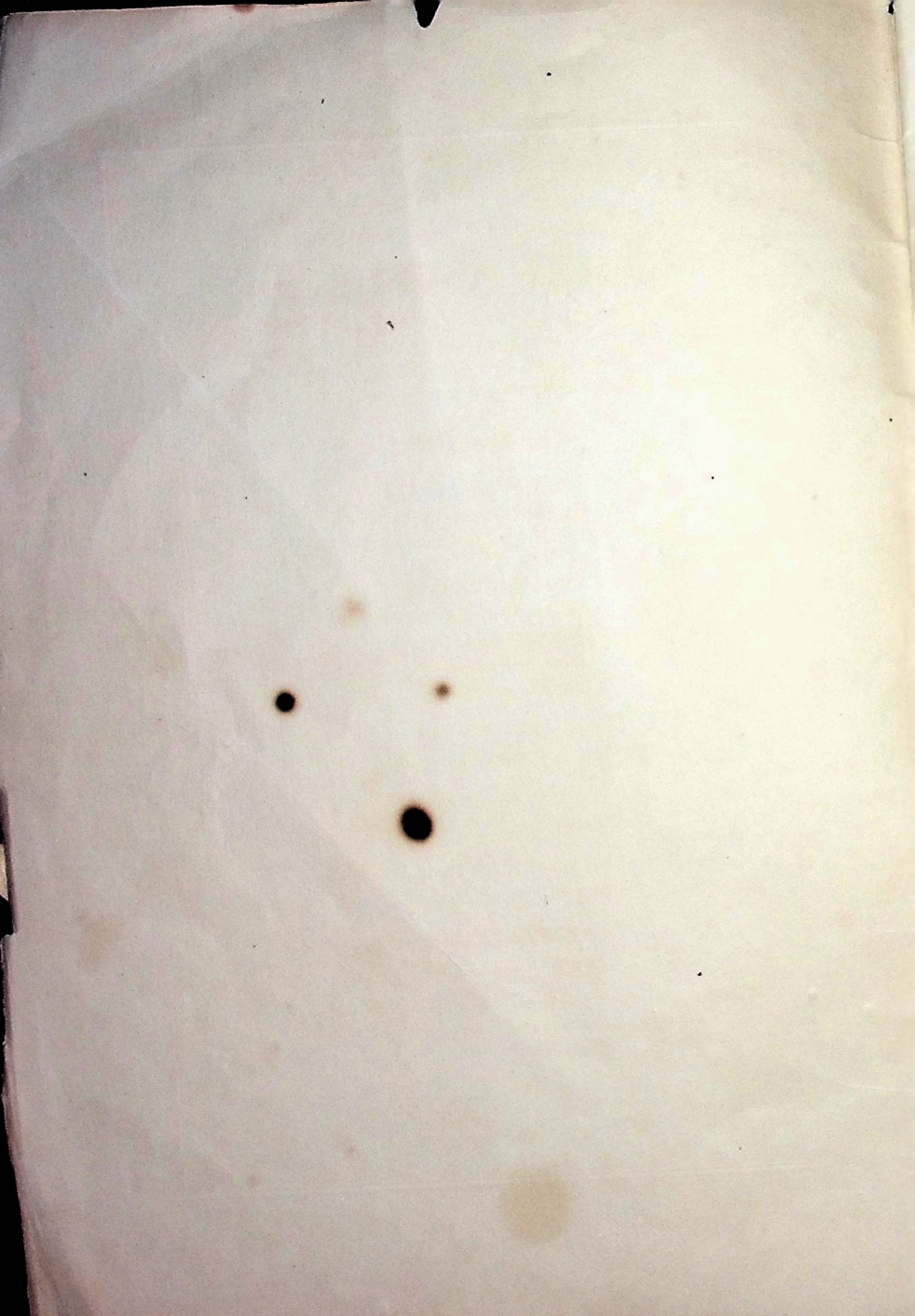


Four Corners

June, Nineteen hundred and Twelve

Published once each term by the students of
the Scarboro High School



Four Corners

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

SCARBORO, MAINE, JUNE, 1912

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Dedication

Go, little book, into the printer's hand.
Thy faults, mistakes and errors we understand.
These, some will criticise and others will blame;
But we seek for our paper success, not fame.

To the Alumni, friends of the school, and the class of nineteen twelve, do we dedicate this, the first issue of our school paper. We realize that there are many unfavorable criticisms which might be truthfully made; but, while we do not apologize in any way, we would remind you that this is our first attempt. We solicit your help in the future, and shall appreciate all suggestions and subscriptions which you care to give us. Help us to make our school paper such that we shall be proud to place it beside those of other schools.

