

A Wonderful Oven they all say.

Glenwood Range

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Ask the Woman who uses one

Reynolds & Son, Barre

Ask the Woman who uses one

WOMAN'S WORK AND INTERESTS

Gray is the Fashionable Color at Present Moment

MOLEGREY IS VERY SMART

Getting a Pleasant Voice, Some Things to Be Observed in Going It—Fur-trimmed Boots a New Fad in Footwear.

When you get something for nothing, it is worth about what it costs.

Oatmeal is an excellent dish for cold weather, as it has good properties for heating the blood. It is too strong and substantial a food for invalids and even makes heavy demands on the digestion of those who are in good health.

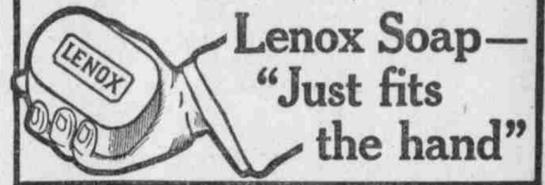
The newest fad in footwear this winter will be fur-trimmed boots, to be worn with fur- and fur-trimmed garments. The fur, usually black and of one of the short-haired varieties, will be treated as collars, about three inches down from the top, or as welting.

What Lenox Soap looks like.

A cake of Lenox Soap is about 4 inches long; 3 inches wide; and 1 1/4 inches thick. The ends, top and bottom are rounded, so that the cake is easily held in one's hand.

The top side of the cake bears the word Lenox; the reverse side, the name of the makers, Procter & Gamble.

On the inside of the wrapper are suggestions as to the best way to use Lenox Soap, that are well worth reading.



Lenox Soap— "Just fits the hand"

The Tramp's Thanksgiving

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

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Evelyn Holt, aged thirty, was preparing for Thanksgiving. She had stuffed the turkey, made the cranberry sauce, baked the pumpkin pies, and there was nothing to do till it was time to cook the dinner. The cold was increasing, the wind was blowing, and the clouds were spitting snow. Miss Holt, seeing a few pieces of the week's washing still on the clothesline in the yard, fearing they would be torn by the wind, went out to bring them in. While doing so a tramp put his hand on the gate to open it. Pausing, he looked at Evelyn, then, opening the gate, entered the yard. Lifting his hat, he respectfully said:

"I'm sorry, miss, on this Thanksgiving day to throw anything unpleasant in the way of any one, but I'm a tramp, with a tramp's home, which is nowhere, and there's something I'm longing for. I'd like to enter some family for the day where I can see others happy about me. I've been working occasionally lately and earned some money; therefore I can contribute to the expense of the dinner. If you'll just take me in, miss, for the few hours that remain before the day is ended you will confer an everlasting favor."

There was something in the manner, the voice, the expression, of the man that touched a chord in Evelyn's heart. She did not reply for a few moments. She was thinking that she would like to give this pleasure to the poor wanderer, who spoke so sincerely to be imposing upon her. Presently she said:

"Come in and I'll give you something to eat anyway. We're not much better off than you in this house, but we've got a good dinner. We always have that on Thanksgiving, even if we have to pinch in some other way."

"You needn't pinch this year. I've got enough to pay for it all. And money doesn't do a tramp any good. Money is only fit for those who haven't the wandering fever."

He entered the house with Evelyn, who offered him something to eat, but he declined, saying that he could buy what he needed. He longed to be one of a family Thanksgiving party, and if he couldn't be admitted to their circle he would go away. As the different members came in Evelyn communicated to them what he wished, and since no one seriously objected and he asked to be permitted to leave with them an amount to pay for the whole dinner he was suffered to remain.

Shortly before the dinner hour he went away, saying that he would return. He did return, and much improved in appearance. His stubble beard had been shaved, his hair cut, and he had evidently bought and put on a clean shirt. Besides, he had had a bath. When the family were seated at dinner he asked permission to say grace and when suffered to do so gave thanks not only for the bountiful provision, but also that it had pleased God to bestow upon this deserving family every comfort. No one under-

Delicately Formed

and gently reared, women will find in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives and mothers, that the one simple, wholesome laxative remedy, which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally and which may be taken at any time, when the system needs a laxative, with perfect safety and really beneficial effects, is Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

It has that true delicacy of flavor which is so refreshing to the taste, that warming and grateful toning to the stomach which responds so favorably to its action and the laxative effect which is so beneficial to the system when, occasionally, its gentle cleansing is required.

