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The Times' Daily Short Story.

IT FADED LIKE A DREAM.

[Original.]

Young Mrs. Theodore Fitch had been a belle. Her husband when he married her had misgivings as to whether she would settle down to the devotion of one man or would still need that of a great number. Mrs. Fitch, for awhile at least, agreeably disappointed him. She was very fond of him and seemed to be satisfied with him alone. The young man to whose attentions she had been accustomed took no further interest in one who was happily married. This did not disturb her. So long as her changed life was new she had no use for them. But when that life had lost its first freshness and she realized that her former admirers, buzzing about other luminaries, were entirely forgetful of her she felt a sinking at the heart that surprised her.

From this time forward Mrs. Fitch began to pine for attention. She could have had attention, and all she wanted, provided she chose to jeopardize her relations with her husband. Men only have use for married women who are not in rapport with their spouses. To secure attention she would have been obliged at least to make the men suppose that she had tired of Mr. Fitch. To hold attention she would have been obliged to make them believe she cared for them. She did neither, but became dissatisfied, and her dissatisfaction was manifest.

One morning after her husband had gone to his office the postman left Mrs. Fitch a note. It was written in a masculine hand and was anonymous. The writer declared that he had loved her before she was married and would always love her. Mrs. Fitch was frightened at the pleasurable excitement the note gave her. She cast it at once into the fire and, noticing that a corner remained unconsumed, took the paper and pushed it into the flame, that it might not fall into the hands of Mr. Fitch. The letter had given a fictitious name and an address to which she might send a reply if she chose, but she did not choose. She would like to do so, but was too loyal to her husband, besides being too prudent.

At the end of a week the postman at the same hour as before left another note from the same unknown. He blamed himself for having written, feared he had shocked her and begged forgiveness. On the whole, he seemed to be in a specially unpleasant frame of mind. Nothing can be more pleasing to a woman than this same unpleasant frame of a lover's mind. It is very useful to story writers and poets. Mrs. Fitch was delighted. She was so delighted that she pitied the poet man who loved her so well that he had been tempted to insult her. She wrote him a note gently chiding him and promising to forgive him if he

never did so again. He wrote thanking her for her clemency and made the promise provided she would declare to him that she in her heart of hearts wished him to do so. This was impossible, though Mrs. Fitch declared that she loved her husband and could not love any other man. Apparently there was no convenient place where the correspondence might stop. Mrs. Fitch showed plainly that there was something on her mind. Her husband said to her one day: "Sweetheart, I always feared you, who were so attractive as a single woman, would find life dull as a married one. Don't think I want to pen you up with myself. I wouldn't even object to a mild flirtation."

Mrs. Fitch threw her arms around his neck with the intention of showing him her appreciation of his enlarged views, but the embrace was somewhat feverish. One day Mrs. Fitch wrote her unknown lover that she was going to visit a relative in a neighboring city and he must send no more letters to the house while she was away. The truth is her lover had been resolute on one point—he would not reveal himself, avowing that so long as he was unknown she might accept his love with purity, but that the moment he became to her a known person their correspondence must cease.

In her note informing him of her departure she told him by what train she would travel, scarcely acknowledging to herself that she was tempting him to take advantage of the opportunity to meet her. The temptation was too strong for him. He wrote that he would be on the train and should he find her alone would join her. But he admitted that for this one joy their correspondence must cease and he must fade from her like a quickly dissolving dream. Mrs. Fitch thought this a beautiful comparison, but didn't intend that the dream should dissolve. On the morning of her departure Mrs. Fitch was very distraught. She forgot everything she should have remembered and remembered everything she should have forgotten. Her husband feared she would lose her ticket and get out at the wrong station. He insisted on going with her, but she wouldn't have it. So he kissed her goodby in the car and waved to her from the window.

