



Here's Something New

No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor.

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood Idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is sold complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel. 'The Mission Style' Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon.

Up-To-Date Gas Attachments

This Range can be had with the latest and most improved, Elevated or End Gas Range attachments. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of oven as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided.

Makes Cooking Easy.

At Least One-half of All Glenwoods, Are Sold through the enthusiastic recommendation of a satisfied user.

Cabinet Glenwood

Reynolds & Son, Barre

RUSSIA'S LAST WORD TO CHINA

Before Next Tuesday a Satisfactory

REPLY MUST BE GIVEN

Evasive Policy Charged—Russia Free to Act If Her Time Limit Is Ignored by Her Neighbor.

St. Petersburg, March 27.—The Russian government is determined to force China to take decisive action with regard to the Russian demand for the revision of the treaty of 1881 to be completed with Russia's ultimatum, which was presented to the administration at Peking through the Russian minister, declares China must give a satisfactory reply to the Russian note of Feb. 16, setting forth in detail the Russian claims, before March 28; otherwise it will hold the Chinese government responsible for such action as Russia deems advisable.

The ultimatum was contained in a telegram from M. Neratoff, the acting minister of foreign affairs, to M. Korostevetz, the Russian minister at Peking, and is as follows: "In view of the absolutely futile character of such negotiations, during the course of which the Chinese government has sought only to restrict Russia's treaty rights by advancing arguments which it afterward abandoned, the Russian government sees itself obliged to end this procrastination, for which there is no justification, and requests the Chinese government formally to admit that all the points in the note of Feb. 16 are valid and conform to the treaty stipulations."

"If an exhaustive and satisfactory reply to all six points of the note of Feb. 16 is not received by March 28, Russia reserves to itself freedom of action and will make the Chinese government responsible for the obstinacy displayed by it."

"An exhaustive and satisfactory reply to all six points of the note of Feb. 16 is not received by March 28, Russia reserves to itself freedom of action and will make the Chinese government responsible for the obstinacy displayed by it."

SHE'S FOUR HENS IN ONE.

Turkey a Setting Trust for an Economic Sheriff.

Winsted, Conn., March 27.—Deputy Sheriff Dyer of Norfolk, who is scheduled to go out of office June 1, when Sheriff-elect C. C. Middlebrooks takes office, has decided to go into the chicken business.

He looked at several setting hens, but when told they would cost him \$1.50 apiece and that he could get no more than thirteen or fifteen eggs under a hen at one time he priced setting turkeys.

The turkeys were quoted at \$2 each. Dyer bought one and sixty-two hen's eggs. Now the turkey is setting on the sixty-two eggs in a washtub.

DEATH ENDS 53-YEAR TROTH.

No Reason Ever Given Why Couple Did Not Wed.

Brookton, Mass., March 27.—Miss Emily Fanny Richmond, aged 74, died Saturday at her West Elm street home. She was well known in Brookton, owing to her 53-year engagement to Rev. Charles Lord of the New Jerusalem church, which never culminated in marriage.

They were engaged to be married at the age of 21 and for some undisclosed reason, they never married, although for the last 53 years they have exchanged many visits and letters. They have since then attended many social functions together.

Brief All Around.

A young woman from the East, who married a Seattle man, recently had a novel experience when she engaged her first Chinese cook.

"What's your name?" she asked, when the preliminary had been settled.

"My name Hong Long Lee," said the Celestial, with much gravity.

"And I am Mrs. Harrington Richard Buckingham," said the new employer. "I am afraid I shall never be able to remember your name—it's so long. I shall call you John."

"All right," returned the Chinese, with a suspicion of a smile. "Your names too long, too. I call you Charley." —Harper's Magazine.

DE LA BARRA NEW PREMIER

Has Been Ambassador at Washington

THE DIPLOMAT ACCEPTS

He Stands Well With the United States Government and With Revolutionary Representatives.

Washington, March 27.—Francisco de la Barra, Mexican ambassador to the United States, was Saturday named minister of foreign relations of the Mexican cabinet by Dr. Diaz. Senor de la Barra has telegraphed his acceptance of the portfolio to Mexico City.

It is conceded that Jose Yves Limantour will remain minister of finance in the cabinet of President Diaz. Four other members of the new body have been chosen besides Senor de la Barra, but the official announcement will not be made until Monday. Senor de la Barra's appointment was not officially announced here.

