

RUB RHEUMATISM PAIN FROM SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Away with a Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacob's Oil"

What's Rheumatism Pain only. Stop drugging! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly.

BETHEL

Nelson Harper returned yesterday to Claremont, N. H., after a few days' visit at Charles J. White's.

Mrs. Florence Foley Walker of Tilton, N. H., was here on business the first of the week.

John M. Booth of Randolph has bought for occupancy from Guy A. Osha of Randolph the Nelson Bowen farm in the Gilead neighborhood. Mr. Booth is a former resident.

To-morrow night Norwich university basketball team will play Bethel town team here; Rochester high school girls will play Whitecomb high school girls; and Rochester high school boys will play Whitecomb high school sophomores.

Henry D. Davenport and the members of his family are ill with gripe.

Roy A. Abbott is preparing to vacate the Welch premises which he has occupied several years, and will move about Feb. 15 to Daniel Stoddard's house on North Main street.

Later gripe patients include Mrs. M. A. Cushing, Mrs. C. D. Cushing, Mrs. R. S. Washburn, Mrs. Ide I. Dearing, J. F. Demers.

Miss Lenore Goble is absent from the central telephone office for a few days because of the illness of relatives in Ludlow.

Dr. F. C. Fletcher of Gayville was driving down the steep hill from Peter Garrison's Sunday night, when his horse fell on the icy road, breaking the shafts of the buggy. The horse has been quite lame since but sustained no permanent injury, and the doctor jumped out and was not hurt.

Nicholas Carciere, who had suffered a week or more from blood poisoning in a thumb, was taken Monday to the Randolph sanatorium, where the thumb was amputated.

Edward E. Melcher, who moved here from Lebanon, N. Y., a year ago, will return to that place soon, to work in a laundry where he worked formerly.

A daughter was born Feb. 1 to Mr. and Mrs. James Taneretti.

RANDOLPH

The Parent-Teacher association held its regular monthly meeting at the high school building on Tuesday evening with a large attendance. The program for the evening consisted of several songs from the teacher training department, a duet, violin and flute, by Arthur Cheney and Eugene Mazzolini, the report of the Rutland meeting of the Boys and Girls' Agricultural club by Ivis Flint, who was the delegate, followed by an address by E. L. Ingalls of Burlington, agent for the co-operative extension work in agriculture and home economics.

Rev. G. F. Crawford was in Randolph Center last Friday night to give his lecture, entitled, "The Bark-Eaters," which was illustrated by something over 300 beautifully colored views.

The death of Charles Belknap, a former resident here and the stepfather of A. T. Neff of this place, occurred at East Randolph on Tuesday night. Mr. Belknap had been ill with the gripe and had not strength to rally from the same. He formerly lived in this village, but since the death of his wife had been in the east part of the town.

Raymond Paige, who is at work in a studio in Burlington, arrived here on Tuesday, for a few days' stay with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Paige.

A young girl by the name of Hyzer was brought from the Center on Tuesday night and underwent an operation at the sanatorium for a serious case of appendicitis. The case was critical, but at the last reports she was as well as could be expected.

GRANVILLE

Miss Mary Jennett has gone to Warren, where she will work for Mrs. Rowland Palmer.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tinkham, Jan. 30.

Mrs. Hiram Luce is in Hancock caring for Mr. and Mrs. Page, who are both ill with the gripe.

Charles Root is in Middlebury visiting his parents.

The traction engine owned by the Champlain Realty company has not been running for the past week, because of the lack of snow.

Henry Jennett has purchased the lot in the lower village, where Fred Jennett's house was recently destroyed by fire, and is building a new house.

EAST CALAIS

Mrs. Frank Marsh was a visitor in Plainfield Monday.

Miss Esther Dwinell has returned to her school at Montpelier seminary.

A. E. Holt and son, Arthur, were visitors of friends in Adamant Saturday.

Mrs. May Wilbur was at home over Sunday from her work at South Woodbury.

Mrs. Warner Lawson of North Calais spent Tuesday with Miss Alma Leonard.

