BABYLON & LIPPY

"The Dependable Store"

REDUCTION SALE

We have placed on sale at greatly reduced prices our lines of ladies', misses' and children's coats; our ready-to-wear millinery; ladies' sweaters and ladies' shirt waists.

Coats and Suits

These can be purchased at a great saving to you; they have been greatly reduced from their regular price; they are priced to make them real values in up-to-date merchandise; they come with fur collars—some with collar of the same material, in all the leading shades. It will pay you to see these values in winter coats.

Real Values In Sweaters

Our stock has been gone over and all of the sweaters of which we have only one and two of a kind have been gotten out and priced to make them real values. Ladies' and Misses' sweaters are to be sold at prices far below the present purchase price.

The Millinery Department

Here you will find all of our hats read to wear and trimmed hats greatly reduced. We have placed on sale about 100 ready-to-wear-hats at the low price of $1.98 each.

Shoes Shoes

There will be bargains in shoes for those whose size is found in the lot that will go on sale. Our stock will be culled and those in the line of which we have only several pairs will be placed on sale at half their value of today. There will be some bargains.

Shirt Waists

Some real values in Ladies' Geo. Crepe waists, and Crepe De Chine, some slightly soiled. These are to be sold at half their regular purchase price.

Englar & Sponseller's

Weekly Price Sheet

Wheat No. 1	$2.36
Wheat No. 2	$2.33
Wheat No. 3	$2.30
Meadow-Brook Flour 1-8	$1.55
Bran per hundred pounds	$2.60
Middlings - -	$3.10
Special Dairy Feed	$2.75
Climax Dairy Feed - -	$2.60
Cotton-Seed Meal	$4.00
Old Process Oil Meal	$4.25

Prices subject to change without notice.

10-24-tf.

PRIVATE SALE

OF

REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

I offer my hotel property and store room combined, situated in New Windsor, Md., located near railroad station, at private sale. It is equipped modernly and in good condition.

Also one six-cylinder, 1916 model Studebaker automobile. A No. 3 Oliver typewriter and a National cash register.

MRS. J. C. GILBERT,

tf. New Windsor, Md.

Dr. Geo. E. Baughman

SURGEON DENTIST

Westminster, Md.

All kinds of Crown and Bridge Work. Teeth extracted; also Filling. All work guaranteed.

OFFICE 114 EAST MAIN STREET Opposite Union National Bank.

The people who kicked the hardest on standing in line for sugar, now make the most complaint at the higher price that is necessary to encourage more production.

An[illegible] people who are getting the [illegible] the Reds, and the symp[illegible] felt in the back of the coat [illegible] the slack of the trousers.

The Hunter Market

Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish Fruits and Vegetables always on hand.

Your patronage solicited.

GEO. N. HUNTER,

Wantz Building, - Westminster, Md.

C. & P. Phone 12-W.

Fire and Tornado Insurance

We write all Insurance in STANDARD COMPANIES AT STANDARD RATES, which are as cheap with better security than non-Standard Companies.

We are prepared to write all classes of Fire and Tornado Insurance in the very best STANDARD COMPANIES at the very best STANDARD rates, with the very best STANDARD Security

We also write Automobile Insurance in Standard Companies. Call and see us before placing your Insurance.

we write Hailstorm Insurance on growing crops.

Chas. E. Goodwin Insurance Agency Inc.

No. 96 South Main St

Westminster, Md

MANCHESTER

The Christmas service by the members of Trinity Reformed Sunday School was held on Christmas Eve and was largely attended, and the following program well rendered: Processional Singing, "Sing a Song of Welcome"; Responsive reading, Invocation; Gloria Patria and Creed; Singing "Hark the Bells"; Recitation, "Why we are glad", Ida Brilhart, Singing, "Follow on"; exercise, "Story of the tree", by little girls, Recitation, Valley Brilhart; Singing, "The Shinging Day Star"; Duet and Chorus; Exercise, "Christmas trip", Little Boys; Singing, "Christmas Lullaby", choir; Exercise Song, "Star and Story", class of girls; Recitation, "His Cradle", Isabel Wentz; Primary Song; Recitation "When Christmas Smiles Across the World", Alla Zumbrum, Singing, "Awake, O Nations", exercise, "The Star Ray's," class of girls; exercise, "Merry Christmas Bells", class of boys; Singing, "Over the Plain"; Exercise and Drill, "Gifts to the King"; Singing, "Listen to the Story"; Address, Rev. Knipple; Singing, "The hope of Ages"; Collection Speech, Anna Horrick; Offerings; Anthem by Choir; Distribution of gifts; Singing, "Hail the Son of David"; Benediction. The collection, $43.00 was for the Hoffman Orphan Home.

