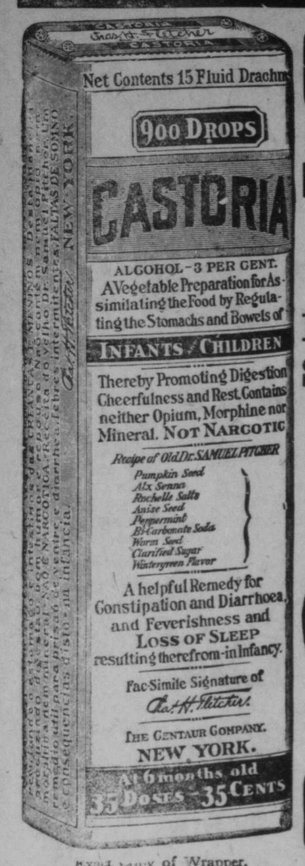


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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

At a meeting of the Physicians of Manchester and Hampstead Districts held on January 26, 1920, after considering the H. C. of L., and high cost of supplies, the following schedule of prices was adopted to become effective February 1, 1920:

Office fee .50 minimum
Town visits, Day $1.00
Town visits, Night, $1.50
Called in on the Road, $1.00
Administering anaesthetics, Dental, $2
Administering anaesthetics, General $5
Fractures, small Bones, $7.50
Fractures, large Bones, $10.00
Obstetrical cases, $10.00 minimum
Conveying patients to Hospital $18.00 and expenses
Consultations $5.00
Country visits, Day, $1.50 to $2.00
Country visits, Night, $2.00 to $2.50
Calls after 5 P. M., winter and 7 P. M Summer, to be considered night calls
Other patients in the same house regular office fee .50. Some for country patients.

Edgar M. Bush, M. D.; H. C. Preston, M. D.; J. H. Preston, M. D.; J. H. Sherman, M. D.; D. M. Resh, M. D.; W. R. S. Denner, M. D.; J. S. Zeigler, M. D.; R. C. Wells, M. D.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

The old timers had their period of high prices after the Civil War. Some of the old folks of Westminster will tell of prices that would look fairly high even in these ballooning times. But family life was built on a different system then.

The old fashioned family carried thrift to small details. Many old households never used many matches. They twisted strips of paper to make lamplighters. They never bought soap, depending on the grease kettle and annual soap boiling spree. Their conscientious little economies built fortunes.

Time would now be considered too valuable to fuss with these antiquated frugalities. But the present women's movement to cut down high cost, does well to emphasize such points as the making over of clothes, and more economical use of inexpensive foods. If scientific efficiency is applied to the home, many needless costs can be cut out.

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THIS OFFICE is the place to have your printing done, no matter what kind it may be.

"Community Choruses" being organized in some places. About six weeks ago there was a community chorus in every grocery store yelling "we want sugar".

The Smugglers

By WILL T. AMES

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

There was no long, black, rakish lugger. There was no cave, wind swept and spray washed, carved by the erosion of a million years of breakers far into the face of a cliff. There was no secret underground passage leading from the back of the cave to the manor house of the titled leader of the smugglers; there was no clash of cutlasses; no band of bearded adventurers ready to lay down their lives for the swashbuckling, handsome young chieftain.

There was a trawler, an inshore trawler 30 feet long with a tiny cabin forward and a little glass hut like a wee conning tower to protect the steersman's head as he stood on the cockpit floor and ran his ship, engine and wheel, quite alone; for she was a one-man boat.

Ashore, at a spot where the river road ran but half a dozen rods from the estuary, there was waiting a one-ton motortruck. And there was as fine a cargo of contraband in the trawler as was ever boated ashore from any lugger or battled over in the dark by soldiers and blue-water bullies, since custom houses, and their evasion, were invented.

Travis' part in the transaction looked easy. All he had to do was to meet the tramp a mile due south of Ducks and Drakes' light at ten o'clock, take the 40 cases aboard, run into the sequestered estuary which was his home harbor, anyhow, help the man of the motortruck load the stuff and collect $10 a case from the truck driver.

Four hundred dollars for a night's work is a lot of money to a trawler. And Ben particularly needed that $400. As to the risk—"Piffle!" said Kimpinski. Kimpinski, junk dealer, was the owner of the truck, and its driver for this occasion. "If the government was looking for some one for a few bottles of booze, would they let a shipload of it go along the coast like a peddler, maybe? Sure, it's all fixed. Everywhere it is coming in. The coast guards—shaw! They can see nothing; the wind is blowing hundred-dollar bills in their eyes!"



Arose Out of the Hedge to Greet Him.

