

TRAVELERS' RAILWAY GUIDE.

Central Vermont Railway. Trains leave Barre for White River Junction...

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 30-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar...

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

The best use for the BEST-FIVE YEARS OLD...

Blemishes On the Face

Don't go about with a face full of blotches or other skin eruptions. Clear off these disfigurements in a short time at little expense.

Beecham's Pills

which do the work quickly and thoroughly. Salves, ointments and washes never cure a pimply face.

Beautify the Complexion

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

McCURRIE

The Custom Tailor is making preparations to handle a share of the Spring trade.

SAWDUST AND SLABWOOD

100 run of Soft Wood Slabs, nearly dry, to close at \$1.50 while they last.

Wood! Wood!

Until further notice chair wood will be sold for \$2.25 per load.

ARTHUR S. MARTIN, 43 Park Street. Orders may be left at City Fish Market and J. H. Griffin's store.

FUEL REALITY

The Test of Fuel is Heat Service. The Test of Fuel-Worth is its Reality. The Sterling Worth is in Our Fuel and YOU comprehend it fully in the stress of an extremely wintry day.

Morse & Jackson 256 So. Main St.

WILLIAMSTOWN.

Andrew Burnham has not been as well of late, and, we think, keeps his bed largely.

Rev. J. Edward Wright of Montpelier will preach at our Universalist church next Sunday morning.

The patrons of our village organ were paid 35 1/2 cents per pound for butter fat on Thursday, the 17th inst.

Clayton R. Ditty started for his home in Salem, Mass., Wednesday, going by way of northwestern Vermont, where he has family friends.

Mrs. John Wilfers has progressed so favorably at the Reaton hospital that it is hoped she may be at home, we think, within two or three weeks.

Ask lumber, stacked at the Lynde saw-mill, is being shipped away by car from our station. The owner has been paying \$17 per thousand feet in the log for ash.

At the Congregational church Sunday morning, the pastor will speak on the subject of "The Normal Path of Duty and Service."

Photographer George R. Roworth, a lineal descendant of Hannah Dustin, attended the reunion of the Dustin families, held in Haverhill, Mass., in 1908 and 1909.

Can it be that anyone here feels safe in trying to use canceled postage stamps in mailing their letters? Yet our postmaster says that thing was done in our post office one day this week.

Arthur Teller, brother of Mrs. Arthur Freeman, of whom we have lately written, went to Groton when about 14 years of age.

Our townspeople should note the reading matter provided by our Village Improvement society at its reading room in the Beckett block, viz., McClure's Country Life, Pacific Monthly, Travel, St. Nicholas, Scientific American, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, Review of Reviews, Pearson's, Everybody's, Success, American, Literary Digest, Advance, Christian Herald, Christian Science Monitor (daily), Vermonter, Outlook, World's Work, The Woman's Magazine, others contributed from time to time.

Let every taxpayer and good citizen be present at the informal meeting, which is to be held in the town hall tomorrow (Saturday) evening, the 19th inst., for the purpose of considering the proper candidates for the several town offices that are to be filled at the annual March meeting, which occurs one week from next Tuesday.

Rob Ashley spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in Stockbridge.

M. Davis of Stockbridge is working for Chase and boarding at S. B. Kent's.

Mrs. Harriet Babcock spent a day at H. L. Richardson's in Rochester recently.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. A. Plunkett of Bolton were at her father's, E. I. Martin, Monday.

George Davis went to his home in Stockbridge Saturday, returning Tuesday.

Bessie Kent, who has been quite ill, is gaining and is able to sit up a part of the time.

Mrs. W. W. Norton and Miss Bernice Eaton were in Rochester Tuesday.

J. J. Spencer and son are getting out logs to be sawed into lumber for Arthur Miller.

Miss Beulah Hubbard met with a slight runaway accident recently, but with no serious results.

Mrs. Richard, who bought a house in Cavendish, is in town and is boarding with the family who occupy the house.

The W. C. T. U. recently met at the church and had exercises in memory of Frances E. Willard, consisting of music, reading, etc. Tea and coffee were served and there was a good attendance of members, also of invited guests.

Miss Emily Stockwell is slightly improving.

Romaine Thatcher is in very poor health of late.

Mrs. Alex. Shampency is suffering from a bronchial trouble.

