$40,000 ON 45 JOBS

Permanent Road Work in Windham County in 1911

$10,000 of This Amount Spent by Towns in Special Work—State Aid in Improving 10 Miles of Highways.

County Road Commissioner David T. Perry of this town, who has supervision of the expenditure of state money on the highways of Windham county, is gratified at the showing made along that line in 1911. He is confindent that the present policy of state work in the county soon will show a great improvement in the average condition of all the roads. Mr. Perry has compiled this week a summary of the work done in the 23 towns in the county, which is as follows:

A statement of the state road work in Windham county may be of interest to those who are watching the progress made in road improvements. A very noteworthy fact in connection with the road work is the improved method of caring for our roads. That matter is being impressed upon those who have to do with this work more and more each year. And this constant demand for a better method of maintenance and more careful attention to small details will in time produce good efficiency in road upkeep. Taking the towns alphabetically in Windham county, the state road work of 1911 was as follows:

Athens improved a section of the Hill road, leading to the old brick church. This work included much grading and blasting, to straighten and get proper width of road. The change made is very appropriate to the location.

Brookline made a good beginning in raising and widening a low section on its main road. Its final completion is delayed for lack of funds.

Brattleboro work reported is work upon Western avenue and a section on the Marlboro stage road. Main street improvement was not reported as state work.

Dover reported grading work on the main road between East and West Dover, also improvement in East Dover village.

Dummerston. Work was in three sections—one section on West river, near John Taft's; a section west of Dummerston Centre, a job which included much blasting and moving of rock to straighten and widen the road; a section on the Putney road near the Sholes farm. A heavy ledge was blown away at this place, and a bad curve and grade were eliminated and a long sandy flat was surfaced with gravel. The town also substituted an old wooden bridge across Salmon brook with a cement arch bridge on this same trunk line road.

Grafton reported the building up, straightening and graveling of a long section of road near Cambridgeport, on the main road leading to Saxtons River. The town also built a 42-foot span cement arch bridge on stage road from Grafton to Townshend.

Guilford reported an important grading job on the main stage road leading to Guilford Centre, the blasting away of a high ledge to widen a curve being one of the good features of the work. Considerable work also was done on the main road to Bernardston.

Halifax reported building a good section of road east of West Halifax, on the main road leading to Reed's mill. This is the third section on this road to be made good. A continuance of the work here is contemplated.

Jamaica reported the blasting away of a ledge and widening some eight feet in solid ledge of a section near the covered bridge, and an overpass on the main road north of Wardsboro Station; also the building of a long section on the main road to Rawsonville and the beginning of the improvements to be made from Wardsboro Station to Wardsboro by a special appropriation passed at the last session of the legislature.

Londonderry reported a long section rebuilt on the main road leading to Rawsonville, a long section on the stage road leading to Chester, and some work on the river road.

Marlboro reported good work on the stage road leading to Brattleboro, also a grading job on the Church Hollow road.

Newfane reported building the last link between Williamsville and the railroad station. This road has been entirely rebuilt in the last five years. All the grades have been reduced to 6 per cent or less (some of the former grades were as high as 18 per cent). Ledges have been cut out, banks cut away for proper width and the entire road graveled. Two cement bridges were built on this line. Improvements also were made at the "ox-bow" on the road to Townshend.

Putney reported work on the Westminster West road, a heavy ledge and wall job on the main road to Dummerston, also two jobs on the lower road between East Putney and Westminster. Putney made great headway in road improvement this season.

Rockingham did a valuable work on the main road to Chester in reducing grades and widening culverts, also a long section of building up and graveling near Saxtons River and extending into the street.

Somerset reported building a gravel road near the post office.

Stratton reported expending money on the main road from Pike's Falls to Bondville. This was the first state road work in this section.

Townshend reported a section improved on the main road near the Newfane line, a section rebuilt on the stage road to Grafton, also a section near West Townshend which included the blasting away of a high ledge and raising the roadbed above high water from West river at this point.

Vernon reported the completion of a section on the trunk line road begun last year. This work included deep cuts and deep fills to get proper width and grade, and the hauling of gravel a long distance for surfacing.