WEST TOPSHAM

This place was visited by Mr. Stork Sunday morning, when a boy weighing nine pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Trombly. The son has been given the names, Edward Frederick Sidney Trombly, in memory of persons well known to father and mother.

An Ungallant Hobo.

A hobo knocked on the back door of a suburban home, which was opened by a large, muscular, hard-faced woman.

"Get out of here, you miserable tramp!" exclaimed the woman in a screechy voice at the first sight of the hobo. "If you don't march straight for that back gate I will call my husband!"

"I guess not," was the response of the tramp. "He ain't home."

"Is that so, Mr. Tramp?" was the scornful rejoinder of the large lady. "How do you know he isn't at home?"

"Because," grinned the hobo, backing toward the aforesaid gate, "when a man marries a woman like you he is home only at meal time."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear, and you breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness, no struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

He Hooked the Main Chance Because He Liked Fishing.

In the February American Magazine is an article by Hugh S. Fullerton which shows how prominent and wealthy business and professional men in this country looked the main chance. One story is paradoxical, for a railroad man now chairman of the board of one of our greatest railroad systems took a job that nobody else wanted, simply because there was a lake behind the station in which he could fish.

One day after a fishing trip he received a wire to stop a northbound special as a forest fire was sweeping across the line. He barely had time to flag the train, on which were some of the first officials of the road.

"The wire to the north went down, a pall of smoke fell over them, and the glare of the burning forests grew bright. The officials decided to make headquarters at the little pine station, and the agent turned over his mess of fish to them. For three days that tiny station was the only source through which the world received news of one of the greatest forest fires that ever swept the north woods. The young operator worked 70 hours without sleep, ordering relief, directing the fire-fighting work, sending messages arranging detouring of trains. The officials fled as the blaze grew near, the boy remained. Then heavy rains ended the peril.

"The boy realized he had reached the turning-point. He had done magnificent and heroic work under the eyes of the officials. He expected reward; but in the bustle of reopening the road he was forgotten. He waited one month, then had an idea. He knew better than to write and tell the officials what good work he had done, so he caught a fine lot of fish and, packing the best in wire gars, he sent them to the officials he had met.

"He received a brief, dictated note of thanks. He waited a week and sent another box of fish. These refreshed the president's memory. He wrote a personal letter, apologizing for failure to thank him for his magnificent work during the fire and expressing his delight over the fish.

"One more box of fish, which included a 26-pound muskellunge, caused the officials to remember he was a hero. He was called to the city and given an important position."

TO RELIEVE PAIN

Many of the most intense body pains are of local origin and can be quickly relieved and overcome by a single application of Minard's Liniment, which was prescribed and used with marvelous results by Dr. Levi Minard in his private practice, for sore, strained, lame muscles, stiff neck, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatic pains, backache, stiff joints, tired, aching, burning, itching feet, and sprains. It gives instant healing relief; is creamy, antiseptic, free from injurious drugs, and stainless to flesh and clothing. Surely try this wonderful liniment and see how quickly it brings soothing relief. It never disappoints. Get a bottle today from any druggist.

SOUTH RANDOLPH

Death of Charles M. Belknap, Whose Ancestors Were Among First Settlers.

Charles M. Belknap died at his home in East Randolph Wednesday morning. He had been ill for about two weeks with the gripe, which later developed into pneumonia. He was born in Randolph about 80 years ago and has always lived there with the exception of a part of the 20 years he was in the employ of the Central Vermont railroad. For a large part of the 20 years he worked for the railroad he was conductor of the cattle train between St. Albans and Boston. He gave up railroading 28 years ago and bought the Paine place, later known as the Belknap place, in this place, where he resided until after his first wife died in February, 1900. Later he sold his farm and bought a place in East Randolph. He had one daughter by his first wife, who died in infancy. Later he married Mrs. Melissa Neff, mother of A. T. Neff of Randolph. After a few years he sold his place at East Randolph and bought a place in Randolph village, where he resided until after his last wife's death, when he sold out and again bought a place in East Randolph, where he died.