The genuine, always bearing the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., may be purchased from all leading druggists in original packages of one size only, price fifty cents per bottle.

MISS KATHERINE WRIGHT.

Sister of the Famous Wright Brothers, Aeroplane Inventors.



Photo by American Press Association.

stood what he meant by "every comfort" since they were all very much cramped for their daily expenses.

Grace had hardly been said when a grocer's wagon drove up and left a bottle of wine. Evelyn went to the door, received it and returned with a blank expression on her face.

"It's one of the comforts," said the tramp.

"Oh, I see," said Evelyn. "You sent it."

"Yes, I told you I had enough to give us all a good time."

Under the influence of the dinner and the wine the company waxed genial, the tramp took on a mood far more pleasing than one who was a homeless wanderer, and all were glad they had taken him in.

Finally, when the dinner was ended and they were all eating nuts and raisins, the tramp took a little book out of his pocket, wrote something, tore it out and handed it to Evelyn.

"Is that enough?" he said. "If not there's plenty more."

"Evelyn saw before her a check for \$10,000."

"I don't know what it means," she said.

"It means, Evelyn, that I'm Jim Scarborough. I went away fifteen years ago and have been a wanderer and a speculator ever since. You called me a dreamer, and so I was. I finally struck some luck and came back to let my story tell itself. If I had come as myself you wouldn't have believed me. That's a check for \$10,000, payable to you for you to distribute among this family. I've got a lot more for you in case you're willing to redeem your promise, if I would settle down and make money enough to support a wife."

Every one at the table save Evelyn looked at the man, wondering if he was mad. She simply gazed on him, wondering if all this were true or if she were dreaming.

"This isn't the place for private affairs," he continued, "but I prefer to have it all out at once. I'm a rich man, but in one sense a tramp. I have no home unless this is to be my home to the future."

"This is your home, Jim," said Evelyn, putting out her hand, and in the presence of all present he took her in his arms.

The Olfactory Test.

It may appear a whimsical theory that the successful grocery store can be detected by its odors, and yet there is this much truth in it—namely, that the grocery store which greets the nostrils with a certain glorious combination of odors of coffee, tea and spices is almost always a paying investment.—Ideal Grocer.

Secrets of Comfort.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases.

Magazine Review

Autos On the Old "Pike."

A growing appreciation of the historical value of the old Cumberland road has induced the states through which it passes to undertake more or less extensive repairs along the ancient thoroughfare. Pennsylvania is resurfacing her part of it, and many of the counties in Ohio and Indiana are doing what they can to mend the great highway, which in its day was by far the most important in this country.

Hopes are entertained that the federal government may be persuaded to cooperate with the states in a scheme for the reconstruction of the famous pike all the way from Cumberland, Maryland, to its western terminus at St. Louis. Nearly eight hundred miles in length, and following an almost perfectly straight course from Atlantic tidewater to the Mississippi river, it would furnish a magnificent pathway for automobiles.

If this shall be accomplished, with or without the help from Congress, the old road will again become a busy thoroughfare. Taverns will open their hospitable doors at frequent intervals along its length, as in the ancient days, and the echoes of the hills in the passes of the Allegheny mountains will be awakened by the cheerful honking of motor horns—just as in former times they responded to the merry tooting of the coach guards' trumpets. It would become the fashion for automobile parties to "do the pike," the long straightaway stretches of which would afford most attractive opportunities for speeding, while a trip over it in a gasoline car might well be deemed worth taking for the mere sake of the extraordinarily picturesque and beautiful scenery.—From "Building a Thousand-Mile Boulevard," in December Technical World Magazine.

How Senator Tillman Franked a Typewriter.

Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina had a typewriter. The government had purchased it for his official use, and he was in the habit of taking it to his home in South Carolina during the recess of Congress, to aid him in getting out his official correspondence.

Senator Tillman's typewriter reached Washington on the last return trip January 5, 1909. It came into the central post office with one of those mysterious things, a congressional frank, attached to it. In other words, Senator Tillman's name was written across a piece of paper, which was expected to pass current for any quantity of postage stamps that might otherwise have been required.

Now, the congressional frank is anything but a mysterious instrument when properly viewed. It was given by a eminent public to its legislative servants for certain specified purposes: To send parts of the congressional record, speeches and public documents to those persons who want them; to send government seeds out in small quantities to a member's constituents; and for the conduct of official correspondence, when such official letters do not weigh more than two ounces.

Senator Tillman's typewriter passed in the Washington post office. It was viewed by various under-officials of the service, and finally by the postmaster of Washington himself. It was plain that it was a typewriter. That was the trouble with it. It would not pass as "part of the congressional record," nor as a public document, a package of seeds, or official correspondence weighing less than two ounces.

Senator Tillman was notified that the post office had one typewriter directed to him, and held for the payment of postage charges. Said typewriter was not properly entitled to the franking privilege.—From "Campaign at Public Expense," in December Technical World Magazine.

MRS. WARD MAY GET THE ORDER OF MERIT

Famous Novelist May Succeed to Florence Nightingale in the Great Distinction.

The statement that Mrs. Humphry Ward will succeed to the order of merit, bestowed upon Florence Nightingale, who was the only woman that ever received it, is recalling the work and career of the famous author. Besides being a great novelist, Mrs. Ward is a philanthropist of note. The Passmore Edwards Settlement in London owes its origin to her novel, Robert Elsmere, and during the past ten years she has been largely influential in maintaining this school.

Mrs. Ward's special interest is in the training of physically helpless children, so that by use of their brains

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

their lives may be happy and self-supporting in spite of their infirmities.

She established a branch for the special instruction and care of crippled children in the vacation school attached to this settlement some five years ago. Here the little cripples, besides being cared for, are also taught arts and trades.

Mrs. Ward was born in Hobart, Tasmania, on June 11, 1851. As is well known, she is a daughter of Thomas Arnold, editor and author; a granddaughter of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby and niece of Matthew Arnold and was therefore brought up in a rare atmosphere of culture. Few women have had the privilege of continental domestic association with so many brilliant men. Mr. Humphry Ward, to whom she was married in 1872, is a man of unusual mental attainments. He is perhaps best known for his edition of "The English Poets" and as the writer of the brilliant art criticisms in the London Times.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Every Woman Can Have It by Using Parisian Sage—Guaranteed by the Red Cross Pharmacy.

There is a reason for the phenomenal sale of Parisian Sage in the United States since it was first introduced into America, and the sales this year are breaking all records.

And the reason is plain to all: Parisian Sage does just what it is advertised to do.

Ask the Red Cross Pharmacy about it. They will tell you that they rightly guarantee it to cure dandruff, stop falling hair or itching scalp in two weeks, or money back.

There is no reason whatever why any man or woman should fail to take advantage of the above generous offer.

But one thing that has made Parisian Sage so famous is its peculiar power to turn the harsh, unattractive hair that many women possess into luxuriant and radiant hair in a short time. Women of refinement the country over are using it, and it never disappoints.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere, and in Barre by the Red Cross Pharmacy for 50 cents a large bottle. The girl with auburn hair is on every package; mail orders filled, charges prepaid, by the American makers, Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Charming Hair

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BOSS McNICHOL WEDS A NURSE

Philadelphia Political Leader and Woman He Met in a Hospital Marry.

Boston, Nov. 23.—A romance of a Philadelphia hospital culminated in a wedding yesterday at St. Mary's Church of the Assumption, Brookline, where State Senator James P. McNichol, a Republican leader in Philadelphia, and Miss Margaret Donahue, a nurse, were married.

Senator McNichol first met his bride during an official inspection of the Philadelphia General Hospital, of which she was head nurse.

After a brief reception and wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper, with whom Miss Donahue has been stopping for a short time, Senator McNichol and his bride left for Florida.

