

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 50

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1916

5 CENTS A COPY

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
Long Distance Telephone

It takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, and a well displayed advertisement to draw trade. —Bryantville News.

The local railroad men, as well as all others, will be interested in the announcement of the Boston & Maine railroad that after December 1 declaration of the value of baggage or property transported in baggage cars of the road will not be required.

The high cost of being sick is going up along with other things. Beginning January 1, the nurses of the Concord Nurses' Club will increase the cost of attendance from \$21, the present price, to \$25 a week. Really, every one ought to be handsome at this figure.

In connection with other resolutions passed by the Boston Typographical union at their meeting this week, it resolved in favor of imprisonment of speculators who place food stuffs in storage for more than 26 weeks, and urging public ownership of railroads in order to avoid the menace of a strike. This country seems to be working itself along to the point where government ownership of public utilities will have to be a fact, for there is really no need of living in constant fear of some great calamity which might be brought about by purely selfish greed.

Southern-New Hampshire Intercollegiate League

Herewith is given a revised schedule of the basket ball games of the Antrim High, some changes having been made since Milford High entered the League:

- Nov. 24—Wilton at Conant
- Hollis at Antrim
- Hancock at Peterboro
- Nov. 30—Milford at Antrim
- Dec. 1—Hancock at Wilton
- Peterboro at Hollis
- Dec. 8—Peterboro at Antrim
- Milford at Hollis
- Conant at Hancock
- Dec. 15—Antrim at Conant
- Hancock at Hollis
- Wilton at Milford
- Dec. 22—Milford at Wilton
- Conant at Antrim
- Peterboro at Hancock
- Dec. 29—Hancock at Conant
- Wilton at Peterboro
- Hollis at Milford
- Open date for Antrim
- Jan. 5—Hollis at Hancock
- Conant at Peterboro
- Antrim at Wilton
- Jan. 12—Peterboro at Conant
- Wilton at Hollis
- Antrim at Milford
- Jan. 19—Antrim at Hollis
- Conant at Milford
- Peterboro at Wilton
- Jan. 26—Wilton at Antrim
- Hollis at Peterboro
- Milford at Hancock
- Feb. 2—Hollis at Wilton
- Milford at Peterboro
- Hancock at Antrim
- Feb. 9—Conant at Hollis
- Peterboro at Milford
- Antrim at Hancock
- Feb. 16—Hancock at Milford

INTEREST INCREASING

Contestants Are Working for a Big Vote

There seems to be a slight misunderstanding in regard to the free coupons which have been published in The Reporter for the past month. These coupons are good for 500 votes each when presented at this office within fifteen days from date of publication, and are valueless after the fifteen days have expired.

The standing of the contestants has changed some from last week and is as follows:

Walter C. Hills	31,500
Miss Mae Harris	21,000
Leo G. Lowell	12,000
Mrs. E. R. Grant	6,500
Antrim Grange	6,000
Mrs. Ethel McClure	4,000
A. Wallace George	2,500
Miss Annie Fluri	1,500
Miss Gladys Craig	1,000
Ed. Knapp	1,000
Mrs. Charles Newhall	1,000

The number of prizes in the "1200 Club" contest is limited only by the number of contestants, 15 contestants, 15 prizes; 30 contestants, 30 prizes! Let us explain how it is that every contestant secures pay for what they do.

The first grand prize is a \$66.00 Castle Crawford Range. Handsome in design, superior in quality of workmanship, a beautiful, useful and ornamental Range for the person or society polling the largest number of votes.

The second grand prize is a \$40.50 Fairy Crawford Range. The Crawford Ranges need no introduction to the American household. For years they have given universal satisfaction and in giving these as grand prizes we feel very confident that we are giving articles that will stand the test of time, not only proving a source of much satisfaction now, but continuing through the years!

The third grand prize is a \$30.00 Champion Sewing Machine, manufactured by the New Home Sewing Machine Co. This is a sufficient guaranty of its worth and ranks close in value to the second prize.

It is not too late to enter this race. Send us your name, or the name of some friend you wish nominated in the "1200 Club" contest, and then start in and help them win a prize.

Remember that you cannot lose, even if you do not win one of the three grand prizes, as according to the rules and regulations you are paid a liberal cash commission on all money brought to this office. Read the rules on page four.

The main idea in this contest is to secure new subscriptions, as well as to get the renewals; for a new subscription a large number of votes is given, thereby being a great help to the one working for one of the grand prizes. This is not confined to any special territory, so the contestant has a wide range, a good field, and ought to do a whole lot of business.

Potatoes May be Cheaper

Increasing consignments of Canadian potatoes are arriving in Boston, the ban having been lifted by the United States government and carload lots of about 700 bushels are already coming under inspection of the department of agriculture, says the Boston Herald one day recently. Both the Yarmouth and Plant lines, operating between Boston and the provinces, have permits to transport potatoes, and hundreds of barrels consigned to friends or relatives of shippers are arriving by water. A duty of 10 cents a bushel on foreign potatoes is imposed, and, all expenses paid, the imported vegetable is cheaper than the Maine tuber.

The steamship Halifax has been booked to load 10,000 bags of potatoes at Charlottetown, P. E. I., for delivery here, and the line has been assured equally heavy shipments until cold weather. Schooners and other vessels may be chartered to move cargoes.

Boston is one of several ports of entry for potatoes designated by the government. Local dealers expect a sharp drop in prices.

Henry McClure has been confined to his home by an attack of indigestion.

ELECTION ECHOES

What a Few Republican Editors State

The Republican Champion, of Newport, adds its bit of comfort regarding the election result:

It is tough for the country, but for the Republican party defeat at this time is undoubtedly the best thing that could happen. The period of readjustment following the European war is likely to be a trying and politically disastrous one. The present situation may be the kindness of fate in disguise.

When one of the leading Republican papers of the State, the Rochester Courier, puts out an editorial like this, The Reporter will not be criticised a whole lot for copying it word for word:

It is hard for the old stand-patters to learn their lesson. By their pig-headedness they persist in defeating their own ends. By ignoring Gov. Johnson, when Hughes made his visit to California, these ill-advised managers so incensed the progressives of that state that it cost Hughes his election. California's vote did it, and while California was giving a majority for the Wilson electors, it elected Gov. Johnson as United States senator by a plurality of some 200,000, a result which may very easily land Gov. Johnson in the Presidency himself in another four years. Wonder how much these stand-pat managers think they have gained by all this.

The Franklin Journal-Transcript passes out characteristic statements that are correct and will be considered by those higher up:

Post mortem examinations are not pleasant, but sometimes a lot of information can be gained thereby. The Republican managers do well to probe deeply and examine carefully. Perhaps another time they will be wise enough not to try to beat a man, but will turn their guns on the vulnerable points of the opposing party. The American people have a large sense of fairness and naturally take sides with the under dog in a fight. When all the campaign literature and most of the speaking was devoted to President Wilson many a voter said, "That is going too strong. I vote for the man they are trying to down." If Wilson's name had been eliminated and the principles separating the two parties made the issue Hughes would have been elected.

The Farmer's Opportunity

There is not enough grain in this country at the present time for our own needs and from this amount large quantities are being exported to Europe, says an exchange. There is no hope that for a year to come the price of grain can drop to anywhere near normal prices. The farmers of New England should plan to raise as large crops as possible the coming season, especially of corn and oats, saying nothing of beans, which are now selling at unheard of prices. Commercial fertilizers can play an important part in the coming season's crops, and the farmer who is afraid to make a little investment in the spring will miss dollars at harvest time. Labor may be high, but the farmer who has any business in his make-up will realize that an investment in labor and fertilizers, will bring him the largest returns next fall he has ever realized.

Two Shows Each Week!

Contrary to my previous announcement I wish to state that it is my intention to continue showing on Saturday evenings as well as Wednesday. Two shows every week.

R. E. Messer.

New Grocery Store

Morris Christie Heath has opened a new grocery store where the Antrim Bakery was formerly, and is now ready to give the public good service in quality groceries. Mr. Heath was clerk in Robinson's store for some time where he made many friends who wish him success in his new venture. He has a display adv. in another column this week.

A Merciless Judge

One Who Shows No Favor

A merciless judge is Father Time. Before him the weak and the wanting go to the wall. Only the truth can stand. For years the following statement from a Milford resident has withstood this sternest of all tests.

Mrs. Belle S. Colby, 89 Union St., Milford, N. H., says: "My kidneys were weak and the kidney secretions were unnatural. I suffered constantly from dull pains through my back and loins and it hurt me to stoop or lift anything. Doan's Kidney Pills regulated the action of my kidneys and freed my back from pain." (Statement given July 22nd, 1910.)

A Permanent Cure

On October 5th, 1915, Mrs. Colby said: "Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cured me of kidney trouble. I again heartily endorse them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Colby has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. adv

LETTER FROM BORDER

Troops Have Been Engaged in War Manoeuvres

San Benito, Texas, November 17, 1916.
Editor The Reporter,
Antrim, N. H.

Dear Sir:—
Tonight we are in camp at San Benito, Texas, engaged in a series of war games and manoeuvres that are highly instructive to all of us. Yesterday we went over 20 miles and today about 18, which is very good considering that we fought three "battles with the enemy."

This war game is not the fun that many people think it is, owing to the fact that every bush is full of thorns—even the ground seems thorny! We are given field rations during this expedition, which means that the quantity is not so large as we have in camp.

We are having a dickens of a time, believe me! I've never worked so hard before, and hope I never shall have to again. Army service is no snap, or soft job.

The field where we are having this war game is over 100 acres in size, and is full of little holes, about one inch deep. Grasshoppers are thicker than flies, and very friendly with the boys.

Don't know what future plans are, but think we are soon to return to Brownsville for a few days.

Yours truly,
H. E. Paige.

An Antrim Nurse

The Manchester Union contained this item of news regarding an Antrim girl, in one of its recent letters from the Border. Our readers will be glad to know of Miss Redmond's present duties:

Among the nurses in the base hospital, where a detail of 14 New Hampshire men is stationed, is a girl whose home is in Antrim. She is Miss Margaret Redmond, niece of Mr. and Mrs. James Elliott of that town. Miss Redmond is one of three regular army nurses here, the others being Red Cross nurses. She secured her training in the Mary Hitchcock hospital at Hanover, N. H., where she was associated in work with Capt. James J. Powers, of Manchester, now on the field hospital here. She left the Granite state for her duties here the last of August.

Forget Your Aches

Stiff knees, aching limbs, lame back make life a burden. If you suffer from rheumatism, gout, lumbago, neuralgia, get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, the universal remedy for pain. Easy to apply; it penetrates without rubbing and soothes the tender flesh. Cleaner and more effective than unussy ointments or poultices. For strains or sprains, sore muscles or wrenched ligaments resulting from strenuous exercise, Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief. Keep it on hand for emergencies. At your Druggist, 25c. adv.

Cram's Store

BLANKETS

In spite of the fact that it is nearly impossible to go into the market and buy Blankets today, our stock is larger than ever before.

We anticipated your wants and bought early, consequently are in a position to show a good assortment at very reasonable prices. Anything from \$1.00 to \$6.00 per pair.

COMFORTABLES—\$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00
CRIB BLANKETS and CARRIAGE ROBES for the little ones.

We are showing a larger line of
Gloves and Mittens
Than ever before. Get our prices before buying.

W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

Everything in the Following Lines

That is Dainty, Pretty and Useful

- Gloves
- Hosiery
- Neckwear
- Handkerchiefs
- Brassieres
- Corsets
- Veilings and
- Other Novelties

At the Lowest Possible Prices

Miss S. E. Lane & Co.,

ANTRIM, N. H.

GROCERIES OF QUALITY

AM OPEN FOR BUSINESS IN WHAT WAS FORMERLY THE ANTRIM BAKERY

MORRIS C. HEATH

GOODELL BLOCK, ANTRIM

Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.

LARRO FEED

The Best Balanced Ration for
the Dairy Cow

Ryder's Cream Galf Meal

For the Young Calf
A perfect substitute for milk

Log Cabin Scratch Feed

For the Poultry

We can Save you something on your monthly grain bill if you will learn the price on these feeds above mentioned.

