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WATCH this space next week

Lilies of Easter

The big white lily, grown in profusion in Bermuda and elsewhere to meet the annual demand for floral symbols of Easter in New York and its neighborhood, is not essentially an Easter flower, and its recent association with the commemoration of the Resurrection has no historical significance. White lilies, to be sure, figure in some of the early religious portraiture. The little white lily of the woods, a flower of early summer, has long been associated by the poets including Shakespeare, Keats and Tennyson with modesty and purity. But the big Bermuda lily is not a symbol of modesty and has inspired no poet. Apart from its religious significance, Easter is the spring festival, and the real flowers of early spring, the tulip, the daffodil, the wild arbutus, are its more appropriate symbols. We derive our name for it from Ostara, the Saxon goddess of the East and the dawn. In Latin countries they cling to variants of the Aramis "pesach" (passover) as pasqua pasques. If there is such a flower as "the resurrection lily," it must be the small purple lily of Palestine.

When the lily is mentioned in other seasons, we never think of Easter. "Consider the lilies of the field," Solomon, in all his glory, was not so arrayed. Flowers gorgeous in color are brought to mind. To paint them cries Salisbury, in "King John," were "wasteful and ridiculous excess." The fleur-de-lys of France is blue. The tiger lily, the panther lily, the red lily are as common in botany, if not in Bermuda and the Easter markets, as the big white lily.

All the spring flowers are, fitly symbols of the Resurrection, the renewal of life after the killing frosts, and commerce has made the Bermuda lily a spring flower. There are sweeter flowers and lovelier. The lately developed Easter lily resembles somewhat the blossom of the despised jimson weed, though it seems not nearly so beautiful to the artist's eye.

Unhappy Marriages

The universal expectation of married people is that their married lives will always be happy ones. Deluded dreamers! They imagine that they are different from other people, and that when they enter the portal of matrimony, love, peace and prosperity will ever be their attendants. Such ones had better by far consider themselves the same as others, but form iron resolutions that will keep them from the dangerous coasts upon which so many have been wrecked and ruined. Unhappy marriages depend upon many causes. Previous to marriage, many try to appear more intellectual, more amiable, or more accommodating than they really are. Depend upon it, that love brought into existence by a moonlight stroll strengthened by deceit and fashion-

able displays, and finally consummated through the influence of intriguing friends, will fade in after life almost as fast as the flowers which compose the bridal wreath.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, rundown nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys, and oft-times weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by All Dealers.

Mother Hurled Babe Into Sea

New York, April 16.—An extraordinary tale of the burial at sea of a child which may have been alive when thrown overboard, was told by the officers of the steamer Statendam when that steamer arrived today from Rotterdam. The child is said to have been thrown overboard by its own mother, Mrs. Bertha Lzybik of Holland. She was coming to this country with two children, the youngest of which, Elsa, was about a year old. On the way over the child was taken ill with convulsions during a gale, and in about an hour was apparently dead. The other passengers of the steamer objected to the presence of the body on board and informed the mother that unless the child was thrown overboard, a storm would overwhelm the steamer. About midnight the body of the child was thrown into the sea.

Officers of the steamer soon discovered what had happened and the ship's surgeon who made enquiries is said to have expressed the fear that the child was merely in a comatose condition and might have revived under medical treatment. Mrs. Lzybik was taken to Ellis Island.

Drink Sour Milk Live to be 120

Chicago, Samuel Fallows, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church and founder of Christian Psychology, a combination of faith cure and medicine—now in his seventy-third year, believes that men ought to be in their prime at eighty and live to be 120 years old. Here is the explanation he gave last night: Drink sour milk or pure buttermilk two or three times a day. Avoid strenuous living. Go to bed early and get up with the rising sun. Take plenty of exercise of a kind not associated with your actual employment. Obey rigidly the laws of hygiene. Keep a clear conscience. Love God and be square with your fellow-man.

Drink some more sour milk.

