













**COMBINATION CREAM**  
**ontee!**  
It Melts Into Your Skin

So smooth, so delicately creamy, is Combination Cream Jontel, that the skin absorbs it eagerly. Not a suspicion of grease after use; nothing to clog the pores.

And fragrant with the rare Odor Jontel—the blended perfumes of 26 selected flowers.

To nourish the tissues—to keep the skin soft, clear, and pliable—and, particularly, as a perfect foundation for powder—you will find in Combination Cream Jontel every requirement you have long sought in a face cream.

Today is none too soon to give your skin the benefit of Combination Cream Jontel. Take home a jar.

**50¢**

**CHAS. H. HOWARD CO.**  
THE REXALL STORE  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

**NOTICE!**  
**Plumbing Heating**

Having recently purchased of J. N. Os-  
well, the plumbing and heating supplies  
formerly owned at the Paris Machine Co.,  
and having made my stable at No. 3 Main  
Street over into a plumbing and heating  
shop, I am in a position to give prompt  
and efficient service to people in South  
Paris and neighboring towns along the  
lines of Plumbing, Heating, Sheet Metal  
Work, Steel Ceiling.

I am agent for American Radiators  
and Ideal Boilers.

I earnestly solicit your business in the  
above line.

**RALPH R. BUTTS,**  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.  
PHONE 225

**New Spring Headwear**

Our new Hats for Spring are here  
awaiting your inspection. They please us  
and we think you will like them. Lots of  
different models to fit all faces. Snappy  
styles in new colors. A large assortment  
of the new Cloth Hats in spring weights.

**Lee M. Smith Co.**  
NORWAY, MAINE.

**HILLS**  
Registered and Optician

Optometrist

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, adjusted and repaired. Thirty-four years fitting  
glasses in Norway. We can duplicate your broken lens no matter who fitted you.  
Everything optical. No fancy prices. Toric lenses cost but few cents extra.  
Did you ever stop to think that a first class Optician, Optometrist, or Oculist  
will not have to travel from town to town, house to house, fitting glasses? Take  
me chances on your eyes. See me about your eyes—it's the wise thing to do.  
No drops or dangerous drugs used in the examination of the eyes.  
Office Hours: 8:30 to 12:30 P. M. Monday and Saturday evenings.  
Other hours by appointment. Office phone 120-3; Residence phone 307-3.

185 Main Street,  
Norway, Maine.  
Look for the "Clock in the steeple."

**FERTILIZER**  
for 1921

Bowker's fertilizer and Stock-  
bridge manure on hand containing  
from two to six per cent potash.  
Buy for cash and receive liberal dis-  
count.

**O. K. CLIFFORD**  
Oxford Street, South Paris  
Tel. 147-3.

**WANTED.**  
Men and women everywhere to sell the New  
Home Creamery outfit consisting of the hand-  
made butter churn, separator and butter  
mold. Good business and low prices.  
We can deliver your outfit or you can  
come and see it. Write for particulars.  
Home Creamery Company, Bangor,  
Maine.

**Silo For Sale.**  
Round silo for sale, nearly new,  
used only one season, in perfect  
condition; if taken down will sell for  
half the cost of new. I also have for  
sale Home Creamery outfit consisting  
of churns, butterseparator, cream  
separator, Babcock test, galley, belts  
and shafting, all in good condition.  
Will sell very cheap.  
**L. A. BROOKS,**  
South Paris, Maine.

**HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.**  
Oxford Street, South Paris, Maine.  
Oxford Street, South Paris, Maine.

**"Too Good to Throw Away."**  
(By Mrs. L. A. Brooks.)  
My annual visit to Prudence fell in  
April that year. Since our college days  
we had been the kind of friends that  
share all weathers, even in domestic  
"squalls." True, I had never before  
ventured to brave even threatening ap-  
pearances in Prudence's pretty little sub-  
urban home, always managing to visit  
for June or September rest spells. But  
illness, business and other matters inter-  
vened, so I arrived at Prudence's home  
between a left-over March shower and a  
May shower of sunshine.

We frankly loafed and invited our  
guests that evening, but the next morn-  
ing Prudence greeted me at breakfast  
with the corrugated brow she used to  
wear in Chemistry Lab. when a particu-  
larly nasty "specimen" was to be made.  
"Never mind me, clean house all you  
like—I'll love it—I am so tired of hav-  
ing only dead pigeon-holes to clean it  
will be a real vacation to me."

