

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1911.

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

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

5,700

copies, the largest circulation of any daily paper in Vermont outside of Burlington.

Off the main thoroughfares, Vermont has some roads which are excellent from the standpoint of the dealers in vehicles; their smashing qualities are well developed.

Senator Lorimer's request that he be heard before the next Senate committee, which will investigate his election, indicates that the Illinois man knows no such thing as resigning.

Senator Lodge has come out of the woods; he's for Canadian reciprocity. This time, certainly, the Massachusetts senator will vote in accordance with the wishes of the people of his state.

A negro lynching by negroes was recently held under white people's auspices in a southern town. Thus do the whites avoid actual physical contact with the blood of the victim. It is pleasanter to have one's dirty work done by somebody else.

Montpelier takes the prize on grand list increase, with a gain of nearly \$10,000 because of the last quadrennial appraisal. It looks more favorable to that low tax rate, for the taxpayers should have some recompense for the jumping of their valuations.

By winning the Vermont interscholastic track meet Saturday, Goddard seminary demonstrated its versatility in athletics in unmistakable manner. If there are any more school championships in Vermont they are not safe from Goddard's grasp, for the school on the hill has contracted a habit of turning out winning teams in all lines of athletics.

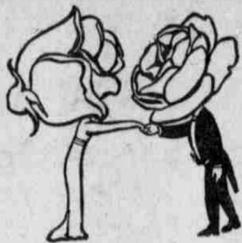
Of the numerous suicides which mark Vermont's weekly history, none seems more unfortunate than that of the Rutland high school youth who ended his life Friday night in a fit of morbidness over a love affair, in which he had failed to have his fondness reciprocated. The suicides of persons who have perhaps performed their best work in life are not nearly as disheartening as those of young people who have their possibilities before them and who, by their act, deprive the world of some good.

THE HINDLEYS IN THE WEST.

Although Howard L. Hindley, a former Vermont newspaper man, has been on the Pacific coast but a few months he has gone ahead rapidly through his ability and energy, having now been selected secretary of the industrial insurance commission of the state of Washington to administer the workmen's compensation act. Mr. Hindley's legislative work in Vermont fitted him well to follow a similar line in Washington, and the latter brought him the position which he now assumes. His many Vermont friends both in and out of the newspaper profession are pleased to note his advancement, which has been rapid, but no more rapid than he merits. None the less notable has been the progress made by his brother, William J. Hindley, who was a Congregational preacher in a small Canadian town only a short time ago, and who, following Editor Hindley westward, has become mayor of Spokane under the commission form of government. The Hindley pair make a hustling combination, and no mistake.

DEATH OF EDITOR WILLIAM H. BISHOP.

William H. Bishop, editor of the Island Pond Herald, who died last week, gave thirty-three years to the work of publishing that journal in Essex county, and he was so closely concerned with the interests of the people of that county during all those years that the paper will scarcely be the same. From a tribute printed in the most recent number of the paper, and written undoubtedly



"June, the month of roses"

If you want to be in full bloom after sundown, here is your foliage.

Full dress suits, silk lined, \$35 to \$60.

Tuxedo Coats, \$15 to \$18.

Dress vests, \$3 to \$10.

Dress shirts, \$1.50 to \$3.

Collars, ties, hose, gloves, everything right here.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.
The Big Store with Little Prices.

by Porter H. Dale as the signatory initials "P. H. D." indicate, one judges that Editor Bishop held a high place in the esteem of the people of his immediate residing place and in the surrounding territory and that his peculiar place will be hard to fill. Among the sentences we note the following: "He had an even disposition and could apply himself closely to one line of work year after year without losing his balance. X x x x In personal morality he was immaculate. He had an ethical principle about this that was natural and controlling with him. After this manner he labored diligently for many years to establish the paper and develop it to its present position, and he took just pride in its progress." Editor Bishop was not widely known in Vermont, but wherever his influence was felt it proved to be powerful for good; which is as much as can be said of any man.

Current Comment

The Dog.

Good, respectable dogs, educated, trained, kept for some useful purpose, taught to know their place and to keep it, are worthy of being protected and kept on hand. But these mangy, dirty, yelping curs, the ones that continually haunt a village street like urchins with no respect for home, those that are barking, fighting, scratching up lawns and committing nuisances at every corner, the uncared-for, homeless and neglected ones that are thrust upon us and continually under foot, these in some painless and humane manner should be sent to the bone-yard, and the sooner the better for all concerned.—Newport Express and Standard.

Sleight of Hand Poisoning.

A very curious item in toxicological lore I chanced to light upon, wrote George Augustus Sala in one of his letters, may be called the feat of poisoning by sleight of hand. You were jealous of a lady, and you wished to kill her. Well, you asked her to lunch, and you caused a very nice peach to be served at dessert. You cut the fruit with a golden knife, one side of the blade of which was enuded with a deadly poison. You presented the poisoned half of the peach to the lady, who ate it with much relish and then dropped down dead. The wholesome half you ate yourself and laughed in your sleeve at the ladies of whom you were jealous till you were found out and broken on the wheel. Aye, there's the rub! What high old times we might have, to be sure, but for that plucky contingency of being found out!

PLAINFIELD.

Twenty-five per cent. discount on all boys' suits for this week. Lamorey Clothing Co., Barre, Vt.

Cash paid for watches, diamonds, gold and silver at Burr's.

The Problem

to be solved in choosing a bank is how to get the greatest security for your deposit. If, with that security, you can also get good advice and sound judgment on banking matters, you have the ideal bank.

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OF BARRE

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A Thoughtful Office Boy.

