DO YOU THROW YOUR ASHES OUT?

It has been said that the average person who burns hard or anthracite coal will save one-third of their coal bill if they would sift them. But then sifting ashes with the old fashioned hand sifter is such a dirty job and takes some time to do it.

Here is something that you have been wanting for a long time. An enclosed cylinder sieve that sifts with the turn of the handle, so that the ash-dust drops into the barrel or ash can while the unburned coal rolls out into the scuttle or bucket.

In practically no time you will pay for this in the saving of your coal. Unless you have more money than you need you cannot afford to be without this. You are throwing out money every day as long as you are without this sifter.

Made of Heavy Galvanized Iron.

Fits Snugly any Barrel or Ash Can.

Will Last a Lifetime.

No Dust. No Dirt. No Trouble.



$2.00 Each

See Our Window Display This Week.

Mr. Farmer

You are Losing Money Every Day.

Suppose that you had your grainery full of money and you knew that RATS were carrying it away. Would you sit calmly and look on and make no attempt to prevent it. Indeed you would not. In no time you would hustle up to your barn with a club and wait for Mr. RAT to appear and as soon as he showed himself it would be good-bye RAT.

Yet you know full well that the price that grain is now it is the same as money. Think it over. Every day that passes over your head RATS are carrying away money from you, killing your chickens, carrying disease to your family, contaminating your stock and destroying your property.

FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING AT ALL YOU CAN RID YOUR PREMISES ENTIRELY FROM RATS IF YOU WILL PURCHASE FROM ME A FEW CAKES OF RAT ANNIHILATOR AND USE AS DIRECTED.

Only 15 Cents a Cake

Come in and get a few now.

See My Window Display This Week.

D. S. GEHR, THE HARDWARE MAN ON THE CORNER, Westminster, Maryland

MY BIG SELLER

HUSKERS' LOTION

is made especially for the Farmers and others whose hands are chapped and roughened by out door work and exposure

6 ounces for 25 cents

CAMENTHOL CREAM

is also an excellent preparation for chapped hands and use after shaving, and is made especially for people having a delicate and sensitive skin.

The above preparations are for sale only by

J. J. WOLFE, Pharmacist.

NEW WINDSOR MARYLAND

I have a good supply of goods on hand for Christmas.

Christmas is Coming

GEORGE R. GRUMBINE

Has made the business a study to serve you with the best material for making good cakes. His twenty years experience should enable him to know when and where to buy to have the best. I have them now and ready to serve you.

Seeded Rasins	Pecans	Baking Powder
Currants	Butter Nuts	Sugar xxxx
Citron	Walnuts	Ext. Lemon
Figs	Almonds	" Vanilla
Dates	Spices	" Orange
Prunes	Chocolate	" Pineapple
Cocoanuts	Orleans Molasses	" Almond
Filberts	Flour	" Strawberry

Grocery and Confectionery line always complete. I will give to all purchasers after December 15th, 1914, a Hagerstown Almanac for the asking. Thanking you all for the past year's business, and with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year,

I remain Yours Respectfully,

At the Forks. GEORGE R GRUMBINE.

You Always Need Feed

We are here to serve you with whatever you need for the

Horse, Cow, Hog, Chicken, and have something Special for the Calf

Sugarota Calf Meal A perfect substitute for milk for Calves and Pigs

1 lb. of which is equal to 1 gal. of full milk.

Farmers' Fertilizer & Feed Company

Westminster, Maryland.

Most any man is embarrassed by having to carve a turkey for the first time, but how do you suppose Mr. F. B. Sayre felt on that crisis, with the President of the United States watching him in addition.

Although the rulers of Europe must feel ashamed of themselves every time they read the editorials in the American rural press, yet they still keep on with their bloodthirsty career.

"The Locusts"

Fine Farm Situated in Freedom District For Sale.

I will sell privately the fine farm known as "The Locusts" owned by Mrs. A. P. Gordon-Cumming and containing about 208 acres. The Mansion House was burned this spring, the other improvements consist of tenant house, the servant house, shop, 2 bank barns, wagon shed, barrack, and all other necessary outbuildings. About 70 acres of it is meadow land. Water is pumped by gasoline engine to the buildings. Plenty of fruit, shrubbery &c. It is located about a mile from the new State Road and about four miles from Sykesville. Possession can be given at once.

Write or call upon Guy W. Steele, attorney, Westminster, Md.

7 11 tf

1914

Overland

35 H. P.

The World's Best Car.

