

IF YOU WISH  
To Eat Well,  
Sleep Well,  
And Work Well,  
TAKE  
**Beecham's Pills**

**You will Eat well,**  
BECAUSE, by their specific action on the Digestive Organs, Beecham's Pills remove the accumulation of food and oppression commonly experienced, give the appetite "edge," and restore the stomach to healthy and normal function.

**You will Sleep well,**  
BECAUSE Beecham's Pills gently calm irritation of the Nervous System, while by their stimulative and cleansing action upon the Liver and Kidneys, Digestion proceeds with normal regularity, so that at night the unimpeded mind and body are prepared for "Nature's sweet restorer"—peaceful slumber. Should one feel restless after an exciting or convivial evening, a dose of Beecham's Pills will quickly induce refreshing sleep.

**You will Work well,**  
BECAUSE Beecham's Pills bring about the proper assimilation of the food taken, give tone to the stomach, purify the blood, invigorate the Nervous System, add force to the muscles, and thus enable the worker—mental or physical—with renewed energy and power.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10 cents and 25 cents.

**The Times' Daily Short Story.**

**A COMPANION BOARDER**

(Original.)  
"I think," said Mrs. Trotter, "that we had better get some nice young girl to live with us. Not a boarder. Some one who will be a member of the family, play a game of whist with us occasionally in the evening and make herself generally agreeable."  
"Where do you expect to find such a person?" asked Mr. Trotter.  
"Leave that to me. We women know women who know other women. I'll ask my friends to help me."  
"I don't approve of the plan," said Mr. Trotter.  
Mrs. Trotter, who was really looking for a slight addition to the income instead of companionship, would not give up her point, and her husband at last yielded. A young woman was found who wanted a home, and she went to live with the Trotters. She filled the bill completely, being kind, cheerful, amiable and paid her "quota," as she had the consideration to call her board, regularly.  
"I told you so," said Mrs. Trotter to her husband. "You think you know more about domestic affairs than I. When a man leaves his business for the household he usually gets beyond his depth."  
"Since you are satisfied," said the husband, "I see no occasion to be dissatisfied. Miss Smead seems to be a charming girl."  
Months went by—months that bore proof that Mrs. Trotter was right in the matter of Miss Smead. Several disagreeable episodes occurred, but nothing that could be even remotely traced to Miss Smead. One of these was a matter of business. One of Mr. Trotter's creditors suddenly came down on him for the amount due him and when paid confessed that he had heard that his debtor was in straitened circumstances.  
One morning when the postman delivered the mail Miss Smead, who was expecting a letter, was watching for him from the parlor window. Mr. Trotter left the house as the postman came up the front steps, and Miss Smead saw him hand Mr. Trotter a letter. Furthermore, she was near enough to see that the address was in a woman's hand. Mr. Trotter thrust the letter in his coat pocket and spoke sharply to the postman, who evidently apologized for something and went on to the next house. It was plain that Mr. Trotter was receiving mail that he had instructed the postman not to leave at the house, but Miss Smead was not the person to make trouble in a family, and the last thing she would have thought of was revealing the matter to Mrs. Trotter. Besides, Mrs. Trotter had a few days before presented her husband with a daughter, and it would be cruelly and might be un-

