

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1926

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Are you thinking of a new Oil Stove this Summer? We have a good assortment of the leading makes. The Florence people have a new model this year with a new oversized Triple Power 15 inch Florence Burner, which gives all the heat needed for the new model Oven with the Door on the end; has an inside capacity as great as that of an ordinary Two-burner Oven, but occupies much less space on the Stove. We also have the One-burner Florence Hot Water Heater, with the new Florence 15 inch Burner; it is wickless and valveless and altogether dependable.

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This is the week that our new Club is starting.
Whether you can enjoy a vacation this year or not, be sure to have funds for next year.

Classes to suit all.

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THE ANTRIM REPORTER
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YOU SHOULD HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN

A Townsman Who Knows What He Is Talking About Tells
Why Flowers Should Be More Generally Grown

Installment No. 14

Now is the time of the fragrant pink Azaleas, so common in edges of our woodlands, and along the road-sides. This is Azalea canadensis, and one of the most beautiful and pleasingly fragrant of all flowers. Let us stop and consider before we pick them, or allow others to do so on our property.

They make a most beautiful house decoration, but when we gather them, let us use care in the gathering, that we spare as much as possible the plants from which we take them, giving thought to leave a shapely plant. Let us not, for a moment's pleasure, break down or uproot whole bushes, and carry them home by the careful or even in great armfuls. A few well-arranged bunches will give as much pleasure as a houseful, and our care will help preserve one of the very best of all shrubs. These plants grow slowly and a moment's ruthless breaking may take the plant years to repair.

We should have the same care for the Mountain Laurel, which will soon be with us again, and which holds a place in our hearts which no other flower can fill. Both of these shrubs do well in cultivation, but bear in mind, this is not the

time to move them. The azaleas may be moved successfully in spring until the leaf buds begin to break, and the laurel until about June first. Both need careful work in digging, and the laurel especially should be moved with a ball of earth, wrapped in burlap as soon as dug, so as to keep the ball intact, and the roots from drying. Digging should not be attempted unless there is a good chance to get the roots in a ball of earth.

In choosing a position for setting, carefully imitate nature, if you expect the best success. Both of these shrubs need partial shade. The bed in which they are to be set should be dug out two and a half or three feet deep and filled with leaf mold, and the first few inches of wood's earth. Never put manure into the earth into which this class of plants is set. A light sprinkling of bone meal mixed with the earth will benefit, and a good mulch of forest leaves is good at any time, especially in the fall. These should not be taken away in the spring, but allowed to rot where they are, or if one objects to the unsightly appearance of the leaves, they may be removed in spring and a light layer of leaf mold put in their place.

HAROLD L. BROWN.

LETTER FROM ANTRIM MAN IN CALIFORNIA

Some Interesting Statements which will be Read by All and
Enjoyed by Our Many Subscribers

Santa Barbara, Cal.,
June 2, 1926

Dear Friends:

There is one motto or inscription on the wall high up over the reading room in the Library of Congress which I have thought about many times this winter, as we have seen some of the interesting places in different states.

"We taste the spices of India but never feel the burning heat which brings them forth" is the one I have in mind, as we went through Texas and stopped at comfortable hotels after an easy ride in the cars.

Who of the present generation knows of the difference in the comfort of travel since Mr. Nesmith pioneered in that state some years ago?

Some one had to live in the great Tonto valley, in Arizona, as Mrs. Hattie Fuller did before the fine roads and the great motor busses made the trip so comfortable past the cliff dwellers' strange houses and the world famous Roosevelt dam.

If some of you ever have the chance to see the moving picture entitled "When Tony Runs Wild," by Tom Mix and his company, please remember that we chanced to see the company when they were on location in the Tonto region and that Mrs. Fuller can tell you about the strange wild country.

When in Texas we stopped over Sunday at Houston, where the hotel was as large and as comfortable as any in Boston, and where now the great ocean steamers come up the river to that lively and growing city in the river, which has been dredged out to accommodate them, so that Houston is one of the big shipping ports of America, although fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

Savannah, Georgia, is eighteen miles from the sea and New Orleans, La., is 100 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi river.

There is an inscription on a sun dial in the garden of the hotel at the beautiful Lake Mohonk, N. Y., which reads something like this: "I record your sunny hours; let others tell of storms and showers." We have seen at least two similar dials in the gardens of the wealthy people in the vicinity of Santa Barbara this winter, as the public are allowed to visit these wonderful gardens once in awhile on certain designated days and when the Garden Club issues a permit for that day only.

Thus we have the chance to enjoy the places without the expense of

maintaining them, but the point I wish to make is the fact that so many people out this way without hesitation tell of the wonders of the climate and scenery, and never mention the fogs and the fleas, and, and, and—Oh, I beg your pardon, for I must not transgress the western custom.

Will stop long enough to say that it is fortunate that California is the second largest state in the Union, having I think about 156,000 square miles of land, or there would be too many ants, and even now there are certain "congested districts" when the ants are on the march.

A man and his wife called on us recently and the lady brought Mrs. Goodell a beautiful bouquet of gladiolas, which now adorn our table, and you can imagine our surprise to find on one of the stalks a snail which had arrived unnoticed and you can imagine the size of the flower stalk.

Speaking of flowers makes me think that we went one day last month to Lompoc (Lompoke) about fifty miles north, to see the flowers in blossom there.

It is said that about 90% of the mustard supply of the world comes from this valley and that now there are about 1500 acres in blossom. Surely it is a strange sight to look over the top of mustard stalks so thick that it is like a forest of small trees, and every stalk perhaps four feet high carrying bright yellow blossoms, and to see field after field of from forty to fifty acres each.

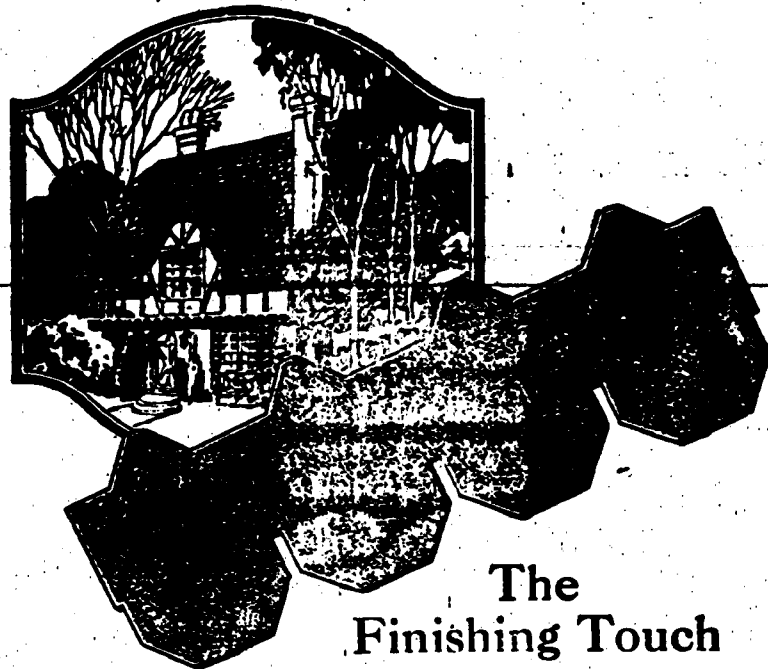
In the same town are about 300 acres of sweet peas which are grown for seed, as the climate here seems to be the best to be found, and so far no fertilizer has been needed.

All the sweet pea seed sold by W. Atlee Burpee, of Philadelphia, is raised here and there are other seed companies as well which have seed farms near by.

A new experience for us, to ride along a field a quarter of a mile long and nearly as wide, as measured by our speedometer, all full of sweet peas. Mr. Buckman, the manager of the Burpee farm, very courteously took the time to ride with us around and between the fields of various colored peas, and to explain how they crossed the colors to produce almost any shade desired.

We found it difficult to appreciate the size of it all, but when I asked how the threshing was done Mr. Buckman said that crews of men

Continued on fifth page



The Finishing Touch

The finishing touch to the exterior of your home is the roof—the roof that must afford you perfect shelter and at the same time be an element of beauty.

Cover your roof with Ruberoid Strip-shingles. They have the same lasting qualities as Ruberoid Roll-roofing that has stood the test on thousands of roofs during the past thirty years; they are economical, for, due to their patented shape, there is a saving in original cost and application.

The old tones, of rich Indian red

and cool sage green, of the crushed natural slate finish give a generally soft effect to the color of the roof as a whole. The cut corners give a rugged appearance to the shingle butts which, together with the extra thickness, impart a massive appearance to the roof.

Another striking feature of Ruberoid Strip-shingles is the varied designs in which you may lay them by either combining the colors or reversing the steps.

Come in and see the new Ruberoid Strip-shingles and secure an attractive folder showing in color some of the many attractive designs.

RU-BER-OLD
strip-shingles

Sold by ARTHUR W. PROCTOR, Antrim, N. H.

DON'T FORGET!

Second Day Auction Sale

OF

B. L. Brooks' Personal Property, at his home on Concord St., Antrim, on

FRIDAY, JUNE 18th,

1926, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Having sold much of the cheaper class of advertised goods, and the Antiques, there remains now the Best Part of the goods for this sale, including Dishes and Pantry Goods, Furniture, Wagons, Sleighs, Farming Tools, Barn Goods, Wood, etc. Come early and get some of the bargains.

Carl H. Muzzey, Auctioneer

Day's Cash Market

Quality and Service Guaranteed

Jameson Block, Antrim, N. H.

Phone 65-11

The Wife-Ship Woman

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Kings of the Missouri," "Pay Gravel," "A Virginia Scout," etc.

Copyright by Hugh Pendexter—1922-1923.

WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

She had difficulty in adjusting some of the hedge to her liking, and her voice was so low I could scarcely hear it as she said:

"I told you once that should you feel the same as you did that time on the river—that second time on the second river—there could be no harm. Ah, I put shame on myself to speak more."

"And I repeat I am a very foolish man and must have love where I love," I stammered.

"Such a hard man!" she sighed, with a quick uplift of her eyes; and I could swear she was laughing at me.

"You brought me here to have me propose marriage to you?" I bluntly demanded.

"It is shameful to make me say that. But it is true," she mumbled. Even then I feared she was sacrificing herself to me because of some absurd sense of gratitude.

"But your pride—" she fiercely cried, clutching both my hands, and turning eyes filled with tears for my inspection. Then humbly:

"Does monsieur find pride in me now? Or does he find a poor, homeless, homesick girl with no friends, no people?"

My arms would have closed about her slim form had she not had a second thought. Withdrawing from me and holding her head high and haughty she accused me:

"You dared to think wrong of me on that island off Biloxi! You dared to think weakness of me because I came on that terrible ship! Not a word, monsieur! I will listen to no defense!"

As poor Joe Labrador would have said, "Ah, that Mademoiselle Dahisgarde!" In her moods she was as irresponsible as a butterfly, and as irresistible as a sunbeam. I lied bravely and sternly, and severely lectured her for presuming to read my thoughts and then to convict me on whatever conclusions she might happen to form. The rigidity of her pose gradually relaxed while I talked. By the time I had finished a discourse on the evilness of "pride" she was quite limp. And when for the third time I asked her to marry me she did not refuse.

Our wedding was two weeks old and I was still as ardent a believer in fairytales as any Frenchman. Then my host demanded my attention, and informed me that the man who was so insistent on seeing Mrs. Brampton was again calling.

"I believe the fellow must be crazy, William, but it's for you to dispose of him. He bothered her some before you came."

I vowed I would scalp him, and directed the butler to bring him into the rose-garden back of the house. He came, and behold he was the man who had yelled to me as I furiously galloped up the plantation road in search of a wife. What was more astonishing he was Jules Mattor, my boatman when I escaped from Passagoula bay.

I sternly inquired his business with Mrs. Brampton, and with much squirming and twisting, he told me how he had brought her a message from Biloxi. It being written by no one less than his excellency, Sieur de Blenville.

"And, monsieur, I have waited six weeks, and she will give me no answer to carry back. If I go without an answer his excellency will believe I did not do his business, and he will use a hard hand. Mademoiselle would not give me an answer. Cannot monsieur, who is so big and strong, induce madame to write just a word?"

I sent a boy to fetch Mrs. Brampton. As she entered the garden and beheld Mattor she smiled slightly, but there was nothing but happiness in her face.

"Madame, this man, Jules Mattor, says he brought you a message from Sieur de Blenville and fears he will be punished if he returns without an answer."

"So?" she softly answered. "Then he should have an answer. And has monsieur, my husband, been told what the message contained?"

"I doubt if the messenger knows. I certainly have not asked him."

I turned aside and became interested in a rosebush. With a swish of skirts she was at my side and explaining:

"They found out directly after I sailed. Word came by the very boat which followed the Mairie, the very boat Blenville went out to the island to meet that night you escaped from Biloxi. Think of it! That very night Blenville had his orders from my uncle, the marquis, and if you had been a day late they would have bundled me back to France and you would have no little wife to make you happy this day."

I gaped at her stupidity and muttered:

"The trail is very blind, madame. I find a sign here and there."