☎ Telephone Orders Solicited.

Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.

John H. Putney Estate
Undertaker
 First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.
 Lady Assistant.
 Full Line Funeral Supplies.
 Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.
 Calls day or night promptly attended to.
 New England Telephone, 12-A, at West-Corner, Corner High and Pleasant Streets.
 Antrim, N. H.

W. E. Cram,
AUCTIONEER
 I wish to announce to the public that I will sell goods at auction for any parties who wish, at reasonable rates. Apply to
 W. E. ORAM,
 Antrim, N. H.

FARMS
 Listed with me are quickly
SOLD.
 No charge unless sale is made.
LESTER H. LATHAM,
 P. O. Box 408,
 Hillsboro, N. H.
 Telephone connection

WANTED!
 I will buy Poultry, if the raisers will let me know when they have any to sell.
C. F. Butterfield,
 Antrim, N. H.

D. COHEN
Junk Dealer
 WEST DEERING, N. H.
 BUYER OF
 Old Magazines, Bags, Metals and Second-hand Furniture and Poultry
 Customer will drop postal card or phone

Watches & Clocks
CLEANED
AND
REPAIRED.
 Give Me a Trial Order.
Carl L. Gove,
 Clinton Village, Antrim, N. H.

ARE YOU GOING TO BOSTON?
 Young women going to Boston to work or study, any lady going to Boston for pleasure or on a shopping trip without male escort will find the
Franklin Square House
 a delightful place to stop. A Home-Hotel in the heart of Boston exclusively for women. 630 rooms, safe, comfortable convenient of access, prices reasonable. For particulars and prices address
 Miss Castine C. Swanson, Supt., 11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

ARTESIAN WELLS
 Consult us now on putting in an Unfailing Pure Water Supply. We are now on our 15th Well Contract in Peterboro, N. H., having completed 18 successful drilled wells there. We have drilled six successful wells in Antrim, and many in nearby towns. We refer to eight successful Town Contracts, the latest being for Plymouth, N. H. Have lately finished well, 100 gallons a minute, at Barre, Vt., and another at Lisbon, N. H., 15 gallons a minute, both for farms. Estimates free and contracts taken anywhere in New England, for Artesian Wells, or whole Water Systems.
BAY STATE ARTESIAN WELL COM'Y, Inc.
WARNER, N. H.

Your Chimneys Clean?
 All orders for cleaning chimneys by Driscoll, the chimney sweep, a man of experience, should be left at the Reporter office.

BLACKSMITH
and
Wheelwright
 Having purchased the business of Mr. D. P. Bryer, am prepared to do All Kinds of Blacksmithing and Wheelwright work.
JOSEPH HERITAGE,
 Antrim, N. H.

Agency.
 For The
M. E. Wheeler Phosphate.
ICE!
 Rates for Family Ice
 30c per 100 lbs.
 Long Distance Telephone, 19-3
G. H. HUTCHINSON,
 Depot St., Antrim, N. H.

S. S. SAWYER
 Antrim, N. H.
REAL ESTATE
 For Sale or Exchange
 Farms, Village and Lake Property For Sale.
 No charge unless sale is made

Edmund G. Dearborn, M. D.,
 Main Street, ANTRIM.
 Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m.
 Telephone 22-2.

J. D. HUTCHINSON,
 Civil Engineer,
 Land Surveying, Levels, etc.
 ANTRIM, N. H.
 TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Everybody who reads magazines buys newspapers, but everybody who reads newspapers doesn't buy magazines.
Catch the Drift?
 Here's the medium to reach the people of this community.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS
Governor and Council Begin Canvass of Returns.
 Concord—At the meeting of the governor and council last week a canvass of the returns of the votes cast in this state Nov. 7 for presidential electors was begun, but on account of obvious errors discovered in the returns made by the clerks in six towns and one ward an adjournment was taken to Friday, Dec. 1. The places concerned are Alstead, Crofton, Eaton, Groton, Hinsdale, Milford, and Ward, 13, Manchester. Another error was discovered but not considered at the meeting. The name of one of the Democratic candidates for presidential elector was furnished by the Democratic state committee as Lawrence A. Connor of Manchester. It now appears that Lawrence M. Connor of Manchester was named by the Democratic state convention for the place, and there is no Lawrence A. Connor in Manchester. If it shall be held that there is a vacancy the other three electors have authority to fill it, and would of course appoint Lawrence M. Connor. If it should be held that the election was void, no such person existing, then the Republican having the highest number of votes might be declared elected, and the electoral vote be divided. George B. Leighton of Dublin having the largest vote, would in that case be the elector.
 The vote for state senators was also canvassed and certificates issued to 16 Republicans and 8 Democrats.

Shoots Girl and Then Himself
 Manchester—This city was the scene of a tragedy last week in which a girl narrowly escaped death and her would be lover put an end to his existence. The man in the case was Fred J. Denning, 42 years old, a railroad employe, who had lost a leg in an accident. He had persisted in paying attentions to Ruby Pearl Danforth, 18 years old, but she had no desire for his company and refused to accompany him, to entertainments. One night last week he called at the house and renewed his attentions and was informed that she wanted nothing to do with him. He remained at the house all night sleeping in a chair. After Miss Danforth returned from her work the next night and while in her room Denning walked in and pulling a revolver fired at the girl. Before he could fire a second shot she sprang upon him with such suddenness that she threw him over, and before he could regain his feet she had fled from the room. She ran to the drug store and an ambulance took her to a hospital, where her injuries were not pronounced serious. The police then went to the girl's home where they found Denning in a dying condition. He had shot himself just above the right ear, the bullet passing entirely through his head. He has a mother and two sisters.

Had Two Mixups.
 Keene—An automobile owned by C. W. Whitney of Marlboro and driven by Clifford Croteau of the same town, figured in two mishaps here Saturday night. The car first struck a team owned by Frank Cota, the wagon demolished, the horse injured and Cota was so badly hurt that he was taken to the hospital. Croteau kept right on his way and after going about a mile collided with a wood team in charge of Joseph Aubin. Aubin was thrown off and badly shaken up. The seat of the first wagon demolished hung to the fender of the auto until the second collision when it was shaken off. The number of the car located the owner and chauffeur, and they have promised to settle for the damages.

Furniture Solicitor in Trouble.
 Franklin—At the instance of Joseph Culak, Richard Levy, collector for a Boston furniture company, was in municipal court Friday afternoon charged with failing to deliver furniture as per agreement and with assault. Culak alleges that he had paid \$10 to the company in 25 cents a week installments and expected to get a bed, but it had not been delivered. Friday when Levy called to collect more money there was trouble, and Culak claims he was punched in the mouth. Levy was granted a continuance that he might employ counsel.

Felker is Again Turned Down.
 Concord. At the meeting of the governor and council Friday, Gov. Spaulding, for the second time, nominated Andrew L. Felker to succeed himself as commissioner of agriculture, and for the second time the council refused to confirm the nomination. Councillor Huntress was the only member to vote in favor of the appointment.

Dug His Own Grave, Now Buried in it.
 Alton—A few weeks ago Dana B. Watson of Lynn, Mass., a Civil war veteran, 84 years old, came here and dug a grave for himself in the family lot in the cemetery. It took him three days to complete the grave and line it with cement. He then returned to Lynn and told his friends that he had his grave all ready, and expected to live but a few days. He died two days later, and the body has been brought here and buried in the grave which he prepared.

Batteries For Sale!
 Can be had at "Central" office, Antrim, N. H.
 April, 1915.

German Line is Elong Clear Across Country
TEUTONS HELD UP IN NORTH
 Apparently Russian Reinforcements Are Slow to Reach Allies in Alt Valley—Falkenhayn Gives Interview.
 London. With armies of the Teutonic allies advancing toward it both from the west and southwest, Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, is apparently in peril.
 Field Marshal von Mackensen's troops have crossed the Danube from Bulgarian territory to Zimnitya and are in touch near Alexandria, 47 miles southwest of Bucharest, with the forces of Gen. von Falkenhayn's army from Craiova. All along the line in the Wallachian plains east of the Alt river the Roumanians are in fight, burning towns behind them, says Berlin.
 To the north on the heights of Curtea-Dearges, in the region of Dragoslavele, northeast of Campulung, and in the western Moldavia near Otus, the Roumanians are offering strong resistance to the southward advance of the Teutons. On all these sectors attempts by the Austro-Germans to advance have been held back by the Roumanians.
 As yet there has been no indication of the arrival of Russian reinforcements to aid the Roumanians on the Wallachian Plains, but the Russo-Roumanian troops in Dobruja, are active, possibly in an endeavor to push back the invaders to the Tcher-navoda-Constanza railway line. Sofia reports that this reinforced army intended a general attack along the entire front, but has been compelled to confine itself to partial attacks.
 In the Macedonian theatre bad weather prevails and there has been no infantry action except on the left wing of the entente allied line, where the Italians have made further progress toward Trnova, near the Monastir-Presba lake road, according to Paris. This statement, as regards the gains, is contradicted by the Sofia war office, which says an Italian attack here was repulsed and that the attackers lost a large quantity of war materials. Sofia also denies a recent French report that the French had captured the town of Dobromir.
 The French front also is experiencing another spell of inclement weather and except for small attacks at various points, little activity has been displayed by either side.
 There has been considerable artillery firing along the eastern front at various places from the Riga region to the Carpathians with the Germans the aggressors, and also on the Austro-Italian front with the Austrians on the initiative.

Milford Hgs Artesian Well.
 Milford. October 9 work was begun on an artesian well for the French and Heald plant, and Friday it began yielding water at the rate of 25,000 gallons a day. The well is eight inches bore and is now down 155 feet. Drilling will be continued for another 50 feet. The factory uses a large amount of water, but it is expected the well will supply all that is required.

This Was Some Bass.
 Hudson—Arthur Herrick and Tax Collector Cochran came here on a fishing trip to Horseshoe pond one day last week. A little later Mr. Herrick was seen striking for home with the largest bass seen here in a long time. He was induced to stop long enough to have it weighed, when it was found to tip the scales at five pounds and six ounces.

No Democrat Wanted to Run.
 Franklin. No Democrat could be found who cared to run as a candidate for mayor at the city election, and consequently Mayor Alexander A. Beaton, the Republican nominee, will have no opposition. In Ward 1, the Democrats endorsed Herrick Aiken, the Republican nominee for councillor.

River Water is Dirty.
 Dover—As a result of an analysis of water from the Cochecho river the board of health is in receipt of a communication from Dr. Irving A. Watson of the state board of health stating that the water is impure and contaminated with sewage. As a result the river may be abandoned as a source of ice supply.

Choked With Beefsteak.
 Tilton—While eating his supper at his home Saturday night, Walter Burleigh got a piece of beefsteak lodged in his throat and died before a physician could reach him. He was 51 years of age and is survived by a wife, four children and other relatives.

Four Restaurants are Condemned.
 Nashua—As a result of visits to local restaurants last week by State Inspector Wallace F. Purrington, four restaurants were condemned and given until Dec. 1 to clean up. Six were found above 90 percent in the scoring.
Death of Mrs. Frank D. Currier.
 Canada—Mrs. Addie H., wife of ex-Congressman Frank D. Currier, died at the home here about midnight Saturday night. She has been in failing health for the past three or four years. She was 58 years of age and is survived only by her husband.
Man Struck by Train.
 Franklin—While walking beside the track on his way home Saturday night John S. Wilson was struck by a train on the Franklin & Tilton road. He had an arm broken, his face cut and was badly bruised. He was taken to the hospital.

Retires From Coast Guard Station.
 Hampton. Keeper Benjamin F. Smart of the Coast Guard Station at Hampton Beach retired Saturday after a service of more than 33 years. He is a native of this town, and his family consists of a wife, three daughters and one son.
Fear Shortage of Bread.
 Manchester—The high price of flour and other products has caused three local bakeries to give up their wholesale trade, and a shortage of bread may be the result. Hotels and restaurants may have to do their own cooking.
Brass is High, So Are Fines.
 Manchester. Napoleon Lefebvre was in municipal court Friday and pleaded guilty to stealing brass bearings. He was fined \$19.62. Mrs. Ida Luby, accused of receiving the stolen property, pleaded nolo and was fined \$29.62.
Better Train Schedule for York.
 Portsmouth—The winter schedule on the York Harbor and Beach railroad, which goes into effect next Monday, provides for two trains each way over the road during the winter instead of one as heretofore.

