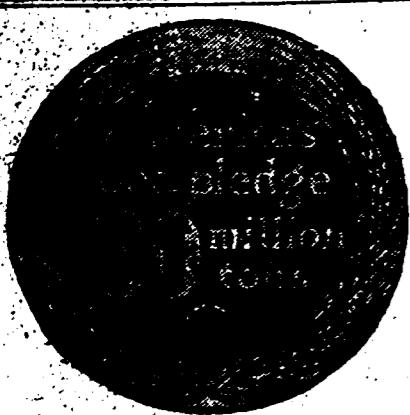


# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XXXVI NO. 2

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918

5 CENTS A COPY



## SOLDERS AND SAILORS

**Of Armistice Read Carefully and Save This Article**

The following summary of a statement just issued to returning soldiers and sailors, by Sec. McAddo, is of great importance to all our soldier and sailor boys whether they have served overseas or in this country only. Cut this summary out and place it where you can refer to it whenever needed.

The Reporter is under obligations to U. S. Senator George H. Moses for a copy of the Congressional Directory of the 65th Congress, third session, December, 1918, containing much valuable information, for which he has our thanks.

It is said the Fish and Game Commissioner states the matter of Sunday hunting or fishing is not up to him but is an offence against the state law—mind you an OFFENSE against the state law. It is somebody's business to look after this matter and it would seem the authorities who take their oath of office to faithfully perform their duties are certainly neglecting something.

In just two weeks from today the great and general court will be convened at Concord. It is to be hoped a record will be made for brevity this year; let the army idea of "speeding up" work into this body, and not just because it is one of the largest legislative bodies on the face of the earth, think it is necessary that it be long-drawn out. New Hampshire can make an enviable record along this line, and now is the time to do it.

At the recent entertainment in town hall where the National hymns of our Allies were sung, a mark of respect was paid by the audience rising while each was sung. We wish we might say that everybody stood but we can't. It doubtless was thoughtlessness rather than disloyalty on the part of those who were the exceptions to the rule, for we feel sure that if they had for a single moment thought of their example in this matter they would have been among the first on their feet.



Every Wednesday

In order that The Reporter may be mailed early each Wednesday and be delivered that afternoon in the village, it is necessary to close the forms Tuesday night. Advertising should be in The Reporter office as early in the week as possible—the earlier the better; if not brought in until Tuesday it may not be possible to insert it the week desired. All correspondence should reach us Monday, and those who have news items for The Reporter should not wait until Wednesday morning, inasmuch as forms close Tuesday night. The cooperation of advertisers and other patrons and friends of The Reporter is earnestly requested.

Consult Your Home Service  
Before allowing your insurance to lapse, consult your Home Service. Advance notice will be sent to them as soon as the Government arranges the new forms of policies.

Don't take any chances in this matter. Keep your premiums paid.

G. W. Hodges,  
Chairman Home Service Com.,  
Antrim Branch Red Cross



A ring—that article of jewelry which, if properly selected, indicates good taste and individuality.

In addition to our stock of beautiful diamonds, we have a complete assortment of the famous W.W. guaranteed stone set rings. This stock is so carefully selected as to please the most critical.

Remember W.W. Rings are guaranteed and cost no more than the most ordinary rings. The pleasure and happiness which a good ring conveys is typical of the good will of the Christmas season.

The spirit of Christmas is evident in every department of our store. We have eclipsed all former attempts to serve our customers with the best satisfaction.

Our gifts represent all prices but every one is a quality gift—from the store where quality is the first consideration.

D. E. GORDON  
Hillsboro, N. H.



W.W. Rings

## "THE WAR IS OVER" GLAD NEWS

### Interesting Incidents Before and After Signing of the Armistice, by Chaplain Artuckle

Headquarters First Division Office Division Chaplain France, Nov. 8, 1918.

These have been days crammed full of interesting experiences and much movement here and there. You are reading every day now, of the achievements of the Yanks as they advance toward Belgium and Berlin. The enemy continued his retreat and we are right at his heels.

While I sit here, the plenipotentiaries of Germany and the representatives of the Allies are discussing the terms of Armistice. We trust they will be accepted and that the result will be Peace.

I don't think the censor will object to me telling you something of my unique experience of yesterday. In

the morning I took a horse and saddle and started on a long journey just behind our advancing troops. The first

few towns I came to had been evacuated by the Germans only the day before.

As I went thru' them, it was

in the column of the mighty hosts of khaki clad American soldiers, and lined up on both sides of the street were the redeemed civilians, who had been prisoners for four years, waving flags and shouting "Rejoice, Monsieur"

(Good day, sir) and something else in French, which meant Welcome our Fideleers, We're come, thrice Welcome.

On every hand were women and children, crowded in the windows and doors,

waving the tri-colors of France and I am sure would have waved the Stars and Stripes if they could have had them.

The French flags they waved I imagine had been hidden in some safe place all thru' the years. The

sight was more than I can tell in a few words. The towns thru' which we now go are not destroyed much, except

definite places of military value, such as Rail-heads, etc. The fields are cul-

tivated. Fritz evidently expected to

spend the winter at least in France.

The town which was my destination I reached just about dusk. It had been

evacuated by the Boche just a few hours and they were still shelling and machine gunning the place.

My work was done and messages along the line delivered. I then re-

turned to the place from which I started in the morning and got back in the wee hours of the next morning, riding in the dark, so dark most of the time that I could not see the horse's head in front of me. It's perfectly won-

derful what one can do in the dark when he has to.

You are wondering perhaps what I

was doing. Well, as Divisional Chap-

lain I am responsible (among other things) for the proper burial of the dead and I was seeing that the work

was being done by the Chaplains of the Regiments as the troops advanced,

which has been very fast these days.

My round trip was between thirty and

forty miles. Believe me, I am sore

today, but fortunately my work today

has been of such a character as to be

restful.

Of all the hard and touching things

of this war, none have so moved me

as the sight of fleeing refugees. As

I advanced, refugees from many of

the towns were coming back. The

Germans could not take them all and

had to leave many towns in a great

hurry. Time after time I caught tears

rolling down my cheeks as I saw old

men and women trudging along thru

the mud over shoe tops. In one place

I stopped a while to visit with and

talk to the refugees who gathered in

this particular town in a church. Talk

about sad stories! Let's not tell

them now. But how happy they are

now. I had two cakes of chocolate in

my knapsack which was to furnish my

nourishment for the journey, but I

took it and broke it up into very small

pieces (so that it would go around)

and distributed it among the little children

and the very old folks. How their

faces beamed when they found out that

it was sweet. Had not had anything

of the kind for four years and more.

I went without dinner and supper that

day but you know I did not feel hun-

gry. And oh, what a joy to give it to

those suffering, hungry souls.

Imagine American soldiers on horseback with little children reclining in their arms, and others pushing baby carriages filled with little children, others carrying all the earthly posses-

## Strong Evidence

Is the Statement of this Keene Woman

Backache is often kidney ache; a common warning of serious kidney ill.

"A stitch in time saves nine"—Don't delay—use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Profit by this nearby resident's experience.

Mrs. W. D. Britton, 75 Davis St., Keene, N. H., says: "I suffered for a long time from kidney trouble and my back became painful and at times felt as though it were broken. My feet and ankles swelled and there were other distressing symptoms of kidney complaint. As others of my family had been helped by Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial. I felt relief after taking the first box. Since then, Doan's have helped me in every way and have done me more good than anything else I have ever used."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Britton had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FOR WAR WORK

### Net Proceeds of the D. A. R. Entertainment

The entertainment which was given by Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., in Antrim town hall, on the evening of December eleven, was largely attended and very much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Una G. White, dramatic reader and impersonator, who has appeared here on former occasions, was the principal attraction of the evening, and pleased her audience with every number; she was generous in her responses to encores. Her selections, were not all humorous but enough of the serious and weighty were mixed into the program to make it very evenly balanced.

Vocal and instrumental music was interspersed between the readings, and the singing of the National Hymns of our Allies, as a special feature, was a pleasing number, and the lady singers performed their parts well.

The tableau at the close of the evening's entertainment was a pretty one; it was entitled "The Winning of Democracy," and showed all the different war workers that Antrim had furnished of late, including Red Cross workers, army and navy boys, Uncle Sam, Miss Liberty, and others—all in uniform—and had to be shown more than once to satisfy the audience.

The proceeds were for United War Work and a fair sum was realized for this purpose.



Remember the days when you were little, and plan your Christmas accordingly.

## PASTOR'S RECEPTION

### Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Cameron Formally Welcomed

A reception was given Rev. John D. Cameron, newly installed pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Mrs. Cameron, last Wednesday evening, in the social rooms of the church. It was a public affair and well attended. In the receiving line were Rev. and Mrs. Cameron; Mrs. Hattie Cannell, Mrs. Ernestine Arbuckle, Rev. and Mrs. Robert S. Barker.

An entertainment was given, consisting of vocal solos by Mrs. Robert W. Jameson, Miss Elizabeth Tandy, Frank J. Boyd, Miss Vera McClure; violin selections, Mrs. Arbuckle; ukulele selections, Miss Nelly Mudge; singing of old time songs by everybody. Miss Gertrude Proctor was accompanist.

Refreshments were served; the committee in charge was: Mrs. F. J. Boyd, Mrs. Lester Perkins, Mrs. S. M. Thompson and Miss Anna Dunton.

## Cram's Store

## BLANKETS

Come in and see our stock of Blankets and Comforters

Don't Let the Cold Weather Catch You Without Good, Warm Blankets. We Have a Big Stock in Cotton, California Wool, and All Wool, priced all the way From \$2 to \$10 per pair  
Comforters \$3.50 and \$4.

## Twenty-five Bath Robes

In Stock, carried over from last season, selling now at Last Year's Prices, which means to you a

Saving of 33 to 50 Per Cent

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES AND BOBBINS For All Makes of Sewing Machines

## W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,  
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

## SHOE REPAIRING

AND

## Harness Repair Work

OF ALL KINDS

At the Harness Shop

S. M. TARBELL, Antrim

Telephone 18-21 North Main Street



## Call and See Our

## ROUND OAK

## PARLOR STOVES

Glenwood Ranges and Wood Parlor Stoves

George W. Hunt

ANTRIM, N. H.

## The Best Gift of All



## Bobby's Christmas Gift

by Winifred Barford

(Copyright)

"I'm GOING to write Santa Claus a letter asking him to bring me the things for Christmas I want," said Bobby Sawyer. "Mamma says that because papa won't ever come home any more we can't have any Christmas gift. I don't see why, because papa was lost at sea, Santa Claus won't come as he used to. I hear of children writing to Santa for what they want and I'm going to write him, too."

So Bobby sat down and wrote his letter. He spelled bugle, bugel, and Christmas, Crismus, and some of the words were so bungled that the old fellow must have had a hard time deciphering them; but all the things Bob wanted—were named in the letter and he did not doubt for a moment that Santa Claus would respond generously.