Half an hour after the train started the forward door of the car opened, and in walked Mr. Fitch. Smiling sweetly, he sat down beside his wife and said: "I regret, my love, that my romantic doubts must fade away like a dissolving dream." When Mrs. Fitch saw her husband enter the car, every vestige of color left her face; when he thus disclosed the identity of her unknown lover, it all rushed back again, bringing much more with it. But his good natured smile reassured her. "Theodore," she said, "I'll make you pay for this."

MARY P. SINGLETON.

FRANCE SCARED BY THE POPE

For Church War in that Country

SEVEN NEW CARDINALS

But There is No America Among Them, Five Being Italian, One Belgian, and One Spaniard—Aroused Great Interest.

Rome, April 16.—In his allocution delivered to the consistory yesterday, Pope Pius referred in scathing terms to the actions of France in the fight against the Holy See over French separation law.

The pontiff said: "We solemnly protest against scandalous methods which the French republic has not scrupled to resort to—measures absolutely repugnant to the noble and chivalrous spirit traditional to the nation."

The French government, after arbitrarily breaking the concordat and violently dispossessing the church, has failed to recognize the ancient and true glory of France and has endeavored to uproot all remains of religion, committing every excess, violating with the gravest offence every public and private law.

The French government has also purposely involved national institutions in its anti-religious war in order to be able to accuse the Pope of fighting French popular institutions, which in reality

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"I rejoice at the splendid concord between the clergy and the Holy See, and hope better days are in store for France. The church does not intend to stop her sacred duty of working for God's beloved people. To hatred it will oppose love; to error truth, to slander and malediction, forgiveness. I pray God persecution of religion may cease. The church again acquiring liberty, should be able to count even on non-Catholics, if they be lovers of civilization and upright, in co-operating with us for the common good and prosperity of the country."

Seven new cardinals were created by Pope Pius X yesterday, as follows: Mgr. Cavallari, patriarch of Venice, Mgr. Rinaldini, papal nuncio to Spain, Mgr. Lorezell, ex-papal nuncio at Paris.

Mgr. Luini, archbishop of Palermo, Mgr. Mercier, archbishop of Malines, Mgr. Meffert, archbishop of Pisa, Mgr. Aguirre Garcia, bishop of Burgos, Spain.

The pontiff also made appointments of archbishops and bishops, including Mgr. Guertin, bishop of Manchester, N. H.; Mgr. James Bishop, bishop of Davenport, Iowa; Mgr. Eusebio Bilezy Rodriguez, bishop of Pinar del Rio, Cuba; Right Rev. William Jones, bishop of Porto Rico; and Mgr. Shortynski, titular bishop of Daulia, Greece.

EDDY TRUSTEES ASK TO BE MADE PLAINTIFFS.

Take Legal Steps to Be Substituted For "Best Friends" in Action.

Concord, N. H., April 16.—In the Merrimack county superior court late yesterday afternoon, Henry M. Baker, Archibald McEllan and Josiah E. Ferris, the three trustees appointed by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy some weeks ago, filed a motion asking that they be substituted as plaintiffs in the action which George W. Glover, George W. Baker and other relatives of Mrs. Eddy, began March 1.

The pleading filed yesterday that they the trustees named by Mrs. Eddy, be substituted for those relatives of Mrs. Eddy who, as "next friends," began the original action.

The motion filed today calls upon those "next friends" to show cause why this motion making the substitution should not be granted.

STRIKE ULTIMATUM.

American Shipbuilding Company's Men Fail to Resume Work.

Lorain, O., April 16.—Although yesterday had been looked forward to as a probable turning point in the strike at the yards of the American Shipbuilding company, there was no further break in the ranks of the strikers when work was resumed yesterday morning. Superintendent La Marche of the shipbuilding company yesterday issued an ultimatum that strikers who did not return to work today would not be taken back in the future, but none of the men responded.

A lot of strike breakers are expected from the east today, and with these employed officials of the company say all departments will be working with full force.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Eve's "Descendant."

Wid her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh.

Wid her candies an' cakes an' wafers, But the best thing she brings to commend her to yer eyes that no trouble can smother.