There seemed to be sense to this. If the government were, indeed, as zealous in the suppression of contraband liquor as it was supposed to be, would it be likely to concern itself with small fry like Ben, and still permit a big ship to cruise the coast, dropping off her illicit cargo here and there to fishermen, tugs and coastwise schooners? Surely it must be well "fixed." And Ben was young and adventurous; he didn't put much stock in the eighteenth amendment anyhow—and he needed the money; Caroline and he needed it.

Caroline was helping in the matter of the bungalow, too. She went into town five evenings a week and taught foreigners in the evening school. It's strange how things happen, how they dovetail; one of Caroline's pupils was Kimpinski's eldest son, a man grown but young. Kimpinski came to the school and called his son out into the hall. Afterward, near the door where Kimpinski had stood Caroline picked up a crumpled telegram, addressed to the junk man and signed by an initial. It said:

"Try Benjamin Travis, trawl fisherman, Sandy Bay."

It was rather startling to Caroline. Also it happened that young Isadore Finkelstein confided to Miss Webster that Kimpinski was a bad ban, a lawsmasher already.

Now it was that Caroline had just been reading an old-time novel—one of the lugger and cave sort—and as she read it the thought had come to her that the dashing, handsome smuggler hero must have looked a good deal like Ben. So, with what she knew about the mysterious telegram and Kimpinski's reputation, when Ben a couple of evenings later told her the next night he would have to be out all night in his boat—a most unusual thing—something jumped up in Caroline's throat and her heart beat in fear.

No man could have deduced that Kimpinski had gotten Ben and his boat mixed up in liquor smuggling. Any woman could, especially one who knew Ben's streak of recklessness, and who had been reading lugger stories.

Wherefore, as Ben's trawler chugged up to an anchorage three rods from the shore where Kimpinski's truck waited, on as dark a night as you can have when there are no stars, and when Ben, with six of the cases piled into his skiffboat, rowed ashore, four coastguard gobs and a coastguard lieutenant arose out of the hedge to greet him, and at the same instant two others stepped from behind the trees where they had been watching Kimpinski for 20 minutes, and grabbed the junkman by the collar.

"We'll just trouble you for the loan of your skiff, Travis," said the officer, "till we bring the rest of that stuff ashore ourselves. Then you can take her and go about your business. You're a very lucky chap."

It was at the front gate of Caroline Webster's home that they had it out the next afternoon. Caroline, pale, but determined, met Ben there and talked to him over the barrier instead of swinging it open, as usual, in mute welcome.

"I know what happened last night," she began, taking the situation by the horns. "It was I who informed—if you want to call it that."

Travis looked at her as if she had struck him in the face.

"You!"

"Yes, I, Ben Travis; you and I have been nearly three years trying to get a home together so as to start right. It has meant just as much to me as it has to you. And in my way I've worked just as hard for it as you have. But if we ever do have a home together, Ben, it's got to be one without a stain on it. It has got to be earned straight and kept straight.

"I could have pretended not to know anything about that escapade of yours. Or I could have let it go and then pleaded with you afterward not to do it any more. But that wouldn't do—neither of these things would do—for me. You've got a wild streak in you, Ben, that's got to be driven out.

"So when I made up my mind that you were getting into this crooked liquor smuggling—crooked it is, Ben, no matter what you may think—I went straight into town and saw the commandant of the coast guard station. I told them what I felt sure was going to be done, but I wouldn't tell them where nor who was probably in it, until they promised to let you go—and let Kimpinski go, too, for the information he could give them—if they could only get the goods and get at the people higher up, the big men behind the business. They didn't want to make terms like that, but by and by they consented. Today the commandant told me over the phone that Kimpinski had 'come through' and the men who are financing this traffic are going to the penitentiary.

Ben, I don't know how you're going to take this. Maybe you'll think that a woman who will do a thing like what I did isn't a goodenough pal to tie up to. If you do, I can't help it. But if you come through that gate it's got to be as a man who is through, for good and all, with every thought of getting an easy dollar by breaking the law of the land." Caroline unlatched the gate and stood back.

And Kimpinski wasn't the only smuggler who "came through."

CONDOR'S REALM IS INVADED

Crossing of the Andes by Aviators Is Annoying to the Great Birds.

The Andes are becoming quite blase to crossings and the condors are understood to be highly annoyed at the constant invasion of their private residences at 15,000 feet or so of altitude. Since Jorge Newbery met the fate of the courageous pioneer there have been several successful crossings. The name of the former will always be connected with the Cordillera with the same melancholy celebrity that attaches to the death of Lord Francis Douglass and Mr. Hadow on the Matterhorn.