"Foolish one! I knew it would come in time. That was why I was determined to marry you before you learned the truth."

"Aye? Well, you did it."

"Because I feared that once you learned the truth your silly English pride would send you back to the terrible forest, and that abominable river, and I would return to France, or stay here unwed. Here is the message. Read it."

She pulled a paper from the bosom of her gown; but I refused it, suggesting that she tell me what she would. She settled herself primly on a rustic settee and made an imperious little gesture for me to be seated.

"It is like this, my love. My mother was a de Baude, a distant kinswoman of Comte de Frontenac."

"Tride!" I exclaimed, beginning to understand.

"Her family would have none of her because she married a Dahisgarde. After both she and my father died an uncle was named as my guardian. He is a friend of Monsieur le Regent, and being a marquis and having great wealth, he is a very sad dog. His tastes and Monsieur le Regent's are the same. The two plan to marry me to an execrable creature, who has much gold, a great family

"Very good. I am glad it is cleared up. Nothing from those experiences can ever come into your life to make you sad."

She rose and asked:

"Are there no questions, my dear?"

"No questions, sweetheart."

She glanced down at the letter and laughed aloud as a child does when immensely pleased.

"Ciel! But I forgot Sieur de Blenville's letter! I have told you nothing of it. I must have no secrets from my husband. It seems his orders are to place me on the first ship returning to France. He is much concerned to have me go back. Monsieur le Regent is vastly interested; and that means Monsieur L'as will do anything to get me back."

"D—n them all! All France can't get you back!" I cried.

"O—o—o!" and she drew back in a pantomime of fear. "Such terrible words my husband speaks! But his excellency writes most polite. He the same as says I shall dictate my own future. A ship will take me from Charles Town, or Pensacola, as I wish. It is arranged with the English government that I may go in an English ship, if I wish. I am warned not to return by way of the river, as it would be too dangerous. You should feel very proud to find me a woman of so much importance. Now you know all. Will you keep me?"

"Against all Europe!" I told the top of her head.

She struggled free and cried:

"But you never ask about the old pirate. Such a polite husband! I know you of curiosity. He was an undergardener at my uncle's country place. He saw me steal away from home, and he followed me. He was a very wicked old man. He followed me on board the ship, planning to make a fortune out of my disappearance. He knew there would be a great search and a big sum in gold offered. He would wait in the new world till he could drive the best bargain; then he would betray me. He was very wicked."

It was all told. I felt humble and meek, but took care it should not show. So I urged her to get rid of Mattor by sending an answer to Blenville.

"Ma foi! As your wife I think it would be better for Mr. Brampton to write the answer," she replied. "Else why did I keep this poor man waiting until you came here and married me?"

We've traveled far together since those old brave days, and many of the myths have been killed out of the valley. A miracle she never wears of contemplating is our twin boys. I called them English and she flared up and declared them to be French, and before I could join the issue she was in tears, and saying they were neither French nor English, but were Americans. And so she brought them up to consider themselves. A second miracle she could scarcely comprehend was their astounding growth until they were my equal in stature. And her pride! It towered above all other pride she had ever felt, as the heavens overtop an ant-hill. Their obedience and reverence when with their mother was very beautiful for me to watch. As they became Americans and carried her along with them I ceased calling myself English; for one must go with one's folks, or else feel very lonely.

Narbonne and Labrador; Six Fingers and Damoon the Fox. The good and the bad. Yet somehow the mighty river utilized both elements to give me my wife. And I wonder if its other seemingly blind purposes may not contain some hidden good for those who ultimately build cabins in the valley.

[THE END]

Unhappiness in Wake of Avoidable Worry

The thing which causes us to worry is either something that can be remedied, or can't. The thing to do is to look it squarely in the face. Swallow an unpleasant truth or so if necessary, but get down to the issue, is the advice of the Montreal Family Herald.

If the cause cannot be changed, there is only one thing to do—don't think about it. Force yourself to shut it out of your consciousness. Just close your mind to it, and let the blow fall when and where it will. Since you can't stop it, you might at least save your strength for the finish.

But most of our worries are avoidable. We worry because we suddenly think, two hours after we left the house, that we maybe didn't turn off

the electric iron in the kitchen, or because we have a house full of company in the evening and nothing seems ready, or because the children won't eat their vegetables, but will fill up candy, or any number of small things that are the result of our own carelessness or our inattention to duty.

Many Kinds of Oaks

There are 300 kinds of oak trees having vastly different characteristics, but they have one common feature, and that is they all produce acorns. The white oak is so called because it has a rather white bark, while the black oak's bark is quite dark, black to all intents and purposes during the "wood age." Live oak was always preferred for shipbuilding and for heavy duty, but just why it was named "live" is a matter of doubt.

At one time the island of Nantucket was covered with live oaks, but the land was denuded of this timber years ago during the whaling activities, when several shipbuilding yards flourished on the island and a great fleet of whalers was built there.

Forest fires last year burned over 30,000,000 acres of ground—an area greater than that of New England.



"You Brought Me Here to Have Me Propose Marriage to You?" I Bluntly Demanded.

THE LOOT!

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Pirate of the Gulf

ALTHOUGH he was a native of France, Jean Lafitte is regarded as a strictly American pirate, and down along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico there is some element of pride in that claim. In the state capitol at Baton Rouge, La., hangs a large oil painting of Andrew Jackson's famous victory at New Orleans, and in the thickest of the fight, directing the work of a battery, is a gigantic figure which is pointed out to the visitor with pride as "Jean Lafitte, the pirate."

His was a romantic career, and although there are enough gaps in the record to make him something of a man of mystery, sufficient is known about him to make an interesting and picturesque figure in American history. Natives of Bordeaux, Jean Lafitte and his brother, Pierre, came to New Orleans early in the Nineteenth century and followed their trade of blacksmiths. Gradually they drifted into the smuggling trade which was not then looked upon as a very serious crime. This was followed by the even more lucrative trade of slave running, after the importation of slaves into this country was forbidden in 1808, and Lafitte soon became the head of a veritable slave runner trust.

He established headquarters at a town named Barataria on Grand Terre Island off the coast of Louisiana, and from this comes the famous name of Baratarian pirates as applied to those who plied their trade in the Gulf of Mexico. In 1813 the Baratarians, because their smuggling and other operations became so notorious, were publicly proclaimed as pirates by the governor of Louisiana, who secured the indictment of Jean Lafitte and his brother. They retained the best lawyers in the state and were acquitted.

At about this time Carthagen (now a part of Colombia) and other South American republics were at war with Spain and began commissioning privateers to prey upon Spanish commerce. Lafitte had an old grudge against the Spaniards to satisfy, and he gladly accepted such a commission. It was partly on account of his deeds as a privateer that he fell into disfavor with the governor of Louisiana, although he always declared that he never preyed upon English, French or American shipping, and he proudly claimed that he was an American. He justified his right to call himself this by refusing to accept a commission from the British at the opening of the War of 1812 and offering his services to General Jackson. They were accepted and the pirate leader served valorously at the Battle of New Orleans, as previously noted. Lafitte drops out of history after the war until 1823, when a British warship captured a pirate ship with a crew of 60 men. Among those who fell fighting was the famous pirate of the gulf, Jean Lafitte.

The Utopian Pirate Republic

NO SOONER had Captain Misson and his lieutenant, Caraccioli, set out under the white flag for the strange career of piracy in history, than they had a chance to put their policy of "piracy without tears" into practice. They captured an English sloop, and after helping themselves to some rum and a few other articles which they needed, they let the amazed Britishers go without further trouble. In return the English gave these strange pirates three rousing cheers at parting.

After this, Misson sailed to the coast of Africa where he took a Dutch ship laden with gold dust and slaves. Such an opportunity could not be passed up, so Captain Misson gave his crew a long harangue on the evils of slavery. In fact, that became a regular part of his procedure. His captives were invariably forced to listen to a long-winded sermon before they were released and sent on their way. That did not prevent his making his operations profitable, however, for these gentle pirates always helped themselves to whatever they liked in the cargoes of the ships they stopped. From one English vessel they took the sum of 60,000 pounds sterling.

Misson next sailed to an island in the Indian ocean to make his home. Here he married the sister of the dusky queen, while Caraccioli took for his bride her niece. After several years of pirating from this base, Misson transferred his men to a sheltered bay in Madagascar, where he established a colony on socialist lines and named it Libertatia. Everything was held in common and a form of government arranged with Misson as "Lord Conservator." Caraccioli became secretary of state, and the famous Captain Tew, an English pirate, who joined Misson was made admiral of the fleet. The council was made up of the ablest of the pirates without discrimination as to race or color.

There for many years this pirate Utopia where any gentle-souled pirates might have "some place to call their own; and a Receipt, when Agony or Wounds had rendered them incapable of Hardship, where they might enjoy the Fruits of their Labor, and go to their Graves in Peace," flourished. But eventually the hostility of the natives brought trouble down upon Libertatia, and Misson and a few survivors were forced to seek safety on board a ship. This vessel foundered in a hurricane and Misson and all of the crew were drowned.

THE VAMPIRE NEXT DOOR

By MARY B. WOODSON

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

CRISSA Crane drew back quickly from the window as Crane looked up. Her eyes were hard and sharp.

"It's a shame," she snapped, viciously. "We've never had anything like that before in these apartments."

Crane moved uneasily. It was getting to be rather an old story.

"Aw, shucks!" he grunted, after the fashion of husbands.

"I don't care," said Crissa Crane.

"It's getting worse and worse. That woman is awful. Why, she must be forty if she's a day—"

"Supposing she is, can't she love all the same?" Crane was facetious. But Crissa Crane's eyes were harder, her lips tighter.

"Well, if she's going to have affairs," she snapped, "she might at least choose men old enough to look out for themselves."

"Men!" Crane smiled crookedly. "Why, they don't make 'em any older than they are at twenty or so—"

Crissa Crane dropped into a chair and rocked violently a minute.

"College boys! Every last one of 'em," she said. "Why they racket in there week-ends like they owned the place, and they stay all hours, and one of 'em camps there all the time—"

"Aw, for Pete's sake!" Crane smoked hard suddenly. "I've never seen anything out of the way. She always seems just jolly to me—the sort of woman boys would like to frolic with—college widow stuff. She's awfully good-natured, always smiling—except once when I caught her crying in the hall, accidentally. She wasn't pretty then and—it hurts yet. Let's let her alone—"

"Let her alone?" Crissa Crane stormed. "Of course we won't let her alone. She's a married woman—and well, we've simply never had people like that without tangible husbands and we're not going to now. Even if there's no harm in what she does it looks bad, and either she gets out or we do, that's all—with her bobbed hair and her painted face and fixing herself up like she was twenty—"

"And looking it," interposed Crane.

"Well, yes, and looking it. But that makes it worse than ever. Fooling those boys, romping around like a high school kid, and forty if she's a day. As soon as I knew she had a mystery and was an actress, I said look out—"

"And did," grinned Crane with a swift glance at the window where Crissa had stood and peered.

A hard, bright red burned in Crissa's face.

"Somebody's got to look after the morals of this place," she said stubbornly.

Ostentatiously, Crane relighted his cigar and opened his paper, but Crissa was only started.

"Alice Moyer was here yesterday when this certain boy that stays came," she said acidly. "And she recognized him at once. He's young Gordon Hargrave—you know. His father's the millionaire. Just as I thought. Here he's supposed to be at college and here he's running into town week-ends to visit this woman. Probably she got her clutches on him because of his money—"

Crane turned a page.

"He came yesterday—and he's still in there," continued Crissa Crane, insistently. "And you know the Hargreaves. There never was a good one in all the world. Remember the scandal the old man got into? They are a wild lot. His own wife couldn't stand him and he turned her out without a single cent to shift for herself, with all his money. Don't you remember?"

"Aw, for heaven's sake, Crissa!"

"I can't help it, Fred. I've got a boy of my own. It makes my blood boil to see a woman of her age vamping children like that—especially a youngster who looks as—as dear as this one does. I feel like telling the landlord. I feel like writing his father—"

"Oh, you wouldn't do that—"

"Why wouldn't I? I'd thank anybody if he was my son—"

"Oh, Crissa, for goodness sake mind your own—"

"Look here, Fred, this is more serious than you think. Why, I'll bet right this minute—"

Suddenly Crissa Crane sprang up and went to the window. "Fred, if you'll look into that room right now you'll be convinced. You'll see for yourself. And if you do you will admit it, and for Junior's sake do something about it—Come here, quick."

Hating himself, but knowing Crissa Crane reluctantly let himself be dragged to the window to eavesdrop.

Inside his neighbor's room it was pretty and attractive. It was homey, cheery, welcoming. His neighbor, herself, wore a charming feminine absurdity. And at the moment she was clinging to young Hargrave with all her heart in the career!

Evidently, he was just leaving for college. And his boyish face beamed with a deep look of sweetness as he held the woman in his arms and kissed her tenderly. There followed a playful tap, a romp around the room and then the opening of the outer door.