Duplicates Gets \$1755 Damages.
 Nashua. In the suit of George W. Duplicates against Proctor Brothers for damages on account of a fall with an elevator last January, the jury brought in a verdict Friday of \$1755 for the plaintiff.
Different Views.
 A New Jersey clergyman resigned, complaining that his congregation wanted a phonograph in the pulpit. A good many congregations complain because they have one.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ROUMANIANS
HARD PRESSED
 German Line is Elong Clear Across Country
TEUTONS HELD UP IN NORTH
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UNPLEASANT DAYS IN STORE FOR BUCHAREST.
 Falkenhayn Says It Will be an Uncomfortable Place When Germans Begin Bombarding it.
 Hermannstadt, Transylvania. (to the Associated Press via Berlin and by wireless to Sarville)—At a luncheon which Gen. von Falkenhayn, commander of the forces on the northern Roumanian front, gave to a small group of neutral correspondents, he remarked to the Associated Press representative that although "nothing in this world is so certain that one dare predict anything with safety," Bucharest will be an uncomfortable place for anyone to be in when the Germans get their guns trained on it.
 Although Gen. von Falkenhayn declined absolutely to commit himself to any prediction as to when this might occur, and even questioned the purely military advantage of possession of Bucharest, with its thousands of feed, when the same result might be accomplished by gradually decimating the Roumanian army, he left not the slightest doubt in the minds of his hearers that he considered it a possibility of the immediate future.
 Gen. von Falkenhayn was reticent as to the probable length of the Roumanian campaign, on the ground that the continued springlike weather might hasten the end, while even one sharp cold spell might lengthen it materially. Although refusing to assume the role of prophet, he appeared supremely confident of the ultimate result. He paid the Roumanian soldiers the highest compliments upon their desperate bravery and discounted stories of cowardice or inefficiency on the part of the Roumanian officers.

INEZ MILHOLLAND DEAD.
 Los Angeles—Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, widely known suffragist and welfare worker, died in a hospital here after an illness of 10 weeks. She was 30 years old.
 Mrs. Boissevain was stricken suddenly while addressing an audience in this city during the recent political campaign, and fainted on the platform at the meeting. She was removed to a hospital and her husband and parents hurried from New York to join her here.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
 The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town hall block, the Last Saturday after noon in each month, at 2 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties regarding School matters.
J. D. HUTCHINSON
H. B. DRAKE
G. E. HASTINGS
 Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
 The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town hall block, the First Saturday in each month, from two till five o'clock in the afternoon to transact town business.
 The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.
C. F. BUTTERFIELD
W. W. MERRILL
C. H. ROBINSON
 Selectmen of Antrim.

ACCOMMODATION!
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 10.29 11.52
 P. M. 3.45
 4.18 6.45
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 Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train.
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CHAPTER I.

I Buy a Farm on Sight.
Some men who go into teaching, and of course all men who become great teachers, do have a genuine love for their work. But I am afraid I was one of those unfortunates who take up teaching as a stop-gap, a means of livelihood while awaiting "wider opportunities." I had been accredited with "brilliant promise" in my undergraduate days, and the college had taken me into the English department upon graduation.

Well, that was seven years ago. I was still correcting daily themes. It was a warm night in early April. I had a touch of spring fever, and wrote vicious, sarcastic comments on the poor undergraduate pages of unexpressiveness before me, as through my open windows drifted up from the yard a snatch of song from some returning theater party. I closed my eyes in memory—memory of my grandfather's farm down in Essex county. The sweet call of the village church bell came back to me, the drone of the preacher, the smell of lilacs outside, the stamp of an impatient horse in the horse sheds where liniment for man and beast was advertised on tin posters!

"Why don't I go back to it, and give up this grind?" I thought. Then, being an English instructor, I added learnedly, "and be a disciple of Rousseau!"

It was a warm April night, and I was foolish with spring fever. I began to play with the idea. I got up and opened my tin box, to investigate the visible paper tokens of my little fortune. There was, in all, about \$20,000, the result of my legacy from my parents and my slender savings from my slender salary, for I had never had any extravagances except books and golf balls. I had heard of farms being bought for \$1,500. That would still leave me more than \$1,200 a year. Twelve hundred dollars a year would hardly be enough to run even a 1.500 farm on, not for a year or two, because I should have to hire help. I must find something practical to do to support myself. What? What could I do, except put sarcastic comments on the daily themes of helpless undergraduates? I went to bed with a very poor opinion of English instructors.

But God, as the hymn remarks, works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Waking with my flicker of resolution quite gone out, I met my chief in the English department, who quite floored me by asking me if I could find the extra time—"without interfering with my academic duties"—to be a reader for a certain publishing house which had just consulted him about filling a vacancy. I told him frankly that if I got the job I might give up my present post and buy a farm, but as he didn't think anybody could live on a manuscript reader's salary, he laughed and didn't believe me, and two days later I had the job. It would be a secret to disclose my salary, but to a man who had been an English instructor in an American college for seven years it looked good enough. Then came in the Easter vacation.

Professor Farnsworth of the economics department had invited me on a motor trip for the holidays. (The professor married a rich widow.) "As the Cheshire cat said to Alice," he explained, "it doesn't matter which way you go, if you don't much care where you are going to; and we don't, do we?"

"Yes," I said, "I want to look at farms."
But he only laughed, too. "Anyhow, we won't look at a single undergraduate," he said.
In the course of our motor flight from the Eternal Undergraduate, we reached one night a certain elm-buzz New England village noted for its views and its palatial summer estates, and put up at the hotel there. The professor, whose hobby is real estate values, fell into a discussion with the suave landlord on the subject, considered locally. (Being a state congressman, he was unable to consider anything except locally.) The landlord, to our astonishment, informed us that building sites on the village street and the nearby hills sold as high as \$5,000 per acre.

"What does farm land cost?" I inquired sadly.
"As much as the farmer can induce you to pay," he laughed. "But if you were a farmer, you might get it for one hundred dollars an acre."
"I am a farmer," said I. "Where is there a farm for sale?"

The landlord looked at me dubiously. But he volunteered this information: "When you leave in the morning, toward Slab City, about half a mile beyond the second estate, you'll come to a crossroad. Turn up that and ask

for Milt Noble at the first house you come to. Maybe he'll sell."
It was a glorious April morning when we purrowed softly up the Slab City road and reached the crossroad. A groggy signboard hand pointed to "Albany." We ran up the road a hundred yards of the fifty miles to Albany, crossed a little brook, and stopped the motor at what I instantly knew for my abode.

I cannot tell you how I knew it. One doesn't reason about such things any more than one reasons about falling in love. At least, I'm sure I don't, nor could I set out in cold blood to seek a residence, calculating water supply, quality of neighbors, fashionableness of site, nearness to railroad, number of closets, and all the rest. I saw the place, and knew it for mine—that's all.

As the motor stopped, I took a long look to left and right, sighed, and said to the professor: "I hereby resign my position as instructor in English, to take effect immediately."
The professor laughed. He didn't yet believe I meant it.

The house was set with its side to the road, about one hundred feet into the lot. A long ell ran out behind, evidently containing the kitchen and then the sheds and outhouses. The side door, on a grape-shadowed porch, was in this ell, facing the barn across the



Standing in the Door Contemplating Our Car.

way. The main body of the dwelling was the traditional, simple block, with a fine old doorway, composed of simple Doric pilasters supporting a handsome broken pediment—now, alas! broken in more than an architectural sense. It was a typical house of the splendid carpenter-and-builder period of a century ago.

This front door faced into an aged and now sadly dilapidated orchard. The winters had raked the poor old orchard, and great limbs lay on the ground. What remained were bristling with suckers. The sills of the house were still hidden under banks of leaves, held in place by boards, to keep out the winter cold. There were no curtains in the windows, nor much sign of furniture within. From this view the old house looked abandoned. It had evidently not been painted for twenty years.

We turned around the giant lilac tree to the side door, searching for Milton Noble. A bent old lady peered over her spectacles at us, and allowed Milt wuz out tew the barn. He was, standing in the door, contemplating our car.

"Good morning," said I. "A fine old house you have."
"Hed first-growth timber when 'twas built. Why wouldn't it be?" He spat lazily and wiped the back of his hand across his whiskers.

"We hear you want to sell it, though?" My sentence was a question.
"Dunno whar you heerd that," he replied. "I hain't said I did."
"Don't you want to sell?" said I.
"I might," he answered.
"Suppose we take a look into the house?" suggested the professor.

The old man moved languidly from the door. As he stepped, his old back trouser leg pulled up over his shoe-top, and we saw that he wore no stockings. He paused in front of the motor car. "How much did that benzine buggy cost?" he asked.

"Four thousand dollars," said the owner.
The gray eyes darted a look into the professor's face; then they became enigmatic. "Powerful lot o' money," he mused, moving on. "What's yours?" he added to me.

"If I had one of those, I couldn't have your farm," said I.

He squinted shrewdly. "Dunno's yer kin, anyway, do ye?" was his reply.

He now led us into the kitchen. We saw the face of the old lady peering at us from the "dortry." A modern range was backed up against a huge, old-fashioned brick oven, no longer used. A copper pump, with a brass knob on the curved handle, stood at one end of the sink—"Goes ter the well," said Milt. The floor was of ancient hardwood planking, now worn into polished ridges. A door led up a low step into the main house, which consisted, downstairs, of two rooms, dusty and disused, to the left, and two similar rooms, used as bedrooms, to the south (all four containing fireplaces), and a hall, where a staircase with carved rail led to the hall above, flanked by four chambers, each with its fireplace, too. Over the kitchen was a long, unfinished room easily converted into a servants' quarters. Secretly pleased beyond measure at the excellent preservation of the interior, I kept a discreet silence, and with an air of great wisdom began my inspection of the farm.

Twenty acres of the total thirty were on the side of the road with the house, and the lot was almost square—about three hundred yards to a side. The land had, I fancied, been neglected for many years, like the tumbling stone walls which bounded it. Behind the barn, on the other side of the road, the rectangular ten-acre lot was rough second-growth timber by the brook, and cow pasture all up the slope and over the plateau.

Returning to the house, we took a sample of the water from the well for analysis. When I asked the old lady (I made the mistake of calling her Mrs. Noble) to boil the bottle and cork first, I think they both decided I was mad.

"Now," said I, as I put the sample in my pocket, "if this water gets a clean bill of health, what do you want for the place?"

"What'll you give me?" said Milt.

"Look here," said I. "I'm a Yankee, too, and I can answer one question with another just as long as you can. What do you expect me to give you?"

The old man spat meditatively, and wiped his whiskers with the back of his hand.

"Pitt Perkins got five hundred dollars an acre for his place," said he. "How'd eight thousand dollars strike you?"

"Seven?" said he.

"Four?" said I.

"Six?" said he.

"Not a cent over four," said I.

"All right," said he, "didn't much want ter sell, anyhow." And he pocketed the bottle.

I climbed into the car. The engine began to throb. The professor put on his gloves.

"Five," said Milt, "with the boss an' two Jereys an' all the wood in the shed."

He was standing in the road beside the modern motor car, a pathetic old figure to me, so like my grandfather in many ways, the last of an ancient order. Poverty, decay, was written on him, as on his farmstead.

"It's yours," I cried.
I got out of the car again, and we made arrangements to meet in the village and put the deal through. Then I asked him the question which had been pressing from the first. "Why do you sell?"

He pointed toward a distant estate with great chimneys and gables, crowding a hill. "This hain't my country no more," he said, with a kind of mournful dignity. "It's theirs. I guess five thousand dollars 'll last me 'bout as long as my breath will. Yer got a good farm here—if yer can afford ter put some money back inter the soil."

He looked out over his fields and we looked mercifully into the motor. The professor backed the car around, and we said good-by.