The Belknaps had a good deal to do with the early settlement of Randolph. Two brothers, Moses and Simon Belknap, came to Randolph from Connecticut in 1780 and each took up several lots of land in the east part of the town. He raised a family of 16 children. He was the one captured by the Indians at the time of the burning of Royalton and carried to Canada as a prisoner, and later escaped. Moses Belknap, the grandfather of the late C. M. Belknap, also took up his lots of land in the east part of the town, near East Randolph village, and settled where Jehiel Bennett now lives. They had eight children, Sallie, Mrs. Abram Sargent; Polly, Mrs. Amos Kibbee; Betsey, Mrs. Samuel Billings; Sophronia, Mrs. Walter Ferrin; whose daughter, Ann, is Mrs. Henry Chandler of Randolph; Orpha, Mrs. Benjamin Sargent, whose grandson, Sargent Banister, now lives at East Randolph; Susan, Mrs. John Miles; Julia A., who never married; Laura, Mrs. C. T. Brigham of St. Johnsbury; Moses J., father of C. M.; and Chester.

Charles M. Belknap was the last male representative of the Belknap family in Randolph. His funeral will be held from his late home Friday forenoon, with burial in the family lot in the old cemetery.

EAST RANDOLPH

Mrs. A. B. Hayward is somewhat better at this writing. Miss Pitkin, a nurse from Randolph, is caring for her.

Mrs. Emily Jennett is at home. She has been connected with the school at Harpers Ferry, Va., as a teacher, for many years.

EAST MONTEPELIER

Auditors' Meeting. The auditors of the town of East Montpelier will meet at the town clerk's office Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to audit the accounts of the town officers. Also at the same time and place there will be a meeting of the board of civil authority for the abatement of taxes.

NORTH MONTEPELIER

Third annual Masonic ball, North Montpelier hall Friday evening, Feb. 11. Montpelier Military band orchestra.

CAN YOU BEAT IT.

Can you ever find anyone who will sell you an absolutely new, upright, mahogany piano for \$150? This piano is warranted for ten years and will give you satisfaction and the terms are only \$10 down and \$8 per month. If you want to see how it looks send for free catalogue to Geo. D. Jarvis & Son, Burlington, Vt. The only price smashers in Vermont.—Adv.

A BEST SELLER

By MARY C. ATWOOD

"Comstock has got out a new novel. I see," said Collins to Bartholow.

"Yes; Comstock is making money. How did he get his start?"

"By a misfortune."

"Come; cease to excite my curiosity and tell me the story."

"It was this way: Comstock tried scribbling at home, but made no success. Whether he wrote over the heads of the people, or under them, I don't know. His stories didn't sell. But Comstock had talent, and all he wanted was something to start him. One of his friends told him to go abroad. All Americans who succeed in literature make their living abroad, his friend said, and if Comstock was going to succeed he'd have to go too. There's a literary atmosphere there that doesn't exist here. Besides, the crowned heads take an interest in literary work, and a king may make an author if he chooses.

"Comstock was persuaded and went abroad. He picked up a living for awhile in London writing for the English magazine papers, then went on to the continent. He finally drifted to Constantinople, where he liked it so well that he stayed there a long while and learned the language perfectly.

"All this while fame refused to perch on his banner, but poverty did. When he was pretty near starved in Constantinople he got a job to write a serial novel for a daily newspaper there. He was to fill two columns a day, no more and no less. The price he was paid for his work was just enough to keep him alive.

"It happened that he struck a vein that was natural to him, and a good one too. He became absorbed in his work and was glad to be absorbed, because it made him forget his troubles. But having only enough writing to do each day to occupy three or four hours, he spent the rest of his time planning ahead. He would lay out impossible situations just to keep himself busy solving them. As for his general plan, that was so intricate that no one would ever suppose it possible to extricate his hero from the entanglement into which an adverse fate had cast him.

"One day while he was at work on his story he was astonished to see two policemen enter his den. Without a word of explanation he was ordered to follow them and bring with him his manuscript. It occurred to him that something he had written in his novel about the government might have caused his arrest, but this could not be, for on his arrival he was not only permitted to keep what he had written, but was commanded to finish his work. That he might be well situated to do so, he was given pleasant quarters and plenty to eat and drink. At first he was so frightened that he could not write, whereupon a member of the government sent him word that he was in no danger. This gave him courage, and he pursued his task.