Again and again Crane saw his neighbor call young Hargrave back. Again and again he saw her cling to him and kiss him and dash at her eyes with the back of her hand. And

finally when he had gone racketing down the stairs after a last bearish embrace, Crane saw his neighbor wring her hands and cover her face and weep.

"You see," triumphed Crissa Crane. "You see, don't you?"

"Yes—and I saw—once before." There was a certain pity struggling against conviction in Crane's voice as he turned abruptly away. He didn't want to believe, for his neighbor had lifted her head and in a shaft of harsh light her anxious, loving face had looked every day of its forty years. But suddenly she jerked open the door and Crane, with disgust, heard her calling in their common hallway:

"Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, dear," young Hargrave's voice came back.

"Take care of yourself."

"Right!"

"And come back soon—oh, Gordon—soon, soon, soon, darling."

"Next week."

"For as long as you can—"

"Sure thing."

Young Hargrave's voice was far down the stairs.

"Gordon," the woman's voice, full-throated and tender, rang clearer: "Don't forget me."

"Couldn't."

"I love you."

"You better."

"Oh, Gordon—wait—"

And then Crane heard the sound of her flying feet on the stair. Another farewell!

Crissa Crane looked, with triumph on her face, at Crane, with regret and anger on his.

"Well," she said, grimly, "is that your idea of what's good to have going on under our noses?"

With a complete surrender, Crane's frown came down darkly. It was proven, Crissa was right. He, the father of a son, had judged his neighbor. He had found her light, at least, and God knew what more. There wasn't much doubt and he was willing enough to help put her out for the sake of that kid—

Angrily, Crane opened his lips to say so, when his neighbor's feet came running up the stairs again.

"Good-by, darling, good-by," she was calling shamelessly, as she ran, and with a reluctant pang, Crane somehow knew there were tears on her cheeks.

And then and then. Suddenly Crissa Crane's hard, meaning look wavered, stared, grew shamed, fell, and Crane felt the sting of deep flushing in his own face. Suddenly they both gasped. And suddenly they both sat down, weakly.

For into the harsh, grim, judging, convinced little silence in Crane's prim apartment there had come the sound of smothered sobs on the other side of the door, and young Hargrave's voice, loyal, tender, reassuring, had cut in.

From the foot of the stairs it had shouted with a wealth of deep but very filial love:

"Good-by, mom. Good-by, dear. Good-by, good-by."

Was Only Carrying

Samples in Pockets

Wearily Willie turned away from the hospitable lady's door and started back in affright, for outside the gate a policeman stood—a tall, burly-looking individual, obviously waiting for Wrenly William.

Still, he could linger no longer and he forged ahead.

"One moment!" said the limb of the law. "What were you doing at that house?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the tramp innocently.

"Nothing, eh? Well, we'll see about that! Turn out your pockets!"

The tramp did so and disclosed a medley of buns, cakes, tarts and chunks of bread.

"Nothing, eh?" repeated the policeman sarcastically. "Well, you had better come and tell the sergeant that. It seems to me you've been begging."

"Begging—me begging!" exclaimed the tramp indignantly. "Why, I'm traveling for a baker, and these are my samples!"—London Answers.

Wet Night, Indeed

He turned the water into the boiler of the furnace and, going upstairs, left it running. The boiler filled—so did everything else connected with it that was fillable. In the night he and his wife heard the water dripping and supposed it was raining.

"By Jove," he exclaimed as he leaped to the floor. "I turned on the water in the furnace and went away and left it running!"

He didn't have to guess twice on that one. He found a foot and a half of water on the floor of the cellar, to say nothing of the moisture all through the house. It was a wet night.—Berkshire Eagle.

Accident Film

The German Red Cross has produced a popular film on first aid in accidents. It is 1,500 meters long and takes 35 minutes to run. The film shows how to treat cuts, scratches, burns, fractures and sprains, and those apparently drowned or suffering from exposure. It is to be shown not only in public moving-picture theaters, but also to illustrate lectures for factory workers, policemen, members of ambulance corps, nurses and schools and colleges.

Women Insane Primp

A beauty parlor for the benefit of women inmates has been opened in the Ohio State Hospital for the Insane at Mansfield.

PORTO BELLO GOLD

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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WHS SERVICE

Howden Smith is addicted in his quieter moods to costume novels, and when one appears it is a literary event of no mean importance; but when he gets excited and lets himself go, the result is sure to be something extraordinary, as when he writes a pirate story or one of those stirring yarns about the early settlement of New York and Canada. And such a pirate story as "Porto Bello Gold!" It takes up a number of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" characters at points in their careers before Stevenson became acquainted with them. It was inspired by the constantly reiterated expressions of friends, wondering "why someone doesn't write a pirate story that will tell us how the treasure came to be buried on the island." With the exception of this use of a few of the characters made famous by "R. L. S." and a few incidents which Stevenson noted merely incidentally as episodes of the past, the story is entirely Howden Smith's own. In a truly remarkable manner he has succeeded in recreating the color of the Eighteenth century and the atmosphere of Stevenson's masterpiece. The consensus of critical opinion is that "Porto Bello Gold" is a fit companion to "Treasure Island."

CHAPTER I

My Father's Secret.

I was in the counting room, talking with Peter Corlaer, the chief of our fur traders—he was that very day come down river from the Iroquois country—when the boy, Darby, ran in from the street.

"The Bristol packet is in, Master Robert," he cried. "And, oh, sir, the watermen do say there be a pirate ship off the Hook!"

I remember I laughed at the combination of awe and delight in his face. He was a raw, bog-trotting bit of a gossamer we had bought at the last landing of bonded folk, and he talked with a brogue that thickened whenever he grew excited.

"For the packet, I do not doubt you, Darby," I answered. "But you must show me the pirate."

Peter Corlaer chuckled in his quiet, rumbling way, his huge belly wagging before him beneath his buckskin hunting shirt, for all the world like a monster mold of jelly.

"Ja, ja, show us der pirates," he jeered. Darby flared up in a burst of Irish temper that matched his tangled red hair.

"I would I were a pirate and had you at my mercy, you butter tub," he raged. "I'll warrant you'd tread the plank!"

"Darby," said I, "have you done the errands my father set you?"

"Every one," answered he.

"Very well. Then get you into the storeroom and sort over the pelts Peter fetched in."

He flung off with a scowl as I turned to Peter.

"My father will wish to know the packet arrived," I said. "Will you go with me to the governor's? The council must be on the point of breaking up, for they have been sitting since noon."

Peter heaved his enormous body erect. And I marveled, as always after a period of absence, at his proportions. To one who did not know him he seemed a butter tub of a man, as Darby had called him—a mass of tallow, fat limbs, a pork barrel of a trunk, a fat slab of a face upon which showed tiny, insignificant features grotesquely at variance with the rest of his bulk. His little eyes peered innocently between rolls of fat which all but masked them. His nose was a miniature dah, above a mouth a child might have owned.

But under his layers of blubber were concealed muscles of forged steel, and he was capable of the agility of a catamount. The man had not lived on the frontier who could face him barehanded and escape.

"Ja," he said simply. "We go."

He stood his musket in a corner and slipped off powder horn and shot pouch the while I donned hat and greatcoat, for the air was still chilly and there was a scum of snow on the ground. We passed out into Pearl street and walked westward to Hanover square, and there on the farther side of the square I spied my father, with Governor Clinton and Lieutenant Governor Colden.

And it made my heart warm to see how these and several other gentlemen hung upon his words. There had been those who slandered him during the uproar over the '45, for he was known to have been a Jacobite in his youth; but his friends were more powerful than his enemies, and I joy to think that he was not the least influential of those of our leaders who held New York loyal to King George when many were for casting in our fortunes with the Pretender.

He saw Peter and me as we approached and waved up to him, but at the same moment there was a slight disturbance on the eastward side of the square, and another little group of men came into view surrounding a grizzled, ruddy-cheeked old fellow, whose salt-stained blue coat spoke as eloquently of the sea as did his rolling gait. I could hear his hoarse, roaring voice clear across the square—

"—ran him topside down; — my eyes, I did; and when I get to port what do I find, but not a king's ship within—"

My father interrupted him: "What's this, Captain Farraday? Do you speak of being chased? I had thought we were at peace with the world."

modore Burrage lies, and bid him to get to sea without loss of time. Doubt not, our good commodore will make them rue the day."

And with Lieutenant Governor Colden and the rest he made to move off. Only my father lingered.

"You have letters for me, Captain Farraday?" he asked.

"Aye, indeed, sir—from Master Allen, your agent in London. I was on my way to deliver 'em. And a goodly store of strouds, axes, knives, beads, tools, flints and other trade goods to your account."

"I will accept the letters at your hands, and even save you the trip to Pearl street, captain," replied my father. "My son, Robert, here, will visit you aboard ship in the morning and take measures to arrange for transshipping your cargo."

"I ha' no quarrel with such terms," rejoined Captain Farraday, fishing a silken-wrapped packet from his coat-tail pocket. "Here you are, Master Ormerod. And I'll be off to the George tavern for a bite of shore food and a mug of milled ale."

My father fidgeted the packet in his hands for a moment.

"You are certain 'twas Captain Rip-Rap who chased you?" he asked then.

"I'd swear to his foretop'sails," answered Farraday confidently. "As I said afore, he chased me once in '43, and Jenkins he took off Jamaica in the ship Cynthia out of Southampton, when Flint was for drowning the lot o' them; but Rip-Rap, in his cold way, says there was no point to slaying without purpose, and they turned

loose in the longboat. And there's none left on 'Account' that sail in a great ship fit to be a king's frigate, save it be Rip-Rap—Flint's Walrus is a tall ship and heavy armed, but huth not the sail spread of the Royal James. Jenkins says she was a Frenchman, and 'tis to be admitted she hath the finer-run lines the Frenches build."

My father was hard put to it to make head against this flow of talk, but at last he succeeded.

"It was my understanding," he said, "that Captain Rip-Rap disappeared from the West Indies during the late war. I give you thanks, captain. Pray call upon me at your leisure, and if I can be of any service to you I am at your command."

Captain Farraday stumped off toward the George, a tall of the curious at his heels, and I grinned to myself at thought of the strong drink they would offer him in return for his tale. There was no chance of his being sober inside of twenty-four hours.

My father nodded absently to Peter, who had stood throughout the entire conversation, his flat face sleepily imperturbable.

"I like it not," he muttered, as if to himself.

Peter gave him a quick look but said nothing.

"Is there anything wrong, father?" I asked.

He frowned at me, then stared off at the housetops in a way he had, at

most as if he sought to peer beyond the future.

"No—yes—I do not know," he broke off abruptly.

"Peter, I am glad you are here," he added.

"Ja," said Peter vacantly.

"You have not looked at your letters yet," I reminded him.

"I have no occasion to," he retorted. "There is that which—but the street is no place for such conversation. Come home, my boy; come home."

Darby McGraw met us at the door, and from his wild gaze I knew him to be half expecting to see the pirates' hot-foot at our heels.

"Have you performed your task, Darby?" questioned my father.

"Yes, master."

"Be off with you, then. I wish not to be disturbed."

"See can you find us late news of the pirates, Darby?" I added as he slipped by.

He answered me with a merry scowl, but my father spun on his heel.

"What mean you by that, Robert?" says he.

I was nonplussed.

"Why, naught, sir. Darby is daft on pirates, he—"

Peter Corlaer shut the room-door upon the Irish boy and came toward us, moving with the swift stealth that was one of his most astonishing characteristics.

"Ja, he does not know," he said.

"What?" challenged my father.

"What you and I know," returned the Dutchman calmly.

"So you know, too, Peter?"

"Ja."

I could restrain my impatience no longer.

"What is this mystery?" I demanded.

"I thought I knew all the secrets of the business; but sure, father, I never thought to hear that we were concerned as a firm with pirates!"

"We are not," my father answered curtly. "This is a matter of which you know nothing, Robert, because until now there has been no occasion for you to know of it."

He hesitated.

"Peter," he went on, "must we tell the boy?"

"He is not a boy; he is a man," said Peter.

I flushed my gratitude to the fat Dutchman in a smile, but he paid no attention. My father, too, seemed to forget me. He strode up and down the counting room, hands under the skirts of his coat, head bowed in thought. Tags of phrases escaped his lips:

"I had thought him dead—strange if he looks up again—here is a problem I had never thought to face—mayhap I exaggerate—it cannot have significance for us—Curses, is must be accident—"

"Neen, he comes for a purpose," interrupted Peter.

My father stayed his walk in front of Peter by the fireplace, wherein blazed a heap of elm logs.

"Who do you fancy this Captain Rip-Rap to be, Peter? Speak up! You were right when you said Robert is no longer a boy. If there is danger here, he deserves to know of it."

"He is Murray," replied Corlaer, his squeaking voice an incongruous contrast with his immense bulk.

"Andrew Murray?" mused my father. "Aye, 'twould be he. I have suspected it all these years—held it for certainty. But I made sure when he failed to show himself after the last war that Providence had attended to him. It seems I was wrong."

"Whoever he is, this pirate can do no harm to us in New York," I made bold to say.

"Be not too sure, Robert," adjured my father. "He happens to be your great-uncle."

