

Cold Facts

are in order now. If your coal is not satisfactory, and your house is not comfortable, telephone us and give us an opportunity to supply you with coal that will make the perfect heating of your home a certainty. Our coal makes fires that are usually regulated.

Notwithstanding our enormous sales we have

Plenty of Coal on Hand

and can fill orders carefully and promptly.

The Lumber, Coal & Supply Co.

june 30-tf

Albaugh & Babylon Gro. Co.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Syrup, Sugar, Molasses, Confectioneries, Cigars, Tobacco, Salt, Fish, Hen and Chick Feed, Cracked Corn, Hominy, Corn Meal, Glass Jars, Stoneware, &c., &c. :-:

At very lowest Market Prices to Merchants Only.

Yours, &c.,

Albaugh & Babylon Grocery Co., - - Westminster, Md.

We would make it better if we could but we can't

What?

SEA FOAM FLOUR

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

Manufactured By

N. I. GORSUCH SON CO.,

Westminster, - - - - - Maryland.

Sell Your Wheat

...TO...

Englar & Sponseller

C. & P. PHONE 235

∴ They Treat You Right ∴

THE MAIN-COURT GROCERY.

I have disposed of all shop worn goods and moved into my new quarters in the Main-Court Inn, and am now prepared to furnish my customers with the

Best Fancy and Staple Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Bottled Beer

for family consumption. Also a full line of

Headley's Chocolates. Cigars and Tobacco.

FREE DELIVERY in City. East Main St.

C. & P. Phone, 205-R.

Respectfully,

HARRY GOSNELL.

March 25 1910 6 3

Farmers' Fertilizer & Feed Company

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Badger Dairy Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, Linseed Meal, Hominy Chop, Gluten Meal, Bran Shorts, Corn, &c.

Fertilizers in Season . . .

oct 27 1y

SMILE—DON'T WORRY

You can do this if you have decided to have your papering done by

HERSHAL G. SHIPLEY

To look at my stock of well selected paper will place you under no obligation to have me do the work. 48 West Main street,

Phone 104 F. Westminster, - - Maryland.

J. SHUNK & SON

Announce Their

Annual Clearance Sale of Robes and Blankets

Respectfully,

J. W. SHUNK & SON, Next to Postoffice, Westminster, - Md.

What It Means

Many people do not know what a bank's Capital is for or the difference between a bank with a small Capital and a small Surplus, or a bank with a large Capital and a large Surplus.

A Bank's Capital and Surplus

is the fund that protects the depositors from loss, therefore the larger it is the greater protection the depositor has. This bank has a

Capital of - - - - -	$50,000.00
Surplus fund of - - - - -	80,000.00
Undivided profits of - - -	40,000.00
Additional stockholder's liabilities of -	50,000.00
A total of - - - - -	$220,000.00

This means that this Bank must lose $220,000.00 before a depositor could lose one cent. This protection is for YOU. When you think "Bank" think

The Westminster Savings Bank

WESTMINS[redacted]

LEWIS SACHS

Formerly of Westminster is still located in the

Liquor Business

at 941 Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

I have added a

SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

and am ready to ship to any point at quick notice. Let me ship you an order. Will pay express charges on orders of 1 gallon or over.

Farms and Town Properties for Sale.

The undersigned has Ten Farms for sale, containing from 1 to 175 Acres, and several fine town properties and 20 building lots. Apply to

THE REAL ESTATE CO. OF WESTMINSTER.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,

President, No. 175 E. Main St., Westminster, Md. dec 23 tf

FOR SALE.

Brick House and Lot on E. Green street, opposite Westminster High School. Five Rooms, Bath and Basement Kitchen. Apply to

N. H. BAUMGARTNER,

Office Westminster Deposit and Trust Co.

dec 30 tf

THE BALTIMORE NEWS

¶A live, independent newspaper, published every afternoon (except Sunday).

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The Baltimore News

BALTIMORE, MD.

Herr & Babylon

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FINE CARRIAGES

Agents for the celebrated

FORD AND KLINE AUTOMOBILES

FORDS—1912 MODELS—5 Passenger Touring Ford Cars $690.00.

5 Passenger Touring KLINE Cars $1675.00.

Call, write or phone us before purchasing.

OFFICE:

No. 56 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

. & P. Phone 104-K feb 10 5

The Preacher Knew.

When volunteer prayers were called for a man struck in and prayed very earnestly for his poor land, and asked the Lord to give him a good crop. "What that land of yours needs, brother, is not prayer, but manure," said the preacher, as he gave out, "Work, For the Night Is Coming."

[redacted]

Canine Devotion to Duty.