E. K. L.

Editorials

There are three ways by which we can prove ourselves loyal to Scarboro High School. I shall not treat the first at any great length, for fear you may guess the author of this article. It suffices to say that the first is by our conduct, which we should daily strive to improve. The second is by loyalty to our school paper. Let us arouse our interest in this especially, for it belongs not to the editors alone but to all of us. During this vacation, see if we cannot increase our advertising matter, secure many subscriptions and collect several literary gems for our next paper. The last way to prove our loyalty deals with the outside life of the school. Let us help in the entertainments, either by taking part or by our presence; for, although we do not all possess similar ability at entertaining, the money of one is as good as that of another. A third suggestion is athletics. In this much interest should be aroused. For a school with only a small number of students, we possess athletic ability of unusual rank. Let us, then, encourage our boys. Decide upon a school yell, learn it, choose a cheer leader and attend the games.

We would call the attention of all our friends to our lack of an exchange column. As this is our first paper, this can hardly be

expected. However, several papers have fallen into our hands, and we shall be glad to make exchanges with these and with other papers.

We wish to use this opportunity to express our appreciation for the help in our entertainments which our friends have ever been so ready to give. Also to those citizens who have given us their advertisements we wish to express sincere thanks.

Nicknames

Some people think it a very good idea to have a nickname, while others do not like the idea at all. I can say that I like to hear a boy or a girl called by a name that exactly suits their character. Generally you will find this to be true in all classes of children, and even adults. Sometimes the names are misleading, and, in order to explain my meaning, I will relate an incident which took place a short time ago.

One of the girls, a member of the junior class, was invited to spend the afternoon with a freshman girl. As it was winter, their time was mostly devoted to snow-shoeing. As the two friends did not wish to go on a long journey, they found a great deal of fun in making different figures in the snow near the home of the hostess. After the yard was completely covered with tracks they decided that the fun was over, and the guest returned home. Not long after her departure the father of the hostess entered the yard, and, seeing so many tracks near his home, was somewhat surprised. He met his daughter on the step, and said:

"Well, I guess you have had company, haven't you?"

"Yes, papa; 'Buggie G.' has been here this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, but who did you say?"

"I said 'Buggie G.' Why?"

"Well! my dear, why do they call her that?"

"Why, I suppose because the name applies to just what she is."

"Then, my daughter, if that is the case, I do not want you to play with her, or even be in her company hereafter."

An explanation followed, and the freshman girl still plays with "Buggie G."

E. G., '13.

Quotations

"His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stairs."

—Karl Sommers, '14

"A lone, a lone, all, all alone!
A lone on a wide, wide sea."

—Duane Merrill, '15

"Who loves a greenhouse, loves a garden, too."

—Helen Leonard, '15

"I am monarch of all I survey.
My right there is none to dispute."

—Eugene Janelle, '15

"I leave my character behind me."

—Pearl Higgins, '12

"A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can."

—Hazel Johnson, '13

"A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!"

—Harold Higgins, '14

"My eyes make pictures, when they are shut."

—Emma Wentworth, '12

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

—Ralph Higgins, '15

"Cheerful at morn, she walks from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as she goes."

—Elva Gilman, '12

"Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love."

—Raymond Leary, '14

"He that riseth late must trot all day."

—Emile Janelle, '15

"The man who never makes a mistake is the man who
never does anything."

—Myron Libby, '15

FOUR CORNERS

"The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's, too."

—Arlene Harmon, '12

"Two souls with but a single thought."

—Bessie Myers, '15

"Two hearts that beat as one."

—Clinton Higgins, '15

"She laugheth that winneth."

—Elsie Spear, '15

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

—Lucian Libby, '12

"Many a lovely smile on her he cast."

—Dwight Libby, '13

"That man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a
hearty laugh."

—Otis Leary, '15

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

—Marion Sargent, '13

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

—Lutie Sargent, '15

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

—Ernest Libby, '15

"I loved my country and I hated him."

—Ruth Scamman, '14

"Precious articles are done up in small packages."

—Dorris Merrill, '15

Alumni Notes

1900. Scott Larrabee is proving himself a very successful physician at Washington.
1902. Clifford Libby, a graduate of Colby, is now instructor of English at Portland High School.
Elmer Burnham, a lawyer, has recently been elected superintendent of Kittery schools.
1908. Mary Hudson, Maude Johnson and Helena Harmon are teaching school.
Ralph Johnson is teaching school at Pine Point.
1909. Kenneth Berry is an electrician in Massachusetts.
1910. Bertha Newcomb and Esther Libby are students at Gorham Normal School.
The marriage of Helen Libby to William Roderick was recently announced.
Edward Gilman is employed by H. H. Hay, the druggist.
1911. Stella Higgins is working for the telephone company at Oak Hill.
-

Theresa Hill's Vacation

Theresa Hill was a girl of twelve years of age. She had always lived in the city. But this particular summer she was going to her cousin Marguerite Maxwell's home, to stay during her vacation. School closed on Friday, June the eighth, and on Saturday morning at nine o'clock Theresa started for the country. She arrived there at one o'clock. She spent the rest of the afternoon visiting various places on the farm.