The most recent disturber of the wild mountain solitudes is a Chilean military aviator, Lieut. Armando Cortinez, who descended at Mendoza after leaving the military flying school ground of Lo Espejo, near Santiago de Chile. He broke his propeller in landing and was obliged to wait for spare parts and a mechanic.

As he went up merely to attempt an altitude flight and had no leave to cross the frontier chain, the lieutenant will be put under arrest on his return, while being given all credit for his plucky achievement. Discipline is discipline.—Buenos Aires Standard.

Confusion of Names.

Aunt Matilda came back from town, proud of her new purchase. It was a "transformation," one of those front pieces of hair which are reputed to make one look young. But Aunt Matilda's made her look more than young—decidedly "loud," if you please.

The tiniest piece went to tell mother. "Oh, mother, come here and see Aunt Matilda's confirmation," she called.

The high school nephew winked at his chum "She'd better call it her consternation, I think," he whispered, "judging from the impression it has created on me."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 8

PETER AT LYDDA AND JOPPA.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 9:32-43.

GOLDEN TEXT—The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.—James 5:15.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Luke 5: 17-26; 8:40-56.

PRIMARY TOPIC—What a Kind Woman Did.

JUNIOR TOPIC—What Peter Did at Lydda and Joppa.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Beauty and Influence of an Unselfish Life.

In order to grasp the significance of this lesson, we should recall the condition which prevailed in the church as suggested in verse 31. Three characteristics are outstanding:

1. Freedom From Persecution.

Saul, the ringleader of the persecuting forces, had just recently been converted, thereby disorganizing their forces, allowing the church to enjoy a breathing spell. This period of rest did not result in its growing lazy, indifferent, worldly, and forgetful of God, but in growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

2. Spiritual Growth and Development.

The real meaning of the word "edified" is "builded up." This does not mean merely that the members were being instructed and comforted, but that strenuous efforts on the part of the individual members, as well as the body as a whole, were being made for the advancement of the divine life. The word "edify" contains the metaphor of some grand building or structure. As suggested by another, this metaphor involves (1) a foundation. This is Jesus Christ—no other dare be laid (I Cor. 3:12-16). (2) A continuous progress. This means that a Christian's activities are purposeful and that the work he undertakes moves forward with the proper progress. (3) Persistent effort. This means that the present day's work begins the foundation upon which tomorrow's work must be built. Thus day by day his life is being raised higher and higher, as each separate round of material is being laid by strenuous efforts. (4) A completion. Finally the work is done, the building is completed, the top stone is brought forth and placed.

3. Outward Growth.

Building up within the church causes the whole work to be admired and respected by those without, inducing them to come and identify themselves with the cause. There can be no forward movement without unless there be a correponding movement within.

Our lesson today is the record of two stupendous miracles. They are the greatest signs wrought since the day of Christ. The dreadful malady of palsy is vanquished, and a corpse is retenanted by the departed soul. The occurrence here of this miracle is in keeping with the movements of the church at this time. The Lord had promised these signs as they went forth with the gospel message. They were given as encouragements to the disciples, to convince them that the gospel did not lose any of its power by being spread, but rather that its power increased. As the church goes everywhere preaching the Word there will be a corresponding manifestation of power.

I. The Healing of Eneas (vv. 32-35).

This man's needy condition appealed to Peter, just as men today should appeal to us in their semi-dead state. Like his Master, Peter could not refuse the needed help. In this he did not direct attention to himself, but confidently appealed to the power in the name of Christ: "Jesus Christ healeth thee." The man who had kept his bed for eight long years immediately arose and made his bed. When the Lord heals it is done instantly. Peter wisely kept this miracle from being the end by making it the means to the end. That end was the preaching of the gospel. This brought most gratifying results, for "all that dwelt in Lydda and Sharon saw him and turned to the Lord."

II. The Raising of Dorcas (vv. 36-43).

This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did, not talked of doing. She was a practical Christian woman of the kind that gets down to the practical way of showing her love by doing deeds of helpfulness. Her death was a real loss, as was evidenced by the mourning of those who had been helped. When this good woman fell sick and died the disciples sent for Peter. Peter put them all forth. At his command her soul came back to live in her body. This again caused them to believe on the Lord.

Read the Bible and Think.

"It is a good plan to read a book of the Bible through rapidly at a sitting in a shady garden, or on a cliff looking over the sea; then to close the book and think."—Church Family Newspaper.

Transformed Into New Man.

As iron put into the fire loseth its rust and becometh clearly red hot, so he that wholly turneth himself unto God puts off all slothfulness, and is transformed into a new man.—Thomas a Kempis.

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