

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

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

4,615

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

The New York Sphinx is turning into a being once more.

Forty barrels of wine in the Northfield house house. Heighho!

Perhaps the reason there are so few suicides in the American northwest is that people are so busy they can't stop to do it.

"Fleet leaves Rio Janeiro." Good!! Thereby adding to our reputation for honesty and destroying the idea that Americans are kleptomaniacs.

If it wouldn't seem like plagiarizing from ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, the people might about for a "Bigger, Better, Busier" Barre with all due right, for it's coming all the time.

Half-baked biscuits, under-done crullers and a general lack of knowledge of good cookery, declares the St. Albans Messenger, are vying with rum to make crime. Also, the stomach-ache.

The public never heard so much about him as it hears about those philanthropists having a press agent, but Morris K. Jessup, who died in New York City yesterday, was a liberal giver to various good causes and in an unostentatious way, too.

When John Sharpe Williams gets into the Senate as he will in 1911 providing death does not change the program, that will leave Representative DeArmond as the minority leader in the House unless, of course, Richard Pearson Hobson of Alabama kindly consents to take the place.

When Mark Twain said that receivers are mostly costly than a harem he hadn't heard of Receiver Burt of Stowe, who, by the way, as the Morrisville News and Citizen informs us, is a "hustling business man, a deputy sheriff and a Democrat." We hadn't suspected the last, but we're glad to hear it.

IF "JOE" WOULD WORK.

The Lyndonville Union-Journal thinks that Joseph Battell, editor of the Middlebury Register, might do quite a stroke of work for his announced candidate for governor, Zed S. Stanton, if he "should get off his coat" and go to work. Mr. Battell is too much interested in "Ellen, or the Whispers of an Old Pine," and the failure of state dispensary in the South to get very heated over the Vermont governorship. Still, it's admitted that he might cut quite a swath for Stanton over in his bailiwick. Addison county, should he take occasion to do so; for Battell has done a powerful lot for that section of the state and his work is appreciated there. Therefore, Stanton is fortunate in having such influence back of him.

WORKS AN INCONVENIENCE.

The removal of the office of the clerk of the United States court for the Vermont district from Burlington to Rutland will work a great deal of inconvenience for people in central and northern Vermont who may have business there which cannot be conducted readily by mail. The records of the court go with the clerk, and it will be necessary for parties to make the roundabout trip

FURNITURE SALE. HULDA SAYS: "Perhaps you are wondering what's bringing so many people down town these days. I know. They're going to Hooker's furniture store. There's a big sale going on there."

It's our profitless time—your money-saving time. If you need furniture now's the time to buy—here prices are a third below regular.

B. W. HOOKER & CO.

F. H. ROGERS & CO.



Pointers for the Particular.

Cold weather was slow in coming, so our warm Suits were slow in going.

Now if you're particular about money matters it will interest you to watch our windows for the next 30 days. You will see good, seasonable goods for about one-half their value. Some are little out of style, but worth fully 25 per cent more than priced. Today it is Men's Suits.

All Goods Sold for Cash.

FUR COATS TO RENT. WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.



174 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

to Rutland in order to transact their business. Perhaps the same difficulty applied with equal force to the residents of the southern part of the state who have heretofore been compelled to go to Burlington to reach the office of the United States court clerk. But there is this difference in the situation, that southern Vermont has been favored with the residence of the judge of the court for many years. Now that section has both the judge and the clerk.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Well Meant But Not Wanted.

The Barre Times offers the following advice to Montpelier, which is doubtless well meant and should be received in a grateful spirit: "No doubt Montpelier is on the point of introducing an ever-ready fire department service in its city. That community has stretched such limits that extremely long runs are sometimes necessitated by fire calls; for instance, to the Pioneer section, which is a mile from the center of the city. Then, too, Montpelier is large enough and the calls are plenty enough to need a paid department, with several firemen always on duty to respond instantly to demands for services. One by one the various cities and large towns of the state have recognized the necessity for abandoning the old volunteer system; Montpelier is one of the last to cling to that service. As a rule, the Capital City has been fortunate in avoiding large fires, but repetitions of the Montpelier & Wells River railroad shops fire and the disastrous residence blaze of last night are fast convincing the people that it is penny wise and pound foolish to longer delay the change."