Mrs. Wm. who has her home with her son-in-law, Clinton V. Lippy, on Westminster street, passed her 97th mile stone, on the 24th ult., in good health and daily active with the domestic duties.

The members of Immanuel Lutheran church held their Christmas service on Christmas evening that was largely attended. Christmas decorations were in place with a nicely-trimmed tree. The songs, recitations and class exercise were well given as was the address by the pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Motter, Mrs. Belle Miller and son Charles, of Baltimore, were guests here and enjoyed the social side of the occasion during the Holidays. On returning home they were accompanied by Miss Fannie Ross who will enjoy the week in the city.

Martin Baltozer, of Indianopolis, is here spending his holiday vacation among friends

Mr. Howard Hawk of Reading, Pa was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. J. LaMotte, during Christmas. On his return home on Monday he was accompanied by Mrs. H. who had been a guest in the home for three months convalescing; returning much improved

George W Greenholtz, of Baltimore, spent Wednesday here among friends extending his greetings and receiving many hearty hand shakes.

Ivan Fuhrman and family, of Baltimore, were guest of their mother, Mrs. Jacob Wink, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Wentz entertained Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dubbs, Mrs. May E. Gettier and G. W. J. Everhart at a four o'clock dinner, on Christmas.

Mr. George S. Motter is a guest at the Hotel Thurmont enjoying the mountain breezes and circulating among friends

Mr. and Mrs. David E. Myers spent a holiday vacation with their mother, Mrs. Andrew E. B. Myers, from their Baltimore cares.

Charles Deinst of Baltimore is home for the holidays to enjoy his vacation among friends and the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Deinst.

Rev. Roy J Freeman will preach in Trinity Reformed Church, on Sunday evening, January 4th.

An Early Christmas service was held at 6 A. M. Christmas morning. When the first persons arrived they found the church in darkness excepting a lone lantern but soon others arrived with lanterns and when it was found out that the company would not turn on the gas the ladies soon had large lamps from their homes and the lecture room was well lighted and the service was conducted by the Rev. Knipple. Songs and scripture readings were in full accord with the occasion while his address was fine, to which was added the beautiful prayer of Rev. Leatherman, so that the hour was enjoyed and all could return to their homes with the saying it was good to have been there.

Mr. James B. Houck died at his home on York street, on Wednesday morning, 24th, aged 63 years, 1 month and 10 days, after weeks of suffering. He was a native of this section and long a resident of town; for twenty five years he was sexton of the Lutheran Church and for fifteen years of that time was sexton of both the Lutheran and Reformed churches, during which time he prepared the last resting places of many persons, and was familiar with graves in the cemetery, even those of a century or more old. His remains were laid to rest on Friday, surrounded by a large circle of relatives and friends among whom were members of Pochahontas Tribe of Red Men and members of Daniel and Jacob Lodge, No. 23 I. O. O. F. who laid him to rest with ritualistic ceremony. Services in the Lutheran church, Rev. Leatherman officiating. He is survived by his widow and two daughters Mrs. George M. Hoffman and Mrs. Irvin Armacost of this town and one grand-child. Past Grand W. L. F. Bergman, C. V. Lippy, Aaron Hoffman, W. D. Hanson, Allen Lippy and S. J. Stultz for the Odd Fellows and Messrs. Geo. E. Leese, Nelson Grove, Chas. Kneller, Tempest Menchey, F. Brilhart, J. B. Lynerd were pallbearers for Red Men. Wink Bros. undertakers.

UNION MILLS

Christmas was a quiet day at Union Mills. Mr. B. F. Shriver, who was born on the 25th of December celebrated the 76th anniversary of his birth this year, and as has been his custom for many years, he entertained on Christmas day, his brothers and sisters and their families, with a splendid Christmas feast.