A dog's devotion to duty is the subject of an article in Our Dumb Animals, in which the writer says "it ought to put to shame every human reader who ever betrayed a trust or shirked a duty." Left one night—so goes the story—on Wagontire mountain, with 3,086 sheep, by the death of John Sagoday, her master, one female shepherd dog two weeks later delivered to Manuel Saunders, owner of the sheep, 3,085 of the animals, having lost only one during two weeks of privation. The dog's achievement was carried out despite the fact that she was the mother of puppies only a few days old when her master died.

Switched to Meat.

A race track tout who was broke accosted a rather stingy horseman of his acquaintance and told him of his predicament. "Why, I haven't had a thing to eat in two days," said the tout. "Well," said the horseman, "step in here to this restaurant and I'll buy you something." With visions of a big meal the poor tout followed the stingy horseman into the restaurant. "Give this party a glass of milk and a piece of custard pie," said the horseman to one of the waiters. "Gee," said the tout, "I thought I was going to get some meat." "Change that order from custard pie to mince pie," said the horseman as he left a dime on the counter and went out.

Nature's Beauty Hidden.

Nature, as we all know, is never at home to the mere sightseer or idle spectator. Stare at her straight in the face, and you will see nothing; it is only the casual side glance which is rewarded by the sight of anything new or substantial.—Henry C. Merwin.

After the Robbery.

Woman (to detective)—Why, it was this way: There came a ring at the door and there stood two men who said they were from th' gas company, inspecting meters. They looked so dishonest I thought they were, so I let them in!

Not Worth Five.

"Marry me?" said the duke. "But, duke," responded the heiress, "I feel somewhat committed to the count." "Have no regrets on that score. I gave the count a five-dollar note and bought him off."

CORN AND PUMPKIN SHOW

Farmres of Howard and Carroll Counties Attend Institute.

Sykesville, Md., January 21.—The farmers' institute held here on Saturday by Dr. Richard S. Hill, of the Maryland Agrecultural College, was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience and the lectures were varied and interesting. Charles H. Phelps, of Conneticut spoke on Dairy Husbandry at the morning session and Dr. Hill on Alfalfa and the Legumes and E. I. Oswald, of Washington county, on Poultry Husbandry. At the afternoon session Mr. Oswald spoke on Fruit Culture and Marketing. The farmers of both Carroll and Howard counties were well represented and a number of ladies were present. Lunch was served at mid-day.

In connection with the institute there was a corn and pumpkin show by the Sykesville Lumber, Coal and Grain Company, who offer prizes every year and made the following awards: $5 for the best 10 ears of yellow corn, J. J. Brandenberg, of Carroll county: $5 for the best pumpkin pie, Mrs. James M. Gaither, of Howard county: $5 for the heaviest load of produce hauled, Herbert de Vries, Freedom: $5 for the teamster hauling the heaviest load, R. H. de Vries: $5 for the heaviest pumpkin, R. B. Phelps, Carroll county.

Dr. Hill, in speaking of the exhibits [illegible] corn at the various institutes held [illegible] the state said they had seen hun[illegible]eds of samples of corn, but none as [illegible]e as those exhibited at Sykesville. [illegible]e white corn exhibited by P. C. [illegible]ough, of Carroll county, a former [illegible]udent of the Maryland Agricultural [illegible]ollege, was said to be the finest [illegible]ey had ever seen.

CONFEDERATE - RE-UNION.

[illegible] Macen wants every soldier, who [illegible]ched and battled for the South [illegible]e within her gates when the [illegible]federate Veterans gather for their [illegible]nion, May 7-8-9. She asks the [illegible]ughetrs of the Confederacy and [illegible] Sons of Veterans to come and [illegible]n hands with her citizens in mak[illegible]g the reunion of 1912 the most [illegible]table ever held in Dixie.

As the result of the work of the [illegible]ansportation Committee, headed by [illegible]W. Armstrong, all will be enable to [illegible]it Macon at small cost. Agreeing, [illegible] co-operate with the General Re[illegible]union commitee the railroads have announced radical reductions in passage rates.

Associated with Mr. Armstrong in this work of treating with the railroads are the following well known passenger officals;— J. W. Blount, district passenger agent, Central of Georgia lines; C. B. Rhodes, general pasenger agent, Georgia Southern and Florida System; C. S. Carson, district passenger agent, Southern railway; John A. Steyer; of the Macon, Dublin and Savannah railroad and W. N. Hardwick, district passenger agent of the Georgia railroad.

Mr. Armstrong and his colleagues are in close touch with many prominent railroad men and have been assured that the carriers will do all in their power to make the reunion a success.

SERMONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

(Ohio State Journal.)

In listening to a sermon or other address, there is this to be said: The next day, or perhaps the next hour, one can not accurately report a single thing that is said. One may give an impression in a very imperfect way perhaps, that the whole discourse has made upon him, but as to any definate instruction, that is almost universally lacking.