Wardsboro did a fine job of grading and surfacing on the two streets in Wardsboro village, and in installing a good pipe system of drainage for the same.

Westminster reported work on the main road leading to Saxtons River, improvement on the road leading to Westmoreland, improvement in the village of Westminster West and a long section improved on the main road leading to Putney. All grades were reduced to six per cent on this job, requiring deep cuts and fills to get sufficient width. The town built a cement arch bridge on this section to help straighten a severe curve and a sharp grade at that point. Much blasting was required to widen the road.

Whitingham reported a heavy job done on the road leading to Readsboro. This was a continuation of 1910 work on this same road. These two years' work have made a wonderful change for the better on this road. A steel tube bridge was installed near Jacksonville.

Wilmington did a creditable piece of work on the stage road to Brattleboro, beginning at the town line and running west a long section. Much ledge and underdrainage was encountered in this work. Three cement bridges also were built by the town.

Windham reported a good grading and drainage job on the main road to Grafton near the four corners; also a long section was built on the Chester road, reaching to Andover line. This was an expensive job, but well worth the outlay.

These improvements, covering some 10 miles of selected road in Windham county have cost in round numbers, including six cement bridges built by the towns, $30,000. Beside this sum the towns have expended $10,000 in special work. Forty-five different improvement jobs in the county indicate the policy of selecting at random upon the selected roads such sections as seem most urgent for immediate improvement.

Much of the future work on improvements through the county will be extensions of former state road work, and this policy of building continuous links will produce in the near future long stretches of good road and will raise very materially the general average condition of all the roads.

The surplus created by the larger state appropriations this year makes it possible to undertake special improvements that heretofore could not be considered, for want of funds. Some of the special jobs will be highly appreciated.

As the good work progresses more intrest is manifested by the communities, which augurs well for a generous support in the future.

Respectfully,
D. T. PERRY.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

William Haskell, who entered Phillips-Exeter academy last September, has returned to school and has re-entered the junior class.

The class basketball teams have been chosen and the members of each team are wearing jerseys of the class colors. The teams practice on afternoons when Physical Director Stolte has his classes in Festival hall and a series of games is being arranged. The members of the teams and the colors are as follows: Seniors, maroon and white, Fred Dines, Fred Thompson, Hayden Squires, Robert O'Connor, Julius Kuech, Everett Wentworth; juniors, team A, gray and red, Ray Adams, capt., Elmer Gray, Wyman Curtis, Lawrence Sherman, Leonard Wheeler, Harold Cook; team B, black and orange, Gerald Rice, Ray Sanders, Francis Marrion, capt., Forrest Wentworth, Godfrey Crosby, Edman Stedman; sophomores, team A, blue and white, James Denning, capt., Robert Thayer, Verne Adams, L. Rollin Knight, Robert Angier; team B, blue and white, Taylor Morse, Fred Ryan, John Baker, Raymond Harris, Sanford Smith; freshman, team A, red and black, Henry Harlow, capt., Merrill Haskell, Bernard Dunlevy, Leonard Pierce, Ernest Johnson, Leslie Pierce; team B, Fred Gipson, capt., Clifford Ratte, Henry Robbins, Harry Montgomery, Joseph Aher, Ernest Nolan.

Battling for Humanity.

Tuberculosis is a national enemy, but a glorious war is waging against it everywhere. Last year in the United States $14,500,000 was expended in the unceasing battle. Never was money expended in a better cause and seldom with better results.

The women are among the most self-sacrificing soldiers in this cause and give freely of their time and money for the good of suffering humanity. Their private gifts are unrecorded, but their good deeds are apparent. Massachusetts ranks third in recorded contributions, giving $1,100,000.

Tuberculosis is doomed, and speed the hour of extermination is the wish of every lover of the race.—[Boston Globe.

ANSWER TO HORSE PROBLEM.

Everett E. Stockwell's Solution Correct—Miss Grace M. Payne of West Wardsboro Second, C. A. Smith Third.

The Phœnix publishes herewith the answer to the horse problem submitted several weeks ago by the South Vernon correspondent.