The facts of the case are that the capital now has an exceptional fire department, which has fought the first of a year with good judgment and intelligence. The responses to alarms have been excellent, one company at the last fire reaching the scene with its hose wagon before the alarm had finished ringing. The firemen are alert and perform their duties in a manner generally commended by the citizens, who at present are decidedly satisfied with the system in vogue in the capital.—Montpelier Argus.

DEBT INCREASED \$38,042.

Rutland Built \$50,000 School Building Last Year, the Reason. Rutland, Jan. 23.—In his annual report yesterday, Mayor Rollin L. Richmond announced that the net indebtedness of this city was increased \$38,042.11 during 1907. This was due to the issuance of \$30,000 bonds for a new school building. This debt was cut down to the amount given by the placing of \$11,957.50 in the sinking fund. The city now has a sinking fund of \$129,412.57 and a net indebtedness of \$440,563.48. The mayor announced that the proposition of building a new reservoir will be submitted to the voters at the March election. The city had a bad water famine here last summer and the mayor contends that the present supply will grow more and more inadequate as extensions of the mains to new streets are made.

RECENT DEATHS IN VERMONT.

Frank Mochin, a lifelong resident of Brandon, died Monday afternoon from heart trouble, with which he had suffered for several months. He was 72 years of age and besides a wife is survived by four sons, Frank of Bridgeport, Conn., Henry of Brandon, George of Boston and Edward of Burlington, and two daughters, Mrs. J. E. R. Chase of Burlington and Mrs. Joseph Hinckley of New York. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9:30 at St. Mary's church.

SOUTH RYEGATE

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Emerson of East Hartford, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Terry, this week.

John D. McAllister and wife were in West Topsham on Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. McAllister's aunt.

The teachers from this section went to Newbury last week to attend the teachers' meeting being held there.

T. A. Courtney and family were in Newbury Center, visiting Mrs. Courtney's brother, the first of the week.

The Ladies' Aid society will give a free supper Friday evening at the home of Mrs. C. M. Libby. Each lady is to invite a gentleman friend.

The granite business is improving greatly in this village. The firm of Roban & Elison has over a hundred horses, to get out on a rush order.

Charles Taylor, who left this section about thirteen years ago, had not been heard of since, showed up here last week and called on his former wife and two daughters. He was breaking on the M. & W. railroad, at the time of his disappearance, and is now conductor on a western railroad. He has many exciting adventures to relate to his old friends.

Mrs. Edwin Henderson of Boltonville, went to Bath, Me., on Friday to attend the funeral of her brother, who was drowned in a shipwreck a few days ago. He was about sixty years of age and had been first mate on his ship for many years. He had been at sea so long that Mr. Henderson had never met him. The name of the vessel was Lacombe. The seven men on her all lost their lives but the captain. Mrs. Henderson's brother's name was Reid.

William Terry retired from active business last June, but since that time he has had his eye on the stove trade, having sold and delivered 40 stoves and ranges, and also 12 sewing machines. The machines were the New Home products and the stoves and ranges were Glenwood and Round Oaks. The three firms are well known throughout New England, at least, and Mr. Terry boasts of having more Glenwoods in use in his village, than any village of its size in the state, which is a good recommendation for the goods. There are over 30 Glenwoods in use at the present time in this district.

RANDOLPH

Miss Fannie Boyce of New York is in town for a few days.

Bert Cleveland from Albany, N. Y., is in town, a guest at W. S. S. Buck's.

Fred Roffe is critically ill with pneumonia and is constantly growing worse.

Mrs. E. O. Thurston of Northfield is spending a few days with Charles Thurston.

Miss Myra Carpenter of Glover left this morning after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith.