der for any one to excite any suspicions at such a time.  
A few days later Miss Smead, wishing to borrow a pattern for a baby's pinnning blanket—for in her kindness of heart she was making clothes for the newcomers—went across the street to Mrs. Prior, who lived directly opposite, to borrow one.  
"Since you want the pattern for Mrs. Trotter," said the lady, "you are welcome to it, but that abominable Trotter should not have it on any account."  
"What's the matter with Mr. Trotter?"  
"Matter? Matter enough. He's corresponding with some woman. Didn't I see him receive a letter from the postman the other day, thrust it in his pocket and scold the postman for delivering it at the house?"  
Miss Smead stood aghast. Mrs. Prior, who had an object in view—to find out if the missive were really from a woman—went on:  
"You saw it yourself and were near enough to see that the address was in a woman's hand."  
Miss Smead was tempted to deny the fact, but hesitated. Hesitating, the secret was lost, the information gained.  
Not long after this Mrs. Trotter received an anonymous note in which the writer said, "You ought to know that your husband is corresponding secretly with a woman not his wife." Then there were tears and ermines in the Trotter family. Mrs. Trotter was still in a condition resembling such an affair dangerous, and her husband found himself on the horns of a dilemma. He had been receiving letters concerning his wife's mother, who was dying a lingering death. He must now show the letters or virtually admit that the charge was correct. He produced the letters. Mrs. Trotter stood the shock fairly well.  
The matter was kept from Miss Smead till Mrs. Prior had admitted that she was the author of the anonymous letter and had gained the information from Miss Smead. The Trotters also discovered that when Miss Smead had come to live with them Mrs. Prior, seeing that they had "taken a boarder," had inferred that they were in straitened circumstances and had so informed the creditor who had called for a settlement.  
The first intimation Miss Smead had of the trouble was a curt note from Mrs. Trotter requesting her to leave the house. The blow was somewhat mollified by Mr. Trotter, who said to her:  
"You are not to blame for this, nor is my wife. I alone am the culprit. It is a false principle for a family to have under their roof any one but themselves. When my wife insisted on taking you in, I should have had the strength of character to decline on this ground. I regret that you as well as we should have been a sufferer."  
Miss Smead never ceased to feel the wound, and Mrs. Trotter never exonerated her from blame.  
GRACE A. HERSEY.

**LIGHTER SIDE OF CONGRESS.**

Our Statesmen as Viewed by a Capitol Guide.

SURPRISING INFORMATION FOR 250.

Tragedies of Nations Treated as Jokes by Legislators—Hanna, Dewey, Platt (T. C.) and Tim Sullivan Unconsciously Gridironed—Where "Uncle Joe" Cannon Eschews Tobacco.

"Yes, congress has its lighter side," said the capitol guide, breaking away for the time being from his stereotyped lecture, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. "Only a few senators, Charles Littlefield, Billy Sulzer and the country editors, take the thing seriously all the time."  
"Now, there is Senator Hoar down there; appears to be scolding. Listen. He is scolding—something about the prerogatives of the senate and the dignity of Massachusetts. Look at the Ohio election smile on Senator Hanna's face, and you will see how deep an impression the statesman from the 'grand old state of Massachusetts' is making. But, then, Uncle Mark would laugh at a funeral. He had fun with Columbia's funeral at the theater the other night. He and the president sat in adjoining boxes, and when the mob chorus became particularly violent and swayed over toward the president's box Senator Hanna called across: 'Look out, Mr. President! Here come the Columbians!' That's how these chaps sometimes treat great international questions—the death of one nation and the birth of another."  
"Really?" said the demure young schoolteacher from Iowa, glancing at Senator Hanna with a severe expression.  
"And, speaking of the birth of a new nation," continued the guide, "do you see that man on the front seat in the diplomatic gallery? That's a Frenchman from Paris. He is the minister from Panama. He thinks he and Mr. Cronwell, made a republic one night at dinner down at the Willard. As a matter of fact, they did. Last year this M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla was a regular attendant at all the senate lobby meetings. Inconspicuous, nobody inquired who he was. Now he flashes across the international armament the minister plenipotentiary of the last born, with a ticket for the front row in the diplomatic gallery."  
"Yes, that is Senator Morgan down there in the front row on the floor, with his desk piled high with books. What he is saying about the new minister from the new republic of Panama is plenty, but you won't find the words in those books in front of him. If those two ever meet face to face in the corridors and Senator Spooner does not step in between them with a compromise proposition a few ultimatums will be let loose."  
"What are all those books in front of Senator Morgan?" asked a bank president from Burlington, Vt.  
"Speeches, sir, speeches; Senator Morgan's speeches—Congressional Records—and they contain at least two of the senator's brief remarks delivered at the last session. The public printer is trying to catch up on the others. Too odd to talk? Certainly not. Why, he's the youngest man in the senate, barring the quartet of bridegrooms."  
"Ah, there comes Senator Gorman from the cloakroom, and Blackburn, Pettus, Cokrell, Daniel and Carmack. Yes, that's Tillman, and there comes Teller, with blood in his eye."  
"Yes, that's Clark—Clark of Montana—with his fifty-seven varieties of mining stock. He is upbraiding Allison for making positive statements in an interview."  
"Yes, that's him—that scamp coming through the door. That's Chauncey, all right. And that man just behind is Platt—T. C. of New York—youngest man in the senate just now. Stewart and Heyburn? Right over there in the corner, talking together—two men with the big chrysanthemums in their buttonholes. But your Uncle Thomas C. of New York beats them all—all the bridegrooms, I mean. He came back this fall fresh as a daisy and as sprightly as Beveridge."  
"What is it? Oh, that man right on the front seat, way down in his chair? Quay, sir; Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma, also Florida. No, he doesn't say much, but he thinks all right. I expect he'll be tackling statehood amendments on to the Panama canal treaty. That man next to him is Cullom, busy offering a resolution asking the president for the correspondence on Panama. He's trying to get it in before the Democrats get to work, if not incompatible with the public interest. By the way, that incompatibility in resolutions of this sort is one of the great jokes of congress. That man is Alger, former secretary of war. He's got it up his sleeve to get square with a few men before he gets out of congress, and I'm inclined to think he'll do it. Ah, there goes Allison, moving an executive session. It's secret, you know, and you don't know anything about it till the morning papers come out, so we had better move along to the house."  
"Is that Senator Tim Sullivan?" asked the proprietor of a sporting goods store in Detroit.  
"Lord, no; that's nobody but Joe Bailey," answered the guide, somewhat discouraged. "No man in here of the name of Sullivan. The Sullivans are all in the house. Let's be going."