Prudence snatched out a wrinkle or  
two, and led the way to the attic after  
having seen Prudence, Jr., and Buddy  
sawing in the sunny side porch.

The first thing I thought of when I  
saw that attic was what a waste of room.  
Two large rooms could have been made  
of it, but as it was every inch of floor  
space was filled with trunks, boxes, bun-  
dles of old magazines, piles of news-  
papers, old furniture, more or less crum-  
pled.

"I always begin with the attic, it is  
such a tedious task," said Prudence.  
"Mentally, I amended that statement to  
"useless," but contained myself a while.  
First, she opened the windows, and  
again I noticed what an ideal playroom,  
or sewing room, that attic would make,  
and said so to Prudence.

"But I must have storage room," she  
wailed, digging into the box before her,  
which seemed to hold only old last-  
of-frame of hats at that. She surely  
had been collecting them for all the ten  
years of her married life—even admitted  
it when asked with it.

"But they are too good to throw  
away," she said dutifully, and sorted them  
carefully.

"Good for what earthly thing, Prudence  
Walker?" I snapped. She hastily  
flushed that box, and began on a huge  
trunk. This held out-of-date coats.  
Stone badly worn, and, to do Prudence  
justice, none that could by any slight  
of hand be altered into present-day  
style. She is economical. But the  
clothes should have gone to some charity  
at the time they were discarded.

Then a barrel engaged her attention.  
This was filled to the brim with care-  
fully packed brace-a-brace, of all degrees  
of biddensness.

"Bill simply won't have ornaments  
about, he says they are the mischievous  
Satan finds for his hands."

"Good for Bill, but why hoard it?  
Do you expect it to top the market and  
make you independently wealthy at  
some long future date?"

"Yes, but 'Lidiosa' can't throw it  
away—it's too good." So it went  
through that interminable morning,  
broken into by a heart-to-heart scrap  
between Prudence, Jr., and me.

They were cold and tired, and the attic  
porch was not a suitable playroom for a  
gusty April day.

At luncheon everybody was too cross  
to eat, so after a pretense at it the chil-  
dren were put to nap, and Prudence and  
I again attacked the attic—it was a  
capital by that time!

Over and under the tops we went for  
two terrible hours. Old blouses, old  
neckties, old socks, old pictures, pecks  
of photographs, piles of patterns, Bill's  
stringless guitar, the "physical exer-  
ciser" he used a week, an oil stove that  
would never burn again, a box of pas-  
tened electric bulbs, and a whole calendar  
of the year.

It was the last, that a Bill would  
have said, "got my goat." "For the  
love of Mike, Prudence, what and when  
and where do you expect to use those  
old calendars?"

She began to say, "They're too good  
to throw away," but I stopped her.  
"Listen to me, Prudence Walker, do  
you know you have the worst case of  
hoarditis that I ever saw? Why, it's  
absolutely a disease with you. All this  
junk, positively nothing else, and you  
are cluttering up a space with it that  
could be used as comfortable playroom  
for the children—and that little alcove  
for a compact little sewing-room. It's  
good to be economical, but there is no  
real saving in hoarding up useless trash,  
wasting needed house space. And the  
time you spend foolishly going through  
all this every spring and fall, you are  
telling me yesterday how you couldn't  
find a moment for your music any more,  
nor time to go into town to a play. And  
you waste hours up here, and for no  
good."

"Discard all this trash, do the attic  
up to me, and don't leave yourself a  
place to hoard." "You know there's  
four-legged animal that hoards—but you  
surely are not one!"

"It's all very well for you to talk,  
'Lidia, but you are a city dweller where  
people have no chance to keep disorders."

"Haven't they? Used to be one my-  
self, but you remember snail? Need who  
did upstairs? She was almost as bad  
as you, and I had to 'go over' her things  
after her death. I wasn't well, so I had  
one of the neighbor girls in to help."

"And had her things scattered for the  
last fifty years, from her old suitcase to  
broken mouse traps, and to have it all  
laid bare to the mischievous eyes of a  
stranger in the house? I won't do it, and  
had a real 'clair' up spell, and when  
ever I am tempted to hoard now, I see  
in my mind that giggling girl turning  
over snail's cherished 'treasures.' And her  
last say, 'My soul, ain't that a funny  
thing to keep?'"

Prudence listened, half convinced,  
when just then Fate sounded two horns.  
One was nasal and Jewish, "Old-time  
old-time-old-time-ra-ra." The other was  
from below stairs, and even I knew it  
for Buddy's danger signal.