He reached up to the rack over the fireplace and selected a long clay pipe, which he stuffed with tobacco the while I was recovering from my astonishment.

"Your uncle?" I gasped then.

"No; your mother's."

"But he was the great trader who conducted the contraband trade with Canada?" I cried. "I have heard of him. 'Twas he established the Doom trail to enable him to supply the French fur traders with goods to

wean the far savages from us! You have told me of him yourself, as hath Master Colden. 'Twas he whom you and Corlaer and the Iroquois fought when you broke down the barriers of the Doom trail and won back the fur trade to our people. Why, 'twas then you—"

I knew the deep feeling my father still had for my long-dead mother, and I scrupled to stir his memories. He himself took the words from my lips.

"Yes, 'twas then I came to love your mother. She—she was not such as you would expect to find allied by any ties with so great a scoundrel. But she was his niece—past doubt, Robert. She was a Kerr of Fernside; her mother had been Murray's sister. Kerr and Murray were out together in the '15; Kerr fell at Sheriffmuir. His widow died not long afterward, and Murray took poor wulf Marjory."

"He did well by her—there's no denying that. But he always intended to use her to further his own designs. He had a cold eye for the future, with no thought except of his own advantage, and if I— But there's no need to go into that. You know, Robert, how Corlaer and the Seneca chief, Tawannear—he who is now the Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House—and I were able to smash the vast power Murray had built up on the frontier."

"We smashed him so utterly, discrediting him too, withal, that he was obliged to flee the province; and even his friends, the French, would have none of him—at least, aboveboard. I have always fancied he still served their interests at large; for he is at bottom a most fanatical Jacobite, and eke sincere in a queer, twisted way. Aye, there is that about him which is difficult to understand, Robert. Himself, he hath no hesitation in believing he serves high purposes of state in all he does."

"Only a madman could lay claim to serving the state as a pirate," I objected.

"You speak with overconfidence," rebuked my father. "There are men alive today who can remember when Morgan and Davis and Damper and many another brave fellow of the same kidney lived by piracy and served the king at one and the same time. Some of 'em were hung in the end, and Morgan died a knight. It can be done."

"How?"

"Consider, my boy! Murray—your great-uncle, mind you!—is a Jacobite. For our present government he hath only hatred and contempt. Any means by which that government was undermined would seem to him justifiable as aiding to bring about its downfall. Look to the fantastic humor of the man in naming his ship the Royal James!"

"If he be, indeed, the man you think he is," I returned, none too well pleased with the thought of having a pirate for a great-uncle. My father laughed kindly and tapped me on the knee with his free hand.

"I know how you feel, dear lad," he said. "'Twas so identically your mother talked. Bless her heart! We were fresh married when the precious rascal sent us by one of his tarry-breasts that necklace which lies now in my strong box—the loot of some Indian queen mayhap. In his way he cared for her, and he took much interest in all she did. By hook or crook he had word of us, however far he wandered. He knew when we were born. He knew when she died. And now that you have reached manhood he shows his sails outside Sandy Hook. I do not know what it means, Robert, but I like it not! I like it not!"

"But we are not at sea," I protested. "We are in New York. There are soldiers in Fort George. Commodore Burrage will be down from Boston anon. What can a pirate ship, what can two pirate ships, effect against us? Why, the city train bands—"

"'Tis not force I dread," my father cut me off. "'Tis the infernal cleverness of a warped mind."

"Ja," agreed Peter.

My father thrust the stem of his pipe toward him.

"You feel it, too, old friend?" he cried then.

"If Murray is here he means us good," the Dutchman answered ponderously. "No pirates come north! In der cold weather for just fun Neen! Here is too much danger; no places to run and hide."

"At the least we are on the alert," I said.

My father laughed, and Corlaer's ridiculous, sniggering giggle echoed his grim mirth.

"An intelligent foe discounts so much upon launching his venture," my father answered. "Let us hope we have a modicum of luck to aid us. Whatever plan Murray hath in trend 'twill come to us unexpected and adroit in execution. But tush! There's the dinner bell. A truce to foreboding!"

Old Legend of London

London was founded, according to an old legend, by Brutus, grandson of Aeneas, who led to England a band of refugees from Troy after its capture by the Greeks and called the settlement New Troy.

Genius Not Overcome by Distasteful Toil

"You can take your choice—go back to Cheshire tomorrow or go to work in the clock factory."

These were the alternatives offered to young Bronson Alcott by his father, Alcott, who was to become the father of Louisa May Alcott, had returned from the home of his uncle, where he had been sent to go to school. Honore Willis Morrow, writing in McCall's, has told of the early life of this neglected man of letters. He relates:

"'Til go to the clock factory," said Bronson quickly. And so it was decided.

The sort of work required of him made no demands on his brain, and by carrying one of his precious hoarded books always with him, he did not stagnate, though at the time he

thought he did and was terribly unhappy. Yet, rather than go back to Cheshire, he clung to the factory work for nearly two years. His mother, watching him start off each morning along the lonely and precipitous pathway that led the two miles from the farm to the factory, yearned over him, wondered at his gentle, obstinate, worried over him but never, evidently, lost her faith or understanding."

Meet John Silver in the next installment.

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Wednesday, June 16, 1926

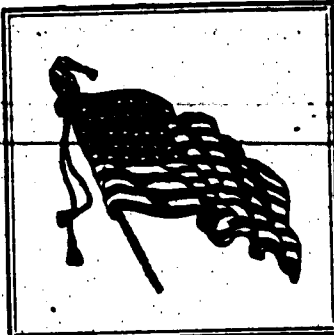
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Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fearing, from
Hingham, Mass., are visiting her
father, S. S. Sawyer.

A special sale is on at Mrs. El-
dredge's millinery parlors. Read her
adv. on this page today.

For Sale, at Cooley's Greenhouse,
Tomato and Aster Plants, Lettuce,
and a little later Cucumbers. Adv. 2t

Charles F. Butterfield and son, Ben,
attended the commencement exercises
of Colby Academy, New London, on
Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paige, of
Peterboro and Florida, visited the first
of the week with their parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Morton Paige.

So many goods remained unsold at
B. L. Brooks' auction sale last Friday
that a second day sale will be held on
Friday of this week. Read adv. in
another part of this paper.

A number of Antrim men having
membership in the Masonic fraternity
attended a meeting of Pacific Lodge,
in Franconstown, on Monday evening,
and report a very pleasant occasion.

Wanted—To furnish old fashioned
house, anything antique, such as fur-
niture, glass, china, lamps, pictures,
mirrors. Write Miss Freeman, 310
Allston St., Brookline, Mass. Adv.

Sawyer & Cutter have sold their
property they bought of Mrs. Taft, at
North Branch, to a party from Ne-
ponset, Mass., who will repair the
buildings at once for a summer home.

Mrs. L. E. Rockwell and daughter,
Mrs. Buswell, of Lowell, motored to
Brattleboro, Vermont, Sunday with
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rockwell, to
see their son, Edward, who is at
school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Rogers and
little son, Harry, and Mrs. McClure,
M. A. Poor and Miss Dora E. Craig,
of Antrim, Ernest D. King and Lora
E. Craig, of Hillsboro, were Sunday
visitors at the Craig Farm.

Kenneth Butterfield, of Antrim, re-
ceived a diploma from Colby Academy,
New London, at the graduating exer-
cises of the 89th Colby commence-
ment held on Monday morning.
Forty diplomas were distributed to
graduates, a marked increase over
last year.

Card of Thanks

I desire to thus publicly thank my
many kind friends for their thought-
fulness in sending to me the large
number of postal cards, letters and
flowers, while I was at the hospital.
These expressions of friendship were
greatly appreciated.

Andrew D. White

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Men and Women

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Pictures at 8.00

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Antrim Locals

Mrs. Alvah Shepardson and two
children, of Plattsburg, N. Y., have
been spending a season with her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G.
Wallace.

At the annual meeting of the
New Hampshire Orphans' Home,
held at Franklin on Wednesday
last, Richard C. Goodell, of Antrim,
was elected a trustee.

The death of Mrs. Lizzie Edna
Dodge, aged 65 years, occurred last
Tuesday. She was for a long time
a prominent resident of Milford,
widow of the late Charles B. Dodge.
Deceased was a native of Antrim,
daughter of the late Charles H. and
Mary K. (Felt) Spaulding.

EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVE
—Wanted to look after our busi-
ness in this territory, and county.
Splendid opportunity for a real
producer. Spare or full time basis.
Outfit free, no experience necessary.
The Oakland Nurseries, Manches-
ter, Conn.

About fifty members of Waverley
Lodge, No. 59, I. O. F., were in
Henniker on Wednesday evening
last on a visit to Crescent Lodge of
Odd Fellows of that town. The de-
gree team of Waverley Lodge con-
ferred the third degree on two con-
didates for the Henniker Lodge.
The local team did a very creditable
job and was fittingly praised by the
members of the Lodge visited. A
supper was served and enjoyed by
everyone.

Base Ball Schedule

Herewith is given the schedule as
arranged for the Antrim base ball
team for the season, beginning Satur-
day of this week, June 19, when the
local boys go to Manchester:

June 19—Antrim at Manchester
Manchester I.O.O.F.
June 26—Antrim at Hillsboro
July 3—Hillsboro at Antrim
July 5—Antrim at Peterboro
July 10—J. Frazer's Amoskeag at
Antrim
July 17—Guild at Antrim
July 24—Goffstown at Antrim
July 31—Antrim at No. Ware
Aug. 7—Hillsboro at Antrim
Aug. 14—No. Ware at Antrim
Aug. 21—Manchester I.O.O.F. at
Antrim
Aug. 28—Antrim at Goffstown
Sept. 4—Open
Labor Day—Open

F. K. Black & Son

Phone 23-2 ANTRIM, N.H.

Carpenters and Builders

Steam & Hot Water Heating

FURNACES and ARCOLA SYSTEMS

Plumbing and Stove Repairs

General Trucking

Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, N. H.

Resources over \$1,350,000.00

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, \$2 per year

Banking Hours: 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.
Saturdays, 8 a. m. to 12 m.

DEPOSITS Made during the first three business days of
the month draw Interest from the first day
of the month

You Can Bank By Mail.

Automobile LIVERY!

Parties carried Day or Night.
Cars Rented to Responsible Drivers.
Our satisfied patrons our best
advertisement

J. E. Perkins & Son

Tel. 33-4 Antrim, N. H.

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

James A. Elliott,
ANTRIM, N. H.

Tel. 58

H. B. Currier Mortician

Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

R. E. Tolman UNDERTAKER

AND

LICENSED EMBALMER

Telephone 50
ANTRIM, N. H.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly
in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall
block, on the Last Friday Evening in
each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.

ROSS H. ROBERTS,
BYRON G. BUTTERFIELD
EMMA S. GOODELL,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-
day evening of each week, to trans-
act town business.
The Tax Collector will meet with
the Selectmen.

Meetings 7 to 8
JOHN THORNTON,
HENRY B. PRATT
ARCHIE M. SWETT
Selectmen of Antrim

The Antrim Reporter, all the local
news, \$2.00 per year.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.00 o'clock

Saturday, June 19
Corine Griffith in
Declasse

Tuesday, June 22
Ralph Lewis in
One of the Bravest

Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Bennington.

Did you put your flag out Monday,
the 14th, Flag Day?

Mrs. Ruth French acted as organist
at the Congregational church on Sun-
day.

Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Lawrence, Mr.
and Mrs. Ruel Cram, went to camp up
North, last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer and
Mrs. Theodore Sawyer have been
visiting at Jerome Sawyer's.

Mrs. Guy Keyser, Mrs. George
Ross and Mrs. Wm. Gordon went to
Petersboro last week to see Madge Bel-
lady as "Sandy."

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ross, W. O.
Smith, Mrs. Gordon, Margaret Mc-
Grath and Arthur McGrath were all
Nashua visitors on Saturday.

A second day auction sale will be
held at the B. L. Brooks home, Con-
cord St., Antrim, on Friday of this
week, June 18. at 10 o'clock a.m.
Read adv. in this paper.

Cards have been received here an-
nouncing the marriage of Pauline
Cram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will
Cram, of Pawtucket, R.I., June 19th.
Mr. and Mrs. Cram were at one time
residents here.

Miss Mae Cashion has gone to
Canobie Lake for the summer, her
Primary school having closed on Fri-
day last. The Intermediate school
has also closed, where Miss Cilley, of
Antrim, teaches.

The old brick store is pretty well
rid of all the surrounding wooden
structures; the floor is to be lowered
even with the ground, it is said, and
other improvements made before it is
again opened for business.

Enoch Fuller, of Manchester, was
in town last week renewing old ac-
quaintances. His name will be on
the Republican ticket for Register of
Deeds at the September primaries.
He is a World War veteran and be-
lieved to be in every way worthy of
the office.