"Well!" I cried, as we spun down over the bridge at my brook. "I've got a country estate of my own! I've got a home! I've got freedom!"

"You've got stuck," said the professor. "He'd have taken four thousand dollars."

An Honest Thief

By ALVAN JORDAN GARTH

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"There!" pronounced Ellice Dunbar in an intense tone of satisfaction, as she carried a heaping yellow dish of prime smoking doughnuts into the cool open shed just beyond the kitchen, and set it on a clean board loaded with other tempting viands to cool.

She made a pretty picture, this tall, graceful girl of eighteen with her neat apron, dainty cap, flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Cookie jar full and the cake box loaded!" she chirped gleefully, and with pride. "I hope Mrs. Barton will be pleased. There's the full complement for a week and the flour has acted like a charm. What a delightful evening I shall have, nothing to do but read, and I'm tired enough to just enjoy the quiet and rest. Oh, dear!" and the pretty mouth puckered and the dismay of gloom clouded the fair face momentarily—"if he only don't come."

"He" was Lacey Delavan, and he might have been surprised to learn how really unwelcome were his forced attentions. It was true that Mrs. Barton encouraged the same, for the varnish of gentility of the self-assertive Delavan had captivated the old woman and she had spoken kindly words concerning him to Ellice. The latter read deeper, however. People called Delavan her "beau," which declaration Ellice staunchly disclaimed. There had been a beau once, a real beau, and Ellice had never forgotten him. The memory was a sad one—and a sorrowful look passed over the face of the young girl whenever it recurred to her, which was often.

Ellice was an orphan. She had been adopted by a distant relative of her mother, Mrs. Barton, a widow, and her



"Why! What is This?"

life since early childhood had not been a disagreeable one. Mrs. Barton was vain, trifling and complaining at times, but she was not unkind outright to Ellice. Her charge did most of the housework and was a busy bustling little creature.

"There's only two of us, though," Ellice would say brightly, "and Auntie is not untidy, so there is not such a great heap to do, except on cleaning day."

It had been a year back when Roland Dexter came into her life. He was a gay, heedless young fellow, the son of a rich father living in the next village. He had all but made serious love to Ellice, when all her dreams were shattered. He did not call upon her for a week, and when Ellice began to inquire around, her discoveries resulted in sorrow and tears many sleepless nights thereafter.

What she gleaned from her inquiries was that Roland Dexter "had got into trouble." Some valuable jewelry disappeared from the safe in his father's office and he was suspected. Mr. Dexter was a stern, determined man and had driven this "black sheep of the family" into exile. Rumor had it that Roland was banished to some remote Western ranch. There was a hint of his arrest being threatened had he remained in town. Guilty or innocent, however, Roland Dexter had faded out of Ellice's life. He had not written her a line since his abrupt disappearance.

Lacey Delavan was somewhat of a chum of Roland, but when Ellice asked him for details of the cause of Roland's departure Delavan simply shrugged his shoulders, declared he knew only that it was "some jail offense" and Ellice almost hated him for the cold-blooded sneer. Since then Delavan had worked himself into the good graces of Mrs. Barton and called regularly upon Ellice once a week, despite the cold and distant way in which Ellice received his unwelcome attentions.

She was all on fire with indignation and resentment one especial evening when he called, for there had appeared in the weekly paper one of those broad hints at "a local engagement between two of the bright stars in our social firmament." The initials palpably indicated Ellice and Delavan. Ellice fairly cried over it. When Delavan

called, however, the approval of any kind in the public seemed so scarce that Ellice suspected him, but she did not change her disaffected bearing towards him in any way.

Of all this Ellice was thinking, as she tidied up the kitchen, removed her work apron and went into the sitting room to rest. She was, indeed, tired, for she had worked hard, and she drifted into a delicious slumber before she knew it. The old clock jangling out five awakened her. Ellice jumped up and hurried to the kitchen/shed to remove the doughnuts and cookies to their respective pantry crocks, for Mrs. Barton would soon be due from the sewing society weekly meeting.

"Why! what is this!" she exclaimed, as she came in sight of her afternoon cookery set out to cool, for the doughnut bowl was half devoured and the cookie heap had visibly diminished. And there under a fork on the board was a dollar bill and scrawled on a bit of paper were the extraordinary words: "Hungry, but honest."

In profound amazement Ellice was trying to solve the mystery of the moment when Mrs. Barton returned.

"The whole batch didn't cost a dollar, Ellice," was her philosophical deduction. "It must have been a well-meaning tramp to pay so liberally, though."

Lacey Delavan came around before dusk. There was a game of croquet, and he was invited to hang up his coat on a tree limb, as the weather was warm. He left early, for Ellice was not very sociable. He had been gone only half an hour when he returned in a great hurry. He had missed a valuable memorandum book out of his coat pocket. It must have fallen out when he took off his coat, he suggested.

Ellice got a lantern and they went out into the garden, but there was no trace found of the missing article and Delavan went away looking worried and alarmed, hoping that he might have left the memorandum book at home.

Ellice, taking another search after his departure, gave a start, as, passing among some bushes, her name was spoken.

"Ellice!" She stared and trembled as the speaker came into view. It was Roland Dexter, bronzed, roughly dressed, but bright of eye and manly in his poise as ever.

"You—you have come back!" she stammered incoherently.

"To find out if a little item I chanced across intimating your engagement was true," he said.

"It was false!" spoke Ellice vehemently.

"I judge that. Set down the lantern and come into the shadow. I have something important to tell you." She joined him fearlessly. Her heart was bounding with joy and love.

"You know how I left home under a cloud," said Roland. "It looked bad for me, that missing jewelry. Even my father believed me to be the thief and, then and even now a warrant is out in behalf of his client who owned the property. So I had to hide this afternoon, when I got here, and, as I was hungry, I helped myself to your superb cookery. And I found a memorandum book belonging to Delavan. In it is a scrawl in his disguised handwriting—that item in the paper. There, too, I found a pawn ticket covering jewelry I am sure is the same stolen from my father's office. Delavan was with me there several times, but I never suspected until now that he was a false friend."

He was, indeed, proven such during the ensuing few days, and the innocence of Roland Dexter came forth as clear as crystal.

And before the year was out, pretty Ellice was making cookies and doughnuts for her husband solely.

Directing the Battle. Great soldiers are often represented as enjoying the tumult of war; as a matter of fact, they are usually lovers of peace, and their immense responsibility calms them in the most exciting moments. The man who directs a great battle under modern conditions rarely wears a glittering uniform. He is often miles away from the front, seated sometimes at a pine table set in the open, covered with telephones and telegraph instruments, with a group of aides about him whose work no longer is to gallop, with glittering orders on their breasts, over bullet-swept fields, but to receive and transmit messages.

On the table before him is a chart on which the position of every division is marked; and as the divisions change positions these changes are recorded, so that the eye of the commander in chief sees before him in miniature the movements of all the troops engaged at a distance. He is surrounded by quietness; and his mood is one of intense concentration.

Beyond Help. When young Popsaw called round at Acacia villa on a recent evening he found Angelina wearing worry lines on her forehead.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, "I had such a terrible dream last night!" "Silly little girl," answered Popsaw, blantly. "Fancy letting a dream bring wrinkles to such a sweet face. Dreams always go by contrary, you know."

"Oh," she cried, in tones of relief, "I'm so pleased to hear that!" "Pray, what was this terrible dream, pet?" blundered Popsaw.

"We-well, Arthur," she stammered, with a vain assumption of maidenly coyness, "I dreamt I wasn't going to be Mrs. Popsaw."

There was no help for it then. Popsaw stampy had to "pop."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year
Advance Payment on Application
E. W. ELLIOTT, Publisher
H. E. HITCHCOCK, Assistant

Wednesday, November 29, 1916

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Antrim Locals

Storage Room

I wish to announce that I have room for storing a limited number of automobiles for the winter, at \$1.00 per month each.
H. W. ELLIOTT, Antrim.

Claire D. Goodell, recently spent a day in Boston on business.

Mrs. R. W. Stewart, is spending a few weeks with relatives in Dorchester, Mass.

Roy Downes has gone to Watertown, Mass., where he will be employed this winter.

Mrs. L. E. Parker and daughter, Miss Marie Parker, have been visiting friends in Marlboro.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford have been entertaining Miss Chessie Hunt, of Marlboro, for a few days.

Miss Caroline Hoitt, of the High school faculty, visited her sister in Manchester for over Sunday.

H. Burr Eldredge was in Boston for over the week-end and attended the Billy Sunday revival services.

O. H. Robb has completed his fall work at his farm here and has joined his family in Durham for the winter.

Bernard Murray, of Lynn, Mass., a former resident, has been in town a few days renewing old acquaintances.

For Sale Cheap—Two Rifles and double barrel Shot Gun; good bargains. Apply to W. E. Cram, Antrim. adv

Arthur Whipple, of Nashua, spent the week-end with his family here, on a short vacation from his work in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Squires Forsyth are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Ernest Gourd, and family, of Needham Heights, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. George Appleton have been entertaining Mr. Appleton's brother, Scott Appleton, of Winchendon, Mass.

A good sized audience was present Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church to enjoy the cantata "Festal Song." Mrs. Robert W. Jameson sang a solo.

Rev. Henry A. Coolidge was in Frankestown Sunday where he occupied the Congregational pulpit, and in the afternoon married a Frankestown couple.

Dr. and Mrs. William R. Musson are entertaining Mrs. George Curtis and two children, and Mrs. Warren Pennaman and daughter, of Athol, Mass., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb M. Hills are spending a week with friends in Chelsea, Mass., and will then go to Jefferson, Maine, for a visit with relatives of Mrs. Hills.

E. E. Smith, of Boston, was in town over Sunday. The Smiths will this week close their summer home, Alabama farm, and reside in Boston during the winter months.

Ed. George and Frank Ellinwood have been at Justamere camp the past week making some improvements and repairs, getting the camp ready for occupancy during the deer hunting season.

James J. McKenna was in town last Wednesday renewing old acquaintances. Mr. McKenna has recently returned from active service on the border, as a member of the 8th Massachusetts Regt., and is relating many interesting stories regarding his experiences while in the service in Texas.

Stop the First Cold

A cold does not get well of itself. The process of wearing out a cold wears you out, and your cough becomes serious if neglected. Hacking coughs drain the energy and sap the vitality. For 47 years the happy combination of soothing antiseptic balsams in Dr. King's New Discovery has healed coughs and relieved congestion. Young and old can testify to the effectiveness of Dr. King's New Discovery for coughs and colds. Buy a bottle to-day at your Druggist, 50c.

NOTICE!

To the people of Antrim and vicinity.—We have made arrangements with the Antrim Fruit Co. to sell our Home Made Milk Bread, Rolls, Pies, Doughnuts, etc., etc. Proctor's Home Bakery, Hillsboro, N. H. adv

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

THE IRON CLAW—Social Superior, Every Wednesday

Good Variety Show Every Saturday

R. E. MESSER, Prop.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. F. K. Black is visiting relatives in the vicinity of Boston.

PIGS FOR SALE—5 weeks old, for \$5.50 per pair. Frank K. Black, Antrim. adv.

Mrs. Emma C. Hutchinson, of Fitchburg, Mass., is in town for a few days.

Owing to Thursday being Thanksgiving the Reporter's office will be closed all day.

W. C. Duncan has been at his old home in Middlebury, Vt., for a few days on business.

Dr. W. H. Sawyer, of Dorchester, Mass., visited his father, S. S. Sawyer, one day last week.

Mrs. J. E. Faulkner has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. McNeil, of Milford, for a few days.

Mrs. Morris Burnham is visiting her son in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Burnham will spend the holiday there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Boyd entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Chamberlain, of Boston, a day or two last week.

Rev. and Mrs. William J. B. Cannell recently entertained Mr. Cannell's brother, Frank Cannell, of the Lotus male quartet.

Mrs. Katherine Templeton was called to Springfield, Mass., and left Saturday morning for the home of her son, John Templeton.

Rev. Henry A. Coolidge, pastor of the Antrim Centre Congregational church, was a business visitor in Boston a portion of last week.