A man will say "that was a fine sermon," but to quote a line from it accurately is quite impossible. That has been our experience. We will feel the glow of an idea maybe but just what that idea is we cannot say. Perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps it is well enough to feel only the influence of what was said.

Still, one should learn something definite from every sermon he hears. There is never a sermon that has not something in it worth remembering. One need not agree with it altogether, but if it is a sentence or a thought that has a beauty, a harmony, an appeal in it, it is worth calling to mind next day.

EPIDEMIC AMONG HORSES

Over One Hundred Died in Last two Months.

Harrisonburg, Va., Jan. 21—A veterinary surgeon claims to have discovered that a worm in corn is responsible for the poisoning which has killed off more than a hundred horses in this end of the Valley in the last two months. This veterinarian suggested that corn be boiled before feeding to horses.

The general belief is that the corn was moulded by last summer's drouth and that this produced the fatal poison in the cob. State Veterinarian Fearneyhough is inclined to the latter opinion. Almost daily reports come in of horses dying from eating the moldy corn.

Little Marjorie at Church.

Little Marjorie went with her mother to church on the night the minister baptized a convert by immersion. As soon as the ceremony was over the little girl leaned over to her mother and said in an excited whisper, "Mamma, do they drown some one here ever' Sunday?"

PROBABLE POTATO FAMINE.

(Chicago Journal.)

In the present condition of the potato supply of this county is a most powerful suggestion for growers for the coming season. The prophecy of the dealers is that we shall have a potato famine between now and the time for the 1912 crop.

Ground for this prophecy is found in the recent reports of the Department of Agriculture. The crops in 1909 and 1910 were short, but they were much larger than that of last year.

Final estimates for 1911 made the crop for that year 292,737,000 bushels, 83,000 000 bushels less than for 1911 and 46,074,000 below that of 1910.

In 1909 and 1910 large quantities of potatoes were imported, the foreign reports for last year represent a scarcity. So that the Old World has no supply to ship to us at low figures.

Canada heretofore has had a surplus for our consumption. Now, however, Canadians have buyers in the foreign markets. Germany is obliged to look to other countries for a supply.

HOW FAR MAY THUNDER BE HEARD

(Scientific American.)

Chambers's Encylopaedia in its article on "Lightning," says: "The distance away of the flash can be estimated by the time between flash and the beginning of the thunder, every 5 seconds being equivalent to 1 mile; 50 seconds or 10 miles is the greatest observed interval at which thunder has been heard." Other reference books say 15 miles; and this is, we believe, the prevailing popular opinion. It nearly agrees with, and is probably founded upon, the statement in Agro's well-known work on thunder and lightning that highest authority of its time—that De l'Isle once counted 72 seconds between the lightning and the thunder. This, says Agro is the greatest interval recorded in the annals of meteorology, and is 23 seconds greater than in any other case with which he was acquainted.

It is rather rarely the case that the flashes in a distant thunderstorm are so spaced that one can tell certainly to which flash a particular peal of thunder belongs: hence the difficulty of testing the above figures. Such an opportunity was, however, recently presented to a well-known German meteorologist, Dr. R. Henning, while he was visiting a summer resort on the Baltic.. From his bed one night he observed the flashes of a thunderstorm far out at sea at intervals of several minutes. The thunder was faint, but distinctly audible. On "counting seconds" he found that from eighty to ninety seconds and upward elapsed between lightning and thunder. The maximum intervals was 96 seconds...

Commenting on this observation, the editor of the Meteorologische Zeitschrift states that in northen Germany intervals of from 80 to 85 seconds between lightning and thunder have frequntly been recorded. On the coast with an abnormal distribution of atmosphqeric density, much greater intervals are sometimes observed. At Norden, in Eats Friesland, C, Veneema has on several occasions noted intervals as great as 140 seconds. At ordinary temperatures of the air this would correspond to a distance of about 29 miles. In one case this observer believed the interval to have been 310 seconds, representing a distance of about 65 miles.

What the Reikin Is.

A new stringed musical instrument is reported to have been devised by a Japanese violinmaker in the city of Nagoya. The invention is named the reikin, and seems likely to supersede the samisen. It has the shape of a guitar, save in the neck, that is the only part resembling a samisen. There are four strings to it, and by manipulation of the keys the instrument can be made to do the work of several samisen. The inventor has played his reikin in an orchestra of Japanese instruments and showed that it is a success in every way. He says that the idea came to him when he was touring through Europe last year.

Presumably.

Pius IX. was not without a certain sense of humor. One day, while sitting for his portrait to Healy, the painter, speaking of a monk who had left the church and married, he observed, not without malice: "He has taken his punishment into his own hands."

Orthodox.

"If St. James' Bible was good enough for St Paul, it is good enough for me." This was the emphatic protest of a New England deacon against the reading of the Revised instead of the King James version.—Congregationalist.

