

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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MONDAY, MAY 13, 1907.

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

4,605

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

The main thoroughfare between this city and Montpelier is sadly in need of spring reconstruction.

Senator Platt of New York says he never was a Roosevelt man. We know that before because he is not constituted right to be a Roosevelt man.

Was there ever a youngster ushered into the world with more pomp than the infant heir to the Spanish throne? Not if the Spanish knew anything about it.

The lock on Vermont brooks is turned Wednesday, May 15, and will not be snapped again until the fifteenth day of August. Bear these dates in mind.

Do you drink 22.27 gallons of liquor annually? That is the per capita consumption, and if you're not doing your share somebody else is doing it for you.

Anything blue seems to bother the Harvard oarsmen. When it isn't the Yale blue it is the light blue of Columbia or the peculiar shade of the English Cambridge crew.

It's a pity that the West Chesterfield, N. H., boy who lost his life while attempting to rescue a companion from drowning could not have lived to receive a hero's medal at least.

Nevertheless, we in Vermont felt pleased Saturday that we were not living in Wyoming, where there had been a continuous snow storm for 24 hours and the stuff was seven feet deep on a level. There are limits to all things and this is the limit.

"Wealth in Vermont forests" is the term applied to the cutting of 30,000,000 feet of timber there last winter. It is like the wealth of a man who keeps spending his principal and calls it his income.—Boston Transcript.

There is nothing more true in the business world than that. But mark you, Vermont is learning her lesson; slowly, to be sure.

RAISING SALARIES OF TEACHERS.

It is an undoubted fact that the teaching profession is underpaid. We entrust our children into the hands of those whom we pay less than a railroad pays men for the carrying of rails and driving spikes. And this in spite of the fact that teaching requires the most exacting mental attention and

DRINKABLES!

We aren't in any such money-making business as selling liquor, but we do sell stuff to drink that beats anything that Frank Jones can make.

What we refer to is the delicious Tea and Coffee which we carry.

Why, do you know people tell us that our 20c Coffee is as good as they usually pay 35c for. Then, too, our 39c Tea is the equal of most 50c Tea. It doesn't taste like steeped hay or straw. It's got some flavor to it.

If you wish to save money try the drinkables which we sell.

Smith & Cumings, Telephone 438-11, 305 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

Established Sixteen Years. GOULD'S PIANO ROOMS No. 56 Spaulding St.

It's the place where five hundred of your neighbors have bought and saved themselves good money.



The Scrap Book

Couldn't Go to Egypt. An old gentleman advertised for an agreeable companion to visit Egypt with him. This advertisement was seen late at night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to call a hansom. The cab was procured, and with a little muscular exertion on the part of the porter and the cobby the young man was stowed away in its recesses.

He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the pavement and with much dignity ordered the cobby to practice on the bell and knocker of the old fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and after a parley conducted with explosive indignation, which was met with unruffled assurance from the pavement, the ancient came down and unbolted the door. When he had picked up the diner and stood him in the corner the following conversation took place:

"Now, sir, what do you mean by waking me up at this hour?" "Come fasher 'vertainment."

"Well, sir, this is no time to come on such an errand. What have you to say?" "I've come to tell you—very sorry—can't go with you."

A Volunteer. A dour preacher was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading.

"Oh, brethren, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep an' dere's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats? Let's all try to be like de lily white lambs, brethren. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep, brethren. An' who's gwine to be de goats? Talk dere ob' your souls, sisters. Remember dere's gwine to be de goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?"

Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said:

"O'll be de goat. Go on; tell us de joke, elder. O'll be de goat!"—Lippincott's.

He Knew His Father.

"Suppose," said a father to his little boy, "you have half an apple and I give you another half. How much have you?"

"A whole apple," said the boy. "Well," continued the father, "suppose you had a half dollar and I gave you another half dollar. What would you have then?"

"A six," promptly answered the boy.

Passed in the Dark.

It is said that General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries in America in 1776, knew little about the sea and less about geography. On the voyage to America he was on Lord Howe's ship, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, as the voyage was unusually long.

Knyphausen was a martinet so far as discipline was concerned. He had strong scruples against interfering, but the time came when he could keep silence no longer. He marched stiffly up to the admiral and said: "My lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea; but, being intrusted with the troops of his serene highness, my master, I feel it my duty to inquire if it be not possible that during the extremely dark nights we have lately had we may have sailed past America."—Detroit Free Press.