The problem was as follows: "How many square feet can a horse feed over, tied with a rope 100 feet long to the corner of a barn 25 feet square?" The answer is 30,294.67 square feet.

It was the intention to print the answer earlier, but as there was some doubt as to the correctness of the figures submitted as being the correct answer The Phœnix sought the assistance of a professional mathematician, whose figures cannot be disputed and who demonstrated the fact that "it is easy if you only know how."

Most of the problem can be worked out by simple arithmetic, but in determining the area of a certain part of the territory involved a knowledge of geometry and trigonometry is advantageous, perhaps positively essential.

A large number of decimal places would be required in giving the exact answer, but they would amount to only a fraction of a square foot, and the size of the fraction in any person's answer depends upon the number of decimal places used in the computation. Stated in whole numbers it is 30, 294 square feet.

From the following list of answers received by The Phœnix it will be seen that the one last submitted by Everett E. Stockwell of Springfield, Mass., formerly of Vernon, is correct. Had Charles A. Smith of Brattleboro allowed his first answer to stand he would have been second by a fraction of a square foot, but he changed it, consequently Miss Grace M. Payne of West Wardsboro is second and Mr. Smith third. Here are the various answers received:

Charles A. Smith, Brattleboro, 30,301; second answer, 30,281.

Ernest W. Dunklee, South Vernon, 30,308.

Everett E. Stockwell, Springfield, Mass., 30,305; second and correct answer, 30,294.28.

Mrs. E. M. Stoddard, Vernon, 30,791.

C. R. Frink, Brattleboro, 30,471.81; second answer, 30,166.

Kirke W. Wheeler, Westmoreland, N. H., 30,103.775.

George A. Downs, Newfane, 29,206.22.

Mrs. Alva R. Styles, Londonderry, 30,434.25.

Joseph F. Stark, West Brattleboro, 30,053.432.

Mrs. E. Hall, South Londonderry, 30,537.31.

Miss Grace M. Payne, West Wardsboro, 30,287.25.

Mrs. Lucius Putnam, Vernon, 29,299.

The Richeson Confession.

It is well that Rev. C. V. T. Richeson has confessed. It is not easy to see into another's mind, and it might be unjust to say that the confession was extorted by the complete collapse of the defense even before the trial could be reached. There is a general feeling of relief that the case is not to be presented at great length, and in all its dreadful detail, in the form of testimony and lawyers' arguments and appeals; and in so far as he has contributed to such an outcome the murderer is entitled to public gratitude. Aside from that, publice feeling probably is expressed adequately in the homely old phrase, "May God have mercy on his soul."

The district attorney of Suffolk county is entitled to the thanks of the people he serves for resolutely refusing to accept a plea of murder in the second degree in return for the confession. The crime was peculiarly atrocious. There never was a more heartless one. There never was one more clearly deserving the extreme punishment provided by law.

Having been sentenced to death, Rev. C. V. T. Richeson will appeal to the governor for clemency. The governor and council will have some difficulty in granting it. If Mr. Richeson should escape execution, how could this commonwealth ever again put an offender to death? True, capital punishment is a survival of barbarism and should be abolished; but here is the wretched Phelps within arm's length of the electric chair. It would be a travesty on justice to put him to death, if the clerical assassin, who had all the advantages of the best schools and the moral influence of the finest New England atmosphere to restrain his vicious propensities, were to escape execution.

The Richeson case has been most shocking, and no doubt the fact that the murderer was a clergyman has done much to stir public interest and deepen the horror surrounding all its phases. It is not to be supposed, however, that the clerical profession needs the slightest vindication because the exceptional wolf in sheep's clothing has once more made an appearance and ravaged the innocents almost within the very limits of the sanctuary of religion. Yet every clergyman and every well-wisher of all religious faiths will mourn because such a blow should have been struck at the church and its moral influence by one who has taken ministerial vows.—[Springfield Republican.

The Blind Men and the Elephant.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! But the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear?"

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands
Thus boldy up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is might plain," quoth he,
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most.
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope
Than seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong.
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!
—[John G. Saxe.