5 Horse power more than any other car selling for $1200.00 or less.

4 inches longer than any car selling for $1200.00 or less.

The Real Go and Come Back Kind.

Call up 75 W and we will come and show you.

The W. H. Davis Co.

Westminster, Md.

DRESSED HOGS

From 10000 to 12000 weight per week at highest cash market price.

WILLIAM F. MYERS AND SONS,

Corner Liberty and Green Sts., Westminster, Md.

C. & P. Phone 226F. 10 2 3-m

TO THE PUBLIC

If you want Fire Insurance, Life Insurance, Accident Insurance, Windstorm Insurance, Steam Boiler Insurance, give me a call. Lowest rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements.

JAMES E. SMITH,

General Insurance Agent, Main and Church streets, Westminster, Md.

9 1 14

The Wakefield Creamery Co.,

Wakefield, Md.

Announces the opening of its

Ice Cream Department

The most sanitary and up-to-date plant outside the larger cities.

Your orders respectfully solicited.

Wanted MILK AND CREAM, **Wanted**

The latter both sweet and sour

I have received another carload of the famous

QUINCY ENGINES

both kind, throttling governors and hit and miss, this week, and will be glad to have the public in general to see us and get our prices and terms, before buying elsewhere. We give you

MORE HORSE POWER

for a dollar than any other make we know of. We have a number of second hand engines of other makes cheap.

Remember there is no danger of the Quincy freezing.

A full line

NEW HOLLAND FEED MILLS, OHIO FEED CUTTERS and Farming implements in general

J. L. BAUST,

MAIN AND LIBERTY STS., WESTMINSTER, MD.

WANTED

We buy all kinds of Cattle, fresh Cows and Springers; Sheep, Calves and Hogs.

Highest cash prices paid.

PHILLIPS & FORMWALT,

183 West Main street, Westminster, Md.

C. & P. phone 113.

7 8 tf

UPHOLSTERING

AND

Old Furniture Made New

HORACE D. WAREHIME,

Green Street, near R. R. Bridge

Residence Address: 121 East Green St., 814m Westminster, Md.

FORGOT THE PAST

By JOHN ECCLES.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

At first John Charlton had eaten out his heart in loneliness; then, as the weeks slipped into months, he grew reconciled to his fate. He could never hope to return to England. He had been accused of forging his father's name to a check.

His elder brother, the heir to the estate, was the culprit. His brother's wife had come to John and pleaded, with tears in her eyes, that he assume the guilt. Everybody would suspect him, she said frankly, because of his recklessness and improvidence. There was a girl—Amy Nairn; she had looked favorably on the young man, and he had been wildly in love with her. But then John Charlton was never able to resist a woman's pleading. And his sister-in-law had taken him at a weak moment.

The upshot was that John went into exile. He had pleaded with Amy to share his lot, and she had laughed first; then, when he told her that he was accused of forgery, her pretty brows contracted and she had indignantly dismissed him.

So John had settled down to farming in Jamaica, with the small sum his father gave him. John often fancied the old baronet understood, but, if he did, he gave no sign. He shook hands with John; and so they parted in silence.

That was four years ago, and at first John's heart had overflowed with anguish. Time and again he had been tempted to write to Amy, explaining matters to her. But he refrained. And at last he ceased to think of the past, except in the desolate hours of midnight.

Then Haidee came into his life—Haidee, the only child of the rich Creole plantation owner, with her soft ways and winning innocence. The old



"And Now I've Said as Much as I Dare, John!"

man would have been well content to have John for a son-in-law without asking any questions. He knew that John was cold-shouldered by the Kingston aristocracy, that he was omitted from invitations to the governor's balls and dinners. But he did not care. John was a good manager, and Haidee loved him.

So, four years after John's arrival, they became engaged. The marriage was to take place in a month's time. Then it was that something happened.

John Charlton received an invitation to the ball at the government house.

He stared incredulously at the engraved invitation note, for it was the same governor who had always cold-shouldered him. However, he went. Perhaps it was because he wanted Haidee to take her rightful place in Jamaica society; perhaps it was merely his longing to look upon the faces of his own kind again. John went, and when he entered the ballroom and saw the men of his rank, and the women in evening dress, his heart leaped in his breast. Haidee suddenly seemed like somebody very distant and remote from him.

And the governor shook him by the hand. Afterward John danced. He danced with English girls, with the bloom of the moist English summer still on their cheeks. And then the governor's secretary drew him aside.

"Charlton," he said—John knew the man officially—"there will be some more guests later in the evening. A party has just arrived by the late English steamer. I want you to stay and meet them. The governor wants it."

