suffering from a severe attack of "nerves," while Mary hovered sympathetically in the background. There was a strong smell of disinfectant in the air.

"What's the matter? Are you sick, Irene? What is it, Mary?" Mr. Pringle fired off these questions all at once as he tossed aside his hat and knelt beside his wife.

But Mrs. Pringle could only moan pitifully and refuse all explanation or solace.

"Tell me what has happened, Mary," he commanded.

"Shure, 'twas the board of hiltz as raided the buildin', sorr. It seems some black hearted traitor ran and tattled to the board of hiltz that somebody was a-keepin' of chickens in this house, and so it come noon and there was a great rumpusin' around when they raided ivery apartment in the house a-lookin' for chickens, sorr!"

"H'm!" commented Mr. Pringle.

"Then they come here!" cried Mary tragically. "And they sniffed and they smelled and they pried and poked till they discovered the mistress' poor little secret she was a-keepin' from yez so swate, sorr."

"What secret?" asked Mr. Pringle, with a premonition of coming evil.

"The little briliers she was a-raisin' fer to make up to yez the loss from yer sickness, sorr," said Mary tearfully.

"Twas a grand secret and swate av her to think av it all by herself. Yes, sorr; they took away the incubator and the brooder and all the little chicks peepin' mournful-like. They made me swape up the mess on the floor, and they sprinkled their disinfectant stuff till we're most dead with it all!"—and Mary wagged her head gloomily.

"I wonder who could have been so mean as to have told on me," sobbed Mrs. Pringle on his bosom.

"I wonder!" repeated Mr. Pringle, winking solemnly at his reflection in the mirror.

Attend the furnace and don't let the cozy corners of the heart get cold.

ACME QUALITY PAINT A PAINT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

House-Cleaning Time Calls for

Fresh Paint, Varnishes and Wall Finishes to make everything look spick and span. We have a complete line to meet your every requirement. You surely need something in the paint line this spring. Let us serve you from our large assortment of reasonable goods.

SCREEN PAINT for door and window screens. GRANITE FLOOR PAINT for floors and piazzas. GOLD AND ALUMINUM PAINT for Radiators, Picture Frames, etc. NO. 38 and 61 P. and L.