The Fatherless Newspaper.

Pardon us for butting in, but the more the Montpelier Journal explains why it damns DeBoer with faint praise, the more people want to know who is back of the curious affair. The Journal is too good a newspaper not to have somebody proud to claim it for his own. But it cannot be a very influential newspaper until somebody avows personal responsibility for what it says.—[St. Albans Messenger.

A CRUCIBLE OF DUTY.

"Clang! Clang-clang! Clang-clang-clang!" struck the brass gong of hose house No. 9.

Instantly the two black horses were under harness. Armstrong and Foreman at their heads and Captain Serviss seated in the driver's place, tense with excitement. Sullivan, who had been intent on the running code fastened to the wall, had barely time to swing onto the tail of the red wagon as it rattled into the street.

Not a moment had been lost. Serviss bareheaded, his iron-gray locks cutting the icy air, drove like a man possessed. The call was from the signal box of the school, attended by his tiny grand-daughter, Lucy Parks. He knew that his crew of four would have to make the fight of the flames alone. Two great fires were raging in the town, and Company 1 was alone in its district.

Sullivan, in the wagon at Serviss's back, lurched forward and crushed a red rubber helmet on his head. He paid no heed. A dog fell beneath the tearing horses' feet, and with a piercing cry stretched dead upon the ground. "Cap. Jack," the friend and protector of all dumb and helpless creatures, did not see him, did not hear his frantic yelp.

Straight down the street before them was the schoolhouse. Pennants of flame and billowing banners of blue-black smoke mingled with the Stars and Stripes that topped its cupola.

The captain's face was set. His blue eyes, naturally soft and gentle, were glittering balls of chilled steel. His mouth, so genial ordinarily, was a straight, purple line. His nostrils worked frightfully. His right foot trembled on the brake and his hand gripped the reins till they cut into his palm.

He was obsessed by one idea—he must save his daughter's child. Since her widowhood she had depended upon her father for the protection women need. A vision of her in her black gown, which served to accentuate her girlish prettiness and make even more pathetic the wistful expression of her great blue eyes, rose before him. He must not fail her now.

The brake was thrown, the hose tossed out in writhing hawsers on the snow, a waterbutt cap wrenched off, the great worm of the hose screwed on and Company 1 had made its record run.

"Kindergarten for you, Serviss," cried the chief's deputy, whose electric runabout had arrived but a second before Company 1's truck.

"Thank God!" murmured Capt. Jack. Duty was leading him straight to Lucy.

The schoolhouse was a squat, one-story square brick, whose walls formed a hollow cross. At the ends of the cross were the four doorways. When fire had been suspected the teachers of the three higher grades had organized the children for the "fire drill," and marched them out to safety. The kindergarten teacher had been called from her post a moment before the explosion which soon followed the smell of burning paper. So rapid had been the rush of the flames up the cellar stairway and into the hollow cross that her return had been impossible.

As Capt. Jack approached the kindergarten dragging a length of hose after him, he saw a cluster of tiny heads at the window nearest the inner wall. "Lucy will be among them. God give me strength now," he gasped as he flung his short ladder against the ledge.

The window was locked.

"Back!" he cried with that potent intermingling of gentleness and authority which compels obedience, but precludes fear, and the little group of babies receded.

Crash! and the great hose nozzle had opened a way for Captain Jack's hand. He turned the catch, raised the sash and lifted the nearest child out and down. Thirty pale baby faces appealed to him. As he began lifting them out he cried:

"Where are you, Lucy?"

God in Heaven! Her reply came from the opposite side of the room. Only a partition wall between the child and the awful Moloch of the fire!

"Run to the window, Lucy!"

"Me tan't—table's holdin' me; tum here, dran'pa!"

Serviss's face agonized. Could he reach her? Yes, by sacrificing 20 other babies whose only chance of salvation lay in his powerful hands. He half turned to step down and change his ladder to the other window, that he might have a straight course to her, but as he did so a mother cried:

"For God's sake, Captain, save Freddie!" Another, a girl-mother, looked at him with such a prayer in her uplifted eyes as the Blessed Virgin might have made to those who were about to crucify her Son.