"If he was anxious to kill time before his arrest he was now doubly so. He invented new complications and unraveled them. The situation grew more involved the nearer he approached the end, just as a stone revolved about a stick moves more rapidly as the string is shortened. He devoted every minute of his time and every fiber of his brain to his work and at the end of a few weeks after his imprisonment wrote the concluding chapter.

"When his story was finished he dreaded the long hours of confinement during which he would be free to brood upon his situation. He had not received the slightest information as to his offense. But he had not long to fret. As soon as his work was finished his prison doors were thrown open and he was permitted to go out a free man, besides being given a large bag of gold.

"As soon as he was released he made inquiries of officials high in the service of the government as to why he had been arrested and thrown into prison and whence came the money.

"And what do you suppose was the reason given? The sultan had one day picked up a copy of the newspaper in which his story was running and became interested in it. Too impatient to wait for it to come out from day to day in small quantities, he had taken a course to hasten the denouement.

"Comstock was just tickled to death. He sent in a request through one of the sultan's household asking if the sultan would give him a puff to print with the publication of his novel in America. He was told that the sultan couldn't come down to that, but Comstock hit on the expedient of writing out a brief account of the matter for the newspapers. This he translated into English and got it started in American journals.

"Well, he published his novel, of course, just as these notices about his being imprisoned because the sultan of Turkey couldn't wait to see how it was coming out were being copied from paper to paper, and everybody was crazy to read the book. One edition after another was run out by the presses so fast that the printers got dizzy, but couldn't supply the demand. Comstock made twenty or thirty thousand dollars out of the story, and publishers are waiting for him when he gets up in the morning to secure a contract for his next."

"What was the name of this Turkish story?"

"I don't remember the name, but it stood first in a lot of six best sellers."

A Bright Prospect. "For five years," said the commercial traveler, "I had called upon a certain draper in Scotland and never got an order. I mentioned it to the head of the firm. 'We eye deal w' R. & Co.,' he said. 'Their travler ca'd for twenty years before he took an order, and if ye'll continue to call for twenty years I'll say but ye may get one.'"—Manchester Guardian.

FOR BRONCHITIS, SEVERE COUGHS, COLDS AND WHOOPING COUGH

Make the Best Medicine at Home—128 Teaspoonful for 50 Cents

Money spent for the old-style, ready-made medicine, usually sold in bottles holding only 2 to 2½ ounces (16 to 20 teaspoonful), is largely wasted, because most of them are composed principally of sugar and water. Yet you have to pay the same price as if it were all medicine. Stop wasting this money. You can make a better remedy for bronchial affections at home at one-fifth the cost. Merely go to E. A. Drown's and ask for two ounces (50c worth) of Schiffmann's New Concentrated Expecterant, which they guarantee will give perfect satisfaction or money will be refunded. Mix this with one pint of boiling water, which makes a full pint (128 teaspoonful). This new, simple, pleasant remedy is guaranteed to relieve the worst cough or cold, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and whooping cough. One bottle will make enough home-made medicine to probably last the whole family the entire winter. Children like it, it is so pleasant to take. It is unlike any other medicine, and positively contains no chloroform, opium, morphine or other narcotics, as do most cough mixtures. Keep it on hand in case of emergency and stop each cough before it gets a firm hold. The above druggist, in fact any druggist in this city, will return the money (just the same as is done with Schiffmann's famous Asthma-remedy) in every single case where it does not give perfect satisfaction or is not found the best remedy ever used. Absolutely no risk is run in buying this remedy—under this positive guarantee.—Adv.

THE WHIP IN RIFLE BARRELS.

It is Caused by the Pressure of Modern High Power Powder.

The use of high power powder in rifles has given rise to a phenomenon which did not exist in black powder days. This is known as "whip" and is due to the pressure and vibration set up by the powder. It is constant with given loads and is always in the same direction.