Mrs. Fannie Lewis, who has been with her daughter, Jessie Lewis, at Lyndon for some time, is in town visiting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Chamberlain of Barnard spent Wednesday in town the guests of Mrs. Chamberlain's mother, Mrs. Coolidge.

The milk bottling building is up and moving rapidly toward completion. It is expected it will be ready for use early in March.

George Ellet left for North Hartland where he expects to organize a grange on Friday night. He is to be in West Topsham to install the officers of the grange there.

Mrs. Shepard left Dr. Rumliff's and went to Bethel on Wednesday where she is to be with her daughter, Blanche Shepard, who is a teacher in the W. H. S. for two weeks or more.

Mr. and Mrs. George O. Webster of East Brookfield have been with their sister, Mrs. Alvin Angell. On Wednesday Mrs. Webster left for Rutland, where she will visit her son for a few days.

Miss Winifred Richmond left the sanatorium and went to her home on Wednesday as comfortable as could be expected after her surgical treatment three weeks ago. A complete recovery is expected.

FIGHT CURZON'S ELECTION.

Opposition to Him is Strong in Ireland. Dublin, Jan. 23.—The Dublin Gazette, an official paper, in announcing the fact that Lord Curzon of Kedleston received a majority of the votes at the recent election for a representative peer of Ireland, studiously refuses to commit itself to the statement that he has been elected, and apparently recognizes the possibility of a contest by placing on record the fact that Lord Ashdown was second in the vote. The Gazette goes so far as to point out that Lord Curzon's name does not appear to be with those qualified to vote on such occasions. The text of the announcement in part is as follows:

"Baron Curzon of Kedleston has been chosen by a majority of votes to be a peer to sit and vote on the part of Ireland in the House of Lords, and whereas the name of the said Baron Curzon of Kedleston is not upon the roll of peers in Ireland, whose right to vote at the election of representative peers for Ireland has been established by the direction of the House of Lords, as having been admitted to the House of Lords, I hereby give notice that Baron Ashdown, whose name is upon the aforesaid roll of peers of Ireland, has received the next higher number of votes at said election."

It has been suggested that the eligibility of Lord Curzon to this office possibly would be questioned, had it not been his candidacy was first announced by a newspaper that he had taken a high legal opinion on this point. He asserted last night that his failure to qualify for admission to the roll of Irish peers was due to a technical omission, to which his attention had not been called, and which in no way debars him from election as a representative peer.

Little Girl Killed at Play. Windsor, Jan. 23.—It was learned yesterday that the two little daughters of Charles Emery, a farmer of Plainfield N. H., were injured while playing about an old cart body Tuesday. It fell over upon them, crushing the smaller girl so that she died in a short time and severely injuring the youngest sister.

Windsor, Jan. 23.—It was learned yesterday that the two little daughters of Charles Emery, a farmer of Plainfield N. H., were injured while playing about an old cart body Tuesday. It fell over upon them, crushing the smaller girl so that she died in a short time and severely injuring the youngest sister.

Fair Warning. Judge—As it has been clearly shown that you are not identical with the person charged with the robbery the court declares that you are acquitted. There has been an unfortunate mistake, but be careful for the future, mind! Next time you won't get off so easily.—Dorchester.

Mother Goose is a Newport. Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuft playing bridge whilst all night. Found she was a mark—And won all her cash ere 'twas light.—Detroit Tribune.

Pro Bono Publico has been a veritable Nestor; And now to join the shining band Comes Innocent Investor.—Judge.

Certainly Not Her. Mrs. Colbruger—It isn't right to charge Freddie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me? Colbruger—Because it wasn't all taken.—Tit-Bits.

Wanted—A Leap Year Girl. I've read about the leap year girl. Since first inclined to love's young dream. We often meet in fiction's realm. Where like a queen, she reigns supreme. But though I've hunted far and wide, In life she never greets my scan. I know I'd love a girl like that. For I'm a very bashful man. Please, Mr. Editor, be kind And print this halting verse of mine. Some leap year girl might read it then And write to me a tender line. I want to hear from some such girl, But sometimes fear I never can. Yes, I could love a girl like that. Though I'm a very bashful man.—Louis E. Thayer in Woman's Home Companion.