The office boy, says a writer in the London Sketch, looked at the persistent lady artist, who calls six times a week, and said frankly: "The editor's still engaged." "Tell him that doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him." "I haven't the heart to tell him, miss. He's had several disappointments today."

Prepared For the End.

Friend (of dying magnate)—Then you think the end is near?
Doctor—Yes. He has made out a list of the epigrams, good deeds and stories that he wishes to be attributed to him after his death.—Puck.

The Sign.

"I'm afraid Maud's second marriage is a failure."
"Did she say so?"
"No, but she's beginning to speak well of her first husband."—Boston Transcript.

Corrected.

A sandwich man who paraded Wall Street bore aloft the legend, "Eat your lunch at Stuffed's and Surprise your Palat."

"There's something wrong with that sign," said a broker to a banker. "What is it?"

"He's got the last word spelt wrong," replied the other. "Pity sign painters can't learn how to spell or consult a dictionary. Hey, there, you with the Surprise! Your palate's spelt wrong. Have it fixed up!"

The next day the same sandwich

man shuffled along and, sure enough, he had reported the error. The last word of the sign had been carefully scraped out and in its place the word stood proudly forth with an extra "L," thus: "Eat your lunch at Stuffed's and Surprise your Palat."—New York Press.

A Parisian Patriot.

There are other things in Paris besides architecture, heroes and history. At Duval's the wandering one can get a soup which is truly a triumph of genius, or he may sit at a little table and sip coffee "as black as night, as sweet as love and as hot as hades," the Frenchman's approved recipe. Duval, it may be remembered, refused to raise prices during the siege of Paris in 1870, giving freely of his stock as long as it lasted. Here was a true patriot who disdained to profit by the high cost of living and the misfortune of the patrons who had enriched him. He divided his loaf.—National Magazine.

Fully Informed.

"Is this Mr. Walsingham's office?" asked the gentlemanly solicitor as he paused before the dignified old man who sat at the only desk in the room.

"Yes, sir."
"Are you Mr. Walsingham?"
"No. I'm just an inquisitive young scamp who has come in to paw over his papers, read his private correspondence and smoke a cigar that I have taken out of his vest pocket."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Idea For Theorist.

Tommy—Pop, what is a theorist?
Tommy's Pop—A theorist, my son, is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.—Philadelphia Record.

SECOND SIGHT.

An Apparition That Was a Messenger of Death.

The third Lord Templeton used to tell of an extraordinary and really authentic case of second sight. His brother, Henry Upton, the second viscount, was with his regiment abroad when he and several brother officers saw an old friend wearing trousers and shirt only pass through the mess room to another room from which there was no outlet. They followed and saw nobody, and the sentry persisted that no person had entered.

Henry Upton wrote to his brother, afterward third viscount, to request him to go to their friend's lodgings in London and find out what he was doing at such and such an hour on a certain day. The brother in London complied and found that their friend had died, but not on the day he had been seen abroad.

Later the lady was asked on oath as to the date and hour of death and whether he had died in a white shirt with a blue check. After some demur she confessed that her lodger did not die when she first stated, but on the day when his friends had seen him pass through the mess room.

It seems the date of demise had been falsified on account of his pension, which was almost all his family had to depend upon. And he died in a white shirt with a blue check, his landlady having lent one of her husband's to him on the morning of his death.—London Court Journal.

SHE WANTED LIGHT.

'And So She Had the Windows Fixed Exactly to Her Taste.'

The architectural feature of the new house that caused a decided domestic rupture was the windows. The man was in favor of medium sized windows, with small panes to match the rest of the house, but his wife insisted upon enormous sheets of plate glass.

"You are away all day and do not know whether I can see my hand before me at noontime or not," she said, "but I am in the house most of the time and must have plenty of light and sunshine."

So they had big windows. Before the carpenter left she ordered inside shutters put up. The family's first night in their new home was celebrated by adjusting two sets of window shades, one white, the other dark green, which served as a background for two pairs of curtains, one of silk, the other of lace. On the third day the man helped his wife to hang additional sash curtains, and on the fourth day he found a man tinkering with the outside of the window ledge.

"He is just getting ready to put up the awnings," she explained.

Her husband looked at the shutters, the two shades, the two curtains and the sash curtains and the arrangements for the awnings at each window, and then he laughed, but she could not understand why.—New York Times.

Mean Advice.

Old Gent—On the eve of your marriage let me give you a piece of advice. Remember when your wife's next birthday comes and give her a handsome present.

Young Man—Yes, of course.
"Give her the best you pocket can buy every birthday, but at Christmas, New Year's and such times give her only inexpensive little tokens. Form that habit."

"Yes, but why?"
"It will pay."
"I presume so."
"Yes. In a few years you can begin to forget the birthdays and she won't say a word."—New York Weekly.

When Dining Out.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"What is an ultimate consumer?"
"Why, he's the one who usually has to pay the check for the dinners, my boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.—Burke.

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Annual Lace Sale

Monday Evening and all this Week

Thousands upon Thousands of Yards

Fine Elyria Lace

(Sole agents for Barre)

Prices, 10c value, for 5 and 7c yard

Prices, 15c value, for - 10c yard

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For the Porch, the Lawn, or the Camp.



Enjoy your summer in a Comfort Chair. We have them for only \$4.00 each.

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WHITE DRESSES

Not for many years has there been such a demand for White Dresses. We anticipated the demand and are showing a large line, both in Misses' and Ladies' sizes. And then, too, Wash Dresses are in great demand; we have them in pretty stripes and plaids, in the very newest models.

P. S.—Warner and Redfern Corsets.

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