One morning shortly before Christmas, Peter the postman left a letter at the door addressed to Robert Sawyer. Peter who had long delivered the letters of the Sawyer family would not



Wrote His Letter.

give it to anybody but Bobby, saying that Santa Claus required him to give any letters marked "from Kris Kringle" to the child to whom it was addressed and to no one else. Bobby opened it and read:

"Dear Bobby:

"I have received your letter and will bring you the finest Christmas present you ever received in your life.

"SANTA CLAUS."

Bob of course was delighted with this, and he noticed that from the time of its receipt, everything about the house seemed to take on a certain cheeriness. Bobby laid in wait for Peter when he came again and asked him a lot of questions as to how and where Santa Claus gave him the letter. Peter said that he was not permitted to tell children anything about Santa Claus. They must hang up their stockings and wait for him to fill them.

This was three days before Christmas. Bobby who was very watchful detected his mother smuggling in cer-

tain packages. This puzzled him, for his mamma had told him there would be no gifts this year, and he did not expect any except what Santa Claus would bring. Bobby asked his mother if what she brought in was intended for Christmas, but she gave him no satisfaction, though she took him in her arms and gave him a bear hug and a dozen kisses. She seemed as happy as if she expected Santa Claus to bring everything she wanted for Christmas.

The day before Christmas a messenger boy came with a telegram for Mrs. Sawyer. She tore off the envelope and read it, and looked very happy, giving the messenger a half dollar. Bobby asked what the telegram was about. She told him it was about a Christmas gift she and all the rest of the family were to receive, and when Bobby kept asking again and again "What is it mamma?" she gave him another bear hug and smothered him with kisses.

Bobby had a sister, Edith, twelve years old, and a brother Jim, ten. Both of them were too old to sympathize with Bobby in his faith in Santa Claus bringing him the gift he had promised him in his letter. Indeed they didn't believe Santa Claus really wrote letters to children. Bobby tried his best to get out of Edith or Jim what made their mother so happy, but they would not tell. Indeed they seemed almost as happy as she. Having failed with them Bobby tried Peter the postman. Peter said he suspected Santa Claus had something to do with the family happiness, but he was not sure. So poor Bobby was obliged to swallow his curiosity and wait for Christmas morning.

Bobby went to bed on Christmas eve determined to resist the sandman and keep his eyes open all night, so that he might get a glimpse of Santa Claus and see what his remarkable gift was. But the sandman soon began to drop sand in Bobby's lids, and he was asleep in ten minutes after his head struck the pillow.

When Bobby awoke the sun was quite high in the heavens. He heard the word "Bobby!" shouted in his ears and at the same time felt himself gently shaken. He did not awaken by degrees, but all at once. And there standing before him and looking down upon him, smiling, was his papa.

"Why, papa!" he exclaimed, "I thought you were never going to come home any more."

"Santa Claus told me that he was to bring me home to my little boy for a Christmas gift."

Bobby threw his arms around his father's neck and hugged and hugged, and it seemed that he would never

let go. Mamma, and Edith and Jim came in and so great was the excitement that Bobby forgot to look for what was in his stocking.

That was certainly the happiest Christmas the Sawyer family ever spent or ever would spend. Bobby was too young to have it all explained to him, but when he is older his mother intends to tell him that his father was on a vessel that was torpedoed and sunk. Mr. Sawyer was reported missing, but he was picked up out of the water by an American cruiser and in time managed to get home. After word came that he was saved the letter was written to Bobby by his sister as from Santa Claus, and afterwards a telegram came saying that his father would be home on Christmas morning.

The decorations, the greetings, and the crowds flocking in and out of churches, emphasized the spirit of the season. "All the places of worship into which we peeped," he says, "were ablaze with lights, while processions of priests in glittering robes, with sonorous choruses and ascending incense, appealed to the various senses."

At one church they viewed the five boards believed to have formed a part of the cradle of our Lord.

The American Episcopal Church of St. Paul, where they worshipped on Christmas morning, was crowded with the Protestant population of the Holy City. A feature of the service was the dedicating of a beautiful new mosaic, covering one entire wall of the church and representing the nativity of Christ.

Of the Coliseum, says Dr. Grenfell, "we could think of no place better to suggest to our minds the communion of the saints; and as we walked round the tiers of seats we could see again the 'men of like passions with ourselves' giving their lives for the same Master we claim to serve."

When darkness had fallen the travellers were attracted by numbers of bright lights over by the Porta San Giovanni. These proved to announce "all the fun of a fair"—there in Italy just as one finds them in this country at a "county fair."

Experts present to a girl At Christmastime are not good taste As that's the case, the diamond brooch I give to Mary will be paste.

6y George L. Louis

OH looket here! My, wasn't Santa good!  
He gave me all the presents that he could.  
That's 'cause I always kept so neat and clean;  
On Sundays dress just like a fairy Queen.

I minded darling Muzzer ev'ry day;  
Was careful of my dresses when at play,  
And held my Gran'ma's yarn when she did knit,  
For that's the way I did my little bit.

And when my Dad came home from work each night  
I tried to please him with my tiny might;  
Always brought his pipe and paper, too,  
So he could smoke and read it thru and thru.

Dear Santa Claus, in Toyland, heard 'bout me,  
'Cause my Muzzer said he said, said he,  
"I'll just give that sweet and 'bident chile  
The very things she's wanted all the while."

So see this pretty, sparkling Christmas Tree  
And the toys and things he gave to me;  
When you're good like me and try to please  
Santa Claus will give you toys like these.

HOLIDAY SEASON IN ITALY

Dr. Grenfell of Labrador Fame  
Explains Christmas Observances  
in the Sunny Land.

Travelers visiting Rome while it was still the center of a land of peace, found Christmas there a day of joyousness; and the merry bells of many churches, ushering in the day, spoke the familiar language of home.

Just before the war, Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador fame, indulged in the unusual luxury of a brief holiday in Europe, after years of tireless service among the fishermen. His journey brought him and Mrs. Grenfell to Rome just as the many reliquias and civil observances of the Christmas season were about to take place. A great contrast these scenes were to the Christmases of icebound Labrador.

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A Christmas Tree

By Charles Dickens

I have been looking on this evening at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty French toy, a Christmas tree. The tree was planted on the middle of a great round table and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls hiding behind the green leaves, and there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity for being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs. There were French polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day clocks and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made in tin at Wolverhampton) perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping.

There were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men, and no wonder, for their heads took off and showed them to be full of sugar plums. There were fiddles and drums. There were tambourines, books, workboxes, paint boxes, peep show boxes, sweetmeat boxes and all kinds of boxes.

There were trinkets for the older girls, far brighter than any grownup gold and jewels. There were baskets and pincushions in all devices. There were guns, swords and banners, real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf; imitation apples, pears and walnuts, crammed with surprises. In short, as a pretty child before me delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything, and more."

CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

Poignant Pangs Come Instead of Peace, as Season Causes Thoughts of the Past.

Christmas, singularly enough for a festival that is supposed to celebrate joy, is characterized by sadness. The time of year, which is supposed to be fraught with good cheer, is laden with pain. Instead of peace, there are experienced poignant pangs.

Nor is it cynicism which says so; the average man in the street will tell you the same. Neither is crabbed age sponsor for the crotchets of the time; unless, indeed, crabbed age begins in this hurried era when a man passes his majority. Nor is the tragic contrast between the cloud, which now for the fifth Christmas darkens Europe and the world, and the bright star of Bethlehem the reason for the somber tone that sounds beneath the gay notes of the season, as the deep dinapson of the organ rolls beneath the rippling melody. No; it is none of these things which imparts to Christmas the somberness which is apparent to everybody who has passed into years of maturity.

It's memory that does it. Memory plays tricks with us on these days. Perhaps more than on any other holiday our minds revert to Christmases that used to be. We like to think about it; we like to read the Christmas Carol, because it puts in everlasting words the emotion of gladness which used to dominate that day. No matter how humble the home, memory paints it in wonderful colors on this one day, from the warm bed long before dawn and scampered across the cold floor to get the stocking which somehow had been strolled during the night, to the end of the plethoric home festival, when candy-smeared and filled to the point of repletion we were rescued from the wreck of toys and packed wearily off to sleep, more or less troubled with painful suggestions of turkey and mince pie.

There is only one thing that can make Christmas real to a grown-up, and that is to do something for somebody who cannot pay it back. That otherism is, we begin to suspect, the thing that dominated the Christmases that used to be and made them so real that they remain warm in memory. Unless you would have memory become a dry specter, you yourself must make real for little children of the now the pictures which memory conjures up for you of the Christmases that used to be.—Saturday Globe.

Then welcome, merry Christmastide, Another hour before we go.

The rosy girl close at our side.

We'll kiss beneath the mistletoe.

Deep, mellow bells salute the air.

With benisons sent far and wide.

Good will and joy go everywhere.

Upon the golden Christmastide.

The Man of the Hour

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL

When Angels Came to Men

Assistant Dean Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:9, 10, 14.

How amazing that angels came to men! Indeed, some are so impressed

with the vastness of the physical universe and with the insignificance of man that they doubt whether God has any interest in us. But such thinkers lack a proper sense of values. Firemen will risk their lives to save a baby in a burning building, even though all the wealth in the building be lost because of their attention to the child. A world of men is of more concern to God than a universe of stars. The sheep in the fields were not afraid as the shepherds were, when the angel of the Lord appeared; the shepherds had a sense of the supernatural which the sheep had not. Men may become sons of God while sheep and stars cannot; hence God cares for men especially and sends his angels to them.

The shepherds were good men. We read of them hastening to Bethlehem and of their "glorifying and praising God." It has been well said that bad men would have heard only the night wind, instead of the angels' songs. Mrs. Browning speaks of some to whom every common bush is afame with God, while others sit around picking blackberries. Once, when the voice of God spoke to Jesus, some who heard it said it thundered! Men who are not Christians miss the vision of God and no angels' song cheers them in the night of life.

The shepherds were poor men. Some tell us that the principal duty of the church toward the poor is to change their environment. But the shepherds teach us that God may come to the poor before their environment is changed. How often have Christian workers found the brightest saints in squalid tenements! We do not underestimate the value of a good environment, but the surest way to secure it is to make first, good men.

Religion for Busy Men.

The shepherds were busy men. The angels did not appear to idlers nor to those shut up in cloisters, but to men in the fields. What a revelation of heaven's ideal of the religious life! The "glory of the Lord" which shone about the shepherds was the Shekinah which had glowed in the temple of old, seen only by the high priest and on rare occasions. But here it came to illuminate the fields where men toiled. God does not propose to take men out of their employments, but would have them serve him at their tasks. Alas, that many are so busy with their flocks they have no time to go to Bethlehem!

We are interested in the song of the angels, but would first remind ourselves of the wonder that there could be communication between these heavenly creatures and the sons of men. Paul speaks of "the tongues of men and of angels," and we cannot conceive the language of heaven. Yet on that night the angels were understood by the shepherds. Light is thrown on this fact by the reference in Ephesians 3:15 to "the whole family in heaven and earth." Just as the spectroscope shows the stars are composed of the same elements as the earth and suggests the unity of the universe, so the family in heaven and earth is one, and there is a certain kinship between men and angels. At any rate, the "tongues of men and angels" are harmonized when Jesus is their theme!

