

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,182

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

The canoe continues to have its victims in Vermont.

The town of Washington does well to perpetuate the memory of its soldiers in granite and bronze.

Felix W. McGettrick of Boston, once one of the pillars of the Vermont Democracy, writes in heavy language in denunciation of the proposed fusion marriage with Clement. It is in the form of a letter to Mayor James E. Burke of Burlington, and one of its striking periods is this: "I wouldn't advise too flippant abuse of men of their character and honorable record. But I conjure you, by all of greatness future holds for you, sound the tocsin of war and charge on the enemy's (Clement's) lines and make the welkin ring and the woods resound with the rebel yell until forgetful Democrats behold in you the one true and loyal champion who stood against amalgamation with Clement in 1902 and thereby preserved the party organization so that it is possible for it to hold a convention and present a ticket of its own in this campaign of repentance and year of grace." With this effort Felix succeeds to note the effect of his blows.

A FEDERAL BUILDING IN BARRE.

While the fact that Barre is included in the public building bill now before Congress does not preclude for a certainty the chance to lose, yet it seems entirely reasonable to expect that the appropriation will go through, and that a postoffice building will be erected in Barre soon. This bill has been undergoing a severe pruning during several weeks, and the committee has cut down the appropriations to a considerable extent. But what the committee on public buildings finally recommends is quite likely to go through, unless the national body should take to itself an unexpected parsimonious streak and throw out the greater part of the federal building items. So we with the other cities that actually need postoffice structures may confidently look for a favorable action. The amount of the appropriation, \$60,000, for Barre is in about the same proportion to population as \$100,000 is to North Adams, Mass., and \$75,000 is to Auburn, Me., in both of which places sites must be purchased as well as buildings be erected.

WHAT HE MIGHT REGRET.

John H. Merrifield has no vain regrets. He asked no man's support and the cordial endorsement which came to him from newspapers and citizens throughout the state in the face of an active canvass by two candidates was an endorsement which he may well cherish with pride.—Brattleboro Phoenix. Unless it be the regret that he did not work for the nomination. If he had put one-half the work into the campaign that his successful opponent, George H. Prouty, did, or his unsuccessful competitor, George F. Leland, did, Mr. Merrifield would today have been the Republican nominee for lieutenant governor. But the Newfane man is not constituted

that way. He does not slink work at all, but he is extremely backward about addressing his own interests to his fellow-men. He prefers to retain a modest reserve, willing to respond if chosen, but unwilling to make a spectacle of himself in a scramble for political preferment. For that reason Mr. Merrifield would not make a successful politician, according to the present day political schooling. And it is for the same reason that he failed to secure the majority of the votes in the Republican state convention last week. Most men having come so near victory might regret the few ounces of effort that were not expended.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Pomological.
Bridal pears are different far
From other fruits you've seen.
Plucked from the parent stem they are
Sotest when they're green. —Puck.
Two Reasons.
"The new bookkeeper looks at his watch every five minutes."
"He must have a new watch or a new wife."—Chicago Inter Ocean.
Adulterated.
He—They say there are microbes in kisses.
She—Yes; everything is adulterated nowadays.—Yonkers Statesman.
Deserves a Medal.
He is no hero in the fray.
Yet he is loyal, brave and strong—
The man who seeks a holiday
And takes his two small boys along.—Washington Star.
His Figures.
"Here's a great man on figures."
"Mathematician?"
"No; ladies' tailor."—Minneapolis Journal.
Local Color.
Now the green is on the hillside
And the maize is on the rocks.
But for variegated colors
Look on all the summer socks. —Judge.
A Fighting Chance.
"Pa, what's a fighting chance?"
"That, my son, is Irish for a difficult proposition."—Detroit Free Press.
Mary's Little Lamb.
Mary had a little lamb
That gambled on the street;
An automobile came along—
Now Mary's lamb is meat. —Brooklyn Life.