Immediately after telegraphing his acceptance to Mexico City, Senor de la Barra went to the White House and informed President Taft. The president expressed pleasure at the ambassador's appointment and congratulated him warmly. As the ambassador decided to leave here yesterday for Mexico City, the president bade him farewell, giving him a picture of himself autographed with a salutation of personal regard.

Senor de la Barra also called upon Secretary of State Knox and informed him of the appointment. Mr. Knox congratulated the ambassador and bade him good-bye.

Secret of Genius.

It is not altogether easy to imagine a Lady Macbeth eating chops. Yet her greatest impersonator got her inspiration from them. If one may rely on an altogether delightful authority.

On a certain occasion, writes Mr. E. V. Lucas in his recent book, "The Second Post," the painter Haydon paid his butcher, who reciprocated by expressing great admiration for the artist's painting of "Alexander."

"Quite alive, sir!" said the butcher. "I am glad that you think so," said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but, as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not ate my meat, sir."

"Yes, sir; but, as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not ate my meat, sir."

"Oh, Lady Macbeth."

"Ah, sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth. I used to get up with the butcher behind her carriage when she acted, and I used to see her looking quite wild and all the people quite frightened."

"Aha, my lady," says I. "If it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do that!" —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Village Blacksmith.

Under a costly canopy The village blacksmith sits; Before him is a touring car Broken to little bits— And the owner, and the chauffeur, too, Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee As he lights his fat cigar; He tells his helpers what to do To straighten up the car— And the owner, and the chauffeur, too, Stand humbly where they are.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed And smiles a smile of cheer The while his helpers pump the tires, And monkey with the gear— And the owner, and the chauffeur, too, Stand reverently near.

Behind the village blacksmith is The portal of his shop; The shop is very large in size, With a tiled roof on top— And the owner, and the chauffeur, too, At it were glad to stop.

The children, going home from school, Look in at the open door; They like to see him make his bills And hear the owners quar— And the chauffeurs weep as they declare They never paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank And salts away his cash; A high silk hat and long frock coat, Help him to cut a dash. But the owner, and the chauffeur, too, Their teeth all vainly gnash.

GOLD DUST will sterilize your kitchen things and make them wholesome and sanitary

GOLD DUST does more than clean—it sterilizes and leaves your kitchen things sanitarly safe. The ordinary soap-washed utensil is not fit to eat from, because soap does not cleanse as thoroughly as it should—does not kill germs of decay which are bound to lurk in oft-used utensils.

Besides its cleansing virtues, GOLD DUST has the merit of doing work quickly, and saving your strength. It will do most of the cleaning without your assistance, and do it, too, in a quicker and more thorough manner than will soap or other cleansers.

GOLD DUST makes pot and pan spick and span.

GOLD DUST is sold in 5c size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.



"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake

In Woman's Realm.

To keep ants from getting into a refrigerator, set the legs of the refrigerator on small squares of sticky fly paper.

To disguise the taste of castor or olive oil, pour a tablespoonful of grape juice or orange juice into a glass; then add the oil.

Washing soda should not be used on china, as it will take off the glaze. Try clear hot water, but not hot enough to crack the china.

Whipped cream, stirred lightly through a dusted ice cream, like brown pistachio cream or a cream colored pink with fruit juice, while it is freezing, will streak it with white, thus producing a pretty color effect.

One paper, issued in the northern part of the state, in an item about Swanton, unintentionally was made to state that the town had had 177 days of sleighing. In the head the correct number of days was given, 117. Immediately the other newspapers clipped the item, regardless of the error in type, and have been publishing the notice, which would make the winter season begin in that locality about the middle of September. A good advertisement for Vermont, and one calculated to make outsiders hike for the sunny South, rather than to this state.

Housekeepers Inconsistent.

There is a certain woman whom I know who prides herself greatly on the fact that she sleeps with her chamber window wide open, even in the dead of winter. "My sleep wouldn't do me half so much good," she says, "if I didn't have all that good oxygen. This woman is also very careful about the airing of her beds—pulls all the clothes off and lets them air at least until the middle of the forenoon, and thinks the woman who makes up her bed before breakfast is a sort of hygienic Pariah."

All of which, except the harsh judgment, of course, is most praiseworthy. But—and here's the rub—what I don't understand is why she doesn't extend her interest in fresh air to the daytime, why she thinks she needs oxygen when she is asleep and not when she is awake. For I have visited at her home and I know this is the case. That is, I know that the living room and dining room and kitchen where she and her family spend much of their fourteen to sixteen waking hours are not treated to any such systematic daily airing as the bedrooms, where they spend their eight or ten hours of sleep.