The graduation exercises of the
Grammar school were very pleasing to
parents and friends of the class, many
of whom were present on Friday even-
ing last. The class motto, "Strive
and Succeed," is a good one to remem-
ber. The following were graduates:
Evelyn Powers, Salutatory and
Essay; Kathleen Shea, Valedictory
and Essay; Clara King, Essay; Pro-
phecy, Paul Cody; Class History,
Helen McGrath; Class colors, Scarlet
and White; Flower, Red Rose. The
superintendent, Mr. Chase with Mrs.
Chase, were present, but Mr. Edwards,
of the local committee, presented the
diplomas. This term completes Miss
Shedd's work here, as she has resigned
her position as teacher of the Gram-
mar school.

Notice Bennington Grangers!

We will meet at Grange hall,
Saturday, June 19, to go to Deering,
Wolf Hill Grange. Will those who
have room in their machines kindly
offer them to me so that those not
having a way to go may be provided
for? Also—will those who haven't
a way to go kindly tell me at once?
Please Grangers, all be at Grange
hall, 7 p.m., Saturday, June 19th,
1926.
Maurice C. Newton

Grange Notes

On the eighth of June, we had a
wonderful Grange meeting. Just
think! We had one hundred and
eighteen for attendance. It was
visitors' night; Hancock and Antrim
furnished the entertainment, and no
one could say but what the programs
were fine. The first program was
from Hancock: Miss Jackson gave a
humorous reading which surely gave
us something to laugh at, and then we
listened to a vocal solo by Mrs. Brown
which was very sweet. The farce
came next and was "Early Ohio and
Rhode Island Reds." It certainly
was good and gave the farm an up-
ward boost.

After awhile the applause died
down, and it was Antrim's turn. Six
young ladies presented a Japanese Tea
Party. It surely was a pretty scene:
flowers, fans and the ladies' colorful
costumes; and the singing—well we'd
like to see and hear it again. Ben-
Tenny read current events, and every

Letter From Antrim Man

with portable threshing outfits
came along and set up their ma-
chinery to do the work, and then I
began to realize that it was some
place for raising sweet peas.
Enough for this time; so will
thank you for your interest, and if
any one cares to write we will wel-
come your message, and if you do
not know the address at any time,
please put the letter in the Antrim
postoffice with my name and the
postmaster will send it along.
Yours truly,
R. C. GOODELL.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches
Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

Thursday evening, spiritual instruc-
tion.

Sunday, 10.45 a.m. Morning wor-
ship. 12.00 m. bible school. 6.00
p.m. Young people's meeting. 7.00
p.m. Union service.

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, June 17. Regular pray-
er meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic, "The
Great Partnership."

Sunday, June 20. Morning wor-
ship at 10.45. The pastor will preach
on "What is Fundamental?"

Bible School at twelve o'clock.
Y.P.S.C.E. at six o'clock.

Union service at seven o'clock.
Children's Day program by the Bible
school.

Entertainment and Dance at Grange Hall

Friday evening, June 11, the Im-
provement committee of Antrim
Grange conducted a very successful
entertainment and dance at Grange
hall, Antrim Center.

The entertainment consisted of se-
lections by the orchestra, vocal solos
by Forrest Boutelle, of Hillsboro, a
monologue by Lester Putnam, a farce,
"Moth Balls," by three young ladies,
a representation of a Japanese Tea
Party by six ladies, and an exhibition
of the Charleston by two little girls
from Hillsboro.

At the conclusion of the program,
dancing followed until midnight, for
which Riddle's Novelty Orchestra
furnished excellent music. Ice cream
was on sale during intermission.

Friday, June 25, there will be a
dancing party under the direction of
the Improvement committee. The
same orchestra will furnish music, and
the committee hopes for a large at-
tendance.

M. S. Lang
For the Committee

For Sale

Cows, any kind. One or a carload.
Will buy Cows if you want to sell.
Fred L. Proctor

EAST ANTRIM

A very pleasant party was given at
Brookside Farm on June 4th. Nine
tables of whist was enjoyed, with
Mrs. R. T. Hunt and Munson Cochrane
scoring highest, and Mrs. Walter
Hills and Will Simonds taking conso-
lation prizes. A lunch of sandwiches,
cake and coffee was served in abun-
dant, beside confectionary and cigars.

Ernest Roberts was a recent guest
at Brookside Farm.

Richard Swett, of New York, is at
his home, Echo Farm, for the summer
vacation.

Miss Bertha Myers, of Boston,
spent the week end with her sister,
Mrs. C. D. White and family.

Edson Tuttle has purchased 100
White Leghorn hens.

The goods that were not sold at the
B. L. Brooks auction sale last Friday
will be sold this week Friday. See
adv. in this paper.

For Sale!

Slabwood, dry, 4 ft. lengths \$5.00
per cord; stove length \$5.00 per load
of 120 cu. ft.

CAUGHEY & PRATT
Antrim, N. H.

one enjoys current events always.
Mrs. Anna Hilton then gave an inter-
pretation of a lady buying shoes.
She made it seem very real, so much
so that we were really sorry for the
clerk! The last number, a farce,
"Moth Balls," was well acted, and
we enjoyed it to the full.

Supper was served in the lower
hall, and some of us didn't get home
till morning, tired and happy, well
pleased with the world, especially
with our visiting Grangers.

Florence Newton, Lecturer

Antrim Locals

John C. Berry Esq., of Plymouth,
was a business visitor in town on
Friday last.

Mrs. Jane Gihney has returned
from a visit with her niece, Mrs.
Fred Currier, in Derry.

Amos A. Phelps, of Concord, was
a business visitor in town on
Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Watts have
been entertaining relatives, Mr. and
Mrs. Frank Russell, of Boston.

Mrs. A. Wallace George and son,
Ralph, are spending a season at her
former home in Dover with her par-
ents.

The family of Raymond Davis
will soon move to the Walley house,
on Clinton road, recently vacated by
the Ordway family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Tolman have
had as recent guests, Charles
Brown, of Lowell, Mass., and their
son, Neil Tolman, from Boston
University.

Mrs. Susan Kimball, Mr. and
Mrs. Edgar Ballou and daughter,
Alma, and Mrs. Will E. Gihney, of
Windsor, were recent visitors in
town, where they formerly resided.

The local superintendent of the
N. H. Power Co., Fred C. Thomp-
son, is running a new electric light
line to Gregg lake, now having the
work of setting the poles com-
pleted.

Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson is at
Margaret Pillsbury hospital, in
Concord, where she underwent an
operation on Thursday last. She is
reported as getting along as well as
could be expected.

A special meeting of Woods
Chapter, No. 14, R. A. M., was held
on Friday evening last, at its hall
in Henniker. A few members from
this place attended, some receiving
the Royal Arch degree at this time.

Lawrence Holmes, who has been
doing shoe repairing in the shop in
Cutter's block, has closed up the
place and returned to Stoddard
where he formerly resided. Lack of
business was his reason for closing
the shop.

It seems rather early, but it is a
fact nevertheless that Sunday
schools are already making prepa-
rations for holding their annual pic-
nics. The combined Presbyterian-
Methodist school will hold theirs
this year at Lake Massachusett, as
they did last year, and the date will
probably be the second day of July.

At the fifty-third annual com-
mencement of Boston University
last week, when 1000 degrees were
awarded, Miss Amy T. Butterfield,
of Antrim, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles F. Butterfield was
granted the degree of Bachelor of
Science in Education from the
School of Education of the univer-
sity.

AUCTION SALES

By Ezra R. Dutton & Son,
Auctioneers, Greenfield,
N. H.

Henry W. Wilson, administrator,
will sell at public auction, on the
premises—the home of the late
Mary A. Wilson—on Main street, in
Bennington village, on Tuesday,
June 22, at one o'clock p. m., a lot
of personal property, consisting of
chamber and kitchen furnishings
and some antiques. For other par-
ticulars read auction bills.

John E. Wilson will sell a lot of
personal property at public auction
at his residence, situated on the
New Boston road, ¼ mile from
Francetown village, on Saturday,
June 26, at 9.30 o'clock a. m. The
goods consist of household furnish-
ings, tools and a lot of antiques.
For particulars regarding sale see
auction bills.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

The subscriber having been ap-
pointed by the Judge of Probate
for the County of Hillsborough,
commissioner to examine and allow
the claims of the creditors to the
estate of Alberto E. Cutter late of
Antrim, in said County, deceased,
deceased to be administered as insol-
vent, and six months from the 24th
day of May A. D. 1926, being al-
lowed for that purpose, hereby
gives notice that he will attend to
the duties assigned him, at the
Town in Antrim, in said County, on
the 29th day of July, on the 23rd
day of November, A. D. 1926, from
Two to Four o'clock in the after-
noon on each of said days.

Dated the eleventh day of June,
A. D. 1926.

JAMES B. SWEENEY,
Commissioner.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

HANCOCK GARAGE

WM. M. HANSON, Prop'r, Hancock, N. H., Telephone 43

We wish to announce the completion of a contract with the Hudson Motor
Car Co., of Detroit, Michigan, for the sale of

Hudson-Essex Cars

and now stand ready to Demonstrate the quality of these cars including the
Closed Car Comforts, Masterful Performance and Low Cost, which claims are
well supported by thousands of owners, who take great pride in their ownership.

The economy of ownership starts with extraordinary low first price, and continues with very in-
frequent service expense. If the necessity should arise to purchase a replacement part, the owner of
these cars will find that parts are obtainable at a moderate figure corresponding to that of the car
itself, which means universal service wherever and whenever needed.

If you intend to purchase a Motor Car you should by all means check on the ability and value of
these cars, first by driving the car in a demonstration, and secondly by an inquiry among owners of
Hudson-Essex Cars. We shall be glad to stand on the results of such a test. You will find that
they are easy to steer, the power range so great that gear shifting is lessened, the riding action so
well arranged that long hours at the wheel are not tiring but instead a comfort together with the
distinctive smoothness of motor, power, speed and reliability throughout.

Last but not least, we want you to consider the low price which has been brought about by the
enormous production of these cars, also note that the prices include the delivery at your door with
nothing else to pay and with complete equipment not to be found on the majority of other makes of
motor cars, and back of all this we stand ready and at your service with one of the best if not the
best equipped Garage in the State of New Hampshire and would be glad to have you call and inspect
our equipment and see for yourself that our statements are correct.

A telephone call at our expense will bring a salesman to your door to demonstrate a Hudson or
Essex Car—Call us and tell us your wants, and we will guarantee full satisfaction.

Essex Coach

\$815.00

at your door

nothing else to pay

Hudson Coach

\$1195.00

at your door

nothing else to pay

Hudson Brougham

\$1510.00

at your door

nothing else to pay

Hudson Sedan

\$1665.00

at your door

nothing else to pay

All prices include freight, tax and the following equipment: front and rear Bumpers, automatic
Windshield Cleaner, rear view Mirror, Transmission Lock (built in), Radiator Shutters, Motometer,
Combination Stop and Tail Light.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

Getting Engine House Ready for New Apparatus

Workmen have been busily en-
gaged on the underpinning of the
engine house the past week, rein-
forcing it with cement, as it had be-
come quite insecure. Additional
cement flooring will be put in, and
a steam heating plant will be in-
stalled. The foundation work will
come under needed improvements,
while the heating will be under the
vote of the last annual Precinct
meeting as necessary alterations
and improvements to prepare for
the accommodation of the new fire
apparatus soon to arrive. A new
partition will also be placed in the
main room on first floor for the
new triple combination, to care for
it as it may need. This room will
be fitted up as the Firewards and
Commissioners deem best, and our
people are fortunate in having good
men on this job. With these
changed conditions and the pres-
ence of the new fire apparatus
which will arrive very soon, Antrim
will feel that she has better protec-
tion along this line than she has
ever had. Even at that, it is the
sincere hope of every citizen that
we go a long, long time before
there is any need to use the new
apparatus or the old either.

Central to Change Operators

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Davis,
having resigned the management of
the local telephone exchange,
which takes effect June 21, the
same will be taken over by Mrs.
Jennie Dearborn, who will assume
management not only of the central
office but the house in which it is
located. She will sublet as she sees
fit.

Mrs. Dearborn is not new to the
duties of central, for she formerly
had charge of the office; yet she
has increased considerably since
then. We feel sure, however, that
she new manager will do her best
with the duties which she again re-
sumes and all will welcome the re-
turn of her pleasing voice at the
busy end of the line. It is not ex-
pected that the managing operator
can do it all perfectly or that her
assistants will make no mistakes,
and realizing this it is fair to pre-
sume that she will have the reason-
able indulgence and assistance of
the patronizing public, as we are
sure she will do her utmost to give
the kind of service that our people
enjoy and think they deserve.

The Antrim Reporter is \$2.00 per
year; gives all the local news. Can
subscribe at any time.

Antrim Wins 6 to 5 on Home Grounds

The Antrim town team, playing the
St. Anthony ball team of Manchester,
on Saturday last, on West St. grounds,
scored a victory over the visitors, in
an interesting game. The teams were
evenly matched and they all played
good ball. Not a large crowd was
present; people are needed to encour-
age our players, and help pay the
expenses. It is the hope of all in-
terested that our people will support
the town team liberally by their at-
tendance when they play on the home
grounds. We have this year one of
the best teams we have ever had and
it deserves our help.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Before the graduating class of the
Antrim High school was delivered on
Sunday evening at the Presbyterian
church, by Rev. William Thompson,
in his customary pleasing and forceful
manner. Rev. R. H. Tibbals and
Principal Thomas Chaffee assisted in
the service, and special music was
rendered by the choir.