The Song of the Angels.

The angels seem to have sung in antiphon, like the Levite choirs. First, one section sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Another responded, "On earth peace." Then they sang in chorus, "Good will toward men."

The coming of Jesus brought glory to God in the highest, that is, from the highest intelligence. They knew the glory Christ had with the Father and could appreciate the sacrifice involved in his stooping to be born among men. They knew the holiness of God which required a sacrifice for sin. They appreciated the love which provided a sacrifice in him who not only was made in the likeness of men but was to humble himself to the death of the cross.

The coming of Christ brought "on earth peace, good will toward men." The latter expression is the same as that used by the Father when he said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." By the blood of the cross such a peace has been made that God may have the same pleasure in redeemed sinners as he finds in his Son, in whom he always takes delight. Indeed, as Paul puts it, we are "accepted in the Beloved," all this comeliness being placed upon us! How wonderful!

The Man of the Hour

December

month far famed! For festive days and nights renowned, Joy fraught with hallowed benedictions crowned;

Life's annual clearing house for retrospective thought,

Where pensive memory recalls the smiles,

The tears, the hopes and joys of youth, the loves of vanished years,

And sighs to see the havoc, sad, that Time has wrought.

O hoary month! In regions of the north and east

The song of bird and rippling of the brook have ceased,

And Nature's thousand charms of summer days have fled.

There Boreas reigns, fierce god of wind and storms;

And winter all of verdure into brown and white transforms

And leaves no trace of life and beauty sped.

O happy month! When keen anticipation, sweet,

Fires swift on wings of ardent love to greet

With gifts the friend, the lover or the kindred near.

As Winter closer draws his icy fettered chains

The heart expands and love unselfish reigns

And speeds its largess to the ones most dear.

Illustrous months of most illustrious birth!

Good tidings, peace and joy to all the earth

# BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, By W. G. Chapman.)

## WALLACE HAS AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER WITH MAJOR KELLERMAN.

**Synopsis.**—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor, who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington, and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanor there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist.

### CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Schoolgirls can judge character as well as grown-ups."

"And so you think you know me, and you're not altogether disengaged?" asked Mark, smiling at last.

"I'm not disappointed in you at all, if you aren't in me. Dear Uncle Mark, people don't really change—never, never! Only they learn to adapt themselves to their environments. You are just the same as ever—just the quiet, sensitive, chivalrous Uncle Mark I've always dreamed of."

"Well," said Mark, "I see that there are hopes that I shall regain the little ward whom I've always thought about. And, of course, I ought to have reflected that your environment has been very different from the one could have given you."

"I wish I'd been with you, Uncle Mark," she answered impulsively. "Why didn't you keep me when you had your chance, if you wanted me? Oh, dear Uncle Mark, that was so like you, too—giving up to others. And you never sent me that photograph!"

"I've never had one taken since, Eleanor."

"But I've got you yourself now," said the girl. "So you mustn't give me up any more, no matter who seems to have a better claim on me. Will you promise me that?"

Mark knew now for certain that he had found his own. "I promise," he answered.

"Because, you know, I've been very happy with Colonel and Mrs. Howard. But this isn't the best and biggest part of me that you see here. If I could have had my way I'd rather have been living a more useful life somewhere—somewhere where I hadn't quite so many things that I want. Colonel Howard gives me everything he thinks I want. But—you see, Uncle Mark, something is missing. You remember what we talked over—about my being the regimental mascot?"

Mark nodded, watching her face closely.

"Well, all that's over and gone. There isn't any regiment now, anyway. All the old people have gone out of it. And we were three years in San Francisco, you know. And—Oh, Uncle Mark, I wish we could have those days again, when I used to dream about my father—and—and."

"I know, my dear," said Mark.

"I've always secretly hoped that I should know, some day. But I've almost stopped hoping, except for one thing that I've never told anybody. You remember what I said to you about my mother watching me?"

"He doesn't watch you now, Eleanor!"

She nodded. "He has come back," she answered. "He's older and grayer, but he's the same man. I've seen him here, in Washington. And I've never dared to speak of it, even to Colonel Howard, but I know it's not a delusion, Uncle Mark."

"And you think he has some connection with your father, Eleanor?" asked Mark.

"I don't know what to think. What do you think, Uncle Mark?" asked the girl.

"I think, my dear," said Mark deliberately, "that it isn't the same man. It stands to reason it can't be. Why should he have watched you all these years and never spoken to you? No, Eleanor, I think you've had this idea so long that you have misinterpreted me."

"I know what you mean, Uncle Mark. Well, it doesn't matter. And now I must go back to Mrs. Howard or they will be wondering what has become of me. But we've picked up our memories, haven't we? And I'll see a lot of you, Uncle Mark, before you go to the war!"

### CHAPTER VI.

But Mark refused Colonel Howard's invitation to become his guest, and avoided the house in Massachusetts circle as much as he could with decency. He was courageous enough to analyze his reasons and he did not conceal the result from himself.

He wanted Eleanor with all the penitent longing of the denied years in the desert. His love was the strongest

Brigadier was more furious than Howard.

"I don't know how it happened, Colonel, and I don't care!" he cried, thumping the table. "No great harm has been done so far, and of course none of the departmental clerks can be suspected. But it's got to stop, and we've got to find out how it originated."

It was on that night that Mark felt at the end of his powers.

It was, he had dined and was sitting disconsolately in his apartment; nothing seemed of any value to him at that moment, and his thoughts were ranging round their eternal subject. Had it been necessary that he should have treated Mrs. Howard and Eleanor boorishly, to protect himself?

He put on his hat and went out, meaning to pay them a visit, or, at least, to walk toward their house while making his decision. He had not decided by the time he reached Massachusetts circle, and, as he stopped in doubt, he saw a man across the road, staring up at the house.

Of a sudden Eleanor's story recurred to his mind with vivid force. The man was obviously watching the house, and he meant to stay there.

But, as Mark started toward him, the man seemed to take fear, and shambled away. Something in his gait brought back to Mark's mind the recollection of the man whom he had seen outside the Misses Harpers' school.

And he began to follow him. It was a role that he had never played before, but justified, in his mind, by the necessity of discovering the fellow's identity. Without any very clear intention in his mind how he was to accomplish this, Mark made his way after the solitary figure, keeping well behind it.

He had his reward in Eleanor's increasing restraint, her quite visible indignation. They had fallen apart again, after that single meeting. It was a poor reward, but the sort that Mark had received all his life from fortune.

But there were lonely nights when life seemed unbearable, and he had to exert all his will power to keep himself in check. Mark had rented a little furnished apartment in the Northwest section, off Pennsylvania Avenue, and he had found the desert more companionable.

One night he felt at the end of his powers. That was after a grilling day in the war office, one of those days that sometimes come in Washington toward the middle of September, when everything is as sticky as the asphalt sidewalk.

It had been a day of evil portent besides. Colonel Howard, who had seemed of late to reflect Eleanor's coolness in some measure, had greeted him with a wry face when he came in.

"The devil's to pay, Mark," he said. "Draw up your chair. There's a leakage in the department."

"What?" cried Mark.

"Things are getting known—for instance, our dealings with the shipping people. We've found the exact number of ships we've requisitioned. You know whom I mean by 'they.'"

Mark nodded. The cosmopolitan influences in Washington, whose ramifications extended to the ends of the earth, or, at least, across the Atlantic, were busy in every drawing room extracting news, the tiniest and least reliable of which was not despised, since many such single items make up a coherent story.

"The Brigadier's wild about it," continued the Colonel, pulling at his mustache. "And it seems impossible to detect how the leakage occurred. It must have been through the shipping companies, of course; yet they couldn't have pieced the thing together without concerted action, which is out of the question. Let's go through the papers."

They opened the safe and went through them one by one, but nothing was missing.

"Damn it!" growled Colonel Howard. "I've been through this before, Mark—you know that. In that case there was a traitor at work. We found him. In this case there can be none, at least, in the war department. And I've told the Brigadier I'll answer with my place for discovering where the leak lies."

He closed the safe and strode off into Kellerman's room, to return with Kellerman, looking angrier than before.

"What are we going to do, Kellerman?" he asked.

He was talking to the woman who had opened the door. She looked about five and thirty years of age, and her face, distinctly visible against the light in the hall, was well-bred, if not attractive. She seemed one of those cosmopolitans who frequent the capital; Mark was still uncertain whether her house was one of those residences that are still occupied in this district by the original owners, or whether she was the mistress of one of those gambling establishments that flourish of necessity along the avenues of the earlier alphabet.

The sinister look on his face affected Mark more disagreeably than ever. Mark felt nettled, though the words had been fair.

"If there's been a leak," he said, "it seems to me it's up to the Brigadier to discover it. It's outside; it isn't our business to locate it. We're doing our part—what more can we do?"

"Come along and tell the Brigadier that," suggested Howard.

Mark, nothing loath, accompanied him to the General's room. But the

The woman answered him in tones of quick anger, and made a gesture of dismissal. The man held his ground doggedly, the voices became sharper.

"Not No, I tell you!" the woman cried. "I don't know who you are! Will you go?"

Suddenly a man came along the passage behind her, carrying a walking-cane with a heavy handle. He raised it and brought it crashing down on the other's head.

The man fell to the ground, evidently stunned by the blow. The man with the cane raised it and brought it down again and again upon the other's head and face, in a succession of sickening crashes.

Mark ran to the garden gate. The man with the stick paused, raised his head, and looked at him. Mark recognized Kellerman. As Kellerman, in turn, recognized him, an angry sneer spread over his face.

"My dear Wallace, what the dickens are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Are you trying to kill this man?" asked Mark.

Kellerman seemed nonplussed for the moment.

"I hope I've given him his lesson," he answered. "He came here and demanded money, and nearly frightened Mrs. Kenson out of her senses. Let me present you—"

Mark looked into the keen, appraising eyes of Mrs. Kenson with dislike and disgust.

"You'd better let him go, Major Kellerman," he said. As he spoke he saw Mrs. Kenson bite her lip vindictively.

"Oh, I'll leave him to you," responded Kellerman airily. "You'll excuse me, Wallace. I'm sure, but Mrs. Kenson's auto will be here in a few moments."

Mark, hot with indignation, answered nothing, but raised the man from the ground and got him outside the gate. As he did so he heard the door of the house close softly.

The tramp was half unconscious, and muttering vaguely.

"Four years since I've seen her," he mumbled. "I didn't want money. Only the word. God knows I wouldn't have taken money from her as he said, the cur—"

"Was she your wife?" asked Mark, thinking that he saw light.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the man with convincing spontaneity. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded, looking at him directly for the first time.

He grasped Mark by the arm. "Are you another friend of hers?" he asked. "Or didn't you know that it's the swellest gambling house in Washington?"

Mark took him by the shoulders. "What's your name and where do you live?" he asked. "I haven't time to waste on you, but I'm ready to help you if I can."

