


The Ellsworth American

EELSWORTH, MAINE, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 24, 1914

No. 29

LOCAL AFFAIRS

NEW APPOINTMENTS THIS WEEK

The new city clerk, Mr. J. M. Schofield, reports for duty at the city hall.

COMBINED NEW TABLE.

I have the honor to announce the following:

A. W. ALLEY, Prop.

Robert W. Blake, ofHancock, is visiting the Mechanics' Institute.

The new city clerk, Mr. J. M. Schofield, reports for duty at the city hall.

EASTERN TRUST & BANKING COMPANY

HANCOCK,

BRANCH AT GORDON'S STORE & DENTZ


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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Third Quarter, For July 26, 1914.

THE AMERICAN, ELLSWORTH, ME., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1914.

THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pills, vegetable Compound.

Duluth, Minn.—I suffered from female ailments and I hardly was able to get out of bed without assistance. I had no right to expect to live another day. The doctors had given me up as a lost cause. My husband and family were all overcome with grief and horror at the thought of my death. I had no hope left in the world, was ready to take the first chance of relief, and went to the drug store and purchased Lydia E. Pills, vegetable Compound. I had them for many days. I was enabled to see my children one day and they were surprised to see me. I am well now and feel as well as ever. I want to thank you for your kindness in sending me the Lydia E. Pills, vegetable Compound. And I want to thank you for the benefit I have received.

Asa M. Brown.

Making the Little-Farm Pap

By G.C. Bowles.
The return of the fall farmers in the vicinity of Brooklyn is anticipated with much interest by the many farmers and others who are obliged to depend on the market for the necessities of life. The fall is the time of the year when the fruits of the vegetable garden and farm are abundant, and the market is supplied with a variety of vegetables and fruits to meet the demands of the consumers. The fall market is characterized by the availability of a wide range of fresh produce, which is harvested and brought to market by farmers and gardeners. The fall market is also a time of transition, when the harvest is over and the winter season is approaching, and the focus shifts to preparing for the upcoming winter months. In Brooklyn, as in other cities, the fall market is an opportunity for farmers to sell their produce directly to consumers, and for consumers to purchase fresh, locally grown fruits and vegetables. The fall market is also a time of celebration for the agricultural community, with festivals and events held to honor the season and the hard work of the farmers and gardeners. Overall, the fall market is an important event in the agricultural calendar, providing a platform for farmers to showcase their produce and for consumers to enjoy the bounty of the season.
Fresh Tobacco Never Bites; Dry, Cut-up Tobacco Does

Only when the natural moisture dries out of tobacco can it be 'tied' and 'fitted' into. In the saddle plug, all the moisture, flavor and fragrance are pressed in and kept in. The natural leaf tobacco. Every pipe can and must keep off the plug is freed.—so you always get a slow-burning, cool, sweet, satisfying smoke.

If you mean your pipe is already cut up for you, in packages, you have to be content with dry tobacco, that burns hard and hot, and bites your tongue. Thafs why experienced smokers weed up their own tobacco, from the Sickle plug. They get more tobacco value because they don't pay for a package—and better tobacco because its always fresh.

3 Ounces 10c
Slice it as you use it

Makcs Cakes Like This!

Light, tender, mouth-melting cake, the kind that the proud and pampered respect, made by the wife who has carried up for the family or a splendid big rich one for the birthday party. Wonderful for parties, too, and just as good for biscuits, hot rolls and buns.

Makes cakes like this—just follow these directions, and do not omit any step. If the best is your first demand, you will find my recipe the most successful. It is a cake to remember, and it is the making of a happy home.

3 cups flour
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups molasses
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon essence, vanilla or lemon

Preheat your oven to 350°.

Cream the shortening and sugar until it is light and fluffy. Add the molasses, essence, salt and baking powder to the creamed mixture. Beat in lightly, the sour milk. Then add the flour and stir it in gently.

Pour the batter into greased and floured 9 x 13 inch pans. Place in the center of the oven and bake for 30 minutes.

Remove from oven and let the cakes cool in the pans 5 minutes before removing.

Fresh from the oven, the cake will be very dark brown. But if you let it cool a while, you will find that the color gets lighter and lighter, right up to the point when you cut it. A true chocolate color will come with the crosscutting, and will remain until the cake is cut into slices. You do not need to glaze the cake, unless you wish.

icing sugar
milk

To make the frosting, beat together 1 cup icing sugar and 1/4 cup milk until the mixture is smooth. Add more milk if necessary. Spread it over the cooled cake and let it stand for a while before serving.

WITCOMB, HAYNES & CO.
C. W. GRINDAL

Furnaces THAT WOOD made simple and substantial to stand the test of years

Our MONITOR and HOT BLAST have national reputations, gained by remarkable efficiency and at prices lower than those of other wood furnaces made for sale. Our furnaces and stoves are made with the experience of years, the result of accurate planning and wise construction. Each is an individual of its kind, made for special conditions. Made of heavy-gauge iron, beautifully finished and blended with fine art. coupon.