"God save our baby!" the man prayed through clenched teeth. "There are 30 here."

"Dran'pa," came faintly once more the child's trusting, pleading cry.

"Gran'pt's coming," he desperately reassured her.

Serviss began to tremble, but he did not flinch or abate his work of salvation.

Two by two now the screaming, sobbing, fainting children were being lifted over the window ledge and handed down the ladder.

An awful sound, like the yelping of unleashed dogs! The door of the kindergarten room, mercifully closed till that moment, crashed inward, and the hungry firehounds dashed frightfully over it.

Now indeed did the strong man pause, as with one terrified piercing scream little Lucy's voice came once more to his straining ears.

Vainly he reassured her—"One second, Lucy, and grandpa will come." He shouted her name incessantly as he completed his work. The last child, in a dead faint from fright, was lifted out. The rescue of the entire 30 had occupied but a few moments. To Capt. Jack it had been eternity. With a brave straightening of the heavy shoulders and a long inhalation of the fresh air, he plunged into the smoke and the flame. Horrified voices called to him, imploring him to come back. They did not understand. The shepherd was now going for his own pet lamb. On he struggled, horribly holding his breath, falling over tiny tables and chairs—groping, clutching, falling, rising, rushing on. Even if Lucy had had strength to call him (he had patiently drilled her in the little living room at home to call to him if she should ever be caught in a fire) she could not have done it now. His poor baby! She had remembered so well his lessons, and he had failed her. Failed Lucy, perhaps, but not the 30 mothers whose children he had restored to their arms and in the sanctuary of whose hearts he was henceforth to be canonized. Again he tripped and fell, and again would have battled on, but somewhere far away—it seemed an infinite distance to the desperate man—he heard the child calling.

"Dran'pa, tum out, I'se outside."

The man into whose arms she had been thrust by Sullivan, who, hearing her frantic scream had climbed through the north window and carried her out, urged her to call. He also cried:

"Captain Serviss, Lucy is here."

Like a drowning man who suddenly sees a sail, but is almost powerless to keep his head above the waves, Serviss struggled back, fighting now for his own life. The strength that had made of him a Hercules when saving others forsook him. He could no longer keep his feet. He crawled painfully, gasping, inch by inch, the fire licking at his rubber coat and singeing with its hot breath his iron-gray hair. Never on wild plain or in trackless jungle, attacked by lion or panther, or cougar, did man make a more desperate fight. Serviss's enemies were twain—the fire and the smoke. At length a breath of the outer air caressed his face. For an instant he opened his eyes, saw the window above him, stretched an arm over the ledge and fell back—unconscious.

But someone had seen the lifted hand. A man mounted the ladder, leaned over, dragged Serviss across the ledge. Other hands lifted him down. A blanket was spread on the frozen ground. Serviss was stretched on it. A physician gripped his pulse and listened to his heart. Then he wrenched open his medicine case, sought a slender glass capsule, shattered it in his fingers and fanned the broken edges under the captain's nose.

Lucy and her mother, who had rushed to the building, stood as near the prostrate form as the physician would permit. Moments slipped by, and no response to the powerful restorative was visible.

Then gradually the physician observed that the lips were trying to frame a word. He could not tell what it was. Then he saw that each time little Lucy cried "Dran'pa" (for the child could not be kept from calling piteously to him), the lips would move. The physician turned and beckoned to the child. "Come Lucy, call grandpa louder," said the man of science.

The child obeyed, leaning over her grandfather and calling his name in an eager, imperious treble. Again and again the man endeavored to respond. Finally his efforts were successful. As the dazen eyes opened, slowly, their first glance fell upon the little golden-haired girl, whose tear-drenched rosy face bent so anxiously over him.

"Dran'pa," the child exclaimed, "I'se all-wight; wake up, Dran'pa."

It was as though a great shudder swept through the powerful frame, and then with a superhuman effort Captain Jack raised himself to a sitting posture and caught the child in his arms.

"I heard you calling, honey, I think I was dying, but I heard you, and I came back to you, little girl."