Isn't that a queer inconsistency? And isn't it a common one? In the average household I don't believe that the living rooms are given a systematic all-the-window-open airing once a week in the winter, except on sweeping days. And I think they should be treated to one at least once a day—better twice.

One housekeeper I know, who believes as I do about this, always opens all the windows down stairs as soon as she gets up and leaves them open for a few minutes, no matter how cold. The fresh air heats so much more quickly than the stale air that she saves and the time she saves in the airing of the rooms are as warm as they would have been if she had not done this, and are filled with fresh air instead of the stale air of the night before. This same housekeeper has another notion which I think is worth passing on. She believes that it is wicked to lose the least bit of that best germicide that ever was, or rather ever wasn't, manufactured—sunshine. So, every night before she goes to bed, she goes about the living rooms and puts all the shades that have been pulled down for the evening up to the very top notch, so that if the sun is up before she is one of the sunshine will be lost from her home.

Modern housewives are beginning to realize the value of manufactured germicides as weapons with which to fight disease and dirt. That is good, but they ought not to fail to realize also the incalculably greater value of those germicides which the greatest wealth cannot buy nor the most absolute poverty deprive one of—sunshine and fresh air.—Exchange.

Dorothy Dexter.

The Summer Girl of 1911.

"Behold the new summer girl!" says Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion for April. "She is really the old summer girl at her best with many a wise thought and purpose in her pretty head. She is not as frivolous as she used to be—that is, not altogether frivolous, but just frivolous enough to keep the charm without losing the sense to direct it."

"She has learned the effectiveness of

dress. She has learned that incongruity mars a costume which would be pleasing in its proper place and time. Simplicity marks the dress of this wise and pretty summer girl, but it is the simplicity that is carefully thought out with suitability as its keynote.

"The summer girl must be very straight and slim, but this statement need not bring terror to the heart of the plump girl, for the new fashions have a tendency in their long straight lines to make her look slimmer than she has ever looked before. The correct figure to be striven for today is a trim, slim one with the bust held high and the hips inconspicuous.

"All furberles and puffings are things of the far, remote past, as fashion considers them. The fact that three or four years ago they were modish seems to be quite forgotten. Straight naturalness is the mode of the present."

"Let us speak of the skirt changes first. Though the silhouette still keeps slender and skirts are of a very narrow cut, yet many of the newest of them show a trifle more fullness. The Corday skirt has a slightly flared over-drapery and many of the skirts are made with a short yoke to which a gathered flounce is attached. The tunic skirt keeps right on being modish. It is, however, greatly varied in effect. Sometimes it looks exaggeratedly long because it is joined to such a short waist. And then again it is little more than a short apron. The train tunic will be much worn even when the under dress is in the round length. A new skirt finish is the foot plaiting of satin."

THE CAMORRISTS' TRIAL.

Prisoners Very Angry at the Informer The Priest Vitozzi's Memoirs.

Viterbo, Italy, March 27.—The attorneys for the defense flocked to the Santa Maria at Viterbo, Italy, Saturday to consult with their clients on the counter-attack to be made upon the informer Giannio Abbatemaggio when the trial of the 36 Camorristi is resumed next Tuesday. They found the sorest lot of criminals ever got together in an Italian prison. With a fine show of indignation the accused declared that when permitted to speak they would refute their former associate's inventions. To what extent their indignation was assumed was impossible to determine, for these desperate men have been trained in a school where the art of dissembling under pressure is a science. There is no doubt, however, that Abbatemaggio's cleverness in telling his story Friday filled the Camorristi with genuine rage. Posing as a penitent, prepared, if need be, to give his life in expiation of his crimes, the informer made a deep impression and the lawyers for the defense realize that a strong cross-examination will be necessary if the confession is to be discredited. A long list of questions to be asked Abbatemaggio was decided upon yesterday.

The priest, Giro Vitozzi, during the conference with his lawyer, delivered to the latter the memoirs which he has been occupied in preparing during his confinement. Placing the manuscript in the hands of his adviser, the priest said: "They are flesh of my flesh. They are the cry of a martyr whose spotless conscience must appeal to justice." The memoirs are not very interesting. They contain a repetition of matters already known; an attack upon the jailers at Naples, who are described as "worse than those of the inquisition," and wind up with an eulogy of the author, who appears to be consumed with self-pity. His whole life, he says, has been devoted to reclaiming lost lambs to the fold."

Consumption

Anyone interested in the cure of Consumption should get out the booklet telling of recoveries by the use of Eckman's Alternative.