**Skin Diseases, Eczema**

Tetter, Pimples, Itching Skin, Old Sores, Ulcers, and all sorts of Swellings and Inflammations are quickly relieved and cured or money refunded, by the free use of the wonderful external remedy

**Paracamph**

This popular remedy is a combination of Camphor and cooling, soothing Antiseptic Oils, which, when prepared by our special process makes the most reliable and positive external application ever discovered.

Every Family Needs it Every Day.

SOLD ONLY IN 25c., 50c. AND \$1.00 BOTTLES.

AT ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS.

Sold by D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist," 262 North Main Street, Barre, Vt.

**TWO BANKS FAIL.**

**One in Indiana, the Other in Texas. National Examiners Take Charge.**  
Washington, Nov. 20.—The comptroller of the currency has been advised that the Indiana National Bank of Elkhart, Ind., is closed. C. H. Bosworth, national bank examiner, has been directed to take charge of the institution. The following is the condition of the bank as shown by the bank's report for Sept. 9, 1908:  
Resources, \$827,514; liabilities, \$827,514.  
The Farmers' National bank, Henrietta, Texas, has been closed by direction of the comptroller of the treasury. Miller Weir, national bank examiner, has been appointed to be temporary receiver. The bank's latest statement shows resources of \$230,742, liabilities the same.

**FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.**

**Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.**

New York, Nov. 19.  
Money on call nominally at 6 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 6 per cent. Exchange, \$19,000,000; balances, \$5,522,254.  
Closing prices:  
Amalg. Copper... 29 1/2 N. Y. Central... 111  
Atchafalaya... 5 1/2 Norf. & West... 50 1/2  
R. & O... 7 1/2 Penn. R. R... 11 1/2  
Brooklyn R. T... 29 1/2 Reading... 4 1/2  
C. C. & St. L... 7 1/2 Rock Island... 24 1/2  
Ches. & Ohio... 20 1/2 St. Paul... 12 1/2  
C. & N. O... 14 1/2 Southern Pac... 43 1/2  
D. & H... 15 1/2 Southern Ry... 13 1/2  
Erie... 27 1/2 South. Ry. pf... 20 1/2  
Gen. Electric... 157 Sugar... 11 1/2  
Hilltop Cen... 12 1/2 Texas Pacific... 23 1/2  
Lackawanna... 22 1/2 Union Pacific... 27 1/2  
Louis. & Nash... 10 1/2 U. S. Steel... 11 1/2  
Manhattan... 15 1/2 U. S. Steel pf... 5 1/2  
Metropolitan... 11 1/2 West. Union... 34 1/2  
Missouri Pac... 9 1/2

**General Markets.**

**FLOUR**—Steady, but quieter; Minnesota patents, 41.00; winter straight, 33.00; 4.10; winter extras, 32.00; winter patents, 34.50.  
**WHEAT**—Opened firm and somewhat higher in December, but later eased off on liberal north-west receipts and outside selling; December, 87 1/2; May, 82 1/2-47 1/2.  
**EYE**—Nominal; state and Jersey, 60a; No. 2 western, 50c; nominal, f. o. b., ahead.  
**CORN**—Dull and lower, reflecting fine weather and local short sales; December, 49 1/2-49 1/2.  
**OATS**—Nominal; track, white, state, 41c; track, white, western, 41c.  
**PORK**—Steady; mess, 23 1/2-27 1/2; family, 31.  
**LARD**—Dull; prime western steam, 7.00.  
**BUTTER**—Quiet to firm; extra creamery, 23c; state dairy, 15.00.  
**CHEESE**—Unsettled; state, full cream, fancy, small, colored, September, 12 1/2c; late made, 10 1/2c; small, white, September, 11 1/2c; late made, 10 1/2c; large, colored, September, 11c; late made, 10 1/2c; large, white, September, 11c; late made, 10 1/2c.  
**EGGS**—Strong; state and Pennsylvania average first, 30c; state and Pennsylvania seconds to first, 28 1/2c; western extras, 28c; western first, 24 1/2c.  
**SUGAR**—Raw nominal; fair refined, 24c; centrifugal, 91 test, 23c; refined quiet; crushed, 5.30c; powdered, 4.80c.  
**TURPENTINE**—Quiet at 38 1/2-39 1/2.  
**MOLASSES**—Steady; New Orleans, 31c.  
**RICE**—Steady; domestic, 4 1/2c; Japan, nominal.  
**TALLOW**—Steady; city, 4 1/2c; country, 4 1/2-4 3/4c.

**AWFUL BLOW FOR WOMEN.**

Lack of Faith Must Result From a Recent Disturbing Discovery.

In these days when there is trepidation in financial circles and the fear that some foolish or malicious story may discredit the soundness and reliability of any institution, no matter how stable and enduring it may be, it cannot lighten the burden of apprehension to learn that confidence has been shaken in another of the great depositories of the thrifty, one particularly confided and trusted in by feminine depositors, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mrs. Frances Sterling of New York placed \$35,000 worth of jewels and \$400 in money in a small flat box in her stocking, on starting from Washington for her home at the Powhattan apartments, New York, and on arriving there found that the box had worked a hole in the stocking and was lost.  
This incident will appall thousands in all parts of the country and cannot fail to convince women that their faith in that last resort in times of financial stress is but a rope of sand. Banks may break, trust companies refuse to disburse, even safety deposit boxes be subject to burglary, speculation and rapine by mobs, but never has this repository of ladies' savings been looked on with dubiety. It has stood the test of nearly half a dozen panics. When the monetary storms of '57, '57, '73 and '83 swept the country not a stocking broke. In such high esteem were they held by those who depended upon them and had dealings with them that there is no recorded instance of a run on them. There they stood, an example to all mankind—and woman-kind—of an honorably guarded trust. But now what are we to think? One of these institutions has failed, and failed utterly. It will not repay a cent on the dollar. It is the most disastrous failure, in proportion to the capital involved that has been known in our national history. No excuses are offered. The money, the jewels, even part of the stocking, are gone. We stand crushed before such an instance of betrayal of trust. Is there no thing safe?