B. MONITOR

North Atlantic Stove Co. INC.

Positive Proof

Should Convince the Greatest Skeptic

Because it is the evidence of an expert witness.

Mr. J. A. Robinson, of Connecticut, has long been a skeptic concerning the merits of wood stoves. He has seen many of them, and he has seen the results they gave. He knew they were used, but he did not believe they were good. He was skeptical, and he remained so until he tried ours. He was convinced of the excellence of wood stoves, and he told us so. We have no doubt that you will be convinced of the excellence of wood stoves, too.

SOLD BY J. P. EшлиORIDGE, ELLSWORTH, ME.
The summary of merchandise for textile manufacturers for the past year is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Percentage Change</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Value</td>
<td>Increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50%</td>
<td>10%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>20%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>15%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This shows that the textile industry has experienced a significant increase in production and sales over the past year. The increase in value is particularly notable, indicating a growing demand for textile products.

The annual report of the American Textile Manufacturers Association highlights the growth and progress of the industry. Key points include:

- Increased production: The industry has seen a 10% increase in output compared to the previous year.
- Expanded market: There has been a significant expansion in the global market for textile products.
- Technological advancements: The adoption of new technologies has improved efficiency and reduced costs.
- Sustainable practices: There is a growing emphasis on sustainability and eco-friendly production methods.

These developments reflect the dynamic nature of the textile industry and its ongoing efforts to meet the evolving demands of the market.
**Something for Nothing**

Just to let you know what kind of spices are packed under the HATCHET BRAND, we will mail you without charge up to August 3, a large sample of one of the following ground spices:

- White Pepper
- Black Pepper
- Cassia, Cloves, Ginger
- Allspice, Mustard or Nutmeg

If you will send us a postal card stating the kind wanted, with your name and address.

Every sample can contain a coupon such as packed with the TUSCANY and TUSCANY Heritage, Spices and Flavoring Extracts. Be sure and mail your postal at once. We will send you our own spices, and know that they are absolutely pure and of the highest quality.

The TwIchett Chapman Company, Portland, Me.
EAST OLAND. Mrs. H. B. Hubbs, who was ill, is reported recovered.

Mrs. Mountford was absent from her farm last week.

Mrs. G. B. Anderson was taken sick last week and was unable to attend the funeral service of her son, C. E. Oben, who recently passed away.

Miss Emma Carver, who has been spending the summer at Vineyard Park, returned to her home last week.

E. C. Clark and wife, of East Oland, returned from a trip to New York City last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Woodford were entertained by their parents, C. E. Oben and wife, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ames werening on vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hardison.

Mrs. J. H. O. Wilson, who has been ill for some time, is improving.

C. W. Williams, who has been ill for some time, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Edna Talbot are spending the summer in Maine with the latter's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Woodford were recently entertained by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ames are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Smith are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hardison are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O. Wilson are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Oben are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Anderson are expecting their first baby, which is due next month.

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A Dread Of Peace

By F. A. MITCHELL

"Oh, a warren!" I thought to myself, as I stepped into the one-room parlor of a country store, in a small village in the heart of the United States. The store was owned by a retired Civil War veteran, and the scent of tobacco hung heavily in the air. I was on a mission to deliver a message from a distant friend, and I couldn't help but feel the weight of the world on my shoulders.

"Good day, Mr. Mitchell," the veteran greeted me, his voice heavy with weariness.

"Good day, Mr. Stewart," I replied, my voice strained.

I sat down on one of the wooden chairs, my legs itching to leave.

"What brings you here today?" Mr. Stewart asked, his eyes scanning the list I held in my hand.

"A message," I responded, my voice barely above a whisper.

He nodded, his face set in a mask of studied impassivity.

"Tell me, then."

I read him the message, my throat dry, my hands shaking.

"I see," Mr. Stewart said, his voice low. "I will see what I can do."

I stood, my feet unsteady, and I walked out of the store, the weight of the world still on my shoulders.

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The world was ablaze with war. The United States had entered the conflict, and the nation was divided. I knew I had to get back to my friend, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I had left something behind.

I walked into the street, my heart heavy. The sun was setting, casting long shadows on the cobblestones. I saw a man in uniform, his faceset in a mask of determination. I knew he was one of them, and I felt a sense of kinship with him.

I walked down the street, my mind racing. The war was over, and I had a message to deliver.

---

I reached my friend's home late that night. He was waiting for me, his eyes bright with anticipation.

"Thank you," he said, his voice quavering. "Thank you for delivering the message."

I sat down, my heart heavy.

"It's my duty," I said, my voice low.

He nodded, his face set in a mask of studied impassivity.

"I understand," he said, his voice low.

We talked for a long time, our words heavy with the weight of the world.

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