The next week was spent in gathering wild flowers of many kinds, which were in bloom at this time of year.

When the Fourth of July came, all of the family, with many friends, went to the beach on a picnic. The party started at eight o'clock in the morning, arriving at their destination about ten o'clock; the children played in the sand and water until twelve-thirty o'clock, when dinner was served. In the afternoon everyone went sailing for

two hours. After coming back they went out to some high rocks and watched the tide come and go. After this they started for home, arriving there at seven-fifteen o'clock. Theresa told Marguerite it was the most delightful time she ever had.

The twenty-eighth of July was Theresa's birthday, and she had always had a birthday party, inviting all her little friends. But this year she was visiting and she could not, or supposed she could not, have one. On the twenty-eighth Theresa received many presents from her city friends, which pleased her very much. That evening the two girls sat in the house reading. A knock on the door was heard. Marguerite asked Theresa if she would please go to the door. Opening the door, Theresa was met by a number of faces, the owners of which shouted "Surprise!" Theresa's country friends were instantly asked to come into the house. They removed their coats and hats, after which they played games. Soon Mrs. Maxwell asked the guests and hostess into the dining room, where refreshments of sandwiches, fruits, punch, cake, candy and ice cream awaited them. The guests went home at an early hour, wishing Theresa many happy returns of the day.

Theresa enjoyed the party very much. She said she had never had a surprise party before, and it was "lots better than having a real birthday party and knowing what you was going to do and have beforehand."

G. U., '15.

Whacks

Miss W. has found a new proposition in geometry, namely: To divide a straight line into extreme and marine ratio.

In Physics: Mr. T.—Miss J., what are the metals commonly used in forming a thermopile?

Miss J.—Bismuth and alimony.

Our memories are refreshed when we hear Mr. T. pronounce the words "fictitious" and "crocheted" during the spelling lesson.

Instructor—Miss G., what is a microne?

Miss G. (in amazement)—A microbe! !

A good definition of a salad is "one of those indigestible things."

Miss W. says: "In order to see a rainbow we must look at the falling rain and stand behind the sun."

Why do the Freshmen boys laugh when the word "fetched" occurs in recitation?

Miss W. (translating in French)—A ce moment, Victor entra dans la cabine, port aut Mimile a son cou. "At that moment Victor entered, carrying Mimile by her neck."

Should you ask the Sophomore class if Cæsar really lived, they would all answer: "Yes; and he built a bridge."

Instructor—Where is your note-book?

Pupil—My head is my note-book.

Instructor—Get out! That's a blank-book.

In English: "In what connection have you heard of Apollo before?"

Ans.: "In connection with chocolates."

Mr. D. (in Physics)—If there were a lump of gold here too heavy to carry, what would you judge?

Miss H.—I'd judge to find some way to get it home.

Will some one kindly tell Miss Sargent whether pirates live on the water or in it?

Instructor—Decline hasta.

Pupil—Hast—a, hast—is, hast— (long pause between endings).

Instructor—Hast— what?

Pupil—Hasta, hastis, hastwhat.

Principal—How I wish I were down at the beach, bathing.

Wise Pupil—How I wish you were!

Extracts from examination papers:

"The Aqueducts were a body of men who worked for the Romans.

. . . Once four aqueducts built a wall and it was fifty miles long."—

From a Freshman History paper.

"The merchant of Venice went on the First Crusade."—From a Sophomore History Paper.

"Ovid was the historian who was an emperor and he wrote the conspiracy of Cataline."—Anon.

"Louisiana was bought from France from Napoleon. He sold it because he needed the money."—From a Senior History paper.

Down at Our House

There's a pleasure in the summer
 When a day's hard work is done,
 And ye're slowly ploddin' home'ard
 At the time of settin' sun,
 When ye see the skeeters dancin'
 In the sun's last slantin' ray,
 As ye come up through the pasture
 At the closin' of the day;
 And the cows are all a-chewin'
 In a bunch around the gate,
 As though they kinder want t' tell ye
 That ye're jest a little late.