Indication of Interest.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad."

"How's that?"

"Why, today, after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.

Dickens' Real Home.

For 14 years Dickens made Broadstairs his principal summer home in England. London alone held a superior place in his affections. He felt his powers at their amplest when he was at the little channel coast town.

Japanese Shun Factory Life.

Of the Japanese factory laborer the average "work life" is short, very few being able to last longer than five years. Hence the rural population hesitates to migrate to the city when country employment is abundant.

The Deadlock

"She seems so little to be sent to school," said Mrs. Richmond, looking yearningly at her diminutive daughter, who was seated in a corner of the living room, disciplining, with great earnestness and sternness, her large family of dolls.

"I wouldn't send her, then," said Richmond, easily. "What difference does it make whether she goes this year or not?"

"Well, I don't want her to be behind the children of her own age," said Mrs. Richmond, hesitatingly. "But she's such a tiny thing! I feel as if it would be deliberately giving my baby over to the hands of the destroyer."

"You might teach her at home," ventured Richmond.

His wife's face brightened. "So I might," she returned, "and I do believe I will." Then she looked dubious for a moment. "But I don't know what to teach her."

"Teach her her letters," said Richmond. "That was good enough for you and me, and I've heard lots of people complain that their children didn't know the alphabet."

"I believe I'll try," said Mrs. Richmond.

Accordingly the next morning she cornered her ewe lamb in the nursery.

"Now, Frances, darling," she said, with the carefully assumed veneer of buoyancy in which she had seen kindergartners and other guardians of the infant intelligence enwrap themselves as with a garment, "you and I are going to have a dear little school right here in the nursery."

"I would rather," remarked the prospective pupil reflectively, "have a big apple and a piece of candy."

"Well, may be we'll have those, too," agreed the embryotic instructress, "but not until after we've had our lesson."

"What's a lesson?" inquired the pupil.

"It's—let's see. It's to teach you your letters, so you can read lovely stories out of books."

Frances pondered this for a moment. "But I'd rather have you read them to me," said said, after proper reflection.

"But you can't always have me to do that, dear," said Mrs. Richmond firmly. She drew Frances into her lap and opened the book with which she had decided to begin the fray. "All the little girls learn to read and mother would be terribly ashamed if her little girl didn't. Now, look at this funny letter with the two legs and the piece across the middle like a queer little ladder. What do you think that letter is?"

"I never saw it before," said Frances, "so I guess I don't care about its name."

"Well, that letter is named A," said Mrs Richmond. "Now, here's one with two funny little fat balloons stuck on a stick. The name of that one is B."

"Is it?" Frances inquired with perfunctory politness. "I guess I don't like to read very well," she explained courteously, as she made a tentative effort to get down from her mother's lap.

"But you'll have to learn, dearie," said Mrs. Richmond patiently. "Now, tell mother what this letter with the two legs is."

Frances put a fat forefinger on the letter.

"We'll call that B," she said sweetly. "Now, can I go, muvver?"

"No, lambkin," said her mother firmly. "That's A. See how funny it looks with the two slanting legs and the little piece between them. Now, what's its name?"

Frances heaved a deep sigh. "I guess we'll call it B," she said, with gentle firmness.

"But it's A, precious," insisted her mother.

"Is it?" inquired Frances. "I think I'll call it B."

"Now, Frances," said her mother sternly, "you know that letter is A, and you must say it."

There was no reply. Frances was observing a sparrow shaking itself on the window ledge.

"Frances," her mother said, "tell mother what that letter it."

"Oh, mother," Frances cried joyously, "did you see that sparrow picking his tooth with its feather?"

Mrs. Richmond set her small daughter down on the floor. "Now, Frances," she said, "tell me the name of that letter or I'll put you to bed."

Frances looked up at the ceiling and crossed her fat hands on her little stomach. "We'll call it B," she said finally.

Half an hour later Mrs. Richmond went into Frances' little room. A sweetly smiling face looked up at her from the bed.

"Baby," she pleaded, "please do as mother wants you to. Mother hates to punish her baby. Tell me the right name of this letter."

She drew out the book and laid her finger on the much discussed letter. There was a breathless pause.

"Well, muvver," said a bored voice deliberately, "may it's an A for you, but I guess I'll call it B."

"I think I'll have to send Frances to school after all," admitted Mrs. Richmond to Frances' father that evening after dinner. "I'm afraid my method of imparting instruction is not sufficiently modern."

Substitute for Soap.

Boiled potatoes make an excellent substitute for soap if your hands have become blackened with contact with pots and pans. Take a little of the potato and rub well into the skin, then rinse it off with warm water.

Telephone Snipe.

A "telephone snipe" is a man who habitually uses some other man's telephone at no other expense to himself than a "thank you." He flourishes, perhaps, because he is not a game bird.

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