Divorce Wanted.

Scene: Lawyer's office. Enter little girl, sobbing bitterly. Lawyer—Why, little one, what's wrong? Little Girl—Are you Mr. Blank, the lawyer? The Lawyer—Yes. What is it you want? Little Girl—I want (sob)—I want a divorce from my pa and ma.

A Director of the Union Pacific.

Pushing into the private car of Mr. Harriman, a messenger boy said: "Hello! I got er telegram for McKeen."

"You mean Mr. McKeen," interrupted Mr. Harriman, with a frosty smile. "Yep, I guess so; the head cheese of the motive department."

Mr. Harriman took the telegram and had it sent to Mr. McKeen. "What do you do?" he asked the lad, with a glance around at his companions.

"I'm one of the directors of the Union Pacific," said the boy, taking the challenge. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Harriman. "Yep, I direct envelopes over at the master mechanic's office," was the reply as the lad left the car.

About Bach.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert was once visiting at the house of a wealthy woman. She asked Mr. Gilbert several questions about musical composers to show that she knew all about them.

"And what about Bach?" she asked. "Is he composing nowadays?" "No, ma'am," answered Gilbert. "He is decomposing."

Scotch Ostentation.

Boswell, at a public dinner, complained that he had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. "Pooh," said Dr. Johnson, "it's nothing but the ostentation of a Scotchman to let the world know that he had possessed a handkerchief."

Stuck in a Duel.

Bacon—Were you ever hurt in a duel? Egbert—Well, I've been stuck at bridge whilst several times.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Is Not Alone.

"My folks here at home are as queer as can be." "Growned indolent, lazy bone Ham." "Have to go to my bed when not sleepy." "An' have to git up when I am."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Anti-Itis Cures Cold on the Chest. Far Sale by E. A. Drugg.

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

The officers of this Bank are at all times as accessible to the smallest depositor as to the largest, and all its customers receive prompt and courteous personal attention.

The Directors feel that their persistence in this policy is amply justified by the number of accounts which have grown from small beginnings into important size.

C. W. MELCHER, President. F. N. BRALEY, Vice-President. D. P. TOWN, Cashier. FRED HANSON, Assistant Cashier

The Peoples National Bank

Worthen Block, Barre, Vt.

OPEN MONDAY EVENINGS FROM 7 TO 8.

MONTPELIER

The body of Henry T. Downey, who was killed by the explosion of a stick of dynamite last winter, was taken to Pittsfield, Mass., Saturday morning for burial.

William Ellsworth Westcott and Avdie B. Ryan were married Saturday by Justice of the Peace M. W. Wheelock. Both parties are residents of this city and live on the Branch road.

The body of Elmer E. Williams, who died in Littleton, Col., last December, was taken from the catacombs Saturday and buried in the Green Mount cemetery. Many relatives and friends were present at the burial service. Rev. A. J. Hough of the Methodist church officiating.

Robert E. Paine of Northfield appeared in bankruptcy court and was examined by his creditors Saturday. James H. Talbot of Northfield was appointed trustee in the case and D. M. Smith, W. T. Kerr and F. T. Carr, all of Northfield, were appointed appraisers of the estate. Mr. Paine was a grocer in Northfield. He has liabilities of \$3,087.92 and assets of \$1,523.30.

Mrs. W. E. Terrill and the six children who are to present "The Magic Sword," left Saturday afternoon for Boston. Those who make up the cast are, Harold Berry, Jack Heinenman, Maurice Joslyn, Misses Cecelia Hendrickson, Charlotte Duke and Evangeline Butler. They will present the play on Monday and Tuesday evenings and on Wednesday return to this city. The boys are to be entertained by relatives in the city while Mrs. Terrill and the girls will be the guests of the Emerson School of Oratory.

Gas Anderson, a lumber in the E. E. Craven & Co., granite shed, was caught in the shafting on Friday afternoon and his clothing was torn from his body before he could be freed from his perilous position. Mr. Anderson was sitting on a polishing bed and was working with his back to the shafting that did the damage. He was saved from being drawn around the shafting by another polishing bed against which he was held. His overalls, frock, shirt, trousers and underclothing were torn from his body and ground to shreds. Fellow workmen came to his aid but when he was freed from the shafting all the clothing that remained on his body was his shirt collar and small strips of the bottom of his trousers leg. Mr. Anderson was not seriously hurt although he was more or less bruised and is somewhat lame from the wrenching, and he is able to be out of doors today.