NEWS NOTES

Kansas City has a very interesting new structure in a large warehouse of concrete re-enforced with steel that is said to contain not a piece of wood or combustible material of any kind. Molded in place, the building with all its partitions and floors is a monolith.
Nothing short of railroad speed satisfies the American student in pursuit of knowledge. The latest in agricultural education is a traveling summer school lately organized by Cornell university.
The 1905 crop of castor beans in Illinois amounted to 71,500 bushels, harvested from an area of 7,150 acres. The bulk of the crop is raised in the southern part of the state.
Lawn mowers are now made and sold having the oscillating knife instead of the revolving wheel knife to which we have so long been accustomed, remarks an exchange.
If ever there was a time when fanning mills should sell in the Dakotas that time is now, said Professor Thomas Shaw in advocating the cleaning and grading of seed wheat.
The national agricultural department is said to have in hand a fertilizer experiment that promises well. Native granite rock, that runs high in potash, ground very fine or powdered, has given good results on tobacco crops in several sections. If this can be made to replace the imported German potash salts it indicates an important development in fertilizer interests.



RIGHT IN THE FACE OF IT

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THE LABOR PROBLEM

IN CONDENSED FORM IT IS LARGELY A QUESTION OF MONEY.

For the Worker It Means a Struggle to Gain a Decent Living. For Capital to Increase Profits—Evils of Intemperance.

Space permits but few points on the numerous problems included under our subject, for the "industrial age" is a series of problems. These complications are the inevitable result of progress, and it is the business of this generation to solve the problems as they accumulate.

The labor press and labor organizations are bending all the powers of intelligent determination to a right development of the industrial crisis.

Boiled down and condensed, the labor problem is a question of money. All classes and conditions are interested in this question. It is the important problem with many how to acquire enough money to meet the demands of a comfortable livelihood. With others the chief problem is how to increase profits, cut down wages and still keep competent employees.

There are two parties to every contract, and both parties must learn the process and solution before a correct result or conclusion can be obtained to the problem.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." If you are a mechanic, be a first class one and don't be a "jack leg." If you are a capitalist, be a good one. It may mean to be a first class capitalist you must organize in the interests of monopoly. You must fight the labor unions hard and never be inconsistent by any undue liberality toward those whom you hire.

Though there are "no pockets in a shroud," grasp all the money you can regardless of human need. Be true to your creed. If your path lies among the mountains, climb. If in the lowlands of sorrow and misfortune, necessity sternly bids you to earn bread by the sweat of your brow, act well your part in the world's work.

Be a sober, decent union man. Be patient and courageous and ever true to principle. If none were down there would be no necessity for uplifting humanity. If all men were equally endowed mentally and it were possible for all to enjoy a reasonable comfort and prosperity avarice would not have created the industrial problem, but as progress is responsible for conditions this generation must meet the emergency with intelligence.

The cherished dreams of life may be the cause of humanity—compulsory education for the masses, free schools and free books—but cherished dreams count for little unless funds furnish the golden key to their fulfillment.

Thus we see capital and labor must work together in the forward march of civilization.

Whether the real passion of a man's heart is finance or philanthropy, money is necessary to produce desired results. Fortunately for the prosperity of church and state, much tainted money in circulation has escaped attention.

But prominent among the serious evils of the age and affecting all other problems intemperance is not to be overlooked. It is a vice without one redeeming quality. The habits of intemperance degrades all classes of society and is as vile for one man as another. It is the curse of whatever home it enters.

Its great shadow of sorrow and desolation rests heaviest on the working people. Then side by side with unionism let the masses cultivate and exercise a temperate influence.

The total per cent of the weekly earnings of labor now spent for drink if devoted to the improvement of the homes and families of workmen would soon accomplish more good than all the organized charities can ever do. Such a miracle among the masses would do more for the uplifting of humanity than philanthropy and fashionable churches combined.

When workmen who drink even moderately realize that they are paying a high price for their own destruction temperance will join strength with unionism in the struggle for improved conditions.

Let organization do all the good it may, let the union label proclaim the good news of clean and wholesome conditions for the toiler everywhere, but let temperance make the poor worthy of better conditions. Let temperance join with unionism to accomplish industrial freedom, and many grave problems will cease to be.—Margaret Scott Hall in Carpenter.

Labor in Britain's Parliament.

