

Your old range with a little money will



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Reynolds & Son, Barre, Vermont

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Missouri has shown the rest of the battle ships.—Washington Post. Don't wait for the automobile ordinance to save you. Jump!—Detroit Free Press.

Peary says there are three roads leading to the north pole. The trouble is sections of each are impassable.—Lewiston Journal.

Sometimes the man who proudly wears a campaign button in his coat lapel has to fasten his suspender with a nail.—Boston Globe.

The new edition of "Who's Who in America" defines 14,443 persons in the United States as "who." The rest of the 80,000,000 are—what?—Boston Globe.

Chamberlain Receives Colonials. London, Nov. 19.—Joseph Chamberlain, the former colonial secretary, held a reception at the colonial office to bid farewell to the agents general of the colonies. Lord Strathcona, the high commissioner for Canada, was spokesman of the latter. Replying to the address of Lord Strathcona, Mr. Chamberlain said he had now almost the assured conviction that he had been able to convince his fellow countrymen that it was to their advantage to adopt his fiscal policy.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WON'T PLEAD INSANITY.

Murderer of A. H. Green Will Attempt to Show Justification.

New York, Nov. 19.—It is announced that counsel for Cornelius L. Williams will not enter a plea of insanity in his behalf for the murder of Andrew H. Green, but will put him on the stand in his own behalf.

"I shall put Williams on the stand in his own defense," says his lawyer, Abraham Kaffenburgh. "Under oath he will tell to the world the story of his relations with the woman known as Bessie Davis or Mrs. Elias and of her relations with millionaires of this city which will go far, in my opinion, to palliate the crime with which he is charged. If his story of this woman's rise from poverty to affluence and the reports which she circulated to wreck him does not justify him before the jury he is prepared to accept the penalty of his terrible crime."

If Williams attempts to justify himself by repeating on the witness stand the stories he told the police after he had shot Mr. Green the district attorney will be compelled to bring Mrs. Williams to court to contradict him. Williams claims that he was hoodwinked by Mr. Green through the influence of the Davis woman. District Attorney Jerome, after an hour's interview with the woman, asserts that he is satisfied from her statements that, so far as she knows, she never saw or met Mr. Green.

Sexton's Curious Fees.

The salary of the parish clerk and sexton of Scardington, Lincolnshire, England, is a peculiar one—viz, six acres of arable land and the fees for baptisms, churchings, marriages and funerals.

Canada's First Railway.

The first railway operated in Canada was opened in 1836. The line extended from La Prairie to St. John's.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. H. Brown on every box, 25c

The Times' Daily Short Story.

The EX-HERO

(Original.)

"Gentlemen," said the general—he was chatting familiarly with his staff during a cessation of hostilities—"what we call bravery is purely physical. Real bravery consists not in fighting an enemy, but ourselves. Cowardice or bravery is purely a matter of temporary nerves."

"Nevertheless, general," said young Captain Fitz Hugh, "we honor the brave and despise the coward. When my nerves go back on me I trust enough vigor will be left to enable me to remove myself from the world of my disgrace."

A puff of smoke appeared at one of the embrasures of a bastion fort on the crest of a hill, followed by a boom, and a shell came plowing up the ground, burying itself in a tree not a dozen feet from the party. A fuse hissed and sputtered, burning rapidly to the vent. Most of the officers present either fell on their faces or ran as fast as their legs could carry them. Fitz Hugh coolly walked up to the shell, pulled out the fuse and threw it away.

"Well done, captain," said the general. "The battle has reopened."

There was a hard struggle. When the fighting was over, there was as much wonder that the young captain came out alive as at his conspicuous bravery. One of his exploits, the leading of a few men against an angle of breastworks wherein the guns were creating havoc, was so conspicuous and so far reaching in its results that he was decorated with a gold medal.

The war ended and Fitz Hugh was a hero to the world for all time. Occasionally he would overhear some one say: "That's her; the man over there. They say he doesn't know what fear is." At army reunions, when he arose to say a few words, he was so violently cheered that he often gave up the attempt. He was the pet of the petticoats and the admiration of men. The world of adulation in which he lived became the only world he knew, that which he had inhabited before his honors being forgotten. Yet his modesty never suffered. He would only wear his medal at social gatherings with the little band who had helped him earn it and to whom he always insisted it belonged.

Thirty years passed. Fitz Hugh met with reverses that brought on nervous prostration. He was obliged to break away and go on a trip. When he returned he was still weak, melancholy and inclined to study his symptoms minutely, consulting doctors, besides doctoring himself. He recovered, but was not the man he had been a few years before.

One day while he was at the seashore with a party of friends, among whom was a lady who had consented to be a comfort to the old hero, for the rest of

fresh eggs, no matter in what style they are cooked, if they are well cooked, are delicious. But too frequent recourse to them is dangerous.

"Yes; society women eat too many eggs also. By society women I mean those ladies of the fashionable world who neither toil nor spin. They do not have household to do, and one might jump to the conclusion that they could eat eggs with impunity."

"But here again the divorce court faces women who yield to the fatal appetite. Eggs are heavy even when taken with sherry. The social leader who overindulges loses her brightness of eye, her piquancy and charm. Her husband notices the change and loses interest. Trouble follows, and then come the lawyers."

Intemperate Sweden. Although Sweden is not so intemperate a country as it used to be, one still sees many parents drinking several small glasses of strong liquors before lunch and even giving a glass or two to their children, including boys and girls not over twelve years old.

Excuse For Stealing. A woman who was charged with stealing a leg of mutton from a butcher's shop said she took the meat "as a lesson to the butcher, who did not look after his shop properly."

EGGS AND DIVORCE. Mrs. Rorer Tells How Too Many of Them Cause Family Jars.