Under the direction of the pastor, Rev. S. Adam, St. Mary's Reformed Sunday school, Silver Run, rendered a fine program before a large audience, on Christmas evening.

Rev. John S. Adam, last Sunday morning, preached his first anniversary sermon, as pastor of St. Mary's Reformed church, Silver Run.

Ice from 4 to 7 inches thick is being cut from Big Pipe Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stitely, of Hagerstown, Md., visited Mrs. Stitely's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Yingling, last Sunday.

Mr. S. is an engineer on the W. M. R. R. and has been in the service of the company for many years

Watch night services will be held at St. Mary's Reformed church, Silver Run, on New Year's eve.

May the Sentinel have a happy and prosperous New Year.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

If mechanical devices are substituted for telephone girls, the men will not have to call Central so often to get the exact time.

Our Job Work Advertises Itself

Judicious Advertising

Creates many a new business.
Enlarges many an old business.
Preserves many a large business.
Revives many a dull business.
Rescues many a lost business.
Saves many a failing business.
Secures success in any business.

We Are at Your Service

Call on Us or Call Us Up and We Will Call on You

Impulsive Connie

By GEORGE PHELPS

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Two old maid sisters and a mother, who insisted upon all gentleman callers leaving at ten o'clock sharp—isn't it a wonder Connie managed to keep a beau? But, then, you don't know Connie. Without exaggeration she was the sweetest little piece of femininity in existence; that's what Harvard Cullis thought, at any rate.

How Harvard was able to find an opportunity to ask her to marry him is more than could be told in a paragraph, but, anyway, he did gasp it out one time when her mother had gone to bed with a sick headache and the sisters had fallen asleep on guard. It was a hurried consent Connie gave, but she had to have one eye on the sisters all the while.

When would they get married? That was the first big question that started the first misunderstanding. With visions of a long courtship that ended every night at ten o'clock before him, Harvard urged speed.

"But I could never get married until Priscilla and Lucelle are married," Connie told him. "Mother doesn't believe in the youngest daughter being married first."

"Good heavens!" Harvard was next thing to being stunned. "Why they'll never be married. They are on the shelf for good."

"They have both been engaged for fourteen years," Connie said, a little indignantly. "James and Charles call every Wednesday night. They have called ever since I can remember, and every Fourth of July they take the girls out driving."

"And haven't married them yet? Well I never!"

"But they are going to marry them. The girls have had their things ready for years and years."

"Let's elope!"

"Oh!" Connie put her hand over her mouth and half smothered the cry of alarm. One of the sisters stirred uneasily, but Harvard was not going to lose any time.

"Why can't we?" he demanded.

"Oh, because!" Connie was fairly shaking with excitement. The tantalizing answer so often used by women had irritated Harvard, so she hastened



Knew at Once Why Priscilla and Lucelle Were on the Shelf.

to explain. "Can't you see? I want a wedding—a real honest-to-goodness wedding, with bridesmaids and flowers and presents and cake and things. I want to have a trousseau and a green trunk and things like the girls have."

"Yes; and if you wait until they are married you'll have them all and they will never be used." Harvard was aroused, so it was just as well one of the sisters opened her eyes and caught sight of him sitting close to Connie. She might have said something that would have brought an unpleasant answer had not the other sister wakened and found it was five minutes past ten. Her exclamation of horror was sufficient to send Harvard on a jump for his hat and coat. With two chaperones in the vestibule there was no chance to speak further on the subject to Connie.

Harvard had always wondered why Wednesday night was the night he was banned from calling on Connie, but the next Wednesday night he pretended he had lost track of the days and arrived to size up James and Charles. Two Scotch tightwads, that was his first deduction, and he knew at once why Priscilla and Lucelle were still on the shelf. On the way home he tried to work out a plan.

If some old uncle or somebody would only leave the twin sisters a fortune as bait for their long-standing swains, he thought; or better still if some uncle that had not been heard of for years would show up and offer a thousand dollar bonus to the sister who was married first. James and Charles would likely fall over one another to drag the sisters to the altar first. Why, they did have an uncle somewhere—an Uncle Ben that had not been heard of for years, he remembered. Why couldn't Uncle Ben show up?