When ye've finished chores and milkin',
 Fed the horses and the roan,
 And the cows are munchin' fodder
 In a low contented tone,
 There a sort of satisfaction
 And a sense of doin' right
 Comes a-crawlin' through yer makeup
 When ye close up for the night.
 Then ye pull up to the table
 With a hankerin' for yer food;
 It's the work it took to earn it
 Makes it taste so mighty good.

Let 'em have their city pleasures,
 Automobiles, dress and sich,
 All them things are had for money;
 They can have 'em if they're rich.

I don't want to be no lawyer,
 Never had no gift o' gab,
 And no other sech profession
 In the world that's to be had.

But I want to tell ye one thing,
 And it's straight as Gospel Truth,—
 Down at our house we're contented
 Underneath our humble roof.

H. F. T.

The Ne'er-Do-Well

Old Anthony, the Railroad King,
 Possessed a wayward son—for Kirk was
 Averse to doing anything;
 He simply didn't know what work was.

But one wild night it came to pass
 That while he lifted highballs mouthward
 Depraved companions doped his glass
 And shipped him sweetly sleeping southward.

He found himself in Panama
 Without a cent, and debts accruing.
 He sent a cablegram to Pa,
 Who curtly answered "Nothing doing"

Then Mrs. Courtlandt took him up;
 That lovely lady politician
 Invited him to dine and sup
 And found him quite a good position.

This married lady loved him well;
 But Kirk, our breezy young Alberman,
 Adored Gertrudis Garavel,
 A charming little Panamanian.

FOUR CORNERS

Rejected, Mrs. Courtlandt made
The path of love such thorny treading
That pansy-eyed Gertrudis laid
Her hand in his in secret wedding.

Now jealousy had done her work
On Mrs. Courtlandt's husband, Stephen,
Who made a scene denouncing Kirk—
A foolish way of getting even;

For when he learned his bad mistake
He shot himself in deep contrition—
A course which only served to make
Poor Kirk a mark for worse suspicion.

Accused of murder, slandered, grieved,—
Our hero's case was most distressing
When Father Anthony arrived
To clear his boy and give his blessing.

Though none may doubt that Mr. Beach
Can put a plot through all its paces,
I wish our novelist would teach
A kinder view of Southern Races.

For if the Nation's spirit feeds
On everything that's said or written,
In fine contempt for "lesser breeds"
We'll soon out-Britishize the Briton.

P. E. H., '12.

The Snowstorm

One family lived in Blaine, and one in Glencoe—the families of two brothers. Each had an only child—a son and a daughter—both of the same age. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes, Flora King, a name hallowed of yore, the fairest, and Harry Cameron, the boldest of all the flowers in Blaine and Glencoe.

It was now their seventeenth birthday, and Flora was to pass the day in Blaine. Harry was to meet her in the mountains, that he might bring her down the precipitous passes to his father's hut; and soon they met at the trysting place, a bank of birch trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not to them the whole of Nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? From tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive; the trees seemed budding, as if it were already spring; and rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills un-reached by the frost, and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners.

The boy starts to his feet, and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle; for his sires had been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was in his blood. So! A deer from Dalness, hound-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce-echoing snow cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain death-wound. Laboring and lumbering heavily along, the huge animal at last disappears around some rocks at the head of the glen.

"Follow me, Flora!" the boy hunter cries; and flinging down their plaids they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the glen after the stricken deer. Redder and redder grew the snow, and more heavily trampled, as they wound around the rocks.

Yonder is the deer staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. "Rest, Flora, rest! While I fly to him with my rifle and shoot him."

The boy, maddened by the chase, pressed on, now alone, and thus he was hurried on for miles, till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Harry upon the red deer and lifted a look of triumph to the mountain-tops.

Where is Flora? Harry has forgotten her, and he is alone—he and the deer, an enormous animal, fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall and faster; the flakes are as large as leaves; and overhead, whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? "Flora, where are you? Where are you, Flora?" and from the huge animal the boy leaps up and sees that no Flora is at hand.

But yonder is a moving speck, far off upon the snow. 'Tis she! Shriek as the eagle's cry, he sends a shout down the glen, and Flora is at last by his side. Panting and speechless she stands, and then dizzily sinks at his feet. Her hair is ruffled by the wind, her face moistened by the snowflakes, now not falling but driven. Her shivering frame misses the warmth of the plaid, which almost no cold can penetrate.

What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which in his foolish passion he had flung down to chase that fatal deer? "Oh, Flora, if you would not fear to stay here by yourself, under the protection of God, soon would I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane."

"I will go with you down the glen, Harry." But, weak as a day-old lamb, she tottered and fell down in the snow. The cold had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race, and it was manifest that here she must be for the night, to live or die.