Antrim's Poultry Show will be held Jan. 16, 17, 18. The premium list is now in press and will be issued in the early part of December.

Rev. H. A. Coolidge preaches at the Branch on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock—a Thanksgiving sermon; and a general invitation is extended.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lakin are entertaining Mrs. Lakin's sister, Mrs. Katherine Murray, of Lynn, Mass., for several years a former resident of this town.

Bert Clarke has been in Vermont, on his annual hunting trip at a camp near Beecher's Falls. He returned last Friday with an eight and a ten-point buck.

I have at my house on West street some furniture that I would like to dispose of. For particulars apply to Mrs. Nellie Munhall. Will be at John Munhall's house until Dec. 1. adv.

A Thanksgiving dance will be given at Carter House Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 30, with music by the Wahnetah orchestra; oyster supper will be served. For particulars see posters.

On Monday evening, Dec. 11th, at the Methodist church, the Standard Bearers will give an entertainment and social, which will consist of a farce and musical selections. Watch for posters. adv.

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church will hold their next regular meeting at the church parlors on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 6; supper as usual. In connection, there will be a sale of fancy articles and aprons suitable for holiday gifts.

An entertainment was given at the town hall last Thursday evening under the auspices and for the benefit of the Board of Trade. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the crowd was smaller than it otherwise would have been. Emil Closs, humorist and impersonator, gave several selections with his Swiss hand bells.

Miss Margaret Suman, a returned missionary from the Philippines, addressed a union meeting of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist societies in the vestry of the Baptist church last Thursday evening. The service was arranged by and in charge of the Antrim Woman's Missionary Alliance. Miss Suman delivered an interesting lecture on her experiences in the Philippines where she has labored for several years, and illustrated her discourse with many stories of incidents there.

NOTICE!

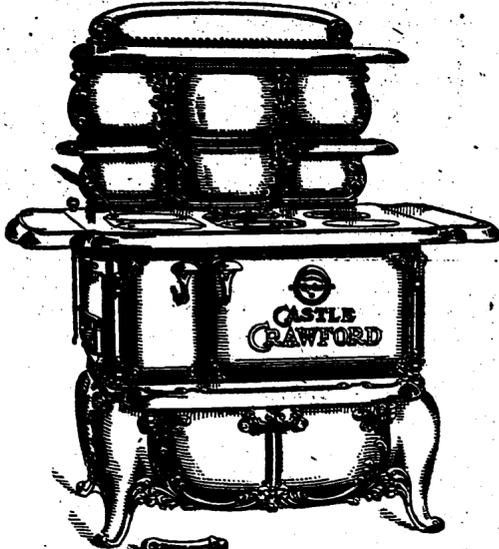
To the people of Antrim and vicinity.—We have made arrangements with the Antrim Fruit Co. to sell our Home Made Milk Bread, Rolls, Pies, Doughnuts, etc., etc. Proctor's Home Bakery, Hillsboro, N. H. adv

GRAND

Subscription Contest!

THE REPORTER ANNOUNCES
Rules and Regulations Governing the Contest of the "1200 Club" Now Opened

PRIZES That Any Woman-or Man Would be Pleased to Receive. They are Yours--for a Little Extra Work.



1 Announcement—The "1200 Club" Contest will be conducted in an honest and fair manner, on strictly business principles, with equal justice and fairness to all contestants, the sole object being to increase the subscription list of the Antrim Reporter. Thus is assured a square deal to everybody.

2 Prizes—The Grand Prize will be a \$66.00 Castle Crawford Range. The second prize will be a \$40.50 Fairy Crawford Range. The third prize will be a \$30.00 Champion Sewing Machine. These Ranges are made by the Walker & Pratt Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.; this Sewing Machine is made by the New Home Sewing Machine Company, Orange, Mass. It will

thus be seen that these are among the most reliable goods made and are sure to please. The accompanying illustrations are good reproductions of the three prizes.

3 Candidates—Any person in this and surrounding towns is eligible to enter this contest, except any employe of The Reporter's office, correspondent for The Reporter, or any member of the correspondent's family.

4 Votes Cashed—During the contest Votes will be issued as follows:

New Subscriptions, 600 votes	\$1.50
Renewals, 500 votes	\$1.50
Renewals, 2 years, 1100 votes	\$3.00
Back Subscriptions, 400 votes	\$1.50 and \$1.00
New Subscriptions, 2 years, 2000 votes	\$3.00

5 Instructions—Results as to standing of contestants will be announced in two weeks. No votes accepted at less than regular price of The Reporter.

Votes after being counted cannot be transferred to another. Be sure you know whom you are going to vote for before coming to our office. The keys to the ballot box will be placed in the hands of a disinterested party during the progress of the contest.

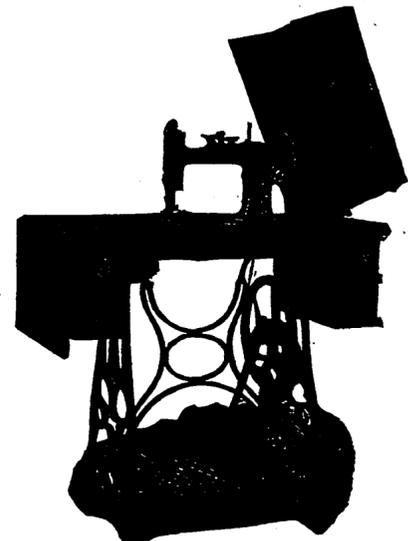


For the first thirty days The Reporter will print a 500-vote Coupon, which can be voted free for any contestant.

Contest will close at a date to be announced later. The last ten days all voting must be done in a sealed box. If you do not wish anyone to know for whom you wish to vote, place your cash for subscription together with your coupons in a sealed envelope which will be furnished you, and put same in the ballot box. This will give everybody a fair and square deal.

Every person who works in this contest is paid for what he or she does, as a commission is yours on every dollar's worth of business turned into our office. And the ones doing the greatest amount of business are sure to get the most out of it, and the three leaders will get the Three Prizes. They are well worth your time—hustle for the Best.

Any Further Information Can be Obtained by Addressing
ANTRIM REPORTER, "Contest Editor," Antrim, N. H.



A Barrel of Fresh
Columbia Batteries
Only 30c. each
We are Prepared to Charge Your Storage Battery
We Sell the Most Efficient Engine-Driven Tire Pump at \$8 INSTALLED
Electric Lights and Gas Burners Presto-Lite Tanks for Exchange
SERVICE AT ALL HOURS
Antrim Garage
Main and Depot Streets
Tel. 33-3

YOU CAN HAVE THE FIRST CHOICE
From the New Decorations in China
By Calling Right Away
AT EMERSON'S
The China has all the New Shapes and is the daintiest decorations you ever saw.
Nippon Hand-Painted China Direct from Japan
Our method of buying with our Brattleboro, Vt., store direct from the Nippon factory insures both the very newest productions and a great saving in price.
The Novelty of the Season is the Butterfly Decoration
The factory limits the quantity to each customer on each striking novelty so that we were not able to get as many pieces as desired.
Late comers are sure to be disappointed. It is always desirable to have the very latest things for gifts.
Many other entirely new things. We will set aside your selection till such time as you desire delivery.
A City Assortment at Much Less Than City Prices
EMERSON & SON, Milford

Antrim Baptist Church
Rev. W. J. B. Cannell, Pastor
Wednesday, November 29. Union Thanksgiving service in the M. E. church.
Thursday, Nov. 30. No service.
Sunday, Dec. 3. Morning service at 10.45 o'clock. Sunday school at 12. Evening service at 7 o'clock, at which the Pastor will give his impressions of the Sunday meetings in Boston.
Tuesday, Dec. 5. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7.30 o'clock.

Tax Payers of Antrim
Will all those in the town of Antrim, who are in arrears with their taxes please pay. Ten per cent interest will be collected on all taxes after Dec. 1st. Non Resident Taxes must be paid before Dec. 15, 1916, to save cost of advertising and sale of the property on which taxes are assessed. Lewis R. Gove, Collector. Antrim, N. H., Oct. 30, 1916.
Try The REPORTER for a year!

HOLSTEINS AT AUCTION
Dec. 5-6
AT BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Leading breeders have consigned for sale to highest bidder without reserve or protection 125 HEAD of registered cows, heifers in calf, calves and young bulls of the best producing families and Advanced Registry Breeding, Tuberculin Tested. Sale in new \$25,000 pavilion, steam heated.
Full Descriptive Catalogue.
The Purebred Live Stock Sales Company of Brattleboro, Vermont, Inc.
Read the Antrim Reporter for all the local news.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

Doan's Kidney Pills

Get Doan's at Any Store, See a Best
DOAN'S
 KIDNEY PILLS
 F. J. DOAN, MANUFACTURER, BUFFALO, N. Y.

His Voice.
 Visitor—Is he a base?
 Impresario—No, he is a base deception.—Judge.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 49-1915.

A Massachusetts Case

Mr. Sarah Veronesi, 274 Webb St., Salem, Mass., says: "I had a constant dull ache in the small of my back and my back was very weak and sore. I felt tired and languid and after sleeping, I could hardly straighten. I suffered from dizziness and black specks passed before my eyes. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have never had any kidney trouble since."

RED, ROUGH, PIMPLY SKIN

Quickly Cleared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant, super-creamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Lovers' Quarrel:
 "I demand back my lock of hair."
 "I'm sorry. I wanted that lock of hair."
 "Surely after this quarrel you can treasure it no longer."
 "Not as a matter of sentiment, but I am stuffing a sofa pillow."
 Then the quarrel raged afresh.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Garfield Tea stimulates the liver, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rid the blood of impurities. All druggists. Adv.

Literally So.
 "The style of that writer is perfectly killing."
 "I should say so, the way he murders the king's english."
 A brave retreat is a brave exploit.



WHERE THE WILD TURKEY CALLS—THE REAL THANKSGIVING BIRD

A NEW THANKSGIVING

by **JAMES W. BECKMAN**

THIS is the week of Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving day is an American custom started by the Pilgrims who landed on the new continent and faced hardships which few can realize who are reared in the wealth and luxury of the land today.

The season had been a hard one. Many had died and the prospect of starvation during the cold winter with its ice and snow loomed large. So, when the harvest yielded enough to keep them until another season would produce the necessities of life, they met that last Thursday in November in year 1621, and gave thanks to their God, who had remembered them.

Thankfulness is usually in inverse ratio to the value of the thing for which we give thanks. This is no disparagement of the things we are grateful for; but humanity does not think of thanks until it has felt the terrors of distress.

The rich who live in luxury and ease do not think with their hearts. Their thanks are but formal expressions of meaningless words. How can words mean anything when one has not felt the things which make for thankfulness?

But the poverty-stricken who have faced starvation pour out thanks from their hallowed hearts for the things that have saved their lives.

Those who live in gorgeous homes with comfortable fireplaces do not think of thanks. But those who live in the little hovel with big cracks in the walls and creaks about the doors and windows and without fuel, give thanks for the comfort of fire.

We do not prize health until we have lost it, and we do not appreciate life until we have faced the danger of having it give it up.

That which we have we are likely to accept as a matter of course; but be deprived of it and the sudden realization of its value jars our souls like an earthquake.

We are thankful in the full sense of the word for things necessary to life and happiness only when we have had to do without them.

We are not thankful for that to which we are accustomed and accept thoughtlessly. But when we are deprived of the necessities of life and face the hardships, including death, that come as a result, we are thankful with all our heart.

America has more to be thankful for yearly, than any other nation in the world; but our thanks are tempered by the gravity of the sorrow of our neighbors.

The year has not been one of great happiness, peace and prosperity. It is a year of travail for humanity—the travail of a people being born again. But out of it will come a disciplined and sober people; a people who will know the realities of life better.

We will learn that life is a serious matter, and no silly, smirking affair. The war has brought us again to an understanding of the terrible earnestness of the thing we call life.

The earth is in process, and we still have earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Humanity, too, is in process, and strife and sorrow and death will continue to be its lot. We must face life resolutely and meet destiny undimmed.