Famous Equine Strain

Barb is the name of a horse of the
breed introduced by the Moors from
Barbary into Spain in the Middle ages.
The breed was noted for speed and
endurance. Barbs were taken to Eng-
land and their blood is said to have
been the foundation of the English
thoroughbreds, a famous on the turf.

Help Prevent Accidents and Thefts

During 1925, 250,000 automo-
biles were stolen in 41 principal
cities of the United States. But last
month Portland police recovered
104 out of 106 cars stolen there,
and three others stolen during a
previous month, making their re-
cord more than 100 per cent per-
fect.

Most cars are stolen as a result
of the owner's carelessness. Most
accidents are caused as the result
of a driver's carelessness or inexpe-
rience. Insurance companies can
pay for lost cars and broken bones,
but unless the public cooperates in
protecting both life and property,
the insurance companies are power-
less to reduce losses or insurance
rates.
It pays to be careful.

ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:
Going South
5.32 a.m. Elmwood and Boston
9.24 a.m. Peterboro
12.44 p.m. Winchendon, Worcester, Boston
3.43 p.m. Winchendon and Keene
Going North
6.09 a.m. Concord and Boston
10.57 p.m. Hillsboro
2.42 p.m. Concord
6.10 p.m. Hillsboro

Sunday Trains
South 5.12 a.m. For Peterboro
North 5.30 a.m. Elmwood
10.42 a.m. Concord, Boston
4.08 p.m. Hillsboro

Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes
earlier than departure of train.
Stage will call for passengers if word
is left at Express Office.

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

H. Carl Muzzey AUCTIONEER ANTRIM, N. H.

Prices Right. Drop me a
postal card

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertised
and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 12-6

Electrify Your Home!

Cash or Satisfactory Terms May
be Made Regarding Payment

G. B. COLBY, Electrician
Call Hillsboro 63-5

When in Need of FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or Auto Insurance

Call on

W. C. Hills,
Antrim, N. H.

ICE! ICE!

Having purchased the Joelin ice
business, I will deliver in Antrim and
Bennington on Tuesdays, Thursdays
and Saturdays at present. Your trade
solicited.

GUY O. HOLLIS
Also buy Papers and Rags

SHOULD HUSBANDS DO HOUSE WORK?

How Mrs. Dyer Solved the Problem.

Mrs. Mildred Dyer was lucky. She had a good-natured husband who helped her with much of her housework. Because she was in ill health for five years, it was often necessary for him to do this. But it bothered Mrs. Dyer. She felt that he had to work hard enough anyway. The time he spent in doing her work was needed for his own. She determined to find the road to better health.

She writes: "I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply wonderful. My health is better than it has ever been. I am getting stronger and gaining in weight."

She has solved her problem and her household is happier. The Dyers live at Redlands, Calif., Route A, Box 183. How often does your husband have to do your housework? No matter how willing he is, no woman feels comfortable about it. Perhaps you, too, will find better health through the faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Movie Stories Wanted

Direct Demand for Original Photoplay Ideas. Earn Fame & Money Writing Film Plots. No Scenario-Writing Experience Necessary. No Course, No Books, No School. Reputable Writers' sales concern, will accept your stories in any form. Criticism, Review & Copyright. Prompt and ready in privacy of marketing your ideas to Movie Producers. Mail manuscripts now. Address: United Scenario Service Co., Suite 402, 1615 Broadway, New York.

Never Again

Sanford Nelson, sixteen years old, Seattle messenger boy, saw a burglar in a store. The robber fled, but Sanford caught and disarmed him, says Capper's Weekly. It took bravery to do that, but not nearly so much then as the next Sunday morning when his admiring pastor called young Nelson to the pulpit to tell how he did it. "N-n-next time I-I catch a-a bandit," stammered the lad, turning red and trembling with all eyes on him. "I ain't going to t-tell nobody. You betcha I ain't."

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

Probably Wise

The book agent was trying to sound the siren. "Now, what kind of a man is Mr. Whoops?" "Oh, he knows it all." "In that case I guess I'm wasting time in trying to sell him an encyclopedia."

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

DON'T BE GRAY

Improve your gray hair gradually and safely in privacy of your home. Used over 20 years by millions. Money-back guarantee. BOOKLET FREE
Urban Hair Color
At your Druggist 75¢
HESSE-ELIAS, CHEMISTS, Dept. W, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Handiest thing in the house

For Cuts
Dress at once with "Vaseline" Jelly. Prevents soreness. Shuts out air and dirt. Heals quickly. Keep it handy for every emergency.
CHESBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
State Street, Canton, Mass.

Vaseline

U. S. PAT. OFF. PETROLEUM JELLY

STOP THAT ITCHING

You won't have to wash—relief follows the first comforting touch of

Resinol

At the first sneeze, banish every symptom of cold, chills, etc. with HALE'S.

HALE'S HONEY

of HOREHOUND & TAR

Community Building

For Best Results in Color Combinations

No general rules for the selection of colors and color schemes for homes can be laid down without including a vast list of exceptions. It is possible to make certain exceptions and comments, however, which, when applied with common sense and discretion, will be a guide and a warning. They must be taken liberally.

It is almost always the case that a house looks best when it blends into its background and surroundings; the roof, therefore, when against the sky should be of subdued tone and color, but can be brighter when against foliage or other buildings. While a large house can be dark, a small one cannot afford to be, for dark walls or light walls with dark trim will make it seem still smaller. In selecting color combinations, the best results are usually found in varying shades of the same color, as the walls of a stucco house might be buff, the trim ivory and the roof brown.

While patchiness should be avoided, there should be always a contrasting relief to large surfaces of one color, as trim and shutters in a contrasting color of tone will relieve the monotony of evenly-toned walls.

When cornices, moldings and trim are painted white, on a white or light house, it is a shadow that brings them out; such trim should therefore be wide and with deep projections. To paint this trim in contrast with walls would make it entirely too heavy; contrasting trim should be narrower and shallower.

Double Pergola Not Necessity of Today

The top work of the single pergola can be made as wide as six or seven feet, with benches between the posts.

This will give the same seating possibilities as double pergolas. Also little garden entrances are generally considered as being necessarily double, but instead these can be very small, artistic arrangements of the two posts with a light top over them.

Habit is the most fixed thing in life, and we are much inclined to follow some of the methods of the past in landscape gardening, some of which are absurd in meeting the present-day conditions.

By the use of skill now, instead of lumber and paint, just as effective and attractive garden embellishments can be had without any greater care than years ago. The present era demands more skill and less habit.

Back-Yard Gardens

Whether the back yard shall be an outdoor living room or a mere adjunct to the garbage can and clothes poles is a matter of choice with the owner of the property. One back yard laid out into a pretty garden in a block is usually an effective piece of missionary work which excites emulation among the neighbors whose disorderly and unattractive rear areas are shown up. The laying out of a back yard into a little formal garden is a very simple matter which can be accomplished by any one.

For small areas the formal garden is often best, as the naturalistic style does not lend itself well to small areas, and back yards are so frightfully informal, as a rule, that they almost clamor for order. The chief reason for formality in a garden is to secure proportion and a balanced and orderly distribution of the space. Few of us possess a sense of proportion, but it can be attained by geometrical designs without difficulty.—New York Times.

Beauty Worth While

The dwellings of any people are the surest indication of their strength. Our highest civic ideals spring from sources which have their origins in happy, thriving communities. Since the enlightened community offers the best field for the merchandizing of lumber the interest of the lumber industry in improving small-house architecture in America might result from no motive other than the seeking for commercial gain. The motive, however, lies deeper than this. They realize that beautiful homes are an inspiration to better living.

Landscape Gardener

Engineers can lay out roads and do grading; nurserymen can advise in regard to plant material and growing conditions; but the landscape architect combines the work of the engineer, the nurseryman and the artist. He has the practical knowledge of the nurseryman, the scientific knowledge of the engineer, and his own technical skill and power of design.

With the combination he saves time and money to those who make use of his services in the development of their estates.

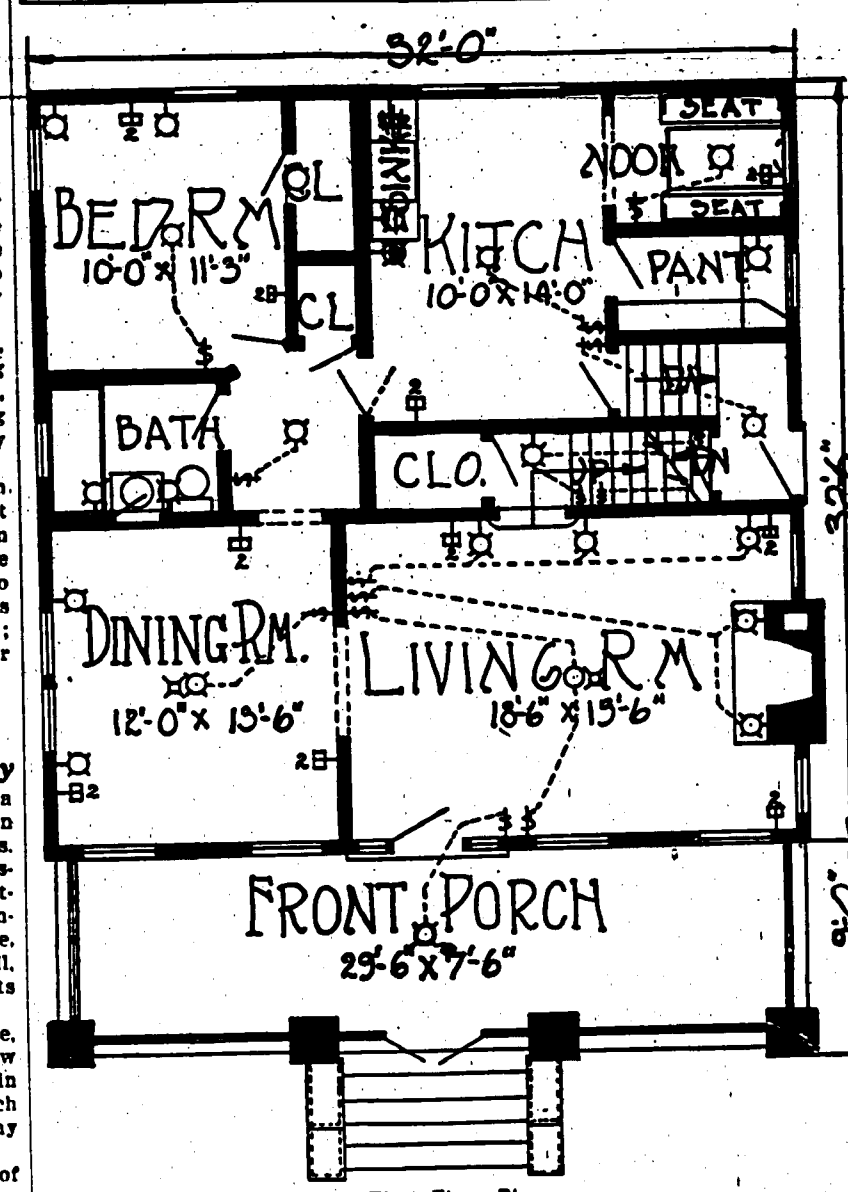
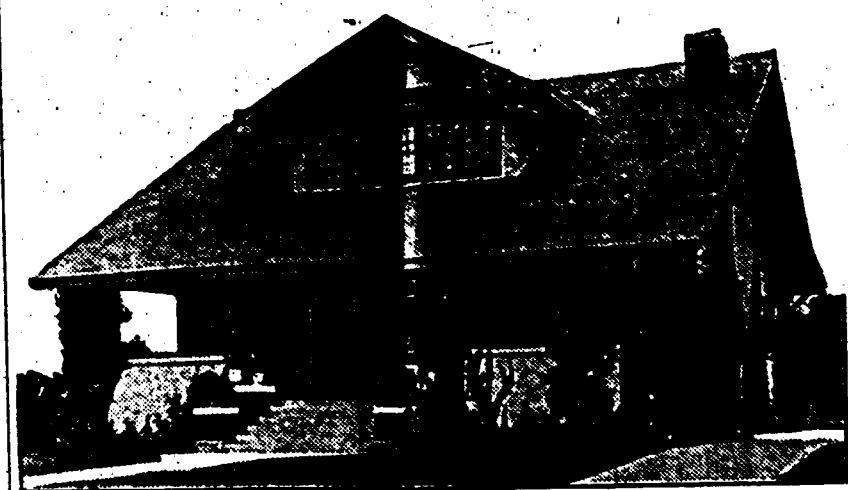
Need New Road Signs

There is a general need for the replacement of signs on our rural highways. There is also a need for clear signs along the roads leading to important cities. Weather conditions during the winter have erased or destroyed signs.

Homes Made by Thrift

Homes are made a reality not by thought but by perseverance and thrift.