"My name? Hartley. Good enough name, isn't it? Live? I haven't lived for more years than I remember. I'm a corpse—see? I wanted to live. That's why I came here when I heard she was in Washington. Walked from New York. Why should she be here now, unless there's another poor young fool like her for? Where the car cass is, there are the eagles—or is it vultures?"

Mark drew the man's arm through his and led him away. Presently a cab came crawling up. He hailed it and gave his address.

He took him home and played the Good Samaritan, washed his wounds, plastered them, and gave the man a bed in his living room. Hartley had subsided into a state of frightened silence. He looked dubiously at Mark all the while he was receiving his ministrations, and would say nothing.

"Now, please understand," said Mark, "I've brought you here because you seem to me to be up against it. The door's unlocked. And I'm trusting you with my things. Those cups are silver. Hartley—I won them at West Point. That little picture is by Gifford and worth about seven hundred. That's about all, I think—but I want you to understand you're free, and I'll help you if I can."

Hartley flushed rather oddly. Mark thought, but said not a word. It was a foolish act, he thought repeatedly before he fell asleep; but he must win the man's confidence if he was to learn the mystery. And he was satisfied that his interest in Eleanor's movement boded no harm to her.

In the morning, Hartley was gone, as he expected. But he had taken neither the cups nor the picture.

Mark was beginning to think of tackling the fugitive, who, unconscious of pursuit, was about fifty paces in front of him, when suddenly the man turned in at the tiny garden of an apparently deserted house and knocked at the door, which was opened almost immediately.

Mark was talking to the woman who had opened the door. She looked about five and thirty years of age, and her face, distinctly visible against the light in the hall, was well-bred, if not attractive. She seemed one of those cosmopolitans who frequent the capital; Mark was still uncertain whether her house was one of those residences that are still occupied in this district by the original owners, or whether she was the mistress of one of those gambling establishments that flourish of necessity along the avenues of the earlier alphabet.

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## RIDLON'S SHOE STORE

Baker's Block HILLSBORO

### Useful Xmas Gifts

What is Better than a Nice Pair

#### COMFY SLIPPERS?

Women's Fur Trimmed Slippers, in Grey, Brown and Black.....	\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75
Comfy Slippers, in any desired color, with cushion innersole and long-wearing Elk outer sole.....	\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00
Women's Moccasins, at.....	\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50
Men's Leather Slippers, Comfys and Moccasins Give a Nice Pair BLACK CAT Hose to a Friend	

#### BLACK CAT HOISERY

## RIDLON'S SHOE STORE

The Cash Shoe Store HILLSBORO

Tel. 36-12

## Information Wanted

I want to know the name of everybody who has goods in my line to dispose of for a CASH price.

Rags, Antiques, Rubbers, Metals and Automobiles. Drop me a postal.

MAX ISREAL, Henniker, N. H.

## Expert Advice on Water Supply

Is to be our especial contribution of War Service. To Farm successfully, abundant Water is needed. We have drilled many successful wells in and about Antrim, as well as in other parts of New Hampshire, and can point to a long list of satisfied customers. Several of our machines are now at work in New Hampshire. Calls for advice on Individual or Community Artesian Wells will receive prompt attention.

**BAY STATE ARTESIAN WELL CO., INC.**  
42 No. Main St. CONCORD, N. H.

We Have Been Wondering What We Were to do With the Christmas Goods We Purchased for this

#### HOLIDAY SEASON!

The goods were all purchased months ago, before the agitation against Christmas gifts for this year was started, and before it could possibly be foreseen what conditions would be. We could not have gotten the goods had we waited at any price, now we have them at the prices of months ago.

Our Purchases in China and Toys Were Specially Happy. The Goods are Just Being Opened. Our Toys Were Made in the United States.

Fighting Having Ceased in France, We Shall All Want to Make

#### A Great Christmas!

You Ought to Attend to Your Christmas Purchases Right Now. This Year More Than Other Years You'll be Disappointed if You Delay. It Will Pay You to Visit Our Store Right Now.

Your Purchase can remain with us for Delivery whenever you wish. There is nothing to gain by delay, there's much to lose

**EMERSON & SON. Milford**

## ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

A. M.	7.44
P. M.	1.58
12.01	7.24
4.09	

Sunday: 6.22, 6.43, 11.40 a.m.; 4.53 p.m. Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train.

Stage will call for passengers if word is left at Express Office in Jameston Block.

Passenger for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

#### We Buy OLD FALSE TEETH

We pay from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per set (broken or not). We also accept gold and silver teeth. Send at once by parcel post and receive cash by return mail. Will return your goods if our price is unsatisfactory.

**MAZER'S TOOTH SPECIALTY**

Dept. X, 1005 Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

#### PAPER HANGING

Inside and Outside Painting and Wall Board



**GUY A. HULETT, Antrim West Street**

#### Wall Paper Trimmed Free

A new wall paper trimming machine at our shop. We trim all wall paper you buy free of cost.

G. A. Halett, Antrim

## WEDNESDAY Evening, Dec. 25

Glorya Krollette in "The Last of the Carnaby" Pathé News Comedy

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

## Antrim Locals



'It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!'

## Antrim Locals



Young Pigs for sale. Prices right. W. H. Simonds.

HELP WANTED—I am in need of help; apply at once to W. C. Hills, Antrim, N. H.

Mrs Arthur Whipple, of Nashua, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thompson.

A. H. S. Basket Ball at town hall, Antrim, Wednesday, Dec. 25. Hancock High plays.

TO LET—7 room cottage, with garden and fruit trees, on Elm St. Apply to Mrs. M. J. Bass.

RAW FURS wanted at highest prices ever paid. Price list free. Ralph T. Barney, Canaan, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin attended the funeral of a relative in Newport on Wednesday of last week.

The family here have been notified that Don H. Robinson has been promoted at different times till now he is sergeant in the aero squadron, at Paine Field, West Point, Miss.

FOR SALE—Good one horse double runner sled, with body complete; and one two horse double runner sled. Will sell reasonable. F. H. Colby, Antrim.

Friends here have received word that Miss Eva Brooks, formerly of Antrim, is married today, Dec. 24, in Worcester, Mass., to Napoleon Baptiste, of that city.

The Reporter was in error last week in stating that Matthew Cudihy had been discharged from the service. We hope, however, that this good news is only a bit ahead of the actual formality in the case.

Miss Edith B. Hunt, dean of Nasson Institute, at Springvale, Me., is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hunt. Miss Hunt is having a vacation due to the closing of her school on account of the holidays and influenza.

Guy Hulett and party had great luck fishing on Thursday last, and he told us they were in Half Moon Pond, which of course must be all right. They had 31 pickerel in all and 31 weighed each more than a pound and a half and quite a number weighed three pounds and more each. They were good eating too for we had a dinner of them on Saturday. Thanks!

Word has been received recently by M. D. Cooper, of the death of his sister's husband, Noah G. Payrow, of Springfield, Mass. Deceased was at one time a resident of Bennington, and will be remembered by many in this vicinity; he was a veteran of the Civil War, and leaves a wife, to whom he had been married 54 years, one son and two daughters.

Chevrons to Denote Home and Foreign Service

A recent order from the War Dept. says the soldier serving in the U. S. A. can wear silver chevrons, one for every six months service; for overseas service, a blue chevron for three months, and for every six months service, a gold chevron. But a silver and gold one together is not allowable nor a silver and blue one; only the silver can be worn, or a blue or a gold, but no combinations of any of these. A certain number of either gold or silver chevrons, denoting length of service, is perfectly proper, and everyone entitled to wear them should certainly do so; out of respect to himself and the cause he has served.

Long Distance Telephone  
Number of Countries, Letters, Telegrams, etc.—Each letter or telegram, or a portion of it, from which a charge is to be made, must be paid for as when sent by mail.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at one cent.

Revolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate of presents at a wedding.

Exhibit at the Post-office at Austin, N. H., as spec-and-class matter.

The demands upon industry are too great to permit us to ever go back to our wasteful pre-war habits. DON'T WASTE COAL.

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

## ASHES SIFTED MEANS COAL SAVED

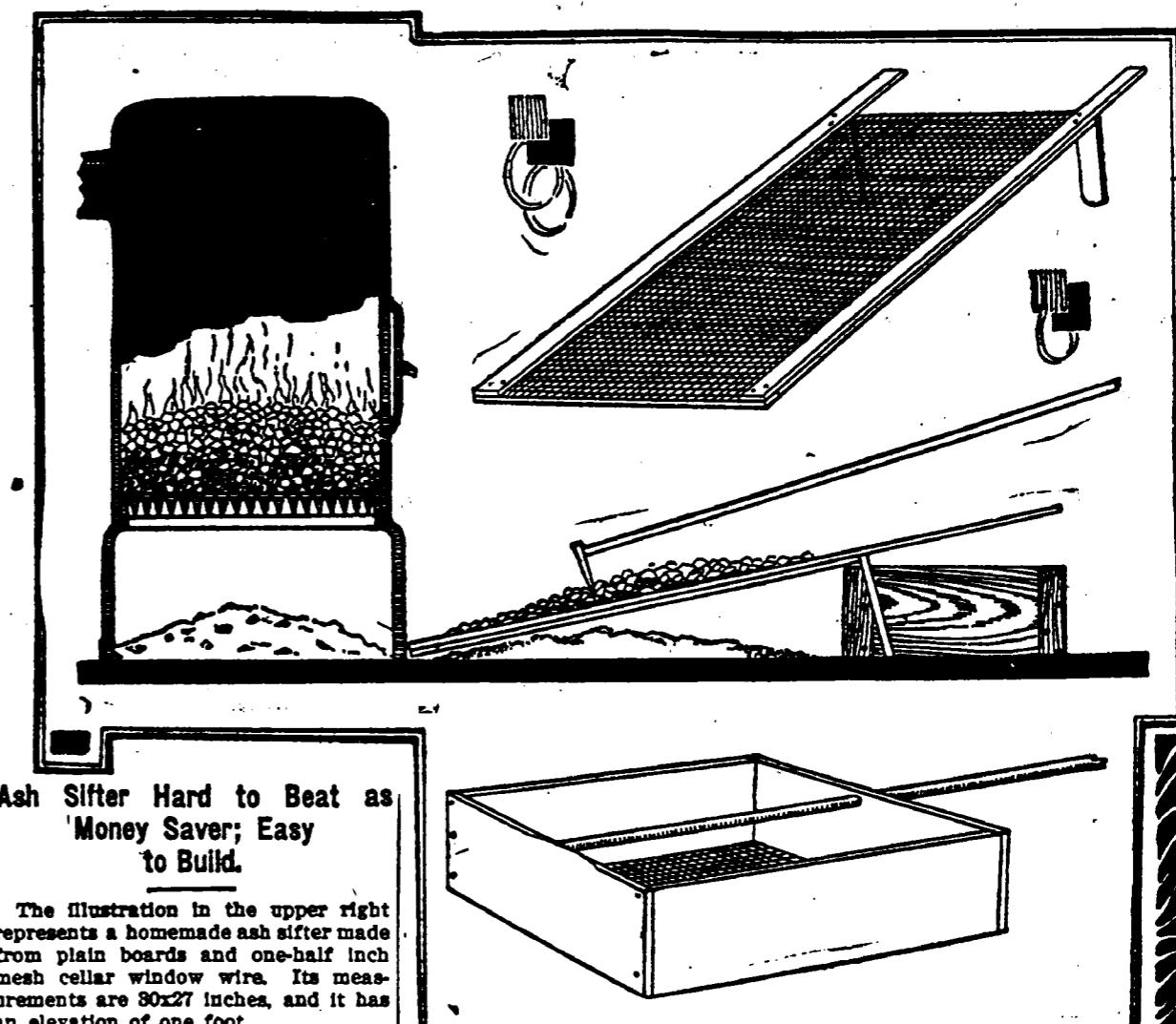


No one would begrudge wasted coal if it fell later into the hands of users, as coal on the ash dumps of New York is gleaned by the children of the East Side.