* * * * * * *

"Look out!" Harvard was just in time to pull the old gentleman in front of him out of the path of an oncoming car. The night was a stormy one, and the old man's eyesight seemed defective.

"Thank you so much," the old fellow began. Harvard could feel him shaking under his grasp.

"Can't I help you home?" he offered. "The streets are slippery and the lights are poor."

"Thank you so much," the old man said again, but this time in a tone that gave consent. Harvard helped him along in silence. "They stopped in front of the city's best hotel.

"I'm going in here," the old gentleman said, as he fumbled in his pockets. He drew forth a card. "Come to see me in the morning," he invited.

Harvard pocketed the card. He had no intention of calling on the old fellow, but when he was undressing that night and the card dropped to the floor he picked it up and looked at the name. "Benjamin Coles" was neatly engraved upon it.

Harvard laughed. The old man seemed to have come as an answer to his thoughts, but he had sense enough to know that this was not Connie's uncle Ben. Things like that only happened in stories. Just the same it set him thinking.

In the morning he did make the call on Benjamin Coles. He came away smiling. Now for the race between Charles and James, he thought, as he sauntered off to the office.

"Hello," it was Connie's voice over the telephone and Harvard recognized the excitement in her tone. "I must see you at once. I'm waiting at the drug store on the corner," she cried eagerly, and hung up the receiver before he could answer her. He hurried to meet her, for Connie excited was not the safest person to disappoint.

"Harvard, we must be married at once," she gasped breathlessly as soon as she saw him. "We'll get a thousand dollars if we do."

Harvard tried to appear surprised as she poured out the story of the letter from Uncle Ben. He was in the city, but was disappointed because all his nieces were unmarried, and would give a thousand dollars to the one who was married first, and perhaps an additional thousand if she was married right away. What were wedding presents and bridesmaids to two thousand dollars? It was an unexpected turn of events, but Harvard was equal to it. They hurried to get the license.

"Why, this is the third Miss Lamar I have made out a license for today," the justice told them as he affixed his signature. That knowledge only added to Connie's speed. They arrived at the nearest minister's in record time.

"You are the third Miss Lamar I have married today," the minister announced after the ceremony was over.

"Oh!" Connie could not hide her disappointment, but Harvard hurried her out before she could give it all away.

"I was never so disappointed in my life," she almost cried as they reached the street. "Just think, two thousand gone."

Then Harvard had to confess. He had persuaded Benjamin Coles to write the letter so as to get the sisters married off. It had all been a frame-up. The old man was not her uncle at all.

"Why, he's at the house now, and he's kissed mother and everything," Connie cried in horror.

"The old impostor!" Harvard exclaimed indignantly. "We'll show him." They fairly raced home. An odd scene presented itself there. Two sobbing brides in the arms of their mother and two newly married husbands arguing over the right to the $2,000. Harvard demanded silence while he made the explanation.

"It was all a frame-up," he confessed, "but I am sure we are all going to be happy. Uncle Ben didn't write that letter at all, and the two thousand dollar bonus was only a sell."

"Let Uncle Ben speak for himself," Benjamin Coles stepped from the background. "I did write that letter, and, what is more, I am going to make good my offer; in fact, I am going one better—I am going to give each of my nieces $5,000 each for a wedding present. You see, young man, we all make mistakes. I am Uncle Ben, as my sister here will testify."

"You dear old darling!" Connie, with all her impulsiveness, fairly swept him off his feet as she threw herself into his arms. "Can't you make it ten?"

"Indeed, seeing your husband saved my life last night," I think I can," he agreed, "and, young lady, I envy that young man these hugs."

In the Margin.

Occasionally one finds omissions, sometimes of quite common words, and takes pleasure in writing them neatly in the margin of the dictionary.

Often there is more satisfaction in finding the dictionary lacking than there would have been in finding the desired word in its place; in any case it serves small purpose to make these rubrics, but the inclination is irresistible.

Talking of faults recalls the anger of the autocratic Scottish parson who, when his meanings were disputed by reference to the first dictionary makers, asked his argumentative parishioners the despotic question: "Am I not as good an authority as Doctor Johnson?"

This was merely an extreme way of expressing dissatisfaction with one definition or accent.

Its Resources.

"After July 1 won't men envy the camel?"

"Why so?"

"Because the camel has its own storage supply."

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