Design for Home That Permits of Variation and Future Expansion

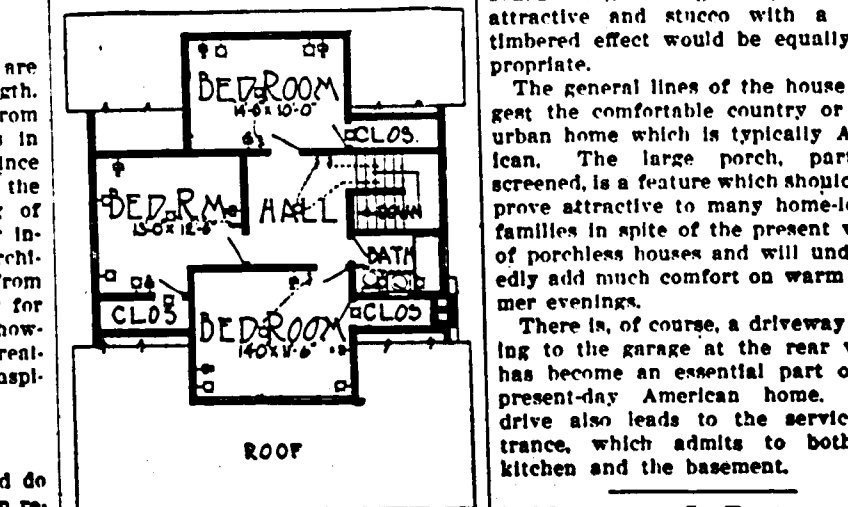


First Floor Plan.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give ADVICE FREE OF COST on all problems pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In planning industrial buildings it is common practice to make ample provisions for future expansion to meet increased space requirements. In the planning of dwellings, on the other hand, the future need for increased room is seldom given any consideration. Very frequently the home owner finds, however, within a few years after building his home, that it is no longer large enough to meet his requirements. This means either selling the old home and building again or highly expensive remodeling.

While providing for possible future requirements in home building is a somewhat different problem from what it is in industrial construction, it is still entirely possible, and if ingenuity is used it can be done without great



Second Floor Plan.

additional expense. The plans reproduced here fit in most ideally with such a purpose and allow a rather wide range of both present and future possibilities.

The small family may build this house leaving the second floor entirely unfinished, which of course is the least expensive way to handle it. If a single bedroom is insufficient, even at the start, the dining room space may be used as a second bedroom with a door at the corner of the living room opening into the hallway, replacing the large door between the dining room and living room. This is entirely in accord with present-day designing, for it is not at all uncommon to have merely a breakfast nook and no dining room. When a number of people are to be served at home the living room is used as a dining room also.

In case the builder is willing to spend a little more at the start, but

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

HE REPRESENTS TEN MILLION VETERANS

"Representing 10,000,000 veterans of the World War is a big job, but there are many pleasant features about it, and a visit to this marvelous country is one of them."

So said Lieut. Col. George R. Crossfield of London, who, as president of Fidac, the international federation of veterans, visited this country in May under the auspices of the American Legion, American member of Fidac.

Colonel Crossfield, who came to America on the invitation of National Commander John R. McQuigg of the Legion, visited New York city, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., Pittsburgh, Toledo, Ohio, Chicago, Paterson, N. J., and Indianapolis, where national headquarters of the Legion is located.

Colonel Crossfield is an outstanding hero of the World War. In the fierce fighting at Ypres in 1918, he lost a leg, yet undaunted, he applied to try for a commission in the Royal British Flying Corps, won the commission and was headed for the front again when the armistice was signed.

Colonel Crossfield's soldiering began long before the World War. He saw service in the South African war and served in the volunteers and territorials for 21 years. He went to France as second in command of the Fourth South Lancashire regiment, and for 13 months was engaged in the persistent fighting in the Ypres sector.

Colonel Crossfield was very active in the organization of the British Legion, which is modeled closely after the



Col. George Crossfield.

American Legion, and is a past vice chairman of that organization. He brought the greetings of the British Legion to the Kansas City national convention of the American Legion in 1921.

He was active in the formation of Fidac, the organization he now heads, which was conceived by the late Frederic W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion in 1921. As president of Fidac, Colonel Crossfield represents some 10,000,000 allied veterans of the World War. The purpose and aim of Fidac is to bring about a lasting world peace and international co-operation and understanding.

Many Disabled Veterans Are Returned to Health

Hundreds of disabled veterans of Minnesota are being "mended" and returned to health each year through the American Legion Hospital association of Minnesota. It was disclosed in the report of the association for the year 1925.

The association is financed by thousands of 25-cent pieces collected from Legionnaires of Minnesota as a part of their regular dues, and the work of making over the broken bodies is done by noted surgeons, at their clinic at Rochester, Minn.

At least 75 disabled World War veterans who were crippled in body in 1925 are now strong and healthy due to treatment obtained through the Legion's hospital association. Since the movement was initiated three years ago, 221 cases have been handled. Only one death has occurred.

To perpetuate this care the Legion has signed a 60-year contract with the surgeons, which guarantees that after these surgeons have died, the system which they established will be continued.

The clinic agreed to treat all patients sent them without regard to the patient's ability to pay. Where the patient is of limited circumstances, the clinic takes the Legion's appraisal of what he is able to pay.

Oldest and Youngest

The oldest and the youngest veterans of the World War, according to claims of officers of Long Beach post of the American Legion, Long Beach, Cal., are members of that post. They are Henry Rodgers, seventy-two years old, who served through the World War although he had been retired previously, and Eddie Peabody, twenty-three years old, who served with the

ATWATER KENT IGNITION for Fords

A Tonic for Fords, Old and New

Motors run smoother, start easier, and give more power with the Atwater Kent Type LA Ignition System—proven on thousands of Ford Cars.

More than a timer, in fact it's a complete scientific ignition system with twenty-six years' experience in making scientific ignition systems behind it.

It's of the same general design, material, and workmanship as the Atwater Kent Ignition System.

It may be installed in less than an hour. It's overabundantly dependable. It costs but \$10.80.

Type LA
Price
\$10.80
Including Cable and Fixings

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.

A. Atwater Kent, President

1829 Wabash Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

Mary Graham Bonner

THE CLOUDED LEOPARD

"I am not going to be friendly with anyone," growled the Clouded Leopard. "I am not friendly by nature and I have no wish to change my nature."

"I don't like people and I don't care if they don't like me."

"It makes absolutely no difference to me at all."

"Oh, all right," said the Jungle Cat, smiling. "I don't believe anyone wants to be friendly with you."

"I am sure they don't."

"Besides I am not so very friendly myself."

"I like to eat when mealtime comes, sleep when it is sleeping time, and take naps whenever I feel like it."

"At all other times I like to think of how stealthy I am when I am free."

"Ah, how adventures I have had, and how clever and crafty I have been."

"From where do you come?" asked the Clouded Leopard in rather a bored voice.

"I come from the jungles, but in regions where people live so far away."

"How about you?"

"I was going to talk about myself," said the Clouded Leopard, "for after all there is nothing so interesting."

"Depends entirely on the point of view," said the Jungle Cat.

"I know nothing of points of view and care less for them," said the Clouded Leopard.

"I suppose you mean the opinions which different people have."

"Well to continue about the interesting Clouded Leopard," said the Clouded Leopard, "I can climb trees."

"I am that rare type of leopard known as the tree-climbing leopard."

"I live in the jungles when I am free—where it is warm I prefer it."

"I have beautiful markings, lovely patches as you can see for yourself."

"They make me handsome."

"I've heard the children don't always like to have patches—perhaps because they have to be sewed onto their suits and dresses—but I love patches—my nice, handsome patches of fur."

"In fact I once heard one of the Fairies, who was paying a visit here, talking to an Old Patch creature who said how his children were never welcomed by other children and never wanted even though they always did take them along with them once they attached themselves."

"Oh no, Old Patch creature certainly said his children were not much loved."

"But that is why they have called me the Clouded Leopard, because I



The Jungle Cat

look cloudy with my beautiful colors and the strange arrangement of the patches.

"Still, I am very delicate."

"I won't live in the zoo unless they take the most perfect care of me."

"They give me this dimly-lighted cage because it reminds me of the dark jungles from where I have come."

"Ah, if I were back there I would do some fine hunting and killing and my long teeth would be helpful."

"Have you taken a good look, a really good look, at my long teeth?"

But the Jungle Cat had gone to sleep, so the Clouded Leopard talked on to himself, but he did not mind, for he did not care for a single creature except himself.

That was the way he felt and he acted accordingly.

Picture of Wrong Dog

Grace was in the first grade. She had been boasting of her prowess with the primer and at last her uncle took the book, pointed to a page whereon a dog was pictured, and asked her to read. Glibly she rattled off a succession of short sentences.

"Why, Grace," her uncle interrupted, "there isn't a word of that printed here."

After looking closely at the page, Grace turned to her uncle and replied: "Why, of course not, Uncle Tom, that's the picture of the wrong dog."

Hand-Painted Scarf Nothing

"My mamma's got a nice new scarf," said little Hazel.

"Well, what of that?" replied Dorothy. "My mamma's got a half-dozen scarfs."

"Yes, but my mamma's scarf is hand painted," said Hazel.

"Oh, gee, that's nothin'!" rejoined Dorothy, "our whole house is."

Why No Cost

Mary Jane, eight, said to her mother as they were about to go into a restaurant for lunch, "Mother, we won't have to pay in this restaurant because on the window it says: 'Ladies Invited.'"

SMART TAILORED MILLINERY; OUTFITTING LITTLE FOLKS

PARIS sends to us, in terms of these five fascinating, new street hats, the latest word of five world-famous modistes as to tailored millinery. They are gossamer messages, all of them emphasizing the disappearance of the mannish note in headwear and the return of dignified types in street clothes.

One glance at this little galaxy of stars in the millinery sky, reveals that the combination of straw braids and millinery fabrics makes a strong appeal to French designers. Every one of these models is an example of fabrics used in the body of the hat, and

quick and economical production, high-speed power machines and expert operators. Mothers cannot compete with this quantity production of little garments that are well made and of sturdy materials. The fields of hand-made clothes and tailored things are different and thereby hangs another story.

There are few style changes in little tot's clothes from season to season. Designers vary the patterns in materials used and the decorations, or promote certain colors and fabrics, but the same dependable cottons, linens and silks reappear every season. In



GROUP OF TAILORED HATS

In three out of five, fabric and straw are combined to make the shape.

The group pictured, leads off with a black satin hat faced with milan straw. The shape is in line with the big majority of others intended for street wear and turns up at the back.

Rose foliage is arranged about the crown and a few leaves extend to the crown on the right side, where a single rose is posed on the brim. Rose foliage is used in flat collars also, with the leaves regular in arrangement (the tip of one overlapping the base of another) and finished with two small, flat roses. Velvet ribbon with silk accounts for the hat with draped crown at the left and satin, in three shades, makes the interesting model at the right. The upturned brim with wings at the side, is covered with fine folds of satin, shading

cottons this year there are new patterns in the English prints, in volles and crepes. Plain broadcloth, chambray, poplin, linen and ginghams appear in popular colors; batiste and dimity are woven in dainty stripes and cross-bars and percales are shown in quiet colors and inconspicuous stripes or figures. The keynote of the styles in this season's children's clothes is daintiness and neatness. The simplest needlework is used for decorative touches, as feather stitching, scallops, tiny embroidered flowers and outline stitch for sketching amusing figures on pockets. Little



FOR THE SUMMER PASTIMES

from light to darker tone and small blossoms almost cover the side pieces.

The most original and spirited hat in the group has a high crown of milan straw and an eccentric taffeta-covered brim that makes the most of the fashionable upward turn at the back. Crisp taffeta ribbon is used in the buoyant bow and drapery. The plainest hat in the group is similar in shape. It is a milan with a brim that folds in a plait at the back and has a collar and facing of satin.

Outfitting little folks has become a simple matter, thanks to the manufacturers of clothes for children. Ready-made things for little tots are so excellent and so low-priced that there is no economy in making their ordinary everyday garments at home. This is accounted for by the stupendous quantities turned out by the factories and by their methods of

Japanese figures are popular—lanterns, parasols and people—and so are birds, bunnies, chickens and puppies—done in outline or cross-stitch.

For wear on the beach there are coats and capes of cotton toweling or cotton chenille; cut-out flowers or figures in the same fabrics but contrasting colors make amusing decorations for them or pictures representing beach sports are sketched on them with gay-colored cotton floss. Some little beach coats are entirely covered with cut-out applique figures.

Bathing suits are knitted in one piece and made usually in bright colors. Sweaters are important items in little folks' outfits, and are shown in all colors, but peach, tan and yellow tones are featured, and overalls are never omitted from the equipment of happy youngsters.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY, (© 1934, Western Newspaper Union.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1934, Western Newspaper Union.)

If you cannot get to meet all the music of your soul, then let its heavenly harmony your daily life control. Until from out the discord of life's bitterness and pain Sweet symphonies shall rise—nor your life-song be in vain.

—Alice Dunlap.