Is the smile in her eyes that no trouble can smother.

An' the wit that's at home in the tip of her tongue

Has a freshness unknown to her candy and cake;

Though her wares had been stale since old Nora was young

There is little complaint you'd be carin' to make.

Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a wrong

That I found in an apple, near bitten in two.

"But suppose ye had bit it, an' whar'd be the harm

For, shure, this isn't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

Oh, Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist in you

Where is the anger could drame o' resistin' you?

Faix, we'll be spilin' you, Blind to the guile in you,

While there's a smile in you, Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name,

Fell to boastin' wan day of her kin in the peerage—

Though there's some o' 'thim same, years ago when they came

To this glorious land, was content wid the steerage—

An' she bragged of her ancestry, Norman an' Dane,

An' the like furvin' ancients that's thought to be swell,

"Now, I hope," said old Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,

Fur I'll care for ancestry mesel';

But wid all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe

'Tis mesel' can go back a bit further than you,

Fur in me you perceive a descendant of Eve.

The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

Oh, Nora McHugh, sich owidacious frivolity!

How can you dare to be jokin' the quality?

Still, we'll be spilin' you, Blind to the guile in you,

While there's a smile in you, Nora McHugh.

—Catholic Standard and Times.



Scene in "As Ye Sow" at Barre Opera House Wednesday Eve, April 17

"The Mayor of Tokio."

With a record of 300 nights in Chicago and 250 in New York, the rollicking new farceful opera, "The Mayor of Tokio," will be the attraction at the opera house next Saturday evening. The book is by Richard Carle and the music by W. F.

being the only comedian in the country whom he felt could follow him in the part. Mr. Kidder and the remnants of his Komique have arrived in Tokio with sally depicted treasury and wardrobe. In addition to Kidder himself, all that remain of a troupe that left San Francisco, 60 members strong for the tour of the far east are, a son-faced warlord mistress, a love-sick song-boy, a sourette with Shakespearean ambitions and nine little girls called the "Princess Ballet." At the time of their arrival the Mayor of Tokio is unfortunately entangled in a plot with a Russian spy, Ivan Orfulitch and General Satake, a conspirator who has entered into an agreement with Ivan to betray important secrets of the Japanese government. The Mayor has the unfortunate habit of talking in his sleep, and Satake persuades him that during one of his somnambulant conversations he has betrayed the secrets which in reality Satake has told to the Russian agent. Furthermore Satake informs the Mayor that unless the latter forces his daughter Olo to marry the conspirator he will report the Mayor's supposed treason to the Kikado, with bar-kari as a result. Olo, however, falls in love with Julian Lincoln, the tenor in Kidder's company, and with the ardent characteristic of lovers in Japan, Julian returns the main attractions. Complicating matters to a further degree, the Mayor mistakes Kidder's Komique for a royal party of princes and princesses who are momentarily expected in Tokio. Kowtow gives the royal welcome and hands the keys of the city to Kidder, who opens up the city and takes the lid off until his identity is discovered and he is thrown into jail. A rich American father of the tenor turns up at the right time, and with the assistance of his luckless troupe is played by J. L. Kearney, who was selected by Mr. Carle as



Peters. The scene of the new opera is laid in Japan and deals with the adventures of a comic-opera organization stranded in the Nippon metropolis. Marcus Orlando Kidder, impresario of the luckless troupe is played by J. L. Kearney, who was selected by Mr. Carle as

The Scrap Book

Malibran and Pierre.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" asked Malibran of her servant. "I am already worn out with company." "He is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come," smiled the great singer. "I can never refuse children."

"I came to see you because my mother is very sick," began Pierre, "and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." "Did you compose it?" asked Malibran, after humming the air, "you, a child?" looking at the boy attentively.

"And the words too? Would you like to come to my concert?" "Oh, yes, but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come tonight. That will admit you to a seat near me."