"Go on to Buddy, I'll bargain with  
old Nathan." I offered generously, I  
did, too, and cleared that attic of every-  
thing but some of the best of the dis-  
carded furniture, the trunks, and a few  
of the pictures whose frames could be  
used.

I took my vacation right then by  
grace of a reasonable office "boss," and  
was waiting by the battle of the attic, and  
when it was ended, Prudence had two  
pleasant attic rooms for the children and  
herself, and the day I left I heard her  
singing the Salvation Army on the phone  
to come for Buddy's outgrown winter  
coat, Bill's brogues that turned out too  
small to wear, and her own old rain  
cape, vice a new one, gift of Bill's rich  
uncle.

I noticed she had the last two months'  
magazines and papers neatly tied, and  
waiting by the battle of the attic, and  
when it was ended, Prudence had two  
pleasant attic rooms for the children and  
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**Moon and Mountain**  
By RUBY DOUGLAS

Helen Morrison had come to the  
Berkshires as traveling companion to  
an elderly and very wealthy invalid  
who took the trip each autumn as regu-  
larly as she took off the September  
sheet from the calendar.

As much as Helen was eighteen and  
her employer was eighty, the young  
girl found herself, at most times, de-  
spairingly lonely. The chauffeur who  
drove the big limousine in which they  
traveled day after day along some of  
the most wonderfully lovely roads  
Helen had ever dreamed of, was a  
nearly a machine as the motor he was  
running.

He spoke of nothing but speeds and  
spark plugs, batteries and bearings.  
Helen was sure it was a carburetor  
that kept his body and soul joined to-  
gether during this earthly sojourn. And  
she wondered if the mysterious of their  
company did not help the people of  
the Middle Ages to survive the hor-  
rible messes they used to eat. At the  
castle everybody sat down to table  
at once. At the head sat my lord and  
my lady, their family and noble  
guests, eating off gold and silver  
plates. Further down were folk who  
happened to stop in for the night,  
perhaps a wandering monk or two, pil-  
grims, young men in search of adven-  
ture, and lower down the servants and  
retainers. They took their own good  
time at table with stories, songs and  
gay laughter.

Music from the harpist, who warmed  
himself meanwhile at the huge fire-  
place. And they enjoyed such dishes  
as pork and hens ground to powder,  
bottled with eggs and bread crumbs,  
ginger, sugar, salt and saffron!—Mar-  
lon Holmes in Chicago Daily News.

**TOLSTOY IRKED BY IDLENESS**  
Letter Written by Russian Philo-  
sopher Condemns Life Led by  
Idlement Men of Means.

The Vossische Zeitung prints the  
following letter by Tolstoy, written in  
1884, with the remark that it has  
before been published except in  
Russian and that its value lies in the  
fact that as early as 1884 Tolstoy had  
about made up his mind to do what  
he did in 1910—leave home and live  
the life of a peasant. The letter reads  
in part:

"I am living in the country, involun-  
tarily according to a new method. I  
go to bed early, get up early, write  
very little but work a great deal, either  
making boots or mowing hay. I see  
with joy (or possibly it only seems  
to me like joy) that there is some-  
thing up in my family. They do not  
condemn me as a matter of fact, they  
seem ashamed of themselves."

"What miserable creatures we are  
and how we have all gone astray.  
There are a great many of us here,  
my own children and the children of  
Kuzminsky, and nobody does a thing  
but gulp down food. They are all  
big and strong, yet they do nothing. Peo-  
ple in the village are at work. My  
children eat and make their clothes  
and their rooms dirty and that is all.  
Everything is done for them by some-  
body else, yet they do nothing for  
anybody. And worst of all, they seem  
to feel that it is no doing. But I  
have and will use my own pen in build-  
ing up such a system, and I can never  
forget it. I feel that for them I am a  
trouble-fete. But it is clear that they  
are beginning to see that this cannot  
go on this way forever."

**HAD NO CAUSE FOR WORRY**  
Under the Circumstances Wash White  
Could Afford to Live Life of  
Elegant Leisure.

Senator Groves of Dakota was  
analyzing a political opponent at a  
Dakota luncheon.

"What man had he had through and  
through?" he said. "He's actually so  
bad that he mistakes badness for  
goodness—he is proud of himself, in  
short."

"By Jove, he makes me think of  
Uncle Washington White. As Uncle  
Wash loafed in front of the poolroom  
one morning the preacher's wife  
stopped and said:

"Washington, why don't you go  
to work?"

"Old Wash White, as he puffed  
serenely on his cornocob, answered:  
"Beckase Ah got a wife an' chil-  
dren toe support!"