SUMMERY SALADS

There is nothing in the food line which "touches the spot" equal to a fresh, crisp, well-made salad.

Tomato, Cucumber and Onion Salad.—If the tomatoes are small, cut them into halves; if large, into slices. Heap

on each a mixture of a tablespoonful of onion to three of cucumbers, all cut into very small cubes, and marinated with French dressing. Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing. If the onion is not enjoyed, or less is used, add celery.

Lemon Salad.—Prepare a package of lemon pudding, pour into a long shallow dish. When firm cut into small cubes and mix with pineapple, also cubed, and a little firm tomato for color. Heap on head lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

Tomato Apple Salad.—Cook two cupsful of tomato and one onion for twenty minutes, add one teaspoonful of salt and two of sugar; when well dissolved strain and add four tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in a tablespoonful of water; mix and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Pour into molds and serve with shredded lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

Ceylon Tomato Salad.—Peel three solid tomatoes, cut them into tulip-shaped forms by cutting nearly through from the blossom to the stem end. Place on a tender leaf of lettuce, add a teaspoonful of chopped onion to the center of each, fill with freshly grated coconut and sprinkle with a tiny bit of green pepper finely chopped. Prepare a French dressing using the coconut milk, lemon juice, seasoning and a little olive oil. Beat well and pour over the salad.

Tomato and Pears Salad.—This is a most delightful combination; each brings out the flavor of the other. Arrange tomatoes cut into eighths, pears also in eighths in alternating sections. Sprinkle with French dressing and then arrange on lettuce and serve with a rich mayonnaise dressing.

Creamed Celery in Cheese Shell.—Use the shell of a pineapple or Edam cheese for a receptacle. Cook celery until tender, add a creamed sauce with a few mushrooms or a chopped sweetbread, or oysters in season. Pour into the shell and bake until the crumbs covering the top are brown. Do not have the oven too hot or the cheese will melt and the beauty of the dish will be spoiled. Wrap the cheese with dampened paper or cloth to avoid burning if the oven is overheated.

Celery cooked, served with a white sauce and grated cheese, makes a most tasty luncheon or supper dish. Serve baked covered with buttered crumbs.

Seasonable Dishes.

Now that the delectable field mushrooms are ready, let us try some new combinations.

Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.—Parboil two pairs of sweetbreads and remove the fiber. Cut each into two pieces. Heat a tablespoonful of butter, lay them in it, cook quickly, turning once. Season with salt and pepper and lay on a hot dish.

Have ready a cupful of fresh mushrooms cooked in butter for five minutes, add them to a cupful of rich cream which has been thickened with a tablespoonful of flour and well cooked. Pour the sauce around the sweetbreads on a hot platter.

Tomato Rarebit.—Spread slices of whole wheat bread with butter, salt, dry mustard, Worcestershire (a few drops) all well mixed, cover with a slice of tomato, then add grated cheese. Put over the second slice of bread, press together and saute in a little butter until hot and the cheese melted.

Head Lettuce With Sherry's Dressing.—Wash and drain the lettuce and place in a cold place to chill. For the dressing chop one small Spanish onion, add two tablespoonfuls each of chopped red and green pepper, one tablespoonful each of salt, powdered sugar and chopped parsley, a few dashes of cayenne pepper, one-fourth cupful of vinegar and three-fourths of a cupful of olive oil. Put into a mason jar, shake for five minutes, let stand one hour before using, then shake again just as it is served.

Ginger Ice Cream.—Use a vanilla ice cream recipe, taking one tablespoonful of vanilla, three tablespoonfuls of ginger sirup and one-half cupful of the finely chopped ginger. Freeze as usual. Use a sauce of the chopped ginger and sirup.

Crown Roast of Lamb.—Have the crown roast prepared at the market, having it large enough to hold when served plenty of buttered peas for the number to be served. Wrap the bones carefully, while roasting with slices of salt pork, to keep them from burning—remove when ready to serve. Serve with the center heaped with buttered green peas.

Nellie Maxwell

Summer Showers
Like some brands of food products, they appear suddenly—out of nowhere. A flurry of excitement—and they are gone and forgotten. The Monarch trademark has been making friends for three generations.

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Quality for 75 Years
Reid, Murdoch & Co.
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SCHWEGEL'S THOR-O-BRED BABY CHICKS
"LIVE AND LET LIVE"
They live because they are bred from healthy, free range broilers that have thrived and gained in vigor for generations. They lay because they are from selected and tested high egg producing stock. Leghorns, Rocks, B. I. Reds, Anconas, Minors, Orpingtons, Wyandottes, N. Y. and N. H. Game. Delivery guaranteed. Postpaid. Member International Chick Assn. Write today for FREE Chick Book. SCHWEGEL'S HATCHERY, 214 East 10th St., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

Really
"These chickens were hatched in an incubator." "My word! They look just like real ones!"

Long Ride
"Where've you been, Willie?" "I hitched my sled to a fire truck and th' fire was in a suburb."

No More Sore Feet! Corns and Bunions Gone—
WHY suffer from tired, aching, swollen and sweating feet, painful corns or bunions, when you can get instant relief with Allen's Foot-Ease? Shake it into your shoes in the morning—then walk all day in comfort. For those who like to dance, hike, play golf or tennis, Allen's Foot-Ease is indispensable. It will increase your enjoyment and efficiency. Sprinkled into the foot-bath—relief for your tired feet is immediate. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent free, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Sold by all Drug and Department Stores

Plenty Is Enough
"Would you like a job in a feed mill, Sam?" "No, suh, boss, Ah eats at home."

One Bad Fault
He—You have read my new novel. What do you think of it? She—The covers are too far apart.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Such a Speaker
"Did the speaker electrify his audience?" "No, he merely gassed it."

Mechanics
"What is a fly-wheel?" "It is the steering wheel on an airplane."—Good Hardware.

Are you being bored to death?

MOSQUITO torture is quickly ended if you keep a can of Flit handy.

Flit spray clears your home in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It is clean, safe and easy to use.

Kills All Household Insects

Flit spray also destroys bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where they hide and breed, and destroys insects and their eggs. Spray Flit on your garments. Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. It is harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old methods because it kills all the insects—and does it quickly.

Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

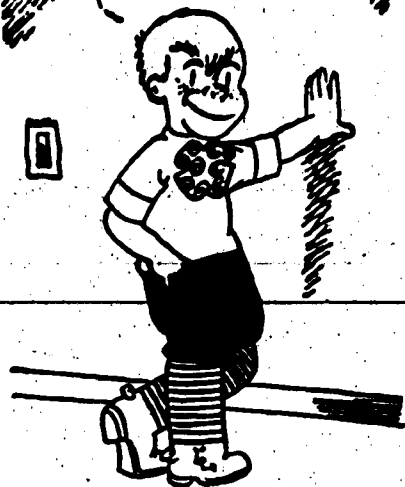
FLIT

DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The picture was with the Flit spray."

MICKIE SAYS—

"DON'T PUT OFF TIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY" IS A GRAND OLD MOTTO FOR US. FOR IF FOLKS WOULDNT WAIT TIL THE LAST MINUTE WITH THEIR COPY FOR THE PAPER AND ORDERS FOR JOB WORK, WE'D BE ROUND WITH A SMILE FROM EAR TO EAR.



Antrim Locals

Mrs. William Hurlin is at the Peterboro hospital for treatment.

A few of our ladies attended a missionary meeting in Keene on Tuesday of this week.

The W. R. C. will hold a district meeting in Antrim on Friday afternoon, July 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Merrill are entertaining relatives from the vicinity of Boston for a season.

The family of L. E. Parker was called to Chesterfield on Sunday to attend the funeral of a sister of Mr. Parker.

The new Triple Combination fire truck which has been purchased for Antrim is expected to arrive in town tomorrow, Thursday, and a test will be given on the afternoon of the same day and probably on Friday.

A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

The many shades of green which are noticed by the observer as he rides through the country at this season of the year makes it almost as beautiful as the Autumn foliage. And everybody is not in love with green either!

Advertise Attractions of New Hampshire! This is a wonderful slogan and "everybody doing it" should accomplish the desired end. There is no better way that we think of just at the moment than to talk Senator George H. Moses for reelection to the United States Senate from the Granite State. He is a remarkable help in keeping New Hampshire on the map!

It is important that children should be taught the care of household pets, and especially regularly in feeding and watering. This is not only humane education, but incidentally it is teaching children continuous application, thru which is no more important humane lesson to be learned. Teach children that all living creatures should be treated as they themselves would be treated. Consideration for Dumb Animals is a mark of HUMANITY treated. Consideration for Dumb Race.

On Thursday, June 17, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a field meeting will be held at Liberty Farm, in the west part of Antrim, to inspect the alfalfa fields. This will be the only meeting of the kind in this section, and people are expected from Hillsboro, Hancock, and Bennington, as well as from this town. Ford Prince, from the University at Durham, will accompany E. W. Pierce, the County Agricultural Agent, on this tour of inspection.

Enoch D. Fuller, of Manchester, a candidate for the Republican nomination for Register of Deeds at the coming primaries, was in Antrim on Friday last, accompanied by George Foster, of the Queen City. Mr. Fuller is an ex-service man, and is amply able from every angle to fill this position; a most pleasing man to talk with, and impressed those whom he met very favorably. We should be pleased to give all who wish such other information regarding Mr. Fuller and his candidacy as they may desire as far as we may know the conditions as they exist.



NO-NOX

MOTOR FUEL

STOPS KNOCKS

Turns Mountains into Mole hills

FOR many years mechanical engineers struggled to build automobile engines of higher compression. As compression is increased the power line goes up and the fuel consumption line goes down—ordinary gasolines would not withstand this higher compression without knocks, clicks, or detonations—accumulated carbon deposits increased this compression by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber—and the audible sounds of the engine distress grew louder.

It has been our good fortune to produce a gasoline that positively eliminates clicks, pings, and knocks.

Gulf No-Nox and Carbon are Power Twins

GULF No-Nox Motor Fuel withstands compression to a high degree; carbon, increasing the compression of the engine, ceases to be a nightmare as long as it does not interfere with valve action. In other words, it puts carbon to work. More power and greater efficiency is thereby accomplished, resulting in greater mileage.

With GULF No-Nox Motor Fuel in your tank—step on it—you will get the story better than we can tell it.

This Guarantee goes with it

GULF No-Nox Motor Fuel is Non-Noxious, Non-Poisonous and no more harmful to man or motor than ordinary gasoline—that it contains no dope of any kind—that the color is for identification only—that it positively will not heat the motor summer or winter.

GULF No-Nox Motor Fuel is priced three cents per gallon higher than ordinary gasoline—and is worth it.

The Orange Gas—At the Sign of the Orange Disc

GULF REFINING COMPANY

Antrim Garage, Antrim, N. H.

Form Your Own Idea of "Outstanding" Man

Somebody signing his name "Me" writes: "I frequently see the phrase 'an outstanding man.' So I went to Webster and found that 'outstanding' meant 'uncollected' (as of a debt). Now, uncollected means not received, and if a man is not received, he is unaccepted. So an outstanding man is an unaccepted man. Is that right?" No. You have got sidetracked somewhere, the Cleveland Plain Dealer points out. Uncollected means scattered, dispersed. Dispersed means divergent, a divergence is a variation, variation is dissimilarity. A man who is not similar to other men is either

superior or inferior. But his dissimilarity is marked only when he is superior—that is, when he stands out above the rest. Therefore, an outstanding man. Thus we come full circle. But an outstanding man is an egotistical man (Latin, "e," out of; and "grex," a herd—one who stands out from the common herd). Anything that is egotistical is eccentric, and therefore absurd. The absurd is despised and looked down upon; the despicable is small and insignificant. You can hardly notice what is significant. Therefore, an outstanding man is a nonentity. You can prove anything by the dictionary.

Woman Decries Value of Ancient Precept

"Sometimes I think precepts do more harm than good," said the woman, as, with flushed cheeks she threw down a dress she had been working on all day. "For instance, I had it drilled into me in my youth, 'Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today,' and I actually suffer for it. 'Many times it would be much better to put things off until tomorrow, but I feel that old precept driving me. In illustration: It would have been much better if I had put by this dress until tomorrow, for I've worked on it too long already. But no, I kept putting along, and now I've made a bad

blunder on it. "Again and again I am overtired or overnervous for a certain task, but that old precept keeps dinging in my ears, and I attempt today what would be much better attempted tomorrow. In the case of important decisions, too, I think it is much better generally to sleep on the problem, but somehow I feel as if putting off until tomorrow was a sin and I often decide with hasty judgment. "I know that lazy people often put off until tomorrow, believing someone will do the task for them, and of course they're very negligent and slack—but sometimes their system is best to follow."—Springfield Union.

Old English Game

Barley Break, a game once common in England, was played by three couples of young people, the pairing being determined by lot. A piece of ground was divided into three sections, the central being called "hell." This was assigned to one of the couples. The couples who occupied the other places then approached as near as they dared to the central space, tempting the condemned couple to capture them. The couple in "hell" must not overstep the boundaries and they must keep each one hand locked in one of the partner's. When one of the outside couples was captured, it took the place in the central space.