This year we will not be thankful so much for the blessings we have received, for the things that have been given to us—for being pampered by a prodigal Providence—and being relieved of our burdens, as we will be thankful for the strength to bear them.

In the shrine of our hearts our deepest prayer is not that we shall be relieved of our burdens; but that we shall be given the strength to bear them, for we are great in the degree and the manner in which we face our tasks and perform them. The Great Souls are those that have suffered and endured.

Our Thanksgiving this year will be no perfunctory, infantile prattle because of satiety.

This is a year of reckoning with fate; of being thankful if we, ourselves, have not fallen in the wreckage. We are thankful not for what has happened; but for what has not happened.

Life is not a trivial pastime. It is deadly earnest. It is the course that destiny takes, and let us be thankful, not for less of life, but for more of it, and the courage, the fortitude, the strength, and the persistence to meet its difficulties and continue its course undaunted by disaster and unspooled by success.

We are thankful for Character, not charity, and for iron wills that have not been broken by the inevitable.—From the Sunday Magazine.

THANKSGIVING DAY

That we're at peace with all the world
 Safe in our cities and our homes.
 That unto this, our favored land,
 Such gift, with all its blessings, comes,
 That men go not to war and death,
 That women do not fearful brood
 By anxious hearts for dear ones gone,
 We thank Thee, Giver of all good.

That no ambitious strife is ours,
 That lust of conquest does not thrill
 This mighty nation's inmost heart,
 That we abhor to burn and kill,
 That weaker nations we protect,
 Fight but to make their wronging cease,
 And only comes to make them free,
 We thank Thee, God of love and peace.

That in the stress around us now,
 We feel our hearts with pity throbb,
 And haste to heal the wounded man,
 To hush the child and woman's sob,
 That we are eager still to share
 The goods that heap our stores again,
 With those who have but us to help,
 We thank Thee, Father of all men!

is an Old Institution.

Despite popular opinion to the contrary, Thanksgiving day as an institution is not peculiarly American. For history shows that all ancient nations used to celebrate some feast of a thanksgiving nature, while most of the tribes of our American Indians had a big gathering and a harvest feast years before the white man ever set foot on the shores of the new world.

By the Greeks and Romans the festival days in honor of the goddess of agriculture were times of rustic sport, of processions through the fields and the decorating of the home with fruits and flowers. The people of Egypt enjoyed a time of feasting after gathering in their harvests and laid the fruits of the year on the altar of the Goddess Isis.

Feast of the Tabernacles.

The feast of the tabernacles in the Old Testament times was also a harvest celebration and took place on the seventh day of the month, which corresponds to our November, sometimes lasting for a whole week. They gathered in the temple in great processions, holding palms, and in the streets were booths decorated with the flowers and fruits of autumn.

Among the Indians of America the custom of having a Thanksgiving feast was practically universal—at least among those who had any amount of planting. As corn was the main article grown, their dances and feasting were generally in honor of the harvesting of that food. The writers of several hundred years ago who first studied the Indian on his native heath all speak of these festivals and the elaborate ceremonial with which they were attended. While most of the tribes have vanished as such, there are still some left on government reservations which observe, though possibly in a modified degree, the ancient custom of their race.

The Thankful Spirit.

Cultivate the thankful spirit. It will be to thee a perpetual feast. There is, or ought to be, with us no such thing as small mercies; all are great, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from everything.—J. B. Macduff.

Your eyes don't tire so easily when you use **The Rayo Lamp**

Its steady, generous light makes reading more enjoyable.

For best results use Socory Kerosene, the cleanest, clearest-burning fuel.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY of N.Y.
 50 Congress Street, Boston

Ship **RAW FURS** To **A. SUSKIND & CO.**
 154-156 W. 27th St., New York
 We pay highest price on a good grade.
 Write for free price list A, and get posted.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Farms in Western Canada FREE

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Held at from \$10 to \$20 per Acre. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—there's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as industry as grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only good natural fodder for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, and other conveniences make Canada the best place to live in. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Ont., or to

Max A. Bowley, 72 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
 J. E. LaForte, 1130 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.
 R. A. Adams, 514 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 Canadian Government Agents

Pure Religion

By **REV. L. W. GOENNEL**
 Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—James 1:27

We hear much of social service today and men quote our text as a sanction for it. We believe this Scripture does sanction such service. But some go so far as to declare that such service is the very heart of religion, that a man's belief counts for nothing, but only his deeds, and again quote our text as proof. On this point we do not believe the Scripture sustains them. Everything hinges on what James means by "religion." The word he uses is really equivalent to worship. As Coleridge says: "The outward service of ancient religion, the rites, ceremonies, and ceremonial vestments of the law, had morality for their substance. They were the letter of which morality was the spirit; the enigma of which morality was the meaning. But morality itself is the service and ceremonial of the Christian religion." James is not to be understood as putting the outward aspect of the divine life against its inward aspect. To make him say that benevolence and personal purity are religion, in the present-day sense of the word, would be like saying that a mother's love is washing and feeding her child! These deeds are only the fruit of her love, just as the "religion" of the text is the fruit of religion in the soul. And while James states that true worship consists in benevolence and purity, he would not discourage the worship of the sanctuary; only, he would insist that what we do outside the sanctuary is the actual test of us.

The men who especially appeal to this age are such as Chinese Gordon, the "soldier saint," who put down the Tai-ping rebellion, saving thousands of lives; who opposed slavery in the Sudan, gave to the fatherless and widows all he had, and died a martyr of Khartoum; yet he was a member of no church, but communed as opportunity served in Greek and Roman Catholic churches; moreover, did not accept the orthodox view as to future punishment.

Relation to Others.

These men really "visited" the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, caring for them personally. Gordon taught the ragged schools and was not content till he had placed the boys where they might hope for success in life; many were sent to sea and he had a chart on his wall stuck with pins, showing where the vessels containing his "kings" were. He would sit down at the bedside of old women in the almshouse and read to them. The earl of Shaftesbury would take a lantern of nights and seek out the lowly on London bridge to help them.

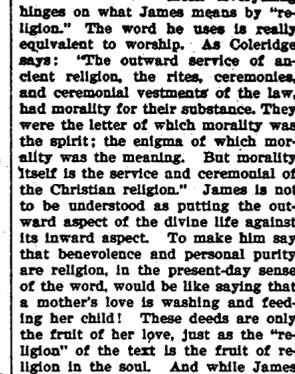
Relation to Self.

Our text also requires that one be "unspotted from the world." Dean Alford defines the world as "the whole earthly creation, separated from God and lying in sin, which, whether as consisting in the men who serve it, or the enticements which it holds out to evil lusts, is to Christians a source of continual defilement." It is human society in its ungodly bias. To refer to Gordon alone, he refused honors from the Chinese government because it had broken faith with rebels in the Tai-ping rebellion, murdering some who had been promised immunity.

Relation to God.

Moreover, all this service must be done as "before our God and Father." It must please him, and it is not strictly true to say the service of humanity is the service of God, for it is not always so. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." The first requirement for service is life; "ye must be born again."

We are not disturbed by Gordon's views on church fellowship and future punishment, for he was not inflexible. We are more interested to learn that, as a result of his early training, the divine life came into his soul while he was in China. The earl of Shaftesbury was a deeply devoted evangelical Christian. Doctor Barnardo was a fruit of the revival in Ireland in 1859-1861, and cared for the souls of the waifs of London as well as for their bodies. Doctor Grenfell traces all the good in his life to D. L. Moody and especially to a service he attended where he found a faith and reality which he coveted and at last obtained. He says, "I am a brick in the superstructure which has grown up through Mr. Moody on the foundation of Jesus Christ, and I am out in Labrador working." While giving praise even to humanitarian work conducted without reference to the Gospel, he says, "I can only say still, I have found faith in Jesus Christ as Son of God made men do that which nothing else did, and bear and suffer with equanimity that which nothing else would."



EASILY MADE AIDS

Articles That Boys Can Quickly Put Together.

Practical Christmas Presents Any Mother Will Appreciate, Coming From Son—Milk Card, Seam Ripper and Matchbox Holder.

By **A. NEELY HALL.**

His articles shown in the illustrations will appeal most to my readers who prefer ideas for things quickly put together, perhaps, but even the boy who likes more complicated problems will enjoy making these practical articles for the home.

The milk-card board in Fig. 1 is provided with screweyes to hang upon hooks outside of the door at which the morning milk is delivered. Fig. 2 shows a pattern for the board, but because milk cards vary in size you had better measure the card for which the board is to be used, to see that it fits, before you begin work. The margin around the card should be about as in Fig. 1. Bevel the edges of the board as shown. Then prepare the strip A (Fig. 2), and fasten it with

brads along the lower edge of the board for the card to rest upon. Give the board two coats of shellac, varnish, or paint; then when it is dry, screw four hooks into it at the points indicated (B, Fig. 2), to hold the edges of the card, and a pair of screweyes into the top edge, for hangers.

Mother would appreciate the seam ripper shown in Fig. 3. All that you need is a safety-razor blade, and a short stick whittled round for a handle. Slot one end of the handle, slip the blade into the slot, and fasten with small nails driven into the handle and through a pair of the holes in the blade. Varnish the handle, and the little tool will be completed.

Fig. 4 shows a handy holder for safety matches. The cover of the safety-match box sets down over the block E (Fig. 7), to hold the matches and provide the match scratcher. Block E raises the match ends an inch

above the cover. The safety-match box stands on shelf B, between ends C, (Fig. 7), for a burnt-match receptacle.

The match-box holder may be built up of cigar-box strips or wood one-quarter or three-eighths-inch thick. Fig. 5 shows a pattern for the back board A, and Fig. 6 shows the patterns for the other parts. Fasten block E to shelf D, in the center of its length, and about one-sixteenth of an inch inside of the back edge; then nail B and D to the ends of pieces C (Fig. 7), so their back edges are in a line with one another. Screw a pair of screweyes into the top of back board A, for hangers.

(Copyright, 1915, by A. Neely Hall.)

A Consolation.

Well, Christmas time has come again. To find us all so poor. We've spent enough in buying gifts. To finance one world's tour. But let's console our empty jeans. With these few words of cheer. Those Christmas joys and Christmas pains. Do come but once per year.

Lesson One.

"Do you know how to run an automobile?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Chuggins. "What's the first thing a man who has bought a machine ought to do?"

"Begin work on a set of New Year resolutions relating to economy, temperance and all the other meritorious forms of self-restraint."

Not That One.

"Are you going to Miss Oldgirl's mistletoe party?"

"No; not unless she promises to stand from under."

THANKSGIVING DAY

That we're at peace with all the world
 Safe in our cities and our homes.
 That unto this, our favored land,
 Such gift, with all its blessings, comes,
 That men go not to war and death,
 That women do not fearful brood
 By anxious hearts for dear ones gone,
 We thank Thee, Giver of all good.

That no ambitious strife is ours,
 That lust of conquest does not thrill
 This mighty nation's inmost heart,
 That we abhor to burn and kill,
 That weaker nations we protect,
 Fight but to make their wronging cease,
 And only comes to make them free,
 We thank Thee, God of love and peace.

That in the stress around us now,
 We feel our hearts with pity throbb,
 And haste to heal the wounded man,
 To hush the child and woman's sob,
 That we are eager still to share
 The goods that heap our stores again,
 With those who have but us to help,
 We thank Thee, Father of all men!

is an Old Institution.

Despite popular opinion to the contrary, Thanksgiving day as an institution is not peculiarly American. For history shows that all ancient nations used to celebrate some feast of a thanksgiving nature, while most of the tribes of our American Indians had a big gathering and a harvest feast years before the white man ever set foot on the shores of the new world.

By the Greeks and Romans the festival days in honor of the goddess of agriculture were times of rustic sport, of processions through the fields and the decorating of the home with fruits and flowers. The people of Egypt enjoyed a time of feasting after gathering in their harvests and laid the fruits of the year on the altar of the Goddess Isis.

Feast of the Tabernacles.

The feast of the tabernacles in the Old Testament times was also a harvest celebration and took place on the seventh day of the month, which corresponds to our November, sometimes lasting for a whole week. They gathered in the temple in great processions, holding palms, and in the streets were booths decorated with the flowers and fruits of autumn.