Sights are aligned by the manufacturer to compensate for this whip in proportion to the powder charge used. In firing auxiliary cartridges it will often be found that the rifle shoots off center. As a matter of fact the bullet from the auxiliary is traveling in a true line with the bore, and it is the sights that are wrong. The lighter charge of the auxiliary does not produce the usual whip, with the result that the line in prolongation of the bore of the rifle along which the bullet travels is not the line given by the alignment of the sights.

Two other rifle terms that must not be confused are upsettage and keyholing. Keyholing is the tendency of the bullet to turn over in flight, while upsettage is the slight shortening of the major axis of the bullet due to the force of the charge. It was peculiar to black powder fired behind lead bullets and does not exist to any appreciable extent in metal jacketed bullets with smokeless powder. In the latter case the charge burns more slowly and the jacket stiffens the bullet against the sudden blow from behind.—Outing.

Many Sided Woman.

Man thinks he is going to solve the mystery known as woman after he is married. And then the plot thickens.—Toledo Blade.

It is bad to work loiteringly; it is worse to loiter instead of beginning to work at all.

Magnetic Storms.

Contrary to the general belief, magnetic disturbances do not begin at the same moment all over the globe. Instead of that they progress around the earth. In the case of abrupt disturbances, which are usually comparatively minute in their effect on the compass needle, the complete passage around the earth requires from three to four minutes. For the bigger effects or for the greater magnetic storms the rate of progression is slower, so that it would take them half an hour or more to pass around the earth completely.

Antiquity of Soap.

In spite of the antiquity of soap, as evidenced by a soap shop still to be seen in the ruins of Pompeii, the chemistry of soapmaking was not understood by us until about a century ago. Since then soap and armaments have become intimately associated with each other. For a long time soapmakers made no profit out of their "yes." Now they extract from these byproducts glycerin, which, besides being a drug, food and "toilet requisite," enters into the manufacture of nitroglycerin and is the basis of dynamite and other high explosives.—London Spectator.

ONE SPOONFUL GIVES

ASTONISHING RESULTS

Barre residents are astonished at the QUICK results from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ika. This remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and is so THOROUGH a bowel cleanser that it is used successfully in appendicitis. ONE SPOONFUL of Adler-ika relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. ONE MINUTE after you take it the gasses rumble and pass out. Cummings & Lewis, druggists, 54 North Main street.—Adv.

ALLCOCK PLASTERS The World's Greatest External Remedy. Pain in Side, Rheumatism, Backache, Any Local Pain. Insist on Having ALLCOCK'S.

COAL Egg Coal Stove Coal Nut Coal Pea Coal Jeddo and Lehigh Coals Charcoal COKE BLOCK WOOD, per cord \$3.00 SECOND-GROWTH WOOD, per load 2.75 LIMB WOOD, per load 2.25 CHAIR WOOD, per load 2.50 SOFT SLABS, per load 1.75 WOOD Calder & Richardson, Phone, 450 Depot Square

To-night at the Barre Opera House "A Pair of Sixes" The funniest farce in the world PRICES 50c to \$1.50 Seats now at Drown's

PARK THEATRE Vermont's Best Photoplay House Matinee, 2:15 to 5 Evening, 7 and 8:30 Thursday, February 3 Equitable Motion Picture Corporation presents HENRY KOLKER, the estimable star, in "THE WARNING" A vivid visualization of a weird and vital play—Don't miss it—OTHER PICTURES Friday, February 4 Paramount presents the Bosworth feature "THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW" featuring George Fawcett. A wonderful play well played. OTHER PICTURES Change of Program Every Day PRICES: Adults, Balcony 5c; Orchestra, 10c; Children under 14 Years, 5c

COAL AND WOOD More cold weather is coming. Get ready by having some Coal and Wood on hand. Best Block Wood, per cord \$3.00 Clean, bright, Second-Growth Wood, per cord 2.50 Chair Wood, per load 2.25 Soft Slab Wood, per load 1.75 We have the very best Lehigh and Free-Burning Coals in all sizes. The D. M. Miles Coal Company 122 No. Main Street Tel—Office, 133; Shed, 417-M