"But the preacher's wife im-  
patiently interrupted, 'you can't support  
them by loafing here in front of this  
poolroom.'"

"Excuse me, Miss Fotherly," said  
Wash, with dignity. "Lemme finish  
mah remark. Wot Ah means for say  
is that Ah's got a wife an' chillun toe  
support me."—Detroit Free Press.

**New York Boys' New Game.**  
The game of marbles no longer holds  
a throne in boyville. Any New York  
side street where there's enough room  
between bluecoats and automobile  
traffic to allow will show you that a  
new game has taken its place.

"Sidewalk checkers," the boys call  
it. The new game really has the ele-  
ments of both the old marble shooting  
days and checkers as played on a  
board. Checkers men are used to  
black, blue—the color makes no dif-  
ference. A ring is drawn with chalk  
and the object is to flip your checker  
man with enough force to knock your  
opponents out of the ring.

"Hully gee!" said a future Ponzi as  
he gathered up his winnings on Reade  
street last Saturday night. "I got  
enough lumber here to start me a  
paper mill!"—New York Sun.

**Men Who Repair Skeletons.**  
There are two kinds of skeleton-  
makers—the bone surgeon and the  
skeleton-assembler. Art schools, medical  
colleges, and students of anatomy  
require an accurately constructed skele-  
ton to aid in their work.

All the bones must be properly as-  
sorted and carefully put together. They  
are strung on fine wires. The  
skeleton-assembler must also pick out  
of collections of bones what he wants  
sent him; the 200 or more bones that  
belong to the particular individual he  
reconstructed. It is not an easy task,  
and the price of skeletons is  
justified by the amount of work re-  
quired to construct them.—Popular  
Science Monthly.

**Matter of Principle.**  
A good many widows get married  
just to show that they can, and not  
because of any particular liking for  
what they get.

**Love is strange, dear. Do you know me?**  
Helen nodded. "Yes—Till afraid I  
do. I suspect that was why I was so  
desperately lonely in all this wonder-  
fully romantic country—because I was  
longing for you to love me."

After a while the car with the Iowa  
license found its way back to the  
garage guided by hands that trembled  
with emotion. And in more than one  
mountain lane, casting the remainder  
of the trip through the mountains, the  
two parties happened to find them-  
selves staying at the same hotels.  
Neither was the little companion lone-  
ly; neither did she care if the chauff-  
eur thought only of cord drive and  
cylinder. She had promised to marry  
George Taylor at the end of the  
journey.

**CHEERFULNESS AT THE TABLE**  
Last Place in the World Where There  
Should Be Bickering or Long  
Faces.

A cheerful company at table raises  
your spirits, animates you and puts  
you into a more favorable physical  
condition. Also, I agree with the the-  
ory that pleasant subjects only should  
be discussed at meal. If father sits  
down to dinner with a hard luck story  
that is light of business acquaintances  
that fail to keep their appointments,  
of the lowering financial sky, and he  
doesn't "know what we're coming to,  
really" that dinner is pretty well  
spoiled for mother, at least, and what  
she does take falls to mother's lot.

I have wondered if the mystery of  
their company did not help the people  
of the Middle Ages to survive the hor-  
rible messes they used to eat. At the  
castle everybody sat down to table  
at once. At the head sat my lord and  
my lady, their family and noble  
guests, eating off gold and silver  
plates. Further down were folk who  
happened to stop in for the night,  
perhaps a wandering monk or two, pil-  
grims, young men in search of adven-  
ture, and lower down the servants and  
retainers. They took their own good  
time at table with stories, songs and  
gay laughter.

Music from the harpist, who warmed  
himself meanwhile at the huge fire-  
place. And they enjoyed such dishes  
as pork and hens ground to powder,  
bottled with eggs and bread crumbs,  
ginger, sugar, salt and saffron!—Mar-  
lon Holmes in Chicago Daily News.

**Hold Grudge Against Chameleon.**  
No African native will have any-  
thing to do with a chameleon, under  
any circumstances whatever. It seems  
that beyond the dim veils of time, and  
when the "Great Ancestor" was form-  
ing the world, he sent the chameleon  
to tell the black people that for them  
life should be immortal, and then, hav-  
ing changed his mind, he sent the li-  
ard to catch up with the chameleon  
and, if the message had not already  
been delivered, to rescind the order.

The legend goes on to relate how  
the chameleon in its vanity stopped  
often to change its color, and that,  
having turned its coat to match its  
background, it was passed by the li-  
ard, which, arriving first, told the  
black people that immortality was not  
for them.