Tears rained down his rugged cheeks. A light not of earth dawned in his face. He smiled, laughed, kissed her tenderly, hugged her close. Then slowly getting to his feet and looking about him exclaimed:

"Well, I see the boys are just starting back to the house. I must be going with them."

"But, Captain Serviss," expostulated the amazed physician. "I fear you are not yet sufficiently strong. You had better go home and rest."

"Strong? Why I could lift a ton! I'm the happiest man in the state. Sure I can go. Thanks for all attentions, Doc. Wait a minute, boys." And placing the little girl gently down beside her mother, whom he tenderly kissed, the tall, gaunt, gray-haired hero strode over to his wagon, mounted the high seat and turned the horses' heads toward hose house No. 9. As he backed up to the door he said quietly, but with a smile of ineffable tenderness at Sullivan, who had saved the child:

"Well, boys, let's wash the wagon!"—[L. Keck Wiggins, in Extension.

State Fair Dates.

The Vermont state fair for 1912 will be held at White River Junction on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 17, 18, 19 and 20, and plans are now under way to make this a greater exhibition in every respect than any previuos state fair.

The National State Fair association was held at Chicago December 4 and 5, and at this gathering the Vermont state fair was admitted to membership. This national association selects the dates of all fairs held by its members, and the Vermont state fair was unanimously voted to membership in this national organization. Fred L. Davis, secretary of the fair, in presenting his organization for membership gave a brief summary of the history of the fair, and the progress it had made. Several seconding addresses followed and the Vermont state fair was credited with being the liveliest youngster in all the group of state fairs. The dates selected for the Vermont event places it in the column of state fairs following the New York state fair at Syracuse, and preceding the New Jersey state fair at Trenton.

An Emotional Witness.

"How did the accident happen?" was asked a witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth. "Tell it in your own way."

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says: 'By gosh! Something muster happened to Ole.'"

Vice is like the proverbial buzz saw. It won't hurt you if you don't monkey with it.

ALMOST LOST HIS FOOT

Operations Did Not Seem To Do Any Good.

After Years of Agony Doctors Advised Amputation.

A Great Triumph for a Great Medicine.

ELKART, Ind.—"I narrowly escaped losing my foot, because of swelling and sores on my ankle. They discharged a great quantity of matter and some pieces of bone. We tried everything to make the eruptions heal, and had two or three operations, which did not seem to do any good. After three years of agony the doctor advised that the foot be amputated in order to save my life. My family would not consent to this, but began to give me Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"To make a long story short, Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a complete and wonderful cure. The sores healed up, the discharge ceased, the swelling went down, and I could walk as well as anybody. I have had scarcely a sick day since. The cure was perfect and complete. It was a great triumph for Hood's Sarsaparilla over impure blood.' The germs certainly got the worst of it from Hood's Sarsaparilla in my case, and I believe it will cure in all similar cases, so I warmly recommend it." Henry Jenkins.

Thousands of intelligent and economical men and women have come to know by experience the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to regard it as "common sense" to use this proprietary medicine in many diseases and ailments.

Hood's Sarsaparilla effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients, which are the very remedies successful physicians prescribe for the same diseases and ailments, but are not all found in any other medicine. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good" you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

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Gold Medal Flour is the only "best."
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Try Sloan's Liniment for your rheumatism — don't rub — just lay it on lightly. It goes straight to the sore spot, quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops the pain.

Here's Proof

MRS. JULIA THOMAS of Jackson, Cal., writes: "I have used your Liniment for rheumatism with much success."

MARTIN J. TUNIS, 169 16th Ave., Paterson, N. J., writes:—"I was a cripple with rheumatism for two years and I could not move at all; had to be carried from place to place. I tried remedies and could not get better, until I tried Sloan's Liniment. One bottle fixed me up in good shape and now I always have a bottle in the house for my wife and children."

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For example, there is one form of nitrogen selling at twice what another form is selling for. Chemists cannot easily distinguish between the two sources either in mixed fertilizers or unmixed ingredients, but the crop can and surely will at harvest time. One is available, and the other is only partially available, and under certain conditions may not be available in time for the crop to get any benefit from it. The farmer takes great risk in the weather which he cannot control. He should take no risk in those things which he can control and one of these is the quality of the plant food which he buys whether mixed or unmixed.