Coughs, Croup, Colds and Pneumonia may be the beginning of more serious troubles—Eckman's Alternative is the effective remedy. Read Mr. Kennedy's statement: "I was troubled with cough and expectoration. I also had a high fever. My case was declared Consumption by my physician. I was given Cod Liver Oil, Creosote and other medicines, all without benefit."

"Gentlemen: For five or six years I was troubled with cough and expectoration. I also had a high fever. My case was declared Consumption by my physician. I was given Cod Liver Oil, Creosote and other medicines, all without benefit."

At Christmas time, 1884, I was not expected to live. Calling another physician, he advised the use of Eckman's Alternative, which I took with excellent results and was entirely cured. During the past year I have gained 25 lbs. I go out in all weathers and have had no cough or cold whatever. I give these facts to encourage others to use Eckman's Alternative."

(Signed) AMOS JAMES W. KENNEDY, Eckman's Alternative cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Affections. Ask for booklet of the booklet and write to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence. For Sale by all leading druggists and Burt H. Wells, Barre, Vt.

Self Condemned

By MARGARET C. DEVEAUX

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

M. le Judge Currier was dispensing justice on the bench during the French revolution. The justice he was dispensing was between classes, not individuals. The nobles had tyrannized over the common people for centuries. Now the common people were endeavoring to extirpate the nobles from the face of the earth. Judge Currier was sending a batch of them to the guillotine.

"Who is this?" he asked, seeing a girl, a mere child, brought before him.

"Citizensess Elise Bellair," replied the officer of the guard.

"Who ordered her brought here? She is not old enough to—understand the difference between patriotism and tyranny."

"She was included in a list furnished by M. Marat."

"Indeed," said the judge, frowning. "M. Marat is accustomed to make inquiries if all those on his lists have been—taken care of."

"But this one—did he know that she is a child?"

The officer shook his head. M. Marat's brain was not open to him to look into.

The judge pondered a few moments. There was something wrong in this case. Possibly a list had been made out and presented to some one in authority who had signed the warrants accompanying it while thinking of something else. Nevertheless the judge did not dare disobey the order he had received to sentence every one sent before him.

"Take her away with the others," he said reluctantly.

He was looking down into the child's face pityingly. She saw the expression on the judge's face. Children are quick to recognize their friends, and the marquis, not understanding that the judge had sent her to the guillotine, smiled at him. Then a soldier took her little hand in his and led her away with the others.

The judge asked one standing by something about her and was told that she was the Marquise de Bellair, and since she alone represented the Bellairs and since the revolutionary committee was anxious that no member of the family should be left alive the child had been marked for execution. When the deed had been done it would be put down to an error.

The judge went home that evening, and his own little daughter, about the age of the child he had condemned, sat upon his lap, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How hot your face is, papa!" she said.

He unwound her arms, gently put her away, and called for a glass of wine. He had stood up under the grim duties required of him till the matter of the little marquis had required his attention. He did not eat his dinner and went to bed feverish. The smile he had received from the little marquis had unnerved him. All night he lay in bed, two sights coming up alternately before his mental vision—the one the marquis's smile, the other her little figure lying on the guillotine, the drop of the knife and her little curly head dropping into the basket.

In the morning Judge Currier looked as if he had passed through a fit of sickness. He ate nothing, spoke not a word. When he went out after breakfast his little daughter put up her arms, as was her custom, for her morning hug and kiss. Her father put her away and left her standing with tears in her eyes in the hallway.

The judge turned into a boulevard and after following it for awhile en-

Magazine Review.

A Co-operative Seamstress.

"A company of six busy women save much time and labor by engaging the same seamstress to come to each one of them, one day a week, the year around—each woman having a regular day," says Woman's Home Companion for March.

"When a hole is found, a button off, a seam ripped, a dress to be let down, each article is laid aside in a large basket for mending day. Patches, buttons, thread and other needed materials are hunted up at once and folded in each garment. On the outside of each is pinned a paper with directions. This always the stitich in time saves nine, no work goes from week to week, and if one mother has an invitation out on mending day, she can go because the seamstress knows the house and has her directions before her."

"Try it, and you will find that by having the same woman to sew regularly one day each week, you will accomplish wonders."

Why the Housekeeper Should Vote.

"As a housekeeper, I have waged incessant war with the dust-dust against the black soot which is spoiling our towns as pleasantly and sanitary locations for homes; I have tramped through mud ankle-deep on Main street because a village board did not require, or at least demand, ordinary board or cement walks; I have used inadequately filtered water, uninspected milk and shopped in markets where inspection of sanitary conditions was never dreamed of; and I have visited schools and seen children housed in a building where sanitary conditions were all but unbearable. Yet these are only a few of the ways in which politics affect the home," says a writer in Woman's Home Companion for April.