**Odd Insurance Policy.**  
The announcement was made in  
English papers the other day that a  
Yorkshireman had taken out an in-  
surance policy against the laying  
violent hands on his mother-in-law! It  
appears that the old lady was so  
frightened of personal injury at the  
hands of her son-in-law that she made  
a will leaving him a substantial leg-  
acy, if only he would keep his hands  
off her. Being equally afraid of his  
ability to hold his temper in check  
over what might prove a considerable  
number of years, he went to a firm of  
underwriters and fixed up an insur-  
ance policy covering this queer risk.

**Superior Apologist.**  
"You are not keeping step to the  
music."

"I know it," replied Mr. Hibrow. "I  
thoroughly disapprove of jazz and re-  
fuse to listen."

**Over 5,900 people share in earnings of C. M. P. Co.**

More than 5,900 dividend checks went out April 1 to holders of Central Maine Power Company Preferred Stock.

No other company has as many stockholders in Maine.

No other company pays dividends more regularly.

Nearly twice as many people are buying Central Maine Power Preferred now as were buying it a year ago.

The price is unchanged—the yield is unchanged, the steady flow of dividends has never been interrupted.

Does such a security interest you too? If so, please send the coupon and get more information. The price is \$107.50 a share, the yield is 6 1/2 per cent. net.

**Central Maine Power Co.**  
Augusta, Maine.  
(of which the Oxford Electric Company is a part)  
Augusta, Maine.  
J. E. Kingsley, Representa-  
tive, Hotel Andrews,  
South Paris, Maine.

**COUPON**  
Central Maine Power Company.  
Augusta, Maine.  
Please send me information about your security as an investment.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
O. D. 4-19-21

**SHOE PRICES Are Lower**

You will find my prices on all kinds of Footwear as low as the market for reliable makes.

Spring stock is arriving each week.

**W. O. FROTHINGHAM,**  
South Paris

**The Trust Department**  
of this Bank is authorized by the United States Government to act in the following capacities:

**For the Individual**  
Care of Securities—Collection and distribution of income and investment of funds.  
Living Trusts—As your trustee during your lifetime, holding securities and other property and applying the income and principal as you direct.  
Executor and Trustee under Will—Protection of your estate through prudent management.  
Administrator—By court appointment at the request of heirs, Guardian—For the property of minors and incompetents.

**For Corporations**  
Trusts—Under mortgage indentures or other agreements.  
Transfer Agent and Registrar—Stocks, bonds and notes.  
Paying Agent—For dividends, coupons and principal of bonds and notes.

**THE NORWAY NATIONAL BANK**  
Norway, Maine  
Resources more than one million dollars

**HILLS Jewelry Store**  
The finest and best stocked Jewelry Store in town.

**B. L. HUTCHINS, Proprietor**  
Watchmaker and Jeweler

Time by Wireless daily from Washington, D. C.  
Watch Inspector for Grand Trunk R. R.  
185 Main Street, Opera House Block. Phone 120-2.  
NORWAY, MAINE

**CUT FLOWERS**  
Funeral Work a Specialty  
Pillows, Wreaths and All Set Pieces  
MADE TO ORDER  
**E. P. CROCKETT, Florist**  
Greenhouse, Porter Street, South Paris  
Tel. 111-3

**just sick**  
**ADOSE**

Not quite ready to give up but very tired of the cheapest medicine you can get when you feel this way 19 to "give up" for a day or two, stay in the house, keep quiet, eat lightly of simple food and take a mild laxative that will REACH THE LIVER. You may have a favorite pill or tablet, but don't overlook the fact that NOW you need a prescription to give you RESISTANCE, a tonic for the vital organs to assure good digestion, pure blood and natural action of the bowels and kidneys. We recommend "L. F." Medicine because it has helped so many. 60 doses for 50 cents.

"L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

**NOTICE.**  
The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of **CHARLES B. LEARNED**, late of Watford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

**CHARLES B. LEARNED, Jr.,**  
March 19th, 1921. 12-15 Watford, Maine.

**NOTICE.**  
The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of **CHARLES B. LEARNED**, late of Watford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

**CHARLES B. LEARNED, Jr.,**  
March 19th, 1921. 12-15 Watford, Maine.

**NOTICE.**  
The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of **LOUIS HIGGINSON**, late of Watford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

**HENRY M. SPILMAN,**  
March 19th, 1921. 12-15 Watford, Maine.