Among the Indians of America the custom of having a Thanksgiving feast was practically universal—at least among those who had any amount of planting. As corn was the main article grown, their dances and feasting were generally in honor of the harvesting of that food. The writers of several hundred years ago who first studied the Indian on his native heath all speak of these festivals and the elaborate ceremonial with which they were attended. While most of the tribes have vanished as such, there are still some left on government reservations which observe, though possibly in a modified degree, the ancient custom of their race.

The Thankful Spirit.

Cultivate the thankful spirit. It will be to thee a perpetual feast. There is, or ought to be, with us no such thing as small mercies; all are great, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from everything.—J. B. Macduff.

The History of Thanksgiving

President Washington established the custom officially in the United States, but men have fervently thanked their Gods for blessings in all ages and every clime



THE goddess of the Roman harvest was Ceres. Her festival was celebrated annually and was called Cerialia. It was a day of worship and rustic sports. Men and women formed processions and went to the fields with music. Virgil refers to this festival. He mentions the sacrifices that were offered in the temples, and alludes to the joyousness of the occasion. But Roman thanksgiving days were not confined to this annual celebration of the festival of Cerialia. Sometimes they were held in commemoration of victorious martial campaigns. Plutarch tells us of the emperor who to conceal his defeat ordered a thanksgiving, which was observed. Then when the facts of his disastrous campaign became generally known, he excused himself on the ground that he did not "wish to deprive the people of a day of enjoyment."

In one way or another, a thanksgiving day has been observed in Christian Europe for centuries before its celebration in New England. On the continent, and for a time in England, it occurred at Martinmas, which was a day of feasting and drinking. Occasionally, too, civil authorities recommended the observance of some fixed day. To celebrate the victory of King Henry V of England, at Agincourt, October 25, 1415, a public thanksgiving was held on Sunday, the feast of St. Edward, the King and Confessor. Such a day, too, was observed in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575, the first anniversary of that city from the siege by the Spaniards.

Many instances of a thanksgiving day can be pointed out in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1539, the second year of Elizabeth's reign, Thanksgiving day entered Rogation day. Then it was ordered that thanks should be given to Almighty God "for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the earth." In this reign, too, there was a great national thanksgiving day that is worthy of note. This occurred Tuesday, November 19, 1553, and was in commemoration of the great victory over the "Invincible Armada."

One legal and annual thanksgiving day, because of the long time it was such, deserves special mention. After the traitors in the Gunpowder plot had been tried and punished in 1605, it was ordered that because of their delinquency the English people should keep the fifth of November every year "as a public thanksgiving day to Almighty God; that unfeigned thankfulness may never be forgotten, and that all ages to come may yield praises to God's divine majesty for the same." The "fifth of November" continued a legal thanksgiving day for more than two centuries; but in later years it fell into disuse, and in 1833 was abolished by parliament.

Long before the advent of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, all rituals contained expressions of gratitude to God for his mercies. In that of the Church of England, special prayers were provided for the Sunday service. This service, however, must be carefully distinguished from the Thanksgiving day of the Pilgrim fathers. Failure to make this distinction has led to the groundless claim that the Pilgrim colonists were "the first to keep Thanksgiving day" in America. The service at Monhegan, on which this claim is based, was the regular Sunday service of the Church of England; and while it had an element of thanksgiving, the day can in no wise be regarded as a thanksgiving day as that term is understood.

The record made in his "Breaches Bible" by William White, who came over in the Mayflower, has far more significance in determining the origin of our American Thanksgiving day than the event at Monhegan. The record reads: "William White married on ye 3rd day of March, 1620, to Susannah Tilly, Peregrine White born on board ye Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor. Some born to Susannah White 19th ye six o'clock morning. Next day we met for prayer and thanksgiving." This meeting "for prayer and thanksgiving" was not on Sunday, but on Tuesday. The fact that it was not a part of the regular Sunday service makes it more nearly accord with our idea of Thanksgiving day than does the Monhegan event.

The prototype of our present Thanksgiving day is found in the harvest festival at Plymouth in 1621. The long winter that followed the establishment of the colony had been so severe that less than half the settlers had survived it. "At one time during the winter only Brewster, Standish, and five other hardy ones were well enough to get about." In the spring and summer that followed, their fortunes improved, and by autumn they had cleared 26 acres and made it ready for cultivation. This industry, too, had been rewarded by a bounteous harvest. Now food and fuel sufficient for the needs of the approaching winter were laid in. Then Governor Bradford ordered a thanksgiving—the first in America.

The first thanksgiving was not for a day only. It continued a week. In a letter to a friend in England, Edward Winslow has given us a brief account of the festivities. This letter bears date of December 11, and in it Winslow wrote: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which times among other recreations we exercise our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestowed on our Governor and upon the captains and others."

The records make no mention of a thanksgiving day in the next year, but in the year following, 1623, such a day was held. This, however, was not in the autumn, but in July on the arrival of provisions from England. Nearly 50 years pass before we hear of another thanksgiving day at Plymouth. There was one in 1668, and another for the accession of the Orange Stuarts, William and Mary, in 1689. An autumnal thanksgiving was held in 1690, the last in the history of Plymouth colony.

Independently of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay colony had occasionally its own thanksgiving days. There was such a day for the "safe arrival of ships," July 8, 1630; and again the next February, when the provision ship, Ambrose, arrived. In 1632, the general court ordered a "publique" thanksgiving day in recognition of the "mcy of God vouchsafed to the churches of God in Germany and the Pallatinate." The next year the court, because of the bountiful harvest, appointed October 16 as a thanksgiving day—the first harvest festival in the history of the colony. By 1680 the autumnal thanksgiving had become an annual festival. No doubt in its games and sports it took the place of the English Christmas, for until comparatively recent date all that savored of Rome and the episcopacy was held in disfavor in Massachusetts.

During the Revolution Thanksgiving day became national. All through the war, congress annually set apart a day for thanksgiving; but after the "Thanksgiving for Peace" in 1783, there were no more until Washington became president in 1789. On October 3 of this year at New York he issued a proclamation asking the observance of Thursday, November 26, as a day for national thanksgiving. This was the beginning of the orthodox "last Thursday" that has since been named in presidential proclamations. By this time the festival had general official recognition throughout New England, and in this year, 1789, the Protestant Episcopal prayer books recognized the authority of civil government in the appointing of thanksgiving days.

The chief differences between the two was the want of ceremony at Plymouth that characterized the English festival. In some parts of England the merry-making was around the "noddingsheaf," or "kern baby," and in many places the last load of the harvest was drawn to the barn in a wagon called the "hoch cart." In front went pipe and tabor, and around it gathered the reapers, male and female, singing joyously as they proceeded. At Plymouth there was no ceremony.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Pretty Cap for Christmas

Bouffant or breakfast caps are among the pretty luxuries that women delight in and every year at holiday time they flourish anew. It seems that they are more captivating than ever this year and it is certain they were never shown in so great a variety of designs. There is no end to the original and beautiful combinations of ribbon and lace and tiny flowers, made of ribbon or chiffon, that go to make up this most fanciful headwear.

Two of the prettiest of the new caps are shown in the picture and it is evident that they are easy to make. At the top a cream-colored, silk lace is made into a small puff which is merely a circular piece gathered about the edge to fit over the top of the head. A trill of the same lace is sewed to the puff. Over this little lace cap a shaped piece made of ribbon or silk or satin is slipped. It is made of two pieces wide at the top and narrowing to a bridle under the chin, and is lined with silk. A narrow, corded piping finishes the edges, set between the out-

In the picture three chrysanthemums are shown with sprays of preserved magnolia leaves. These chrysanthemums are in yellow and saffron coloring and are made of paper. They have wire stems wound with green



paper. At a little distance they cannot be told from the gorgeous real flower. At the right a small dark willow basket bears asparagus fern and a half-blown rose, together with two buds made of satin ribbon. This is the most elegant of artificial flowers for the table.

A basket made of rose petals and a lace paper dolly is shown at the bottom of the picture. The foundation is of pasteboard, with a handle of green silk-covered wire. The petals, which may be of either satin ribbon or paper, are glued to the foundation, which is a circular piece of cardboard. Millinery rose foliage and two buds either of paper or satin ribbon trail over the handle. The heart of every housekeeper will rejoice over such gifts as these.

Gifts Every Woman Likes

A lemonade and a water server are among the pretty and easily made gifts that every woman will like to receive.

At the top of the picture above, an attractive lemonade server is made of an ordinary set of tin muffin rings, to which the tinsmith has added a handle. The server is painted with white or blue or other colored paint and al-



lowed to dry. Flowers or leaves cut from printed paper napkins are then glued to it at each corner, at the sides and along the center. Finally a coat of shellac is brushed all over the server. When this dries the server is ready for a set of thin glasses.

A small basket makes the water server, which carries a water bottle with a glass turned over its neck. The basket is first painted white and allowed to dry. Then it is decorated with a festoon of roses and leaves made of white sealing wax and tinted with paints—the roses pink and the foliage green. Finally the basket is varnished with shellac.

Neckwear for Gifts

Here are two pieces of neckwear made of ribbon.

One of them is a generous scarf made of wide mole-gray satin ribbon, with stripes in brilliant colors running along the center. At the front of the neck there is a bow of plain, gray



satin ribbon narrower than the other. The scarf fastens with snap fasteners and is finished with gray silk tassels. At the right a ribbon ruff is made of wide satin ribbon. It is laid in double box plaits and sewed to a neckband stiffened with crinoline. It fastens under a tie of velvet ribbon.



side and the lining. The bridle fastens with snap fasteners under a prim little bow of two loops. Millinery flowers are tacked on at the sides.

The cap below is made of two wheels of fine net joined by a gathered band of satin ribbon, about five inches wide. The wheels are made of straight strips of net shirred together and edged with narrow val lace. This lace extends around the cap.

Baby ribbon is gathered and set about the wheels where the strips of net join and inside the lace loops. At the back a bow with long loops and ends is made of narrow ribbon matching the cap in color.

Set for My Lady's Desk

Just how attractive a desk set may be when it is made of heavy, delft-blue paper and ornamented with white flowers and black foliage, may be gathered from the picture above.

An oblong size of an ordinary desk blotter is provided with two pockets extending across each end. They are fastened to it by means of



black passepartout binding which extends along all sides of the oblong. Two smaller oblongs are cut from the heavy blue paper, to cover an address book and two white blotters. Narrow blue satin ribbon is used for fastening the leaves of the address book to its cover, and the two blotters to their cover. Then the covers are lettered.

The flowers and foliage are cut from printed paper napkins and pasted down. They look exactly like stencil painting. This is a convenient and pretty set, which costs next to nothing to make.

Pretty Table Decorations

Table decorations ought to come in for much attention as Christmas gifts this year, for there is a fad for artificial flowers as centerpieces. And the dining room is not the only one boasting beautiful touches of color in wonderfully life-like flowers made of ribbon or paper or bought from the milliner.

As a centerpiece for a luncheon table a little basket of ribbon roses sets in the midst of rose petals scattered over the cloth. Each rose petal, made of satin ribbon, is a tiny sachet.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
YOO DROPS
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Bowels by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Good Health, and Relieving Suffering from Colic, Wind, Flatulence, and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom in Infants.
The Sincere Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and
LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infants.
THE GREAT BRITAIN COMPANY
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses 35 CENTS
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE SERRA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Two Lights.
J. T. Scheidt, German consul to Galveston, was discussing the German losses on the Somme.
"Losses on the Somme," he said, "gain in the Dobrudja. There are two lights, a good and a bad one, to look at every situation by."
"It is like the philanthropist who said:
"Ach, God bless woman! She is the same as the ivy on the ruined wall. The more dilapidated you become, the more she clings to you."
"But a misogynist grunted in reply:
"Yes, and the more she clings to you, the more dilapidated you become."

There is nothing heavenly about war, or dyspepsia. The world is outgrowing the first and Garfield Tea will conquer dyspepsia. Adv.