The prelate said: "I am indebted for my material to three sources:

"1 The Bible.

"2 A newly published book by Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, a French scientist.

"3 Science in general.

"Metchnikoff, one of the professors in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, is the greatest exponent in the world of the theories of Darwin. It is his business to hunt up diseases and their remedies. In a new book Metchnikoff points out that the reason men do not live to a great age is because under modern conditions the arteries harden with advancing age, due to deposits of calcareous substances.

"He has discovered that the antidote for this condition is sour milk. The sheaths of the arteries are softened by the milk. The principle, he says, is as sound as the virus theory in hydrophobia and antitoxin and vaccination for other ailments.

"Metchnikoff declares that sour milk or pure buttermilk should be drunk two or three times a day.

"He declares that fifty years would be added to the lives of aged persons if they do so. Now in the Old Testament, just after the flood, the prophet of God said: And the days of man are 120 years.

"It was centuries later that the psalmist said: 'The days of man are three score and ten years.'

Now, as to the scientific theory. Research has proved that the multiple of adolescence in animals is six. That is, they ordinarily live six times the length of their infancy. Man reaches maturity at twenty years. Multiplying that by six gives 120 years, the natural age of man, according to the present standard and length of life.

"This is not natural, and the reason is that man does not live naturally and does not take the proper precautions until too late."

"The rules of the average Chicagoan for reaching 120 years are: Late hours, extravagance, worry, intemperance, suppression of virtues and expansion of bad habits.

Influence of Lady Friends

It is better for any man to pass an evening, once or twice a week, in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the daughter's speech by heart, than in a club, hotel or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a boor; a beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce and brown bread and butter, we protest we can sit for a long evening talking to a kindly woman about her girl Jane or her boy Frank, and enjoy the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society, is, that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world.

We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipe and say we won't go out—we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

The Art of Choosing a Wife

Should a man marry a silly, an intelligent, a literary or a society woman? In choosing a wife for perfect marital felicity an undue amount of gray matter is considered a fly in the ointment. By a public vote the chances would be against the literary woman who wrote books. She would be considered a gas bleu. She would be led firmly but gently out of

the arena. She would receive no votes.

The silly woman would receive a goodly share, but she must be pretty. Those who would have voted for her would say that they did not desire an idiot but, on the contrary, a woman only slightly foolish—not too much so. She would be sufficiently light and feathery to laugh and be merry, quite tractable, and would know just enough to stay at home and take care of the house. The intelligent woman—that is, of normal ability—would get a large number of votes.

The society girl would get none. The judgment of those who knew nothing of her would be that she flies by night and sleeps by day—like a bat—waking up only between times to order a new gown.

It matters very little in choosing a wife whether she is a society woman, a literary woman or a hottentot, if only she is of his own temperament; if there is a complete melody of heart taste and sympathies.

Every one knows that opposite types seek and love each other. The blonde attracts the dark and vice versa. But there are other occult and mysterious sympathies when it is not a case of a combination of opposites.

Beware of the mating of the bird and the fish. The court will grant a divorce for incompatibility of temper, but for incompatibility of temperament there is no redress.

She is radiant with the innocent joy of living, loves sunshine, society and friends. He is morose, jealous and suspicious. She is high strung and sensitive. He is cold and merciless. Will the bird or the fish survive?

A man should choose a woman of his own sympathies so that the music may keep perfect time. He is proud, ambitious, generous and desires to entertain. She insists upon dressing in calico, is parsimonious and retiring. He may lead a tranquil life, but the chances are that he will lead it somewhere else.

He has a prolonged thirst and loves to treat his friends as they drop in. She belongs to the W. C. T. U. and keeps tabs on the "little brown jug." Can you see their finish?

A man with aspirations would be likely to find his affinity in the social world. She will know how to cultivate and entertain those who are most useful to him; how to spend his money judiciously because she has always had money; prove faithful because she has seen many fascinating men and has chosen him, and will settle down because she is surfeited with pleasure.