Mrs. Sarah Rorer of cookbook fame, who was interviewed recently by the Chicago Inter Ocean while visiting the western metropolis, says American women eat too many eggs for breakfast. There is too much nourishment in them, she explains, and, not being easily digested, they cause feelings of lassitude, which encourages laziness.

"If fewer women ate eggs for breakfast there would be fewer cases of divorce," says Mrs. Rorer. "We would not hear so much about wives neglecting their work in the morning to lounge in easy chairs and read the daily papers. Homes would be kept more tidy, husbands would be better satisfied with their helpmates, and the quarrels that disrupt families would be reduced less frequently in the courts of the land."

"I do not mean that any woman eats too many eggs at a time. That is not the point. If one woman should eat one egg for breakfast each morning it would be too many. The morning meal should be varied. And few women realize this. They change the style of cooking the egg, but they stick to eggs."

"One day it is boiled, the next fried, with 'the sunny side up.' On the third day it is shirred, and then, with an occasional omelet, the order is repeated."

A SYMPOSIUM ON GRAVY

Senator Pettus' Warning Discussed by Experts.

VALUE OF MEAT JUICES EULOGIZED

Leading Dietitians Say Gravies and Sauces Are All Right and Disagree With the Alabama Statesman That They Shorten Life—One Shows How Battles Have Been Won on Gravy.

Senator Edmund W. Pettus of Alabama says we Americans are going to smash because we eat gravy with our meat. M. Martin, Oscar, Louis, Sherry and other culinary authorities of New York reply to him with the laugh of patronizing dissent, says the New York World. They say he knows not whereof he speaks. Listen to Senator Pettus: "In this day gravy is called sauce, I know. It's a French word that means gravy, and if it had not been given a French name by the English speaking races I dare say not so much of it would be eaten. It is shortening the life of the race, just like so many other French abominations are, and the sooner we banish it from our diet the better will be the health of the generation of young men and women coming on to take our places."

"Senator Pettus has got his terms mixed," said Dr. John H. Gardner of New York. "Gravy corresponds to the French word 'potage' and signifies the juice, fat, etc., of the meat, which are brought out while it is cooking. Sauce is derived from the Latin 'salsa,' which means salt pickles and now signifies a mixture made of substances entirely foreign to the meat itself and to be served with it as an appetizer. Gravy is a part of the meat in a liquid form and can be no more harmful than the meat it came from."

"The contention of Senator Pettus is incredible," said Oscar Telerky, the only Oscar, maitre d'hotel at the Waldorf-Astoria. "Does the honorable gentleman want us to go back to the days of the cave dwellers and simply burn our meat or eat it raw? Good meat is made better by a proper sauce. The gravy you cannot help eating because it is the juice of the meat. A sauce may be good or bad. A fine bear-sauce or hollandaise or any other good sauce adds zest to the appetite and power to the digestion. Shortening the life of our race? That is beyond belief. You

will find no better race of men anywhere than the New Yorkers, and they eat good sauces and gravies wherever they find them."

"I will ask Senator Pettus one question," exclaimed Mr. Ballard, chef at Martin's. "Does he know of any soldier in all the history of mankind who marches farther or faster or fights better than the soldier of France? And what, above everything else, does he eat? Soup? Yes. And what is soup? Potage—the juice of the meat, with vegetables and savory herbs added; in other words, gravy. For generations the French warrior has been nourished on good sauces."

"The honorable senator permits himself to call sauces 'French abominations.' What better proof could you find that he has never tasted a veritable French sauce? Is he fond of fillet of sole? It is a good dish—nourishing, savory, satisfying. But let him try fillet of sole a la Normande. There is a dish for which, in perfection, a gourmet would give one year of his life. Let the honorable gentleman come here and try my fillet of sole and the sauce I shall give him. I am willing to cook for him free for the rest of my life. But if he is mistaken, let him say so."

"No, no. Sauce is to dishes what clothing is to man. Civilized humanity cannot do without the one or the other."

Louis Sherry read the declaration of Senator Pettus. "You can kill a man with bad sauce," he declared, "for, on the other hand, you can make a defeated candidate feel that life is worth living by giving him a proper sauce. New Yorkers are fond of good sauces and good gravies. They have fine appetites and strong digestions. They think faster and see straighter than those primitive persons who eat neither sauce nor gravies, and they outlive them too."

"The art of cooking," said M. Pascal Grand, chef at Sherry's, "marks one of the chief differences between man and the brute. The animal devours his kill raw, with no sauce but hunger. Man has imagination, a soul. Therefore he cooks. So long as we eat meat we must eat the gravy that is the juice of the meat. But a good sauce—ah! there is that which tempts the appetite, aids the digestion, re-enforces the strength of man. Shorten life! Oh, what awful sauces poor Senator Pettus must have encountered in Alabama!"

Roumanian peasants. In Roumania many peasant families live on 5 cents a day. There are 583,307 mud hovels, and 64,772 families live in caves.

BODY RACKING RHEUMATISM!

The Romoc Man says:

There is no need of suffering from rheumatic pains. There is no need of living and fear. I admit that dangerous foe; not only cause the most excruciating pains but as you well know minute the dreadful that is the cause of rheumatism—strikes the heart the victim dies. Just brace up mentally and physically, follow my advice,—take Romoc, it is Nature's own remedy; it counteracts the poisons that cause this dread disease, and expels them from the system. Romoc tones up every organ of the body. Romoc will make you well.



Ask for ROMOC LAXATIVE TABLETS—SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. We have investigated Romoc. We know that all that is said by the Romoc man pertaining to this wonderful remedy is true, and we will refund to anyone the price of the remedy not satisfied with the results obtained. Remember, Romoc is guaranteed and sold by

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