Some Bill for Jam. This.
When we think or read of the vast expenses of the present war our minds naturally turn to munitions, airplanes, submarines, equipments and items of a similar warlike nature, but the English army account for the last financial year opens another vista. During the 12 months we are told \$10,000,000 was spent on jam!
Does not this suggest a possibility that this item might advantageously appear on our domestic menu with greater frequency?

A costive habit weakens the resistance of the system against disease. Garfield Tea overcomes costiveness. Adv.

Health Item.
A learned doctor of Johns Hopkins says that football spells health for the spectators because they leap up and cheer wildly. After all, it appears that what the world chiefly needs for its health is some trivial excuse to leap and cheer. Perhaps it would be in order for medical science to ascertain the relative hygienic values to be derived by the spectators from an exciting game of pinochle or checkers.

Take care of your health, and wealth will take care of you. Garfield Tea promotes health. Adv.

Spiteful.
She—I hardly ever get a new dress, and everybody thinks you are a millionaire.
He—Why should they have that idea?

She—It's the only reason they can think of for my marrying you.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The average man doesn't add any dignity to the office he fills.

Cold Breezes Cause Sneezes

and warn you that you are taking cold. Don't let it settle in your head or throat. Drive it out with Hales' Honey of Horehound and Tar. Clears head and throat and relieves coughs and hoarseness. All druggists, 25c. a bottle.

When it aches again—try Fild's Toothache Drops

Sniff, Sniff.
"How can I get to Fluddub's fish market?"
"Follow your nose."
"Follow my nose? Now, that seems indefinite advice to give a man."
"It is all right when hunting for a fish market."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Green's August Flower

is the one remedy always to be relied upon for indigestion, constipation, and that dizzy feeling. 51 years test has proved it, the best in many thousands of households. Try it and learn by that means how easy it is to keep well. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers. Always keep a bottle handy.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A certain preparation of herbs, which is used in the preparation of hair oil, for restoring color and beauty to the hair. It is sold at all Druggists.

Want To Swap?

Send us list of what you have to sell or trade and ask for free sample of Market for Exchange. Address
MARKET FOR EXCHANGE
141 Milk Street Boston, Mass.

Sell Us Your Raw Fur Skins and skins, established 1898, this store part 51 years. Geo. A. Erickson, 57-59 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

DRUGGISTS HIGHLY RECOMMEND DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Satisfied With Results Customers Speak Favorably

I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for six and one-half years and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from the use of the medicine and speak favorably regarding it. I have used it for "pain in the back" and a bottle or two put me in good shape and made me feel like again. I believe Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will cure any cases for which it is recommended if they are not of too long standing.

Very truly yours,
FRANK JENKINS, Druggist,
Pilgrim, Texas.
November 11th, 1915.

We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for fourteen years and during all that time we never had a dissatisfied user of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root; all of our customers speak very favorably regarding it. We know of inflammation of Bladder and Rheumatism where it produced the most beneficial results. We believe it is a good medicine for the diseases for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,
McCUNE DRUG CO.,
By N. E. McCune,
Bridgeport, Texas.
November 11th, 1915.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send two cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Opinions Differ.
"Men are like wagons," remarked the man who dispenses aphorisms. "They make the most noise when empty."
"Your trolley is off the wire," rejoined the contrary person. "A man makes the most noise when he is full."

His Only Hope.
"Tell me," spake the easy mark, "what sort of a girl should I propose to?"
"She should be rich," rejoined the female fortune teller, "and if you expect her to accept you, she must also be foolish."

Advice That Failed.
Rich Uncle—What! Broke again! You ought to take Solomon's advice to the sluggard about going to the ant for—
Nephew (interrupting)—So I did, uncle, but aunt says she is in the same deplorable condition.

JUST THINK OF IT!

Only 23 Shopping Days to Xmas



We have been making preparations for this Sale and right now in our Store there is enough joy and cheer to make you sing Christmas carols.

Right now there is enough fresh new Holiday Merchandise to make happy Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Wives, Husbands, Children and Friends.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

And Do it in Milford at THE BIG STORE

Santa Claus headquarters will be at our Toy department as usual. Following his orders we bought heavier than ever this year. This Big Store will be overflowing with good, sound and practicable merchandise. City Assortments, City Prices, and Better than City Service.

Barber's Big Department Store
MILFORD, New Hampshire

He Would Be a Farmer

So, with his boyhood recollections strong upon him, this college professor quits his teacher's chair and buys a New England farm on sight.



If you had a country boyhood, if you have ever felt that you have been too long in city pent, if you have any fondness for fireplaces and old houses or for making roses and potatoes grow, if you long for a few acres to call your own, this is

A Story to Delight Your Soul

Threading through the days of sunshine and rain, of hard work and healthful play, is a

Charming and Tender Love Story

and Stella is one of the most humanly delightful heroines you will have met in many a long day.

"The Idyl of Twin Fires" is to be our next serial. You will enjoy it.

Start Reading It

TO - DAY!

The 1st Installment
is in This Issue

The Bennington Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
Long Distance Telephone

BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

Help
Nature Do It

Don't you see how she is working to get rid of your colds and catarrh? The effort continues all the time, but in hot weather you catch a fresh cold every day or so, add to the catarrh in your system, and soon it is chronic-systemic. Your digestion suffers, you have trouble with stomach and bowels. Get at the real disease. Clear up catarrh, and the other troubles will disappear.

Aid With Peruna

Peruna is a good tonic, with special efficacy in conditions. Build up your resistance, and at the same time treat the catarrh. Supply nature with more vigor, give your body a chance to get well, and summer will not annoy you. The healthy man defies the weather. Peruna has helped make countless thousands well in the last 44 years. Use it yourself. Tablet form is very convenient for regular administration. THE PERUNA CO. COLUMBUS, OHIO

HANCOCK

Last Friday evening the Hancock high school basket ball team narrowly won from Peterboro high here by a score of 13 to 12. The contest was fairly well attended and was marked by some rather rough playing. The local line up included Upton rf, Woodward lf, Knowlton c, Coughlan rb, Blanchette lb, and Weston, lb. This was one of the League games. Our team is doing some of its practicing in the town hall at Antrim.

BILLY SUNDAY SERVICES

One of the Best Summaries We Have Seen

We notice that the Boston Transcript is making a special report of Billy Sunday Tabernacle Services in their Friday Weekly.

These installments are most entertainingly written, and we feel sure that you will find them so whether you are interested in Mr. Sunday's work or not.

For fifty cents you can get the complete series (three months' numbers), or they will send a sample copy for the asking.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

Petition having been filed with this commission on November 6, 1916, by the Goodell Company, the Wheelock-Bogue Company and the Antrim-Bennington Electric Light and Power Company for authority to transfer the electric properties of said Goodell Company to said Antrim-Bennington company through said Wheelock-Bogue company, and there having been filed on the same date petitions by said Antrim-Bennington Electric Light and Power Company for authority to issue stock for the purpose of purchasing said Goodell Company, and for authority to do business as an electric utility in the towns of Antrim, Bennington, Hancock and Greenfield, it is

ORDERED, that a hearing thereon be held before said Public Service Commission at its office in Concord in said state at 11.00 o'clock in the forenoon on the fourteenth day of December, 1916, and it is

FURTHER ORDERED, that said petitioners notify all persons desiring to be heard to appear at said hearing, when and where they may be heard upon the question whether the prayers of said petitions may be granted consistently with the public good, by causing an attested copy of this order to be printed in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper published in Antrim, in said state, not less than three times, the last publication to be not later than December 6, 1916, and by causing an attested copy of this order to be posted in three public places in each of the towns of Antrim, Bennington, Hancock and Greenfield not later than November 22, and to keep the same posted until said date of hearing.

By order of the Public Service Commission this fourteenth day of November, 1916.

WALTER H. TIMM,
Clerk.

A true copy, attest: Walter H. Timm, Clerk, New Hampshire Public Service Commission.

Mrs. F. B. Cummings is in Peterboro.

Miss Anne Kimball, of New Bedford, Mass., is visiting in town a few days.

Harry Ross and Jack Cody were noon hunting Monday evening and brought back a nice specimen.

Harold Wickham, 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wickham, shot a large fox Saturday which he sold for \$8.00. Pretty good for a school boy!

A. A. Martin, Walter Smith, Geo. Ross, George Griswold and Fred Knight returned this morning from an all night coon hunt in Windsor. Two coons, totalling 40 lbs. in weight, is the result of the trip.

SILVER WEDDING

Saturday evening Judge and Mrs. Henry W. Wilson were agreeably surprised, on the 25th anniversary of their wedding. The family were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gerrard for supper, and when they returned home found the house full of their friends. Among the guests was Mr. Wilson's mother, Mrs. Mary Wilson, who was the only one present at the celebration who was also present at the time they were married.

During the evening games were played and the guests furnished refreshments of sandwiches, salad, cake and coffee. Mrs. Annie Fleming read an original poem and presented the host and hostess with a solid silver salad dish in behalf of those present. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson responded as best they could under the circumstances.

The poem follows:

Henry and Hattie, are you surprised?
Or had you forgotten that twenty-five years ago
A knot was tied, not one of the so-called
Slip noose kind, but one that holds fast
And you can't change your mind.

Away back in the nineties the neighbors
They were wondering why Henry Wilson
So often passed by, with rod and hook,
Naturally we surmised, the attraction
Was a trout brook.

Day in and day out, over the hill he came
A fishing for trout, by the end of the summer
We knew very well what he was about.

Henry is Judge now, he was a good judge then,
Went a courting the Deacon's daughter,
Stayed till just ten, went home, content in his mind
That no better for wife he could ever find.

In this home then lived dear parents,
They were faithful, kind and just.
And when Hattie's hand was asked for
Yes, they said, if you think you must.

These two by law were joined together,
Just twenty-five years ago tonight.
In this same house where we've assembled
To make their anniversary bright.

The day was pleasant, warm and light
When they started out on life's long journey,
Like all others, full of hope, gay and bright

They walked up straight side by side,
If it were now, in an auto they would ride.

Since then they've lived through storm and sunshine,
And met their labors with a will,
Through different homes their paths here have led them
Back to the old home at the hill.

Three little ones, appeared to brighten
And fill the home with light and joy.
Ruth she is a maiden fair, brown eyes and auburn hair,
In music she excels, whatever she does it is well.

Doris comes next, daily you see her
On the street
Always running her Pa to meet.
We think she must be her father's joy.

And only wish she was papa's boy.
Rachel, the youngest, she is loved by all
Who chance to meet this little girl so gentle and sweet.

We are glad to meet you here together
To mark this milestone on their way,
We'll make this house ring out with gladness,
Let every heart be light and gay.

We'll fill this eve with mirth and pleasure,
We'll sing our song with joyful lay,
Hoping we shall all remember,
This twenty-fifth anniversary day.

Developing, Printing and Enlarging

Send me your Films. Satisfactory work guaranteed. See my line of Calendars with local views.

WILFORD J. NEWTON,
Bennington, N. H.

Mrs. Albert Clarke is confined to her home by a serious illness.

Patrick E. Cashion has resumed work after a few weeks' illness.

James Ross is at home from his annual hunting trip, bringing with him two deer.

Some horse sheds are being built opposite the Catholic church for the accommodation of the society.

We understand that Gust. Dodge has purchased the pool room, barber shop and lunch cart business of Harry Eldredge and will soon take possession.

An enjoyable meeting of the soap club was held last Wednesday evening with Mrs. A. A. Gerrard. All present report a splendid time. Bountiful refreshments were served.

Ned Duncklee captured two fine coons Friday evening with the help of Everett Holt. One of the coons tipped the scales at 23 lbs., and the other at 20 lbs. Largest ones caught in this vicinity this season, we think.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

IN EVERY TOWN

You will find a Grocery Store of more or less value to its customers. In this Town we are supplying the public with honest merchandise at honest prices. Compare our goods with those of anyone else and we feel confident you will purchase here. Some of our lines are:

Groceries of All Kinds

Grain, Hay, Flour, Paint

Boots and Shoes for the family

Confectionery, Jewelry,

Carriages, Robes, Etc.

Anything from a Pin to an Automobile

GEORGE O. JOSLIN

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