As Usual. "Dear," said the melancholy wife, "if you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?" "I guess so," replied her husband, with a yawn. "I've always had to wait for you wherever I go!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Writer of the Hour. Each crisis brings its figure forth In reins quite unsuspected. Portentous is the present one Before our gaze projected.

Vox Populi for countless years A trenchant pen has wielded, While Veritas for stirring thoughts The pain to none has yielded.

Full long has Constant Reader been A wise and learned critic; Full long has Old Subscriber shown His powers analytic.

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To a Stenographer. Lady Typist, blond and fair, Sitting so serenely there! Pray forgive me if I dare To ask a favor. I, who am your humble slave, Tremble, as this boon I crave, Feeling (usually brave) My courage waver.

For, to suppose, sorry at half Past eleven (do not laugh!) I expect my better half And her dear mother, Who are curious to see What my office life may be—So, your scorn for them and me Please try to smother.

And, although you're naught to do, It were best for me and you, If you, lady, made a few Attempts to hustle; It will please them, I confess, If you wear a simpler dress; Try to look a little less Like Lillian Russell.

Be prepared your part to play; Don't appear too smart or gay, Work as if you earned the pay For which you're hired. Show a more subservient air; Shake your laughing, languid stare—Or, by the pencil in your hair, They'll have you fired!—Puck.

The Men's Repartees. The roosters straddled and the ducks did grin When the brown hen sat in the old coal bin. But the brown hen laughed as well as they. And said: "Now listen to my lay: The old coal bin is the place for me, For it's filled with egg coal, don't you see!"—Chicago News.

Corrected. It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking, and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation. "Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks."

"Oh, I see," said the other woman complacently—"I see that you puts de accent on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

The Blushing Bride. A clergyman, having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, undertook to write out the usual certificate; but, being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked, "This is the ninth, is it not?" "Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the third."—Current Literature.

The Bachelor's Will. There was a jolly bachelor Who died at eighty-eight, And by his will the good man left The whole of his estate To women who had answered nay When asked by him to wed. For he declared he owed to them The happy life he'd led.

A Substitute. "You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diplomas?" "Why—er—so, sir," replied the drug clerk, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Philadelphia Press.

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A PUMA CUB.

Ma Was Plucky, but Paid For His Temerity With His Life.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great puma mother crouches with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage, tall a-switch, steel sinews rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four cubs in the cage corner. A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. Out shot a mighty fore paw; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has she been long like that?" "Started this forenoon." He shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, sparring viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each lunge, dodging, springing, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrasher.

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only know it once before. You notice, main here, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come; then we will lose some promising babies here." The young German keeper was greatly distressed. I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the lion house. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cage. Sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side; a pale light came from above; the place was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws, and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining cubs peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage; the murderer paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uncanny howl in a chilling key came from the leopards; the lion's deep throatful guttural sent unwelcome quivers through one's nerves.

I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—Travel Magazine.

A Good Opening. Ian MacLaren was talking to a group of literary beginners in New York. "Begin your stories well," he said emphatically. "There's nothing like a good beginning. Indeed, it's half the battle." Then, with a smile, this excellent beginner of stories added, "Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words, 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"—Good Health.

The Social Moth. There once was a woman named Jennie Who bridge whisked away her last penny. When forced to dispose Of her fingers and toes She remarked, "I shall use my antennae!"—Harper's Weekly.

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5th ANNUAL WHITE SALE

You are invited here to inspect "The Celebrated Peerless" Muslin Underwear for Women and Children.

This sale comprises samples of Robes, Skirts, Chemises, Corset Covers and Drawers, made and trimmed with the newest laces and embroidery and in this sale 25 per cent less than ordinary sales.

White Sale of New Shirt Waists. It will pay you to invest in these Waists for the whole season's wear, when you can procure them in this sale at 89c, 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.98 up. See them in window.

New Laces and Fine Embroidery in This Sale.

The Vaughan Store