Walter Scott, who was threatened with pneumonia, is now on the gain.

Snow fell during the recent storm to a depth of twelve inches, making it about four feet deep in the woods, and some lumbermen are obliged to stop getting their logs on account of it.

There will be a special union service of both congregations at the Methodist church next Sunday morning, February 20. The meeting will be addressed by L. E. Springer of Montpelier, and others, concerning one of the greatest and most significant of the movements among men of this generation. Sunday schools will assemble at close of session.

President Helps Orphans. Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the president of the Industrial and Orphan's home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used Electric Bitters in this institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. We regard it as one of the best family medicines on earth." It invigorates all vital organs, purifies the blood, aids digestion, creates appetite, to strengthen and build up pale, thin, weak children and run-down people. It has no equal. Best for female ailments. Only 30c at the Red Cross Pharmacy.

EAST CALAIS.

D. I. Scott was in Plainfield Thursday.

Oscar Guernsey was in Canada recent.

Charley Miller of Cabot was in town Thursday.

Ira Goodrich and wife were in Cabot last week.

Webb Cate was in Plainfield last week with lumber.

George Wheelock was in Plainfield last week on business.

C. R. Dwinell and wife were in Montpelier last Thursday.

The East Calais grange held a special meeting Thursday evening, February 17.

Mrs. Bert Leno of Montpelier has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Oscar Guernsey.

Harold Dwinell has been drawing corn from Burnham hall in Woodbury this week.

Mrs. Ernest Peck and Miss Luella Brown of Cabot visited at Dan Brown's Sunday.

Arthur Sweet, who was called to New Hampshire last week by the illness of his parents, returned home Tuesday.

The comedy, "Bar Haven" was presented at Plainfield last Saturday evening by the East Calais dramatic club.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Burnham went to Barre Thursday to get their coat, Remo, which has been in Dr. Lewis' hospital.

Carl Drumm of Montpelier was in town last Thursday after his son, Phillip, who has been visiting his grandfather, Mrs. O. W. Guernsey.

Van Leonard and wife, who have been visiting his parents, W. I. Leonard and wife, started Thursday for their home in Aberdeen, Washington.

TOPSHAM.

Mrs. W. V. Hood is on the sick list.

W. M. Hood was in Barre last Wednesday.

Maud Powers is stopping at home for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Powers visited in Groton recently.

Mrs. J. B. McLam is confined to the bed with a severe cold.

Duncan McKay has the misfortune to lose a nice cow last week.

George Taplin of Groton pond was in town the first of the week.

J. F. McLean is confined to the house with a severe attack of neuralgia.

Mrs. J. A. Dodge of Waits River was the guest of Mrs. P. J. McNamara last Tuesday.

P. J. McNamara has purchased a horse from Nutter & Kimball of Woodsville; weight, 1,200 pounds.

The auditors have been busy the past week and expect to finish their work this week, and will have the town reports out as soon as they can be printed.

GRANVILLE.

Lee Cary was the over-Sunday guest of Arthur Teller.

Sidney Wyman of Stockbridge is working for Chase, with his team.

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DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. E. B. HOLEY, 715 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

OUTWEIGHED BUT WON.

Somerville Defeated Charles Rogers at Rutland. Rutland, Feb. 18.—Bob Somerville won two straight falls from Charles Rogers of Fall River, Mass., last night, the first in 30 minutes with a full body hold and the second in 32 minutes and 10 seconds with a body seizure and wrist hold, following a plant swing. Somerville was outweighed by 15 pounds.

Who Will Claim Them?

Letters unclaimed for at the barre post office, week ending February 17, 1910, were as follows: Men—Jas. Allison, Neal G. Adair, Amos J. Bell, Donovon Blinzie, Henry Chamberlain, Louis Catto, Wm. Duwa, Luigi Dello, Ramond Deway, E. Perret, Moses Forest, Henry Farmer, Henry Gelo, Frank Kenady, Nelson King, E. H. Prouty, Parley Prouty, M. Stratton.

Women—Mrs. Emma Bishop, Mrs. Florence Boye, Mrs. Anna Douglas, Mrs. Charles Felton, Mrs. Florence Gray, Miss Laura Holden, Mrs. Ralph Heath, Miss Edith Johnson, Miss Clara Stanley, Mrs. Eva Steps, Miss Sara Terzina, Miss Trona Turney.