"I believe that there will, with equal suffrage, come increased facilities for better school work, better legislation and enforcement of laws concerning children and child labor. This is not because men wish to be neglected or thoughtless in these respects, but because women have in the home; I have tramped through mud ankle-deep on Main street because a village board did not require, or at least demand, ordinary board or cement walks; I have used inadequately filtered water, uninspected milk and shopped in markets where inspection of sanitary conditions was never dreamed of; and I have visited schools and seen children housed in a building where sanitary conditions were all but unbearable. Yet these are only a few of the ways in which politics affect the home," says a writer in Woman's Home Companion for April.

Burlington's Station.

Just now Burlington is having new railroad passenger stations hurried at it, with the possibility of suffering about as badly from too many, as it has previously been inconvenienced from a lack of adequate accommodations in this direction. During the past week the New Haven management of the Rutland railroad commenced condemnation proceedings to acquire land for a new railroad depot, followed a day or two later by the Grand Trunk, under a similar procedure for another site. The traveling public is interested in the matter to the extent that it will be best served by one union station, while the building of two costly passenger depots in a city the size of Burlington would mean a foolish expenditure of money which the public would have to pay for in the long run, and also, undoubtedly, suffer therefrom by inefficient passenger station accommodations at some non-competing point.—Northfield News.

Why Not Opera in English?

"Where We Stand in Opera" is Walter Pritchard Eaton's subject in the March American Magazine. Mr. Eaton thinks it is a serious reflection on the music-loving people in this country that they do not support opera sung in English, he says.

The assertion that you cannot find the singers to sing an opera in English is palpably ridiculous. It would be perfectly easy. Let us name a few off-hand: Mary Garden, Olive Fremstad, Louise Homer, Nellie Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Edythe Walker, Caroline White, the new dramatic soprano of American birth discovered in Chicago this winter, where she sang "Minnie" in the Puccini opera, Bessie Abbott, Alma Gluck, Herbert Whitherspoon, David Bispham, Riccardo (otherwise Richard) Martin, Orville Harrold, McCormack, and just for full measure, Alessandro Bucci. There are plenty of others, too. Bonci, one of the great vocalists of the world, devoted last winter to song recitals. He sang, among other songs in English, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "Who Is Sylvia?" His exquisitely clear enunciation of every syllable of the text was a revelation to those who think English cannot be sung. And Bonci is an Italian. No, granted the real desire to mount an opera in English, and the real desire of the public to hear it, a cast could be secured which would need fear comparison with none."

NERVES NEED Scott's Emulsion

the same as babies. Babies can't take care of themselves, nor can nerves.

Babies cry for attention—so do nerves. Probably both are half-starved for proper nourishment.

Give them SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Doctor's Daughter

A FEW TRUTHS.

Every day I am in receipt of letters telling me what great good has been derived from the use of "Stomach-Rite" tablets. These are proprietary medicines, compounded from the prescriptions of the famous physicians of my family—not the ordinary patent kind. A particular preparation made by a particular person is always certain to be more reliable than a miscellaneous article compounded by most any one, and especially so is a prescription from a learned specialist who has devoted a lifetime to the study of one or two organs of the human body.

Doctor's Daughter's "Stomach-Rite" tablets are compounded by expert chemists. Each ingredient used is the best in quality and purity. Stomach-Rite is a remedy for stomach and liver ills—and as such I defy any one to equal the results obtained from its use. The testimonials I receive and publish are full of genuine heartfelt gratitude—jewels added to the crown of the one who I suffered, found relief and wishes to proclaim it—that others may receive the same benefit.

My mail contains many letters from physicians of good standing who order Stomach-Rite from me, and who recognize it as a superior and quite wonderful medicine.

For gas, sour stomach, heartburn, indigestion, dyspepsia, indigestion of the intestines, catarrh of the stomach, liver trouble and constipation it is unequalled. A trial makes a lifelong friend.

Stomach and liver troubles underlie the bodily health, and in serious complications, ruin the complexion and cause a general disarrangement of the whole system.

What Stomach-Rite has done for others, why not let it do for you? Very truly yours,

Stomach-Rite is sold by druggists everywhere at 50c the box, or sent prepaid to any address upon receipt of price by Doctor's Daughter, West-erly, R. I.

BURT H. WELLS, 160 No. Main Street, Barre, Vt.