More Promising Young Players Brought Out This Season Than Ever Before.

"How the Scouts, for the Major Leagues Found the New Stars of the Baseball Season of 1910," is Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton's subject in the November American Magazine. Mr. Fullerton's introductory remarks include the following interesting statement:

"Sixteen clubs, comprising the 'major' leagues, the American and National, last fall paid \$162,400 for baseball players belonging to 'minor' leagues. Already this season, with the campaign to strengthen the teams for next year just starting, nearly \$100,000 has been paid for players."

"The players 'discovered' since the close of the season of 1909 and recruited into the major leagues to strengthen the battle lines and fill the gaps left by failing veterans, who have 'made good' number about thirty. So the average price of a winning player, or one who shows promise of winning, is about \$10,000. And the crop of young players, the men who are destined to be the stars of the next ten years, is larger and more promising than any that has been harvested in baseball."

New England Census.

The total population of New England, the census returns for which are now complete, is 6,522,745. This is a gain of 960,738, or nearly 1,000,000 over the 1900 figures, 5,562,017.

Actually the gain for the past decade is greater than that for the decade previous, when 891,272 was added to the 1890 population of 4,700,745. Proportionately, however, it is slightly less as the percentage of growth since 1900 is 17.2 and for the previous decade 19.0.

The growth, as also the total population, is divided very unevenly between the three northern New England states, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and the three southern ones, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

The population of the smallest southern state, Rhode Island, is greater than that of either New Hampshire or Vermont and is exceeded in the northern states only by Maine.

The population of the three southern states together is 5,023,846, or about three-fourths of that of the whole district, leaving only 1,528,899 for the three northern states.

The diversity is still more apparent in the matter of growth. Of the total growth of the district 881,524, or 11.12 per cent, was made by the southern states.

The rate of growth of Massachusetts, the smallest in rate among the three southern states, is nearly three times that of Maine, which has the largest percentage of the northern states.

A comparison of the growth made by the six states in the past decade with that of the decade previous shows that all except Massachusetts and New Hampshire have made greater increases both actually and proportionately, since 1900 than before it, and in the two named, the actual falling off was very slight.—Concord Monitor.

Some Great Jokers.

They have some great jokers in the Vermont legislature. A member with some modern ideas having introduced a bill to allow the pensioning of teachers another member killed it with an amendment to include in its provisions "old maids and hired girls."—Concord Monitor.

WRITE NOW FOR

FREE 80-PAGE BOOK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book Upon Ailments Peculiar to Women

Why You Should Send Now

This book is a treatise on all those diseases peculiar to women. They are fully explained in plain and simple language, that anyone can understand, and instructions for a complete course of home treatment.

In a word, with Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book at hand to refer to in case of need, you need have no cause for anxiety about your ailments.

The Danger of Delay

Any woman who possesses this book has at hand such information as may save her a serious illness, and if she is already ill, it will give her an intelligent understanding of her case and suggest a cure. This book is a text-book—not a mere advertising pamphlet. Until you have read it, you cannot make sure of the exact nature of your trouble. A great many women suffer from some complaint, which may not seem very serious to them, because they do not know what it is—or to what it may lead.

Perhaps you are one of these women. Do not remain in doubt another day—send for this book and find out for yourself.

This book is written in the kindly sympathetic spirit that guided Mrs. Pinkham in all her actions towards her suffering sisterhood, and you will feel when you are reading it as though you were having a confidential chat with some motherly and trustworthy woman friend.

Remember, your letter will be treated as strictly private and confidential and the book will be posted to you in a perfectly plain envelope, without any printing on the outside.

Fill Up This Coupon

Cut out this Coupon at once—while you think of it. Don't wait till by and by you may forget it. It may be the means of saving you from years of suffering—perhaps from death itself.

Fill in your name and address and send it along to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. It will bring you Mrs. Pinkham's 80-PAGE PRIVATE TEXT-BOOK in a plain envelope by return of post, absolutely free.

Name _____ Street _____

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S PRIVATE TEXT-BOOK UPON AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

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