But a man should not fly higher than his own roost or he is apt to get winged. If he desires a mate for domestic service, a cook or a housemaid, he should not seek her in the drawing room, but in the laboring class. If she has labored too hard, however, he may find her too frail to participate in domestic matters after marriage.

The ideal wife for a man of all degrees is the affinity who is in sympathy with his occupation and all that concerns him, who submerges her life in his, gives inspiration when things go right and courage and life when things go wrong.

Before taking a wife a man might take a bird's-eye view of his future mother-in-law. There are many good mothers-in-law, but the poets sing of others.

The Home Life

In the homelife never forget that the children have social rights, and the chief among these is the right to laugh when they are happy, to cry when they are unhappy, and to make a noise. A healthy child is always active. It must jump and scream, fall down, cry when it gets a hurt, and jump up only to repeat the same thing. But to keep it still means unhappiness, and nearly, if not quite death. Let them be gay. This is their element. We always class children, birds and flowers together. And why? Because they should be equally beautiful, innocent and happy. We should never rob childhood of its ideal loveliness. Even old people should be gay, and happy, and good.

No matter where women meet they talk and

wherever you hear them talking the gist of conversation is always the same.

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too good to overcloud the children's horizon with angry eyes and lowering brows, nor turn their merriment to discord by continual fault-finding. Allow them all the freedom consistent with absolute safety. Let them play and be happy, but teach them self-control. God's estimate of self-control is this: He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city." Condemn your children only when they are really wrong, and then as gently as possible but be sure to commend them when they do right. A little praise with a child goes a long way. A child may be very provoking, but not wilfully bad. Attributing bad motives to a thoughtless child has ruined many a little life. Just blame less and praise more, and we shall have better children. Especially as most of their faults are copied from their parents, we should exercise the strictest charity, for verily "Charity doth cover a multitude of sins."

Spring

With tangled hair and tear-washed face
She came one dreary wind-swept night,
Devoid of every gentle grace,
Her trembling limbs betrayed her flight.

"May I come in?" she pleaded sore,
And rest my soiled and weary feet,
Stern winter all my garments tore
And covered me with mud and sleet.

We brought the tired wanderer in
And bathed her wounds and bade her rest,
And left her sleeping through the night,
Our sweet-faced but disheveled guest.

But in the morning when we rose
We saw a being wondrous bright,
With face pure as an angel's face,
Her robe shone with celestial light.

And turning with a gracious smile,
The sweetest, daintiest, winsome thing,
That won our hearts forever more,
She softly whispered, "I am Spring."
—Emma Connor.

The Last Man Shaved

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work.

About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up, and the leader enquired if we had seen a tall roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed:

"Good gracious, but you are all

freshly shaved!"
"Yes, we gave the barber a job."
"And he shaved each one of you?"
"He did, and did it well."
"Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions.

"What of it?" asked one of our party.
"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber's chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum." They rode away at a gallop and next morning returned to our camp with the man who had been captured after a hard fight and was tied to his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed:

"I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got it thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind."

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

Marriage is a Failure

When either of the parties marry for money.
When the lord of creation pays more for cigars than his better half does for hosiery, boots and bonnets.

When one of the parties engages in a business that is not approved by the other.

When both parties persist in argument over a subject upon which they never have and never can think alike.

When neither husband nor wife takes a vacation.

When the vacations are taken by one side of the house only.

When a man attempts to tell his wife what style of bonnet she must wear.

When a man's Christmas presents to his wife consist of bootjack's, shirts, and gloves for himself.

When the watchword is: "Each for himself."

When dinner is not ready at dinner time.

When "he" snores his loudest while "she" kindles the fire.

When the "father" takes half of the pie and leaves the other half for the one that made it and her eight children.

When the children are given the neck and back of the chicken.

When the children are obliged to clamor for their rights.

When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one side of the house knows anything about.

When there is too much latchkey.

When politeness, fine manners, and kindly attention are reserved for company or visits abroad.