Pierre bought some oranges and other delicacies for his mother and went to the concert hall that night. The band struck up a plaintive little melody and Mme. Malibran poured forth the touching words. Pierre clasped his hands for joy, but many a bright eye in that vast audience grew dim with tears. The next day the door of his humble home opened, and Mme. Malibran laid her hand on his yellow curls as she said to his mother: "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London £300 for his little song, and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale of the little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The boy fell upon his knees and asked God to bless the kind heart that had felt for the poor, and when, a few years later, Malibran sank to an early death, it was Pierre, the rich composer, who smoothed her pillow and cheered her last hours.

Nothing is Lost. We cannot possibly hear, see, feel or experience anything which is not woven in the web of character. What we are this minute and what we do this minute, what we think this minute, will be read in the future character as plainly as words spoken into the phonograph can be reproduced in the future.—O. S. Marden.

Homs Folks. A Virginia negro in Boston passed wearily from one house to another asking unsuccessfully for bread or work. At one door finally a man looked down upon him sourly and broke out: "What do you mean, you blankety blank nigger, comin' to my front doah as if you were white? Git down to the kitchen if you want somethin' to eat, and if you ever come to my front doah again, I'll break every bone in your body, you black rascal!" "Bress God, bress God!" said the black. "Dat sounds like ole Virginny; dese are my own home folks, sure enough!"

Aunt Mary's Glorious Finish. A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and shrinking, passed away at Carlebad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent home to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard in Massachusetts. His surprise can be imagined when on opening the casket he beheld, instead of the pined features of his Aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English general in full regiments, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he called to the general's heirs explaining the situation and requesting instructions. They came back as follows: "Give the general quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred today with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."—Lippincott's.

No Money Need Pass. The Duke of Wellington once received a letter from a lady saying that she was soliciting subscriptions for a church in which she was much interested and had taken the liberty to put his name down for £200 and hoped he would promptly send her a check for that amount. He forthwith replied that he was glad she thought so well of him. Certainly he would respond to the call, but he, too, was interested in a certain church that needed subscriptions, and, counting upon his correspondent's well known liberality, he had put her down for £200. "And so," he concluded, "no money need pass between us."

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the delicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels all the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It is almost always cured. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days fretted on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 4c. to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION. Practical Ideas for Post-Easter Bridesmaids' Costumes. The bridesmaids at a recent wedding wore empire gowns of white chiffon topped by brown hats, with brown plumes matching in color the fish-like girdles. Two girls wore pale blue sashes, four pink and four mauve, but they all carried mauve and white lilacs, while satin girdles and fichus gave a platform effect, ending in two wide

ROSE LILYEN GOWN—5400.

slash ends. The hats were on the Charles II. order and of dark brown malines, with wide, low crowns. The two long ostrich plumes fell over the left side. Hats this season are rather inclined to be large, but they range from medium to large, and even the smaller hats appear good sized when trimmed and in most instances have mushroom shaped brims. As for shape, there is no limit. The tasteful milliner bends brims at will. Poke bonnets will be worn by those pretty enough to venture such an innovation. Mercerized linen makes the dainty gown worn by the little girl in the swing. It is of a lovely rose shade, trimmed with white embroidery. A narrow belt connects the waist and skirt, and the entire dress is closed at the back. JUDITH CHOLLET.

GLEANINGS. The nomad tribes of the Sahara eat camel meat. In Bilbao the ringing of church bells is prohibited by law. The total number of immigrants to the United States in 1906 was 1,100,735. It is estimated that London's laundries use more than 700 tons of soap a week. The Norwegians have whaling establishments in Iceland, Scotland, South America, Japan and elsewhere. At the present moment the countries of Europe are spending on their armies and navies as much as \$4,000,000 a day.



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Tickle your palate with "Korn Kinks," the new malted corn food. It will give you a new sensation, drive all care away, is easily digested, and supplies more strength than you can gain from any other food. Try it—it's only a nickel, you know.