"I will go, and leave you with God," said Harry; and he went and came as if he had been endowed with eagle's wings.

All at once Harry lifted Flora in his arms, and walked up the glen. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered were but a short way off. There it was—a snowdrift at the opening that had once been a door; the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snowflakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as if by

sheep; and carrying in his burden, Harry saw the place was filled with a flock that, all huddled together, looked on him as on a shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All color, all motion, all breath, seemed to be gone; and yet, something seemed to convince his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine branches had been flung as a sort of protection to the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in a storm.

Into that corner the snowdrift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones.

Bright was the peat fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glencoe, and they among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this, the birthday of their only child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Blaine, and tender thoughts of her cousin Harry were with them in their prayers.

So it was with the dwellers in the hut in Blaine. Their Harry had left them in the morning; night had come, and he and Flora were not there, but they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Harry had returned with Flora to Glencoe.

But the inland snow had been seen brewing among the mountains, and down the long cliff-path went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal, the Red Beaver, with his head aloft on the lookout for deer. Following the dogs, who knew their duties, the band are now close to the ruined hut.

Why back the sheep-dogs so? And why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by. Not dead. Not dead she who is lying beside him. Yet, will the red blood in their veins ever be thawed?

Almost pitch dark is the roofless ruin; and the frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and then lifts the other; and by the flash of a rifle they

see it is Harry Cameron and Flora King, seemingly both frozen to death. But the noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Harry, as if he would restore life to his eyes.

The storm was with them all the way down the mountain side; nor could they have heard each other speak; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand, thinking of the hut in Glencoe, and of what would be felt there on their arrival.

Instinct, reason and faith conducted the saving band along; and now they are at Glencoe and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there, at midnight, sat they up, ghosts. The first word that Harry was able to speak was "Flora!" This reminded him of all that had passed, and then they both understood that they had been delivered from death.

B. M., '15.

Miscellaneous

Principal parts of well known verbs:

can	can't	fail	flunk
skato	skatere	falli	bumpum
plugo	plugere	testi	flunkum

Little grains of powder, little grains of paint,
Makes a girl's complexion look like what it ain't.

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "I've flunked again."

It was a vehicle marriage,
This none can reproach;
For she had a fine carriage
And he was a college coach.

PROOF

Theorem:—A poor lesson is better than a good one.

Proof:—1. Nothing is better than a good lesson.—Teacher.

2. A poor lesson is better than nothing.—Pupil.

∴ A poor lesson is better than nothing.

A maiden fair,
 With sun-kissed hair
 Came tripping down the street;
 Her face serene,
 Her age sixteen;
 Gee whiz, but she was sweet!
 On the sidewalk slick
 She sat down quick
 With a jolt that shook her curls.
 The word she used
 Must be excused;
 For she's one of our nicest girls.—*Ex.*

UNIVERSITY OF SHAKESPEARE

Freshman year—Comedy of Errors.
 Sophomore year—Much Ado About Nothing.
 Junior year—As You Like It.
 Senior year—All's Well That Ends Well.

He didn't say he'd come, he wrote no single line,
 Although she knew he would without a word, a look, a sign.
 The gentle breezes told her heart, although they seem so dumb.
 So she put on her prettiest gown, and then—he didn't come.

A Proud Mother

Up and down the long corn rows Pap Overholt guided the old mule and the small, rickety, inefficient plow. The low handles bowed his tall, broad shoulders beneath the mild heat of a mountain June sun. As he went, ever with a furtive eye upon the cabin, he muttered to himself, shaking his head, "I wonder if all is safe in the cabin."

Knowing that he had left his wife and only child alone in the house, who were in constant fear of gypsies, he felt somewhat uneasy. Soon his anxiety became so great that he gave up his work, hitched his mule to a tree and walked slowly to his old but comfortable home. With a heavy step he entered the kitchen and found his wife, who greeted him with a pleasant smile, very happy and contented. The

baby looked up at him and smiled, as if to say that he was welcome. After he made a few remarks about his work and spoke a few words of encouragement, he returned to his plow, as he was a man who was never found idle. He spent the remaining part of the day in the field, and the last row was finished just as the setting sun hid itself behind the purple hills.

But, what was that! A shrill cry rang through the sultry air. He recognized his wife crying in shrill tones, "Come! Do come quick!" Again and again these words fell upon his ears, and he thought of the dreadful fate which would soon follow. He rushed on, without stopping, until he was met at the door by his wife, who exclaimed: "Oh, just think of it! Baby is cutitng her first tooth!"

E. G., '13

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