Is Persia Doomed?

Is a great yellow palace in Teheran a small boy sits on a peacock throne. He is a very unhappy little boy, and when they put him on the throne he cried as though his heart would break. His people call him King of Kings for short, for he has so many names and titles that it would take a strong man from breakfast until tiffin to repeat them. And the throne on which he sits is shaky—yes, rickety, in fact. But one of these days he will not have any throne at all and will have to content himself with a cane bottomed chair or more probably a divan, for certain much other persons in London and St. Petersburg and Berlin are calmly planning to cut his country into portions, very much as a pastry cook cuts pie. The little boy's country, you see, happens to block up a road which one of his grownup neighbors wishes to have open, and so it will disappear just as other children's mud forts disappear when the street sweeper comes along. I feel sorry for that little boy.—Everybody's.

The Art of Overlooking.

Nobody can live long in the world and not admit that the words "nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned, but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past accounts. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind. We have afforded it; we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—London Spectator.

R&G CORSETS Why don't YOU try one?

The Green Signal A Story For St. Patrick's Day By NOIRA ROURKE Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Why do story writers always describe the girl who is to be the heroine of their romances as beautiful? My observation goes to show that it is more often the homely than the pretty girl that catches the fellow. Pretty girls have a continued temptation to vanity. Homely girls know they must rely on their wits, and between beauty and wit let the homely girl once get her start and she will win every time.

But the strongest cases of girls who have all the lovers they want while others go begging is she who has neither beauty nor wit. And, after all, isn't the matter of a woman's fascinating powers a mystery anyway? Kit Tierman had no beauty. As to her smartness, I don't know about that; but, being an Irish girl, it is natural to suppose she had her share. Anyway, she could do with a man as she liked. When she came to make up a visit one spring she was barely nineteen years old, a little over the medium height, of a sallow complexion, somewhat bony and not past that awkwardness often conspicuous in girls between fifteen and twenty. Her only good feature was her eyes. They were of a dark brown, and there was something in them to set one a-wondering.

My intimate friend Tom Shea was a bachelor and a sort of woman hater. He was often at my house and used to say gallantly that when he found as good a woman as my wife he would marry, but not before. Tom was a good catch. He was in the plumbing business, and every one knows that plumbers have a way of rolling lead pipe down into gold. He was thirty years old and ran his own shop.

"Kit," I said, "I wish you'd marry my chum, Tom Shea. He'd be a better off with a wife, and if he were married he and I would have more in common. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. Let me see. This is the first day of March. If you'll hand Tom on or before the 17th, St. Patrick's day, I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars for a wedding present."

I wished that I could tell by the expression that came into Kit's eyes how she felt about it, but I couldn't. I knew that the idea of possessing a thousand dollars was of great importance to her, but whether the husband that was to go with it moved her at all I had no knowledge.

"Nonsense! Don't sit there looking at me that way, asking me foolish questions. How have you begun with the dozens of fellows you've had daubing about you?"

"I never did begin."

"Then how do you do it?"

"I don't know." And looking into her eyes for information whether or not she was telling the truth, I saw only an innocent look that accorded perfectly with her words. Possibly she was unconscious of any attempt to inveigle her admirer.

Tom was at the house more frequently than ever after Kit came. He affected to regard her as a chit beneath his notice. It wasn't long, however, before he would chat with her banteringly, and my wife and I would make excuses to leave them with each other. At such times as we all came together again Tom would wear a shamefaced look, as if it were not quite satisfied with himself for spending time with so slight a creature as Kit. I could understand Tom somewhat, but Kit was as much of a puzzle as ever.

During the last ten days of the period I had given Kit to make her thousand dollars Tom Shea, who was to be chief marshal on St. Patrick's day, was very busy planning for the parade. In fact, he didn't appear at the house for several days. Then he came one evening when Kit knew my wife and I were going out.

Tom came in just before we left, manifested an embarrassed surprise at our going, which was plainly feigned, and badly feigned at that, said at first he would walk along with us to the shop, where he had some figuring to do, and ended by deciding to stay a few moments to tell Kit about the parade. We returned home at 12 o'clock and Tom was still there, still telling her about what fine things were to be done on St. Patrick's day.