Sweden's Criminal Law.

In Sweden the criminal law provides that the capital sentence shall only be carried out in the case of a prisoner confessing the crime with which he is charged.

Butter and the Ancients.

The Roman writers on agriculture allude to butter only in the most incidental way, and there is reason to believe that even in the third and fourth centuries it was used solely as an ointment.

Buddhist Nuns.

The Buddhist nuns in Burma have their heads completely shaved.

A Wonderful Echo.

Two miles from Milan, Italy, is the most remarkable echo in the world. It is at the castle of Sironetta and repeats the shot of a pistol sixty times.

Why Do Country Boys Flock to Big Cities?



Most small towns are short of young men. As a rule there are plenty of agreeable girls who would not object to matrimony; there are plenty of old people and enough babies to go around. But the boy—oh, where is he?

The boy, the young man, has gone to the city, where he imagines there are opportunities. To him the old home town is dull and stupid. He sees no future for himself there. Both for social and financial considerations he rushes off to the great city. Very frequently he finds that he is lonesome there than at home—nearly always so; and even more frequently he finds that riches do not grow on ten story walls.

BUT STILL HE GOES TO THE CITY.

In going there the boy simply follows his daddy's dollars. For years his daddy and his mother and his big sister and his Aunt Mary Ann have been mailing their money to the big city for Mail Order bargains.

Result: Home merchants don't thrive, grass grows in the streets, no jobs are to be had, no opening for a new business, and the young man goes to the city because it is a place where people have traded at home and built up their own community and provided opportunities for outsiders as well as for themselves.

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR BOY AT HOME BUILD UP YOUR TOWN SO THAT HE CAN BUILD UP HIS CAREER AMONG HIS HOME FOLKS.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

If new Dresses are needed, economical mothers had better select them now rather than pay more for them four weeks later.

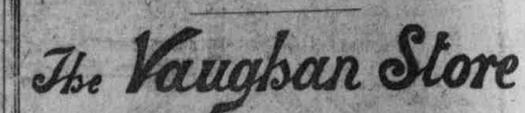
We have a new stock of very pretty styles, some with yokes of embroidery, others with lace and embroidery trimmed. Prices range from 35c, 50, 75c, 98c, \$1.19 up.

Children's School Aprons from 25c to 50c each.

Babies' Slips, beauties, for 50c, 75c up to \$3.00 each.

Bonnets—Children's Bonnets in silk and muslin, the finest assortment ever shown in this store, for 25c, 35c, 50c up.

Children's Coats in a large variety of styles. You should see them. Prices \$1.39, \$2.25, \$2.98 up.



The Vaughan Store

For the Odd Fellows

---AND---

Odd Fellows' Wives!

Breathes there an Odd Fellow so dead That to himself hath not said, "Here, wife (handing her the dough), go to Pope's store And get a better outfit than you ever had before!"

Do you know we have planned for a special exhibit of just the things Odd Fellows' week could call for? Just the time when women are making a special effort to look especially well. Fact is our business is to make women look well. But looking well in clothes isn't all the satisfaction that comes from wearing them. You feel better when you know you are carrying the most style for the money expended it is possible to produce, and that is characteristic of the Pope Store kind.

The Purdy & Pope Co. P. E. POPE, Manager, Montpelier, Vt.

Soft Hats!

Springtime is Soft Hat time always. We've all the new and snappy shapes in Soft Hats that the young men admire. We have never shown handsomer styles than we are showing this season. Priced at \$2.00, \$2.75 to \$4.00. Just the Hats for smart dressers.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing. MOORE & OWENS, 122 North Main St., Barre, Vermont

An advertisement in the Times will bring sure results.

Bad Blood Made Good

BY OUR SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND WITH IRON.

If your blood is impure or lacking in vital qualities you need more than a mere purifier. You need a blood-builder as well. Our Sarsaparilla Compound with Iron not only expels from the blood those impurities which cause debility, rheumatism, etc., but it also makes pure, rich, red blood—the kind of blood that resists disease and gives new energy. We guarantee this remedy. If for any reason it fails to give entire satisfaction we will cheerfully refund the money. Price, 75c.

C. H. KENDRICK & CO., 54 North Main Street, DRUGGISTS