The trouble is that the five buckets full of coal which the average householder wastes each week by not sifting his ashes do no one any good.

Sift your ashes; save coal, save money, and help stretch the scant supply of anthracite this winter.

## HERE ARE TWO SIMPLE HOME-MADE ASH SIFTERS



Ash Sifter Hard to Beat as Money Saver; Easy to Build.

The illustration in the upper right represents a homemade ash sifter made from plain boards and one-half inch mesh cellar window wire. Its measurements are 80x27 inches, and it has an elevation of one foot.

In the center is another view of the same ash sifter. It shows the sifter placed against the ash pit of a heater, with a box in back of it to catch the reclaimed coal.

Ashes are drawn from the ash pit with hoe, as shown in illustration.

they are pulled over the mesh the form of ash sifter which can be made with four boards, or a box sawed in half, a broomstick and a piece of one-half inch mesh cellar window wire. This style of sifter is efficient but scatters more dust than the other.

## WEATHER STRIPPING WILL SAVE YOU COAL

Following are a few suggestions by the United States Fuel Administration on "weather stripping" of houses, to save coal:

It is best to put weather stripping on all doors and windows because, there is a heat loss through every one, no matter how tight they might be. By all means strip those which are loose, or which have large cracks.

Donald Cameron, from Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., is spending a ten days' furlough with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Cameron, at the Presbyterian manse. The young man is a member of the Naval Reserve.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge received a telegram from their son, Cranston D. Eldredge, Sunday announcing his safe arrival in New York. He is a member of the 73rd Cavalry, C. A. C., and has been in service in France. It is expected that Private Eldredge will be at home in a few days.

Appropriate Christmas exercises were held Monday afternoon at the Baptist church. An entertainment was presented and gifts were distributed to the children. The annual Christmas tree and a short program of the Methodist Sunday School will be held Wednesday night at 6:45 o'clock. The Presbyterians will hold their Christmas observance this evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A concert consisting of drills, special music and recitations was given Sunday night at the Presbyterian church.

The best way of saving yourself of plenty of domestic fuel this winter is by the use of wood. Cut wood on holidays and to your spare time and save anthracite.

## COALOGRAMS.

Why try to heat all outdoors.

Turn off the heat when you open a window for the night. Save anthracite.

Clean out your furnace, range and flues. Save anthracite.

Soot is a better heat insulator than asbestos. Clean it out and save anthracite.

Unreasonable, you say?

Not at all.

A glass window, while it effectively keeps out the wind, allows considerable radiation of the heat from a room through the single thickness of the pane. In very cold countries double windows are the rule.

No matter how thin the window shade, if it is pulled down and held snugly against the casement, it forms an air pocket which insulates the warm room from the cold outside the same way as does the air space of the double window.

For that reason, in cold weather, pull your window shades down at night. If the curtains or hangings do not hold the shades close to the casement, pin the shades. It is no necessary to seal the shades against the casement, but merely have them hang close enough so that the air will not circulate too freely.

## MAKE AN AIR-POCKET WITH WINDOW SHADE

### IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD.

There has come to light the novel fact that a window shade will not only keep out the light, but will keep out the cold!

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## COAL PRODUCTION CUT.

The influenza epidemic cut anthracite coal production 1,000,000 tons, according to the estimates of the United States Fuel Administration. Another half million of tons was sliced from expected production when the miners joined with the rest of the country in celebrating the signing of the armistice.

These are the reasons that make it necessary for every person possessed of anthracite to get the utmost possible good from it. There is not enough anthracite for the needs of every household.

## THE REPORTER'S HONOR ROLL

### List of Soldiers and Sailors in Antrim and vicinity in New Army and Navy

In addition to those listed below, entering the service since April, 1917, Antrim claims Lieut. Albert A. Baker, an Amherst man, with U. S. Navy

The Reporter will continue to publish this list for a time. It is our desire to have it accurate and complete in every detail; anyone who knows of a correction which should be made will please notify us

#### ANTRIM

★ J. Harry Rogers, in the lumberman's unit at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, died April 4th.

#### FRANK O. BEMIS

in 103d Infantry, "Somewhere in France" was killed in action July 17.

★ William M. Myers, Mach. Gun Battalion, was killed in action July 18, "Somewhere in France."

★ Orrin H. Edwards, 110th Inf., killed in action Aug. 2, in France.

★ Cecil H. Prentiss, Medical Dept., 604th Engineers, died of influenza Nov. 4 at a hospital in France.

★ David H. Hodges died of pneumonia in a hospital in France.

Discharged or Released from New Hampshire College

Donald B. Cram and Otis W. Pike, Naval Reserve Force

Donald B. Madden, Student's Army Training Corps, Aviation

Ellerton H. Edwards and J. Prentiss Weston, Bennington, Student's Army Training Corps, Infantry

#### BENNINGTON

★ Albert Haas, 101st Infantry, killed in action Oct. 2, in France.

#### Somewhere in France

Phineas Adams

H. C. Barr, Sergeant

William J. Knowles, Captain

William A. Griswold, Sergeant

John McGrath

Harry J. Sawyer

Jeremiah W. Sullivan, Lieutenant

Dr. Guy D. Tibbets, 1st Lieutenant, released from German prison camp, now in France

Christos Cordatos, Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

Morris E. Knight, Captain, aviation field, Mineola, Long Island, N. Y.

Maurice Fournier is at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Stefan Beniniti is at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Euthymus Kounelas is at Ayer, Mass., Camp Devens.

Vasil Ligatcas is at Ayer, Mass., Camp Devens.

#### HANCOCK

★ Ralph J. Loveren, Machine Gun Battalion, was killed in action July 18, "Somewhere in France."

★ 1st Lieut. Wm. H. Robinson, died at Camp Grant, of pneumonia.

#### Somewhere in France

Chas. E. Adams, Engineers

Elmer A. Andrews, Medical Dept.

Wm. J. Brunelle, Machine Gun Bn.

Andrew F. Dufraine, " "

Ernest L. Dufraine, " "

Edwin R. Goodenough, Medical Dept.

Atherton Griswold, Infantry

Llewellyn LePage, Artillery

Henry J. Leavitt, Brit. Royal Flying Corps. Recently reported missing

Earl C. Locklin, Medical Dept.

Theodore Bertram Manning, Artillery

Sidney W. Stearns, Machine Gun Bn.

Oliver St. Pierre, " "

Edw. M. Coughlan, Infantry

Edw. Ballantine, Forestry, Vancouver, Wash.

Peter Blanchette, Navy, Ship's Cook

Lawrence Dufraine, Forestry, War-

ington, Ore.

Ernest Olin, Camp Bliss, Texas

Ralph Perry, Navy, U. S. S. Terry

Stanley R. Smith, Durham, N. H.

John A. Weston, Medical, Camp Greene, N. C.

Corp. Wm. Weston, Inf., Washington, D. C.

Richard Coughlan, at Durham.

#### GREENFIELD

Somewhere in France

Geo. R. Blanchard, 103d Infantry

Philip Burnham, Motor Truck Co.

Lester H. Lowe, Heavy Artillery

Philip Magoun, Co. I, 103d Infantry

Jas. W. Austin, Co. B, Machine Gun Corps, station not known

Harry Dow, drafted in July, served till Dec. '17, discharged on account of physical disability.

Frederick Girard, Field Signal Bn., Sparta, S. C.

Donald Hopkins, Medical Corps,

Walter Reed Hospital, Wash., D. C.

Geo. O. Wade, Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

Pearl Warren is at Camp Devens.

It is quite difficult for the Reporter to get the facts of the discharges of the boys in the service in the adjoining towns, only as those interested send us the facts; this favor will greatly appreciated and we would like the information early.

Famine Conditions  
Food Shortage approaches Point  
Serious Food Shortage  
Sufficient Present Food Supply  
But Rising Demand  
People already receiving American food  
Unclassified

December 1, 1918



A food map of Europe today shows not a single country in which the future does not hold threat of serious difficulties and only a small part which is not rapidly approaching the famine point. With the exception of the Ukraine only those countries which have maintained marine commerce have sufficient food supplies to meet actual needs until next harvest, and even in the Ukraine, with stores accumulated on the farms, there is famine in the large centers of population. Belgium and northern France, as well as Serbia, appear on the hunger map distinct from the rest of Europe because they stand in a different relation from the other nations to the people of the United States. America has for four years maintained the small war rations of Belgium and northern France and is already making special efforts to care for their increased after-the-war needs, which, with those of Serbia, must be included in this plan, are urgent in the extreme and must have immediate relief.

The gratitude of the Belgian nation for the help America has extended to her during the war constitutes the strongest appeal for us to continue our work there. The moment the German armies withdrew from her soil and she was established once more in her own

seat of government the little nation's first thought was to express her gratitude to the Commission for Relief in Belgium for preserving the lives of millions of her citizens.

Germany, on the other hand, need not figure in such a map for Americans because there is no present indication that we shall be called on at all to take thought for the food needs of Germany. Germany probably can care for her own food problem if she is given access to shipping and is enabled to distribute food to the cities with dense populations, which are the trouble centers.

England, France, the Netherlands and Portugal, all of which have been maintained from American supplies, have sufficient food to meet immediate needs, but their future presents serious difficulties. The same is true of Spain and the northern neutral countries—Norway, Sweden and Denmark—whose ports have been open and who have been able to draw to some degree upon foreign supplies.

Most of Russia is already in the throes of famine, and 40,000,000 people there are beyond the possibility of help. Before another spring thousands of them inevitably must die. This applies as well to Poland and practically throughout the Baltic re-

#### "THE WAR IS OVER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

morning and found twenty-two. Now don't get excited—that's the only vice I have in France and before I get home I shall be thoroughly de-coctoized. Thus the war ends. When we have no more Germans to kill we turn on the poor, innocent, helpless cooties. But if we let them propagate they will in time (in quite another way to be sure) become as great a nuisance as the Germans themselves. But the officer to my left insists that Boche cooties have it all over the French cooties. Let me remark that the said Major, strange to say, is the "Division Inspector" who inspects everything and sees to it that things are as they should be. It's quite a joke on the inspector.

