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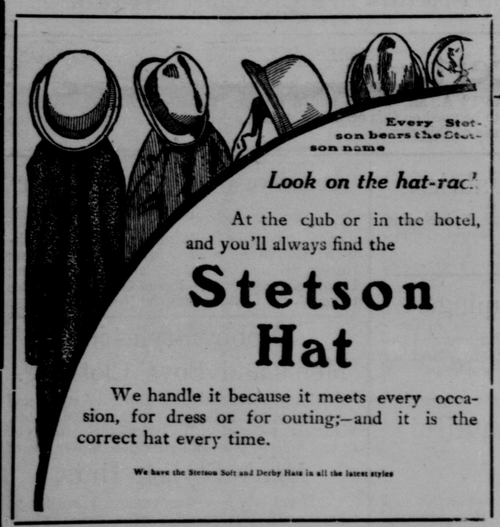
BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Spring Showing, Of the Latest Styles IN Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Oxfords

Our first exhibit of the famous "STETSON" Hat. (The name signifies quality.)



At the club or in the hotel, and you'll always find the

Stetson Hat

We handle it because it meets every occasion, for dress or for outing;—and it is the correct hat every time.

We have the Stetson Soft and Derby Hats in all the latest styles

Our first showing of Stetson Hats ihcludes 15 various Styles and shapes and the celebrated self conforming featherweight.

Clothing Opening Saturday April 3rd.

Special Tailored Suits to order from $15.00 to $40.00.

Measurements taken by an expert cutter from The Griffin Tailoring Co.

More than 100 patterns to choose from. It will cost you nothing to come in and look at them if you do not want to be measured. Perhaps our complete showing of ready to wear suits may suit your liking, from $10.00 up.

50 STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL LEATHERS IN STOCK

Dee Vee and Dolly Madison Shoes and Oxfords.

The popular priced kind that stand the wear and tear.

Special Saturday

25c	10qt-Galvanized Buckets	12½c.
$1.25	Ironing Boards	79c.
200	Store Boxes	cheap.

"SPECIAL"

The Carroll Merchandise Co.

34 W. Main St.

Will Give **FREE** our **Flying Machine**

With each purchase of

1 lb COFFEE or 1-4 lb TEA

on Saturday, April 3rd.

This does not exclude the tickets "We Give Free" which are good for "Premiums."

Tickets "doubling" the amount of your purchase will always be given with TEA.

Should you like our COFFEE and TEA tell your friends, if not, we will consider it a favor if you tell us, as our aim is to please and give only High grade qualities.

Our **Stationery** and **Post Card Departments** are unexcelled, and prices lowest.

Thanking you for past favors, and in advance for the future, we remain,

Sucessfully Yours

Carroll Merchandise Co.

Look for the RED SIGN.

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Stock and Poultry Men To Prove That

FAIRFIELD'S Separate Tonics

For Each Kind of Animal (Not Cure-alls)

Will Produce GREATEST RESULTS at SMALLEST COST.

FIRST BOX FREE

WE will give away a full box absolutely free, not a sample but a regular package of standard size and quality. Fill out the coupon below and we will send you an order on your local dealer for it and will pay the dealer ourselves. It does not obligate you. This is our free gift made to convince you that the **Fairfield Blood Tonics** are the most meritorious upon the market. In justice to your pocketbook please accept this free box today. **The Fairfield Tonics** are used with phenomenal sucess by thousands of the leading Stock Raisers and Poultrymen of this country.

FAIRFIELD'S BLOOD TONICS ARE NOT CURE-ALLS.

Fairfield's Blood Tonic & Regulator for Horses Only.
Fairfield's Blood Tonic & Flesh Producer for Hogs Only.
Fairfield's BloodTonic & Milk Producer for Cattle Only.
Fairfield's Blood Tonic and & Egg Producer for Poultry Only.

They are not Cure-Alls.

Fairfields are separate Blood Tonics compounded to meet the peculiar requirements of the digestive system of each kind of animal (indiviiually). You feed a cow for her milk producing qualities and the horse for his muscle and general condition. A cow has four stomachs, a horse but one. Isn't it reasonable that what is the best for one could not be the best for the other? This is also true in the case of the hog which is fed for meat and fat. You feed your poultry for egg production. Any preparation professing to be equally well suited to two or more kinds of animals must for its own safety omit from its formula some ingredient of greatest value to each kind of animal which renders it of little or no value to any.

Best and Least Expensive.

Fairfields Blood Tonics cost much less than the ordinary cure-all preparation,because of the highly concentrated doses. There is no cheap filler used in any of the Fairfield preparations such as is practised by many unscrupulous manufacturers for which you are charged high prices for the value you receive.

$100,000.00 to make Perfect Blood Tonics.