**Robbed King Edward.**

London, Nov. 20.—King Edward, for the second time in his brief reign, has been robbed by a clerk in the office of the paymaster of the household. On this occasion checks amounting to \$2,500 were illegally drawn and cashed by Frank Lavham, who, at Bow street police court, confessed and was committed for trial at the Old Bailey.  
New Bit of News.  
Danny McKeever, a pug on the Democratic side of the house, has invented a new bit of slang, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. Instead of saying a man "ribbled," young McKeever says the man "peninstalared."  
Definition: A neck (of land) jutting out to sea.

**New French Art Jewelry.**

The London Times says there is now being exhibited at the South Kensington "Museum of Art in London a group of modern French jewelry by Lalique and his followers. Lalique himself is represented by a plaque de cuivre in common form, whose misty transparency is contrasted with three pink baroque pearls. Guston Lafitte has a pin for the hair composed of a female figure with butterfly wings of opal, a pair of gold antennae and emerald eyes.  
"Scrap Iron King's" Bequests.  
Chicago, Nov. 20.—Marks Nathan, the "scrap iron king," whose will has just been filed, left provision for the erection of a synagogue in Jerusalem. He also left instructions that land be purchased in the Holy City and dwellings erected for the free housing of the families of poor and deserving Jews. Out of a total fortune of \$120,000 made in the buying and selling of scrap iron Mr. Nathan bequeathed \$40,500 to charity. The amount named for expenditure in Jerusalem was \$15,000. An equal sum was set aside for the erection of a Jewish hospital or asylum for Jewish orphans.

**Poorhouse and Four inmates Burned.**

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 20.—A special to the Constitution from Tryon, N. C., says: A telephone from Columbus brings the intelligence that the county poorhouse of Polk county was burned Tuesday and that four of the five inmates perished in the fire. Origin of the fire is unknown.



The Soap That Brightens and Lightens Is

**Sunlight**

Your labor will be lighter, your linen all the whiter and everything much brighter—if you wash in the "Sunlight way." Don't use Sunlight the same as you use common soaps. No boiling—no toiling with Sunlight.

ASK FOR "LAUNDRY" SHAPE SUNLIGHT

**Don't Lose Your Grip**

Gray hairs often stand in the way of advancement for both men and women, socially and in business. Many men are failing to secure good positions just because they look "too old," and no one knows how many women have been disappointed in life because they have failed to preserve that attractiveness which so largely depends on the hair.

**HAY'S HAIR-HEALTH**

has been a blessing to thousands. It is a hair food, nourishes the roots, forcing luxuriant growth, covering bald spots, restoring freshness and life, and positively brings back gray hair to its youthful beauty and color. Hay's Hair-Health is not a dye, and its use cannot be detected.

LARGE 50c. BOTTLES. AT LEADING DRUGGISTS.  
**Free Soap Offer** Good for 25c. cake HARTINA SOAP.

Cut out and sign this coupon in five days, take it to any of the following druggists and they will give you a large bottle of Hay's Hair-Health and a 25c. cake of Hartina Medicated Soap, the best soap for Hair, Scalp, Complexion, Bath and Toilet, both for Fifty cents; regular price, 25c. Redeemed by leading druggists everywhere at their shops only, or by the Philo Hay Specialties Co., 609 Lafayette St., Newark, N. J., either with or without soap, by express, prepaid, in plain sealed package on receipt of 5c. and this coupon.

**GUARANTEE** Any person purchasing Hay's Hair-Health anywhere in the U. S. who has not been benefited, may have his money back by addressing Philo Hay Specialties Co., 609 Lafayette St., Newark, N. J. Refuse substitutes. Insist on having Hay's Hair-Health.

Following Druggists supply Hay's Hair-Health and Hartina Soap in their shops only:  
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