In the barracks where we are tonight we have the French Mission which comprises the liaison between the French and American Army. Two Captains and a First Lieutenant. They are overcome with joy at the news of the Armistice. I gave one of the maple leaf you sent me in one of your letters received this a. m., as a souvenir of New Hampshire. He received it very graciously with this remark: "I accept it, not only as a souvenir of New Hampshire, but as a souvenir of the Armistice." They are fine soldiers and gentlemen. It's a privilege to be associated with them.

Now it's late and a hard day ahead tomorrow. This is one of the greatest days in the history of the world and I am going to lay myself here in this famous forest of France in the upper bunk of a double decker, to rest and prepare for the morrow.

#### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Notice to Tax Payers

I wish to notify the Resident Tax Payers of Antrim that they should bring in their taxes before December 1 to save interest; and all non resident tax payers must bring their taxes in before December 25 to save costs.

LEWIS E. GOVE,  
Tax Collector.

#### American Women to Give Up Laundry Demonstrated Nation's War Conscience

#### STAND WITH THE ALLIES

By Reducing Consumption People of the United States Averted a Famine at Home in Spite of Late Supplies.

The fact that the people of the United States were able to reduce by more than one-half million tons their July, August, September and October consumption of sugar proves conclusively that their war conscience was thoroughly awakened and that the country is a whole stood ready to follow the injunctions of the Government.

Our normal consumption of sugar in the four-month period beginning with July has been 400,000 tons per month, a total of 1,600,000 for the quarter year.

In July, when our sugar stringency began to reach its height, consumption was reduced to 280,000 tons. In August only 325,000 tons went into distribution and in September only 270,000 tons. In October the distribution fell to 230,000 tons.

If the general public had failed to observe the injunctions of the Food Administration this country would have been in the throes of a sugar famine before the end of August. Our visible supplies were so low as to bring great anxiety to those familiar with the sugar situation. They feared that it would be absolutely impossible to reduce consumption to a point where sugar would no longer be a mere luxury in the American diet.

Few accomplishments of the Food Administration will stand forth as predominantly as this reduced consumption of sugar. By it we have been able to bridge over the period of stringency until the new beet and Louisiana cane sugar crops were in sight.

Now the nation is in a position so that if we choose we may return to our normal home use of sugar, and Europe, with the release of ships to go afarfield, can maintain its recent restricted rations. If, however, those nations are to increase their use of sugar very considerably it must be by our continued sharing with them through limiting our own consumption.

#### AMERICAN SPIRIT RELIED ON TO WIN

In the light of succeeding events it is interesting to recall the confidence with which the United States Food Administrator viewed the gloomy outlook in July of 1917, when this country had been in the war for less than four months and the Germans were steadily sending the western front nearer and nearer to Paris.

"Even though the situation in Europe may be gloomy today," he declared in a public statement, "no American who has knowledge of the results already obtained in every direction need have one atom of fear that democracy will not defend itself in these United States."

#### LOYALTY IN LITTLE THINGS LAST PROOF OF PATRIOTISM

Americans without murmuring cut their sugar allowance from four pounds a month to three and then as long as need be to two pounds for loyalty's sake.

#### Food Will Win the World.

America earned the gratitude of allied nations during war by sharing food. America under peace may win the world's good will by saving to share.

#### COLLECTOR'S SALE OF NON-RESIDENT LANDS

#### NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

Notice is hereby given that the collector of taxes for the town of Antrim, New Hampshire, in said county belonging to persons not residents in said town, as will pay the following taxes assessed upon each tract respectively for the year 1918, with incidental charges, will be sold at auction at the Selectmen's room, in said Antrim, on Saturday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, unless prevented by previous payment.

George S. Fuller, Hunt Land, 40 acres; valuation \$125; taxes \$2.63.  
Julia Gibson, Gilmore Land, 20 acres; valuation \$450; taxes \$9.45.  
A. W. Griswold, Kimball Pasture, 100 acres; valuation \$400; taxes \$8.40.  
Caroline F. Tupper, Cottage at Lake; valuation \$350; taxes \$12.95.  
Antrim, N. H., Dec. 23, 1918.  
LEWIS E. GOVE, Collector.

+++++  
DEMOCRACY VS. AUTOCRACY.  
++++  
There is no royal road to food conservation. We can only accomplish this by the voluntary action of our whole people, each element in proportion to its needs. It is a matter of equality of burden.  
The truth of this statement, made by the United States Food Administrator soon after we entered the war, has been borne out by the history of our exports. Autocratic food control in the lands of our enemies has broken down, while democratic food sharing has maintained the health and strength of this country and of the allies.

LEWIS E. GOVE, Tax Collector.



# Carolyn of the Corners

BY MUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## CHAPTER XVII—Continued

—17—

"No, I should say they're not," Aunty Rose observed with grimness. "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like a pair of—Well, do you know what it means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for them!"

"So am I," declared the woman, still in whisper. "But it means change here. Things won't be the same for long. I know Joseph Stagg for what he is."

"What is he, Aunty Rose?" asked Carolyn May in some trepidation, for the housekeeper seemed to be much moved.

"He's a very determined man. Once he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlow, they might have to set aside their own feelings because of her. She felt vaguely that this must not be true."

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York city apartment house where she had lived so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Dunraven.

"Well, Carolyn May, if you've finished your supper, we'd better go up to bed. It's long past your bedtime."

"Yes, Aunty Rose," said the little girl in muffled voice.

Aunty Rose did not notice that Carolyn May did not venture to the door of the sitting room to bid either Uncle Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The child followed the woman upstairs with faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Stagg's she knelt at Aunty Rose's knee and murmured her usual petitions.

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda, now they're so happy," was a phrase that might have thrilled Aunty Rose at another time. But she was so deep in her own thoughts that she heard what Carolyn May said perfunctorily.

With her customary kiss, she left the little girl and went downstairs. Carolyn May had seen so much excitement during the day that she might have been expected to sleep at once, and that soundly. But it was not so.

The little girl lay with wide-open eyes, her imagination at work.

"Two's company, three's a crowd." She took that trite saying, in which Aunty Rose had expressed her own feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda were going to be married, they would not want anybody else around! Of course not!

"And what will become of me?" thought Carolyn May chokingly.

All the "emptiness" of the last few months swept over the soul of the little child in a wave that her natural cheerfulness could not withstand. Her anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda was swept away.

The heart of the little child swelled. Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed herself to sleep, the pillow muffling the sounds, more forlorn than ever before since she had come to The Corners.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stagg homestead. She ordered Joseph Stagg not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chef Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"I tell you what it is, Carolyn," Chef drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, may says that Mr. Stagg and Miss Mandy Parlow'll git married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks git married they all go off on a trip. Course they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Stagg will see jest how much value I be to him. Why, he'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.—

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together the observing child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had

## The Brakeman Was Nice, Too, and Brought Her Water in a Paper Cup.

came to The Corners. She had her purse in her pocket, with all her money in it and she had in the bag most of her necessary possessions.

She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly braided. From the pantry she secured some bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She sat on the steps to eat the bread and butter, dividing it with Prince.

"This is such a beautiful place, Princey," she whispered to the mongrel. "We are going to miss it dreadfully, I suppose. But then—Well, we'll have the park. Only you can't run so free there."

Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. Then she unchained the dog and picked up her bag. Prince pranced about her, glad to get his morning run.

The little girl and the dog went out of the gate and started along the road toward Sunrise Cove.

The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to kiss her just once. But she must not think of that! It brought such a "gulpy" feeling into her throat.

Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince until she reached Main street. Then the sun had risen and a few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared anything about her.

At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets, anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming in from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all he business with him.

Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As

she had

the

# POULTRY

## REDUCE WASTE BY CANDLING

**Difficulty in Determining Quality of Certain Classes of Eggs in Commercial Plants.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Although the candling method of determining the quality of eggs in the shell is the best known for commercial grading, recent investigations conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture show that one group of eggs of inferior quality cannot be detected by this system, and that it is inadequate in grading still another group. The investigations, reported in Department Bulletin 702, show that experienced candler and those using extreme care do not make many mistakes in grading eggs. Eggs with green whites and those having a normal appearance but bad odors are not recognizable by candling. White rots, more particularly mixed rots, eggs with yolks slightly stuck to the shell, blood rings and eggs with bloody whites are not always detected, and are included in the group most frequently misclassified by inexperienced or careless workers. Eggs with brown shells or light-colored yolks make detection difficult.

The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip from New York.

The railroad man knew her at once and shook hands most heartily with her.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again." "Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story.

He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—asphalt streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—that she knew. So she told the brakeman she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that telegram told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

The accuracy of candling depends upon the quality of the eggs and the skill of the candler, according to the bulletin. In plants having poor management and poor canders the number of good eggs in the discard sometimes reached 11 dozen to the case. The en-

# GIMMIE'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

## After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of wakefulness that will give employment to the unemployed, and render the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess tillable acres of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a greater demand than ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle industry will be one of the chief developments, and the encouragement of it will lie in the continued high prices that beef products will bring. European countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

In the studies with skilled canders, who candled a number of cases of 30 dozen eggs each, the average proportion of bad eggs misclassified per case varied from 0.2 in fresh starts to 10.7% in very low grade cold-storage eggs.

The percentage of bad eggs which could not be found by recandling ranged from none to 6.83 per cent per case and depended on the grade of the eggs examined. In the commercial candling of 128,587 eggs, 5,985 bad eggs were found, of which 71.65 per cent were recognized by candling and the balance, or 28.35 per cent, were not found until the eggs were opened and examined individually. Then it was observed that the 28.35 per cent was divided between a group of 17.02 per cent bad eggs, which in many instances are distinguishable by candling, and a second group of 11.33 per cent consisting of types of bad eggs which cannot be discovered until the eggs are broken.

The accuracy of candling depends upon the quality of the eggs and the skill of the candler, according to the bulletin. In plants having poor management and poor canders the number of good eggs in the discard sometimes reached 11 dozen to the case. The en-

# HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backache. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor. After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two capsules each day so as to keep in first-class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand, and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.

# Acid-Stomach Makes Millions Suffer

Indigestion—dyspepsia—sour stomach—bloated, gassy stomachs—belching, bloated—feeling stomachs—these are Acid-Stomach.

What a lot of misery they cause! How Acid-Stomach, with its day-after-day sufferings, does take the joy out of life! Not only that—Acid-Stomach is always undermining one's health. Think of what acid does to the teeth—the acid eats through the enamel, causing them to decay. Is it any wonder, then, that Acid-Stomach saps the strength of the strongest bodies and wrecks the health of so many people?

You see ACID-STOMACH victims everywhere, always ailing. They can't tell exactly what is the matter; all they say is, "I don't feel well"—"I'm all in tired, sickly." If they only knew it, nine times out of ten it is Acid-Stomach that is ailing them. It surely makes good digestion difficult, causes food to sour and ferment in the bowels, weakens the blood and fills the system with poisons. It prevents one from getting the full strength out of their food.

Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist TODAY. We authorize him to guarantee EATONIC to please you. If it fails in any way, take it back; he will refund your money. If your druggist does not keep EATONIC, write to us and we will send you a big box. You can send us the box after you receive it. Address H. L. Kramer, President, Eatonon Remedy Company, South Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

# EATONIC

TODAY FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH



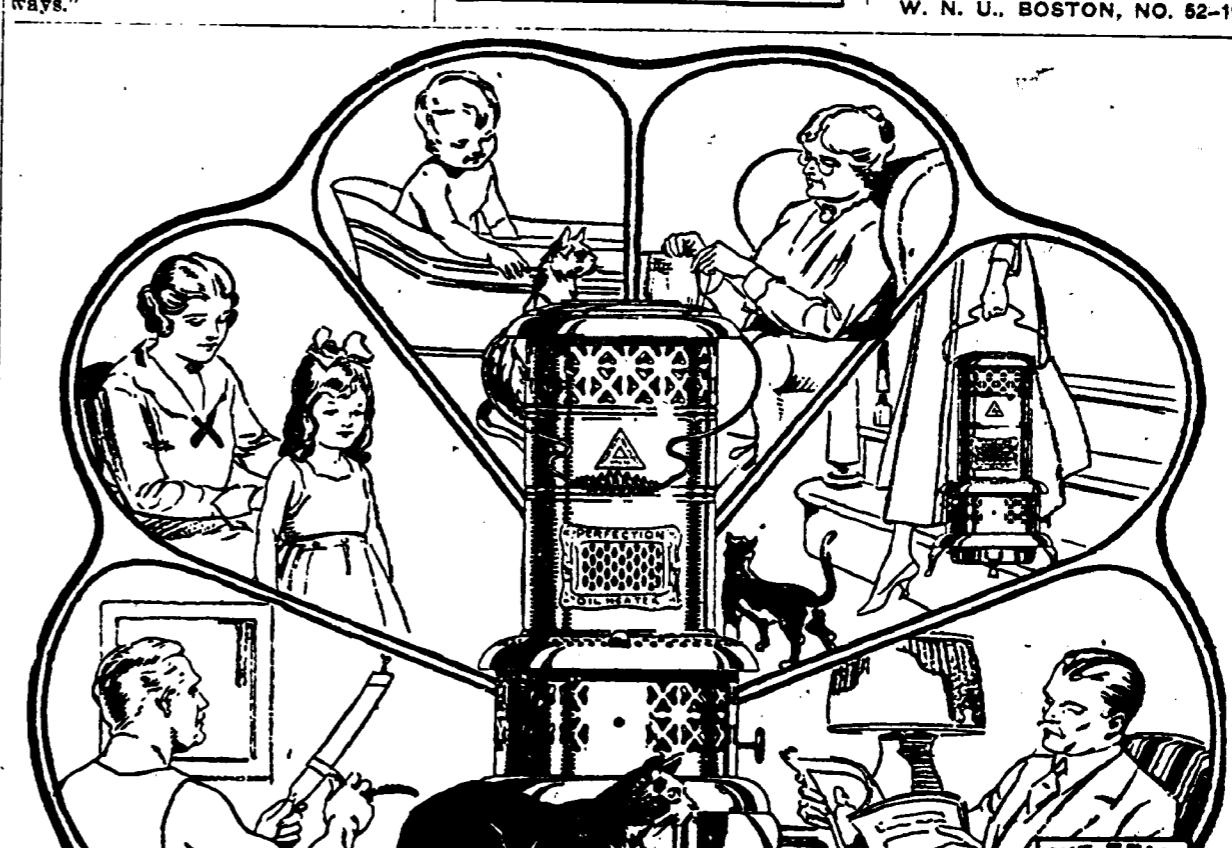
All droppers: Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 50.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 52-1918.

HAY Direct from grower to consumer Bank references and ten years in the business. If you either buy or sell, we will supply you.

Charles T. Foster, Leominster, Mass., and Winn, Mass.

Complete History of World's War Illustrated by stirring photographic battle scenes with scenes of commotions. Agents' outfit free. Send 10c for postage. E. D. Thompson & Co., Publishers Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



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PERFECTION

OIL HEATERS

W. H. CO. INC. NEW YORK CITY

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS</

and Bulk Vines

## ELI H. MARSH CO.

Wholesale Growers in Antrim and  
Montgomery, New York  
Montgomery, New York, and Maine,  
and Boston, Mass.

We would have money for Christmas Presents, and wish to put it into something that will please you, just try our Mail Order Department and write in for information pertaining to the gift you want. You are interested in, and we will quote you some pieces that will please you.

## HOLLY HUMPHREY CO., Dept. Store

Telephone number given to Mail and Telephone Offices  
MONTGOMERY, New Hampshire



Thousands of pieces of spoiling clothes with wet paint in the chairs, swings, or other articles are coated with U. S. N. Deck Paint. Under ordinary conditions it dries hard in twelve hours and remains so. Weather conditions do not affect it, so it never becomes soft and sticky. It can also be repeatedly scrubbed with hot water and soap without injuring its surface.

Thousands of ships on the steel pier at Atlantic City, N. J., are painted with U. S. N. Deck Paint because no other paint has been found that will stand the wear and tear as well.

Many beautiful shades to select from.

FOR SALE BY  
**GUY A. HULETT**  
PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING  
Antrim, N. H.

## KEPT PLEDGE TO SEND BREAD

American Nation Maintained Al-  
lied Loaf Through Self-  
Denial at Home Table.

## AVERTED EUROPEAN DESPAIR

With Military Demands Upon Ocean  
Shipping Relieved, World Is Able  
to Return to Normal White  
Wheat Bread.

Since the advent of the latest wheat crop the only limitation upon American exports to Europe has been the shortage of shipping. Between July 1 and October 10 we shipped 65,980,300 bushels. If this rate should continue until the end of the fiscal year we will have furnished the Allies with more than 237,500,000 bushels of wheat and flour in terms of wheat.

The result of increased production and conservation efforts in the United States has been that with the cessation of hostilities we are able to return to a normal wheat diet. Supplies that have accumulated in Australia, Argentina and other hitherto inaccessible markets may be tapped by ships released from transport service, and European demand for American wheat probably will not exceed our normal surplus. There is wheat enough available to have a white loaf at the common table.

But last year the tale was different. Only by the greatest possible saving and sacrifice were we able to keep a steady stream of wheat and flour moving across the sea. We found ourselves at the beginning of the harvest year with an unusually short crop. Even the most optimistic statisticians figured that we had a bare surplus of 20,000,000 bushels. And yet Europe was facing the probability of a bread famine—and in Europe bread is by far the most important article in the diet.

All of this surplus had left the country early in the fall. We then found

of the year we had managed to ship a little more than 50,000,000 bushels by practicing the utmost economy at home—by wheatless days, wheatless meals, heavy substitution of other cereals and by sacrifice at almost every meal throughout the country.

In January the late Lord Rhondda, then British Food Controller, cabled that only if we sent an additional 75,000,000 bushels before July 1 could he take the responsibility of assuring his people that they would be fed.

The response of the American people was 25,000,000 bushels safely delivered overseas between January 1 and July 1. Out of a harvest which gave us only 20,000,000 bushels surplus, we actually shipped 141,000,000 bushels.

Thus did America fulfill her pledge that the Allied bread rations could be maintained, and already the American people are demonstrating that, with an awakened war conscience, last year's figures will be bettered.

Food control in America held the price of breadstuffs steady, prevented vicious speculation and extortion and preserved tranquillity at home.

In no other nation is there so willing a sense of voluntary self-sacrifice as in America—that was shown in the abstinence from wheat.

Find more wheat, it came; more pork, it came; save sugar, it was done. So Americans answered the challenge of German starvation.

Good will rules the new world as fear governed the old world. Through sharing food America helps make the whole world kin.

### Patriot's Plenty

Buy less—Serve less  
Eat only 3 meals a day  
Waste nothing  
Your guests will cheerfully share simple fare

Be Proud to be  
a food saver

ANTRIM, N. H.—(Continued from page 1)  
A number of men from the town are now in the service, and many more are likely to go. The town is doing its best to help those who are serving.

I consider that I owe a debt to "Patriot's Plenty" and I am sending them with thanks from me and the Committee on Patriotic Work.

—John C. Dyer, Chairman  
Committee on Patriotic Work

ANTRIM, N. H.—(Continued from page 1)

ANTRIM, N. H.—(Continued from page 1)  
The Reporter is privileged to publish this week a letter from a Washington boy in France, with some of his experiences at the front.

Chas. D. White,  
Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Father:

Well, this is father's day in the Army and every soldier can write to his dad and tell him all about what he has been doing in France, so I will give you a rough outline of what I have been doing while over here.

Chas. D. White,  
Nov. 24, 1918.

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We Have Had the  
Most Prosperous Year in the  
History of Our Business  
and We Thank You!

THE H. H. BARBER CO.

Wishes Every Family in Antrim and  
Vicinity a Most Happy Christmas and  
Prosperous New Year, and Many of  
Them.

You that have money for Christmas Presents and wish to  
put it into something that will please you, just try our Mail  
Order Department and write in for information pertaining  
to the merchandise you are interested in and we will quote  
you some prices that will please you.

H. H. Barber Co. Dept. Store

Special Attention given to Mail and Telephone Orders  
MILFORD, New Hampshire



There's no danger of spoiling clothes with  
wet paint if the chairs, swings, or other articles  
are coated with U. S. N. Deck Paint.  
Under ordinary conditions it dries hard in  
twelve hours and remains so. Weather con-  
ditions do not affect it, so it never becomes  
soft and sticky. It can also be repeatedly  
scrubbed with hot water and soap without in-  
juring its surface.

Thousands of chairs on the steel pier at  
Atlantic City, N. J., are painted with U. S. N.  
Deck Paint because no other paint has been  
found that will stand the wear and tear as well.

Many beautiful shades to select from.  
FOR SALE BY

GUY A. HULETT  
PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING  
Antrim, N. H.

## KEPT PLEDGE TO SEND BREAD

American Nation Maintained Al-  
lied Loaf Through Self-  
Denial at Home Table.

### AVERTED EUROPEAN DESPAIR

With Military Demands Upon Ocean  
Shipping Relieved, World Is Able  
to Return to Normal White  
Wheat Bread.

Since the advent of the latest wheat  
crop the only limitation upon Ameri-  
can exports to Europe has been the  
shortage of shipping. Between July 1  
and October 10 we shipped 65,180,307  
bushels. If this rate should continue  
until the end of the fiscal year we will  
have furnished the Allies with more  
than 237,500,000 bushels of wheat and  
flour in terms of wheat.

The result of increased production  
and conservation efforts in the United  
States has been that with the cessation  
of hostilities we are able to re-  
turn to a normal wheat diet. Supplies  
that have accumulated in Australia,  
Argentina and other hitherto inaccessible  
markets may be tapped by ships  
released from transport service, and  
European demand for American wheat  
probably will not exceed our normal  
surplus. There is wheat enough avail-  
able to have a white loaf at the com-  
mon table.