Fairfield's Tonics are Blood Foods and purifiers, the most helpful to your stock and poultry. More than One Hundred Thousand Dollars have been expended in making Fairfield's Blood Tonics the most perfect in the world; Not stock foods they are tonics in highly concentrated form (powders) given in smallest doses. They are mixed in with the regular food ration.

You Know Only too Well.

This is the season of the year when the horse needs a tonic of merit. He has been in the stable all winter and has not been able to get the succulent grasses and herbs that nature intended. He has been fed on dry cured feeds which have been robbed of the succulent matter and nutrition by the drying process. In most dried feed there are worms. Veterinarians will tell you that four out of every five horses are troubled with worms in the spring and that they should be removed. Fairfield's Blood Tonic for horses ONLY is the best known remedy, perfectly harmless, an appetizer, blood purifier and worm exterminator. We will mail you valuable information on stock and poultry, upon receipt of the coupon.

If you wish to know what the Fairfield Blood Tonics will do please send us this coupon today. It will convince you what telling results they produce.

Full Size Box Free.

FREE-Cut out This Coupon.

It may not appear again—Mail it to Fairfield Mfg. Co. Phila., Pa.

I have never tested the merits of FAIRFIELD BLOOD TONICS. Please supply me with the first box free, no charge of any kind.

We give free box of horse or poultry write here the one you

want.....

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Give Full Address. Write Plainly.

State here how many horses.....

cows....., hogs....., poultry.....

you have.

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Sash, Doors, Blinds etc. for that new house. Got about everything in our line. Its first class and the price is right at

Smith & Reifsnider's,
Westminster, Md.

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STEWART'S

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Groceries and Queensware.
The best Coffee for 16c per pound in the city.
Fine blend at 18c per pound.
Teas a specialty.
Colored Candles
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A large assortment of Chamber Sets,
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Agent for Victor Talking Machines.
FRANK S. STEWART,
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FARMS FOR SALE.

Several nice small Farms for sale on easy terms.

Also several Farms for Rent.

For particulars apply to the George W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Company, Westminster, Md.

J. Ezra Stem, Treasurer.
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New Coal and Wood Yard.

I beg to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have added to my stock of

WOOD AND LUMBER
a complete line of
High Grade ANTHRACITE
AND
BITUMINOUS COAL,

which will be sold at rock bottom prices.

In addition it may not be amiss to say that I consider 2240 pounds to constitute a ton, and will deliver same accordingly.

Wood by the Cord, or Sawed and Split at a sacrifice for the next 30 days.

Yours to serve,
GEORGE W. STAIR,
Office and Yard East Green St., near Railroad Bridge. C. & P. Phone.
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WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS DO YOUR

FEED GRINDING

AND SUPPLY YOUR WANTS IN THE WAY OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, etc.

FLOUR AND FEED given in exchange for Wheat.

Makers of "Swain's Best" Flour.

Herr & Babylon

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Runabouts, Traps, Jagger Wagons, Etc.,

announce that they are now taking orders for Spring delivery. Write us for prices before placing your orders.

We put on our own Rubber Tires. Orders Filled Promptly. All Work Warranted. Special Attention given to REPAIRING.

Agents for Sunshade Canopy Tops.

No. 56 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
BOTH PHONES feb 10 05

FOR SALE.

The Desirable Home of the late Nicholas D. Norris, at Eldersburg, this county, 3 miles from Sykesville. About 20 Acres of Land fronting on the Liberty road and improvements. All in good condition. Apply on the premises, or address

N. DORSEY NORRIS,
jy 31 tf Roland Park, Md.

BUY ! BUY ! ! Take our advice and buy Lumber and Building Material now. You will save money at Smith & Reifsnider's.

BUY Your Shoes

Where you can get the correct styles as well as the right prices. We have by far the largest stock and greatest variety of

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes and Oxfords

in this city. Come in and look them over before buying.

OUR LINE OF

Men's Heavy Working Shoes

can not be surpassed for the money. If you are looking for something good we have them.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR HATS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders and Suit Cases.

Giving us a call will please us, and our goods will please you.

WM. C. DEVILBISS,
22 W. Main St.,
Westminster, Md.
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LICENSE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons and bodies, corporate or politic, to whom it may concern, that they

MUST OBTAIN A LICENSE,

or renew the same, on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1909,

according to the provisions of the Code of Public Laws of the State of Maryland.

J. BELT TOWNSHEND,
mar 27 6t Sheriff of Carroll county.

Hotel Main-Court,

Formerly Westminster City Hotel,

Respectfully solicits your patronage.

Special Rates for Winter.

Cafe and Raw Bar Attached.

Also Livery and Garage.

F. L. H. GLENDMEYER,
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Shingles for Sale.

About 125,000 Chestnut Shingles, about 2 miles below Westminster one-eighth of a mile from Reisterstown turnpike.