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W. EUGENE KIMBALL. LEEDS JOHNSON.

"Blackantan Trusses"

PADS made the usual shape—BUT filled with soft elastic material and covered with special oil finished leather. Moisture proof.

LEATHER COVERS made of Special Willow Tanned leather. Will not absorb moisture. Very soft and firm. Can be cleaned.

NEW STYLE OF MAKING—Inside belt made of one piece of willow tan leather, both for belt and end strap. Not folded. No padding. Lies flat on the spring. BLACK CALF spring pocket. In every way the most serviceable truss ever made with leather covers.

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Brooks House Pharmacy
The Rexall Store

1907 Hair Tonic

Testimonials of 1907 Hair Tonic will be given of ONLY THOSE WHO ARE WILLING and have offered their names.

Anyone wishing to have beautiful, glossy hair free from Dandruff, and not wishing gray hair, can have such by using

GUARANTEED
1907 Hair Tonic

117 Main Street Brattleboro, Vt.
W. H. BOND

CLEANLINESS

Is a mark of culture and breeding. We use

More Water

and wash more thoroughly than it is possible for you to do at home.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON YOUR FAMILY WASHINGS

Brattleboro Steam Laundry

'Phone 72 10 Flat St.

Calves Wanted

We are paying, for prompt shipment, 3 cents per pound for hog-dressed Calves. At this price we pay freight from any Vermont or New Hampshire point on 200-pound shipments. Stock should be well bled, free from disease, thoroughly frozen and should have entrails removed. Shipments may be combined with Hides, Skins, Bones, Tallow, etc. Ship quick, as prices will probably decline as the season advances.

CARROLL S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vt.

JOB PRINTING.

E. L. HILDRETH & CO.

If this food is not sold in your place, we will send you freight prepaid a 125 pound sack for $4.00, or a 60 pound sack for $2.00. If in want of Beef Scraps, Poultry Bone, Oyster Shells, etc., write us for prices

Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt

Page's Perfected Poultry Food may be obtained of the following:—

Martin L. Johnson, W. Wardsboro, Vt.
Charles H. Grout, W. Townshend, Vt.
Robbins & Cowles, Brattleboro, Vt.
O. O. Ware, Wilmington, Vt.
W. C. Ballou, Newfane, Vt.
A. M. Corser, Putney, Vt.

Central Vermont Railway

Trains Leave Brattleboro.

5.41 a. m. Daily. Express for Springfield and New York.
7.25 a. m. Except Sunday. Mail for New London, Worcester and Boston.
7.30 a. m. Except Sunday. Mixed for South Londonderry.
9.20 a. m. Except Sunday. Local for Springfield and New York.
10.15 a. m. Except Sunday. Local for New London, Worcester and Boston.
2.07 p. m. Except Sunday. Local for Springfield and New York.
3.50 p. m. Except Sunday. Local for New London, Worcester, Boston and New York via the Northern Line steamers.
4.17 p. m. Daily. Express for Springfield and New York.
6.00 p. m. Except Sunday. Mail for South Londonderry.
8.27 p. m. Sundays only. Local for Springfield and New York.
8.34 p. m. Except Sunday. Local for Springfield and New York.

Trains Arrive Brattleboro.

8.51 a. m. Daily. Local from Springfield.
9.50 a. m. Except Sunday. Mail from South Londonderry.
10.00 a. m. Except Sunday. Mail from New York, via Norwich Line steamers, New London and Boston.
11.05 a. m. Except Sunday. Mail from Springfield.
2.27 p. m. Daily. Express from New York and Springfield.
2.07 p. m. Except Sunday. Express from New London, Worcester and Boston.
3.55 p. m. Except Sunday. Mixed from South Londonderry.
5.53 p. m. Except Sunday. Local from New York and Springfield.
8.00 p. m. Except Sunday. Mail from New London, Worcester and Boston.
10.23 p. m. Daily. Express from New York and Springfield.