But last year the tale was different.  
Only by the greatest possible saving  
and sacrifice were we able to keep a  
steady stream of wheat and flour moving  
across the sea. We found ourselves at the beginning of the harvest  
year with an unusually short crop.  
Even the most optimistic statisticians  
figured that we had a bare surplus of  
20,000,000 bushels. And yet Europe  
was facing the probability of a bread  
famine—and in Europe bread is by far  
the most important article in the diet.

All of this surplus had left the  
country early in the fall. By the first

of the year we had managed to ship a  
little more than 50,000,000 bushels by  
practicing the utmost economy at  
home—by wheatless days, wheatless  
meals, heavy substitution of other  
cereals and by sacrifice at almost  
every meal throughout the country.

In January the late Lord Rhondda,  
then British Food Controller, cabled that only if we sent an additional 75,-  
000,000 bushels before July 1 could he  
take the responsibility of assuring his  
people that they would be fed.

The response of the American people  
was \$5,000,000 bushels safely deliv-  
ered overseas between January 1 and  
July 1. Out of a harvest which gave us  
only 20,000,000 bushels surplus we  
actually shipped 141,000,000 bushels.

Thus did America fulfill her pledge  
that the Allied bread rations could be  
maintained, and already the American  
people are demonstrating that, with an  
awakened war conscience, last  
year's figures will be bettered.

Food control in America held the  
price of breadstuffs steady, prevented  
vicious speculation and extortion and  
preserved tranquillity at home.

In no other nation is there so willing  
a sense of voluntary self-sacrifice as  
in America—that was shown in the  
abstinence from wheat.

Find more wheat, it came; more  
pork, it came; save sugar, it was done.  
So Americans answered the challenge  
of German starvation.

Good will rules the new world as  
fear governed the old world. Through  
sharing food America helps make the  
whole world kin.

### Patriot's Plenty

Buy less—Serve less  
Eat only 3 meals a day  
Waste nothing  
Your guests will cheer-  
fully share simple fare

Be Proud to be  
a food saver

## INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION

### Quickly Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

Roxbury, P. O.

"I suffered for many years with  
terrible Indigestion and Constipation.  
A neighbor advised "Fruit-a-tives"  
(or Fruit Liver Tablets). I tried  
them. To the surprise of my doctor,  
I began to improve and he advised  
me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives".

I consider that I owe my life to  
"Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to  
those who suffer from Indigestion,  
Constipation or Headaches—try  
"Fruit-a-tives" and you will get well".

CORINE GAUDREAU.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.00, trial size 25c.  
At dealers or from FRUIT-A-TIVES  
Limited, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

### CHRISTMAS LETTER

#### Captain Will Knowles Writes Few Experiences

The Reporter is privileged to pub-  
lish this week a letter from a Ben-  
nington boy, in France, with some of  
his experiences at the front:

Chatillon-Sur-Siene,  
Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Father:

Well, this is father's day in the  
Army and every soldier can write to  
his Dad and tell him all about what  
he has been doing in France, so I will  
give you a rough outline of my history  
while over here. I will start back  
last year when I sailed from New York  
on the White Star Line Baltic, went  
to Halifax and then to Liverpool, Eng.,  
then over to Southampton, and across  
the channel to Le Havre, France.  
Arrived in France Oct. 31, 1917, stayed  
there one day, then took the train to  
Neufchateau—that's over near  
Nancy—stayed there until last of Jan-  
uary and then we were ready to make  
history. We entrained and went up  
to the French Front north of Soissons.  
That's the place I got my first baptism  
of fire, when I was laying a buried  
cable. I had 50 Signal men and 300  
Infantrymen working for me. I will  
not go into detail for it is a long sto-  
ry, but we staid there until the mid-  
dle of March and then went to the  
Sector north of Toul, where we staid  
until the last part of June; then they  
sent us to Chateau Thirry where we  
relieved the Marines in Bellegem Woods,  
and then we attacked July 18 when  
the big advance started. We staid in  
until July 26 and were relieved and sent  
to the rear for replacements. That  
was when I went to Paris for 48 hours.

We had pretty heavy losses in Chateau  
Thirry; one company in the regiment  
that was made up of Maine, New  
Hampshire, and Vermont went into  
the fight with over 200 men and came  
out with about 19 men. It was in  
this fight that I saw the real horrors  
of the war. I was a busy man run-  
ning my telephone lines, in my detach-  
ment. I had only two men wounded  
so we were lucky. You can set me  
down as being in the "2nd Battle of  
the Marne." Well, to continue, we  
were in rest three weeks when we  
were ordered up to the St. Mihiel Sec-  
tor, and we took part in that scrap  
which was sure some success. The  
Boche had held this ground for 4 years,  
and from the looks of things, he in-  
tended to keep it, but the Americans  
changed his mind. There were a lot  
of souvenirs around after that fight,  
but we could not carry them. I al-  
most got a mighty good pair of high  
boots that belonged to an officer, but  
when I went to pick them up I found  
a leg in one of them so I decided I  
didn't want them. Well, after driv-  
ing the Boche back about 7 miles we  
stopped and held them there until Oct.  
5, 1918, when we were relieved and  
sent to Verdun, and about the 10th of  
October went into the fight a few miles  
north of Verdun, and believe me, if  
that place they call H— is any worse  
than where we were, the Kaiser has a  
hard time ahead of him.

On October 15 at 4:55 p. m. I  
came as near not being here to write  
this letter as ever I want to be again.  
You see I even have the time right to  
the minute. I went ahead to a place  
which was going to be our headquar-  
ters. I mean Brigade Headquarters,  
for I was with them and I was up on  
a hill looking for a dugout, when the  
Boch threw over a salvo of about 15  
shells; these salvoes come all at once  
so there is no ducking or running be-  
cause they are just as apt to run into  
one, so I lay down to avoid the shell  
fragments. I was covered with dirt  
afterwards, but that was all; but I had  
made up my mind that if there was a  
dugout around I had better get into it,  
so I started to look for one on the  
double time, and had not gone far  
when I heard some more coming and I  
hit the ground again, and of course  
escaped. I finally found the blasted  
dugout and waited until I thought it

was safe to go in.

Mrs. Wilkins has returned from a  
two weeks visit with her daughter in  
Meribor.

War Savings Stamps will be sold  
after January 1st, but they will cost

you more. Buy Now!

Henry W. Wilson, Esq., was in  
Concord and Leconta Saturday, on a  
business trip.

Walter Cleary is at home, having  
been discharged from a course of mil-

## BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

### Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington  
at 8:00 o'clock

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 25

Edith Storey stars in

"The Eyes of Mystery"

5 Reel Drama

Ree Comedy

Saturday Evening, Dec. 28

"The Crown of Destiny"

5 Reel Drama

"Bull's Eye"—Chap. 7

was enough to go down the hill  
and I guessed right. I have been un-  
der shell fire lots of times but never  
got into a place where they dumped  
so much iron at once.

On October 20 my captain got  
gassed and sent to the hospital, so I  
was called into take charge of the  
company. Their headquarters were at  
Verdun—but I had to go out to an  
advance Signal dump, located at the  
entrance of what we called Death Val-  
ley, and we had to keep the telephone  
lines going, and this was almost an  
impossibility.

On Oct. 22 I was made a Captain,  
and Oct. 23 I was ordered to a Signal  
School at Chatillon-Sur-Siene where I  
am now; have one more week to do  
here; and then I don't know where  
they will send me. They were going  
to keep me here as an instructor but  
they have changed their minds for I  
am not what you call a model student;

—not but what I can do the work for  
I have been doing it for a year at  
the front and it's so easy that I have  
a lot of time to myself, and so naturally  
I kind of take the attention of the  
other officers from their studies. Most  
of the other officers have just come  
over. But what do they expect of a  
fellow who has been living a rough  
life for months in places where a fel-  
low is alive today and may be dead  
tomorrow, I have got good and rested  
up now, and am ready for anything.  
Hope I am lucky enough to get a com-  
pany that is headed toward the United  
States. I have bought a new shirt and  
cap, not one of those blamed overseas  
caps but a real U. S. officer's cap so  
when I make my appearance in Ben-  
nington I will look like a soldier.

Well, I have given you a few names  
of places you can look up on the map,  
and I will save my hair-raising tales  
and lies until I get home so will close  
now, with the season's greetings to  
you all, and hope you are all enjoying  
good health as I am myself.

Your loving son,

Will.

### EAST ANTRIM

Chas. D. White was a Massachusetts  
visitor last week.

Mrs. Graves has been on the sick  
list; Mr. Warner attended to the  
stock.

Warren Coombs has a 175 pound  
buck deer as a reward for a week's  
hunting.

A. D. White has returned from a  
few days' visit in Manchester and  
Portsmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, of Til-  
ton, spent a portion of last week with  
E. G. Rokes and family.

### NORTH BRANCH

W. K. Flint and family are spend-  
ing the holidays at the Flint Farm.

Mrs. H. B. Estey was at Hillsboro  
recently on business.

Mrs. M. M. Russell, who has been  
seriously ill with pneumonia, is re-  
ported to be on the gain.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Toward are  
enjoying the holidays at Worcester,  
Mass., with friends and relatives.

Special exercises were held by the  
children at the school house Tuesday  
afternoon; a few invited guests were  
present and a very fine time was en-  
joyed by all.

### CLINTON VILLAGE

The Wheeler children are all at  
home again. Mr. Wheeler is able to  
be out of doors, after ten weeks of  
sickness.

Miss Amy Butterfield, who has been  
sick with influenza, came home last  
week and will remain till after the  
vacation.

Mrs. Wilkins has returned from a  
two weeks visit with her daughter in  
Meribor.

War Savings Stamps will be sold  
after January 1st, but they will cost

you more. Buy Now!

Prin. Orrin E. Decker of the Gram-  
mar school is spending the week at  
his home in Paris, Me.

Schools are closed for the annual  
Christmas vacation of one week, and  
will reopen Monday, Dec. 30.

Edith Storey in "The Eyes of My-  
stery" is the Christmas show at the  
pictures. Don't fail to see it.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cady are en-  
tertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byles  
and children, from Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. Ruth Wilson and Miss Anne  
Kimbball, of Boston, are guests of

H. W. Wilson and family for over the  
holiday.

I have plenty of green hard wood  
for sale at \$7.50 per cord; also dry  
wood at going price. Green wood is  
available to advance Feb. 1.

George S. Wheeler, Antrim.

Get Content in Field Days

Geo. D. DROPS

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT.  
A Vegetable Preparation  
simulating the Effect of  
the Stimulants and Balsams  
of INFLANT'S CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion  
Cheerfulness and Rest  
without Opium, Morphine nor  
Mineral, NOT NARCOTIC

Dosage of 10 DROPS

Helpful Remedy for  
Constipation and Diarrhea  
and Feverishness and  
Loss of SLEEP

resulting therefrom—inability

To State Signature of

Ch. H. H. H. NEW YORK

At 6 Months Old