E. H. DEVILBISS,
Carrier 5, Westminster, Md.
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LETTER FROM ABROAD

Naples Full of Earthquake Victims and Refugees—The Ruined Cities, Messina and Reggie to be Rebuilt—Modern Sicilians and Calabrians as Superstitious as Were Their Ancestors.

Special to the American Sentinel.
(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Naples, Italy.

Little more than a month has passed since the destruction of Messina, and here at Naples the catastrophe is still uppermost in the public mind, is still the one great concern of the day, to the exclusion of all ordinary interests and occupations. It is impossible to escape the obsession of such a horror, impossible to drive away the tragic visions evoked by the pictures and dispatches which appear every morning in the journals, and which are made so terribly real by the constant arrival of wounded victims and refugees. All this was of course to be expected in an Italian seaport only a few hours distant from the scene of the disaster, but the feature of the situation, which has filled me with surprise, is the rapidity with which preparations are going forward for the reconstruction of the ruined cities.

To counterbalance every column of reading matter consecrated to the disaster proper, the newspapers are printing two devoted to the plans for restoration, and on the streets leading to and from the harbor, the ambulances and stretchers, moving in their sad procession toward the hospitals, are passed by wagon-loads of building material destined for the earthquake districts, not planking for temporary shelters, (that work has been finished) but brick, cement and heavy timber.

Before the cataclysm, Sicily, with her emerald hills and glistening, snowwhite cities, was a veritable Queen of islands. Today the Queen is dead; her beauty is ashes; and already the people cry, "Long live the Queen!"

New foundations are actually being laid while the earth still trembles, and thus history again repeats itself, for this same succession of events has been going on in Italy from time immemorial. Ever since the island of Sicily has been known to man, it has trembled beneath his feet, and with it has trembled the whole Calabrian coast; one might imagine that this southern extremity of Europe, this peninsula so often likened to a boot, is in reality a gigantic foot, resting on tip-toe, unstable in its equilibrium, poised as if preparing to begin other journeys. Time after time, cities in this volcanic zone have been devastated by seismic shocks, and as often have been promptly rebuilt upon their old foundations: to cite one of the best known instances, Pompeii, at the moment she was buried by the lava and cinders of Vesuvius, had just recovered from the ravages of a preceding earthquake, had barely finished the rebuilding of her palaces and temples. From Naples to Palermo, everywhere along the coast, are scattered vestiges of former catastrophes, some of them wellknown to history, some of them long forgotten. This is particularly true in Sicily where the very railway lines are laid on lava road-beds, where the orange trees scatter their fragrant blossoms upon boulders that were once molten fire, and twine their roots among crevices that once opened straight into the sulphurous bowels of the earth. The traveler, who ascends Aetna or Vesuvius is confronted at every pace by crater-mouths, perhaps extinct, perhaps only dormant, by fissures cold and silent today, but hot and rumbling yesterday, by frightful excoriations marking the pathways of former lava streams.

Everywhere the same spectacle: Ruin. Everywhere the same warning: Death. In the actual presence of these terrors, the foolhardy daring of the little human beings who persist in building their ant-like habitations upon the slopes, becomes incomprehensible. The enormous mountains dominate the landscape, powerful and ominous; down below, toward the plain, man rears his palaces and cities, raises his monuments of brass and marble, and justly marvels at his own prodigious genius, but how tiny his work all seems, how like a Liliputian kingdom, compared with these great stone monsters, whose heads are lost among the clouds! How helpless, when these sleeping giants awake! But if Nature here is terrible, she, at least, is not treacherous; she does not pretend to be in complete repose, does not appear, as in other climes, man's humble and obedient servant. Beneath these mountains, the devil who dwells in all inanimate things is forever crouching, but never hiding. He shows his cloven hoof. The people of Messina and Reggio were warned, constantly warned, as were the Pompeiians of old. Up there above the snowy summit of Aetna, a thin column of smoke rose ceaselessly night and day; further north, above Stromboli, more smoke, and these two gray wisps floating in the serene azure of the Mediterranean sky advertised the Sicilians that just below the earth's thin crust were lurking forces before which, when once aroused, all human resources would count for naught. The menace was visible. It is still visible. True, the blow has again fallen, but the survivors have received no divine assurance of even temporary safety, and have no means of knowing whether the next shock will occur in a year or in a century—yet they are already beginning to rebuild their fallen dwellings. The terror has just passed over their heads; "It will not soon return," they cry, and set cheerfully to work.

In the face of these constant menaces for the future and these multiplied relics of former disasters, I can scarce believe my own ears when I hear survivors of this latest and worst catastrophe talking about a new Messina. I am told that for two or three days immediately after the shock, while the inhabitants who had not been buried beneath the ruins were huddled together on the water-front, half-naked, and half-crazed with fear, they declared,

"Messina is no more! Never will we return to these accursed shores!"