John assented. His thoughts were back in his own country, and in his heart he saw the busy streets of London, the Row, where he had ridden in boyhood, the placid countryside and smooth lawns of his father's home.

"The fact is," continued the secretary, "I don't know if you have heard—you cannot have heard, because nobody knew your address, and we were asked to find and notify you. Your father is dead, Charlton."

John listened, apparently unmoved, for his mind was still playing that curious trick, and he was living over the past with his father again. He remembered the old man's affection for him when he was a little boy, how they had given him—

"And your brother is, I am sorry to say, dead also. He was killed by a fall in the hunting field. The shock killed your father."

John was quite unmoved at that news. He had never had much in common with his elder brother. As the younger son, John had always been put aside in favor of the heir.

"Your brother left no child, Charlton," the governor's secretary was saying. Would he never cease? John looked at him in a daze. The thought of Haidee had gone from his mind. His father dead. His brother dead, without leaving an heir. Then—why he was the baronet.

"Sir John, allow me to present you to some of your old friends," the secretary was saying.

And John, still wandering in London in May, with his nostrils full of the sweet scent of hyacinths in the parks, was brought back to consciousness of the dreary perfumes of the ballroom by seeing his sister-in-law and—Amy.

He found himself bowing mechanically, just as though he had only left them the day before. He looked into Amy's face. What had there ever been in that woman, to whom he had given all the passion of a first love? He had dreamed of her three years till Haidee came into his life, this red-cheeked English girl, with the faint smile and the worldly face. How far away his past life seemed all of a sudden!

"John," his sister-in-law was saying," won't you come out with us upon the veranda? I have something to tell you."

John followed the ladies outside. He was leaning against the veranda rail now, and his sister-in-law's words were buzzing in his head.

"You acted a very noble part, John," she said. "We—the family—shall never cease to be grateful to you. Few men would have done as much for their brothers. But after poor Arthur's death the lawyer went through his papers. He was a dreadful man, Mr. Smeaton, one of those mutton-whiskered Puritanical men who think that everything irregular is a crime. He found in your brother's desk a written, signed confession and insisted that it should be made public to the world."

John remembered Mr. Smeaton, a kindly old man who had always taken an interest in him. So Smeaton was the man who had come forward so unexpectedly to retrieve his honor.

"We begged and pleaded, John, but nothing could move him," his sister-in-law continued. "We even offered him three thousand pounds to hush up the matter, but it wouldn't do. The old wretch threatened to make the tale public himself unless we did. So it had to be done, John." She sighed.

"Well, you can guess what a row there was in England, especially as you are now the heir to the property. In fact, things got so hot that I found it best to take a holiday in some place where the rumors hadn't got busy yet. Amy promised to come with me, and she has kept her word. You know you and Amy were always good friends, John. So now I shall leave you two together to talk over old times."

The woman was gone, and John stood unsteadily against the railing, looking into the hard, worldly face of Amy Nairn. How could he ever have loved her? How could he? How could he? He could not answer his own question.

"John, I am so sorry," said Amy, putting out her hand. John took it and it felt cold and cat-like in his own.

"John," whispered Amy, "do you remember what you asked me that night before you came away? I have never forgotten, John. And I am so sorry for our misunderstanding. I have often thought of you, John."

He would have liked to have thrust his fist into the woman's face. What a deliverance his had been! But Amy was singularly obtuse.

"I will admit," she said, "that my motives in accompanying your sister-in-law were not altogether altruistic, John. In fact, I—I—I wanted to see you again—" She looked down and shuffled her feet in simulated confusion. Amy had singularly pretty feet—almost as pretty as Haidee's—and she had always been aware of the fact.

"And now I've said as much as I dare, John," she added, raising her eyes to his.

"I am sorry," said John, bowing.

"Sorry, John?"

"That you should have made this long journey for nothing. I cannot marry you—"

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, with flaming cheeks. "Has Jamaica made a brute of you, John?"

"No, a man," he answered. "When I go to England I shall take my wife with me. You see, we are to be married before the end of the month, Amy."

His last picture of her was seeing the sudden cat-like cruelty flame into her face and eyes as she stood, sphinx-like, against the rail. But the picture faded within a moment. For the air was full of the sweetness of a Jamaica night, and John was riding home to his bride-to-be—Haidee.

No Harm Done.

Her friends had asked their young hostess to play for them, and she was performing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the visitors.

"I—I struck a false note," faltered the performer.

"Well, what of it?" cried another guest. "Go ahead. Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead."—Ladies' Home Journal.