Among the fifty-five labor men who have just been elected to Great Britain's parliament are nine miners, seven railroad men (engineers, brakemen, navvies), five factory hands, four printers, three shop clerks, two carpenters, two gas workers and general laborers, two steel smelters, two shipwrights, one barge builder, one sailor, one cooper, one furniture maker, one watch case maker, one lafter, one blacksmith and one agricultural laborer. These men enter the great hall of William Rufus and sit, many of them in workman's dress, as successors to Hampden, Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. No more important or significant event has been flashed across the wires from England in fifty—perhaps in a hundred—years. It is doubtful if any more significant event has occurred in the world during the same period.—Collier's Weekly.

OUR HOBBY

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THE BEGINNING OF A HONEYMOON

(Original.)

Corinne and I became engaged in January and two months later fixed our wedding for the following June. We did not live in the same city and could not see each other except every few weeks. I was not tied down to business and would have gladly removed my residence to be with her, but her hard hearted father said that if I did he would withdraw his consent to our marriage.

We were thus obliged to pass long days, weeks, months, apart, and the separation was well nigh unbearable. In March we fixed the 10th of June for the day on which to end this agony, and from the time of setting upon it at the top of every letter I wrote to Corinne, morning and evening, I gave the number of days to be passed before the arrival of the happy day. The number decreased with provoking slowness, as minutes drag to one looking at the face of a watch.

We were influenced by this distressing separation in the selection of a place in which to spend our honeymoon. I owned or would own on coming of age in a few months an island in the St. Lawrence river, on which was a nicely furnished country house. There was no way to get to and from it except by boat, and the nearest landing was a mile away. We determined to spend not only our honeymoon, but the whole summer, at this place, not returning till November. There, with no one to interrupt our continued association, the happy days would drift along like the water of the beautiful river surrounding us.

We were married at my father-in-law's country place on the Atlantic coast. A suit of rooms was reserved for us in case we could be later prevailed upon to spend some time with the family, but we begged them not to refrain from inviting other guests on our account, since a whole summer spent alone would not be long enough to make us forget the cruel separation we had endured.

I confess that on reaching the island with my bride I was somewhat disconcerted to find there something akin to the spirit of loneliness. Of course this was in the place and not in me. How could I feel lonely with Corinne? Corinne said nothing, but I judged from the expression of her face that this weird something which hung over the place had also affected her. We ate down to dinner at 7. There didn't seem to be anything to amuse us while waiting, and we were both glad when it was announced. At table Corinne looked sober.

"You are thinking of your mamma, dear?" I said.

"No; I think it is the transition from so much excitement."

"That'll wear off. You will soon become accustomed to a more natural existence."

She made no reply to this, but spooned her soup as though her appetite was not of the best. I glanced out through the window and the river looked sort of desolate. I rarely drank wine, but now I concluded to open a bottle of claret. I was relieved when the maid brought it in and sorry when she left.

I had long been picturing how we would sit after dinner together in the long twilight in a hammock swung on the piazza, the beautiful St. Lawrence rolling past us, the scene occasionally enlivened by a passing boat. I had thought how delightful it would be not to have to part at a certain hour, and I was surprised that that spirit of loneliness which had pervaded the island on our approach overhung the river.

For fear my feelings would be communicated to Corinne I roused myself to remark enthusiastically: "What a beautiful scene!"

"Beautiful," came the reply. It reminded me of an echo, repeating the form without the spirit of the original sound.

We were taking our first lesson in the universal principle that blessings cannot be appreciated without opposition, or, stated differently, anticipation is better than reality.

At any rate we had never before in our lives passed so long an evening together.

The next morning a rowboat approached. We were delighted at any interest in us from the outside world. A messenger brought us a telegram from my father-in-law.

If you find it tiresome, come back. I read the message aloud to Corinne and looked up at her. There was a wistful look in her eyes, which were gazing at vacancy.

"Well," I asked, "what do you think?"

"We might give them the month of September."

"The days begin to shorten in August."

"I didn't think of that," repressing something like a shudder.

"I fancy June and July will be all we'll care to stay here."

"It grows hot in July. That's the time for cool sea breezes on the coast."

"You're right. Better make it the 1st of July. Shall I send a reply to that effect?"

"Oh, no. I can write."

At luncheon I saw that my bride was preoccupied and asked her for her thoughts.

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