But now, since they have been clothed and fed and rendered comfortable, they begin straightway to long for Sicily.

I am commencing to wonder whether the peculiar religious beliefs, or, more properly speaking, the superstitions of the Calabrians and Sicilians do not partially explain their presumptuous confidence. These people have never come to realize that the terrible forces, which from time to time overwhelm them, are blind, inanimate phenomena of nature, which prayers and incense are powerless to affect. Forces guided by Reason can be reasoned with; calamities specifically willed by a rational divinity can be averted by suppplications and burnt offerings; in this category the Sicilians have always placed earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; in ancient times, they prayed to Jove, while today they pray to Jehovah, but the underlying principle is still the same. Indeed it is not surprising that feeble humanity is filled with a holy superstitious terror in the presence of such forces, and attributes them to supernatural origin. In classic ages it was believed that the Titans, vanquished by Jupiter, were buried beneath the volcanoes of the island; when the Titans breathed, smoke and flames issued from the crevices among the rocks, and when they struggled to throw off the immense weights which had been piled upon them, the earth trembled. The simple, primitive inhabitants of the region builded temples to the Olympian conqueror and sometimes consecrated offerings of sheep or goats to the fallen giants, hoping thereby to render the former propitious and to moderate the fury of the latter, then prayed to them and fearfully adored them, as if supplications could soften the brutal power of the elements or change the inflexible laws of nature, or placate forces which leave humanity only two alternatives—flight or destruction. Such was the attitude of the ancient Sicilians, and is the attitude of their descendants today. The popular imagination has not ceased to attribute these natural phenomena to a divine will. The revelations of science have here left untouched the mentality of the masses. The modern Sicilian is just as superstitious as the antique, he has changed the names of his gods, and voila tout! For him, it is still the sky that causes the earth to tremble, still the sky that crushes man or permits him to go his way unharmed. Images of the Madonna and the saints have replaced the ancient statues, and in time of danger are adored or paraded through the streets by the childish, frightened people, who rush to shrines with candles and offerings as did their classic forebears. They have always believed and always will believe that pious devotion is a sort of lightning-rod capable of protecting them against thunder-bolts from on high, and it is surely possible that this blind faith, by no means confined to the lower classes, explains at this moment the readiness of the Italian people to undertake so cheerfully the reconstruction of Messina. But whether such an explanation be true or merely fanciful, the fact remains that a new city is destined to arise from the ashes of the old.

And then the years will pass, little by little the scars will disappear beneath new grass and flowers, the forgetful survivors will return to begin their lives anew, they will address new prayers to their protecting saints, will laugh and live and love and dream—until the giants again awake.

Good Morning.

A young man, a student in one of the musical conservatories of Boston, died recently, and his father received the following letter (I only give the extract which I was permitted to take down as it was read to me) from one who was to him an utter stranger:

"I am sure that I can tell you something that will put a drop of gladness into your cup of bitter sorrow. Your son was nothing less to me than my earthly savior. I was alone, homesick, despairing, facing failure, and fighting bitter want—a young lad from the country, ashamed to go home and give up beaten, and yet on the point of doing so unless the tide turned instantly. It did turn. I gave myself just one more day 'for something to happen.' I remember how I came down stairs that morning. I had not slept. I ought not to have eaten any breakfast, for I had no money in hand to pay for it. I might have said: 'No man cares for my soul or body either.' Your son passed me on the stairs and said, 'Good morning!' It wasn't much to say, but the very sound of it put heart in me. I made up my mind for one more try that day to find work somewhere that would bring me a little money. Away in the back of my mind somewhere there was another thought, 'I will stay and get another "Good morning!" from that fellow!' Somehow it did me good. Perhaps you know how he used to say it, and the way it helped a fellow.

"That day things came my way—can't say how it happened. Maybe I didn't look quite so down-in-the-mouth as usual. The lump in my throat when I thought of my mother had choked me, sometimes. That day I got a job; it was to work evenings, and I had my days for study and practicing. Next morning I got another good, cordial greeting, and he stopped a minute and chatted on the landing and asked about things. In a week he was running in and out of my room and we went to places together.

"That is about all there is to tell. He didn't give me any money. He didn't put any work in my way, that I know of. To begin with, he just looked in my face and said 'Good morning!' I've got a notion there's a way of saying that that makes a morning good, no matter what kind it started out to be. I've seen a team start to slide back down hill on a steep grade, and I've seen the driver jump out and chuck a little wedge or stone or something back of the wheels till horses' feet could get a purchase. That's what a good word does sometimes when the grade is too steep. I told him a little about it once or twice, but he couldn't understand. Perhaps you'll be able to better. I've got a heart full of things to say to you but the rest you can imagine. If I were to say anything to him, it would be a line of a verse that haunts me:

" 'In some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning." ' '

—Herald and Presbyter.

Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself. Fra, Elbertus.

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