$100 REWARD, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

12 1 4-4

Many charitably disposed persons are giving to the poor by deferring the payment of the grocery bill.

THE TAX ON TELEPHONE MESSAGES

As for the tax on telephone messages, Mr. A. C. Allgire, Local Manager of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, when seen this morning told how The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company had prepared to collect the tax as directed by the Government.

"The preparation for the collection of the 1 cent tax on all messages of 15 cents or over has been a big job for the Telephone Company," said Mr. Allgire. "In the case of public telephones with coin box attachments, the tax of 1 cent is to be inserted as directed by the operator in the quarter slot in the coin box by the person who sends the message, and all operators have been instructed to arrange for this.

Special preparations for billing regular subscribers correctly for the tax imposed on their messages of 15 cents and over also had to be made. New collection routines had to be prepared and new systems of accounting worked out. The Telephone Company has advised all telephone users of the new tax and the methods put into effect for collecting the tax. Notices giving full directions have been placed on all public telephones and all subscribers have been advised by means of a circular enclosed with their monthly bills. This circular explains the method of making the charge for the tax and gives a digest of the lax relating to it.

"The law applies not only to all messages on which the rate is 15 cents or more per message, but also to all messages on which the total charge, including overtime, amounts to 15 cents or more. Thus, while a single call at the rate of 5 cents bears no tax, should the conversation be prolonged over a period which would make the aggregate charge 15 cents or more, the tax of 1 cent is imposed.

"All telephone bills rendered during the life of this tax will include a toll service statement that will show these messages on which the tax is to be levied, together with the amount of such tax.

"The law directs that this tax shall be collected from the person paying for such message or conversation and places the responsibility for collection upon the Telephone Company."

TOWN HARMONY

One of the great problems which every movement for civic advance has to meet, is that of lining up all elements for team work. Harmonious co-opcration of all interests is necessary.

A great many communities are cursed by petty jealousies. Their power for mischief affects every public enterprise. If one man starts a movement, all the people who do not like him begin to throw cold water. They make sarcastic remarks about his project. The result is that people feel disinclined to take hold and push, for fear lest they make themselves ridiculous.

It is difficult to promote public objects under the most favorable conditions. The moment that people let personal feeling enter in, it becomes impossible to get unity of action. One set of people will try one thing, only to see it fall under a wet blanket of ironical skepticism. They feel disgusetd, and the next time any one else starts anything, they in turn stand back and jeer.

The practical outcome is that every one feels afraid of starting any new movement, for fear of becoming ridiculous. It is easier to stand on one side and make superior remarks about the poor judgment of your neighbors than to take hold and push. Civic sentiment dissipates, and the town growth languishes.

Is there anything of that spirit here? Most towns have something of it, and some have far more than others. In so far as it exists, people should get over it. They must pull together, ignoring personal differences, if thy want this town to advance in population and public advantages.

WHY ADVERTISING IS READ

One of the foundation principles of successful newspaper work is that the closer anything comes home to the personal affairs of the reader, the more interest it excites. An item about the business interests of a neighbor is likely to be read with more attention than a report of some fateful disaster many miles away, affecting communities and people of which no one knows anything.

This gives one an idea why it is that advertisements are always read with such attentive interest. They relate directly to the personal affairs of the public.

People are concerned nowadays about the cost of living. They lie awake nights worrying about it. The club formed to discuss the poetry of Tennyson may spend much of its time talking over the cost of beef or the wages paid servants.

So anything relating directly to living costs appeals as keenly as anything there is in the newspaper. The account of the battle over in Belgium is thrilling, but it is many miles away, and without immediate effect on the readers.

But when one learns from some wide awake merchant's advertising, that he has acquired a lot of potatoes or oranges or flour or overcoats at a special bargain, and is prepared to close them out at a low price, the thing hits us where we live.

Everyone that wants to reduce his cost of living, and that includes nearly the whole community, is affected by such an advertisement. It is read more eagerly by the housewives than the news of the distant battle. The men also are interested and ask their wives why they don't go there and buy.

Advertising is often the best news in the paper. Merchants who use it may be sure that every line they say is read.

KEEP IT HANDY FOR RHEUMATISM

No use to squirm and wince and try to wear out your Rheumatism. It will wear you out instead. Apply some Sloan's Liniment. Need not rub it in—just let it penetrate all through the affected parts, relieve the soreness and draw the pain. You get ease at once and feel so much better you want to go right out and tell other sufferers about Sloan's. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief. Buy a bottle today.

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