That was the last seen of Shea till he came riding down the street at the head of the St. Patrick's day procession on a milk white steed, with a green sash hanging over his right shoulder and fastened at his left side with a big star.

I must digress a bit here to say that I had hired a window from which we might witness the procession. There my wife and I and Kit, with several other people whom we had invited to share our perch, went on the morning of St. Patrick's day. There was no evidence that Kit had won her \$1,000 and no evidence, judging from her appearance, which was as unresizable as ever, that she had lost it. She carried a handkerchief with her of green silk to wave at the paraders.

When Tom Shea appeared half a block away I saw him looking eagerly up at our window. As he came nearer Kit waved a white handkerchief at him. A look of terrible disappointment came in a twinkling. He came opposite the window and gave one reproachful look, when Kit drew her green handkerchief and waved it. I knew, in a twinkling that the green was a signal of his acceptance. And so it was. She married Tom Shea, and I paid the \$1,000.

Kit Tierman had no beauty. As to her smartness, I don't know about that; but, being an Irish girl, it is natural to suppose she had her share. Anyway, she could do with a man as she liked. When she came to make up a visit one spring she was barely nineteen years old, a little over the medium height, of a sallow complexion, somewhat bony and not past that awkwardness often conspicuous in girls between fifteen and twenty. Her only good feature was her eyes. They were of a dark brown, and there was something in them to set one a-wondering.

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Better Follow Anty Drudge's Advice.

Mrs. Newbride—"Yes, but this is the way mother washed. She always said to boil the clothes good and long."

Anty Drudge—"Yes, and your mother wore hoopskirts, and a poke bonnet, and did her sewing by hand, when she was young. But I don't see you doing those things. Take my advice and use Fels-Naptha soap in cold or lukewarm water. Those pretty white hands will last longer and so will your health."

Every woman inherits certain ways of doing housework from her mother as the mother did from her grandmother. One of these ideas from ancient times concerns the washing of clothes. "Boil 'em, Boil 'em good," is the old tradition. Until the invention of Fels-Naptha soap that was the only way to wash. Now, isn't it foolish to keep on boiling clothes, and rubbing them hard, when a way to wash better in cold or lukewarm water with no hard rubbing has been found?

Clothes last longer with no boiling to weaken their fibre. Every progressive woman is glad to get rid of the hot fire, steam and suds, as well as the back-breaking work of hard rubbing.

But there's a right way and a wrong way to use Fels-Naptha. Start right. Follow the directions on the wrapper and you'll have a better, easier, cleaner way of washing. For other reasons which are explained on the red and green wrapper, Fels-Naptha is just as superior for all kitchen purposes as it is for washing.

Puzzled the Englishman.

Lady Naylor-Layland has always been noted for her brilliancy in conversation and the sprightliness of her wit. As a sample of her powers in that respect there will be told a story that will perchance be remembered by a few, but forgotten by many of her contemporaries in the days of her maidenhood. Among the legion of young men who followed in her train was a certain youthful Englishman who had for several years been seeking his fortune in the western states, but had failed, a rich uncle making him his help in the nick of time. When he heard Miss Chamberlain was an American he professed to know all about America, as so many people do who don't. He asked her what state she came from. Wishing to test his great knowledge, which she doubted she said, "If I were to describe it to you, do you think you would be able to tell?" "Rather," he answered. "Well, then, it is high in the middle and low nothing at either end." It used to be said that the young man was still at work studying the topography of all the states, but hadn't yet found the solution. Of course Ohio has nothing at either end and is "in" in the middle.—London M. A. P.

Does not Color the Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinine, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume. Show this to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY TIMES

Going! Going!

You Cannot Stop Us, We Are Going Out of It

We are going out of the clothing business, here, at once. Our entire stock must go, too. Anyone who wants it can have the whole stock and all store fixtures at a big discount from the wholesale cost to us.

We have decided to go out of the clothing business here to locate elsewhere, and we are going out of it, at any rate, as soon as we can sell out our stock to save moving.

For this Week

we have on sale our entire stock of Overcoats for men and boys and little fellows, from one-quarter to one-half of the price. Don't wait.

S. J. SEGEL CO., Sewapoint Block, 501 No. Main St. Next Door to Smith & Canning's.