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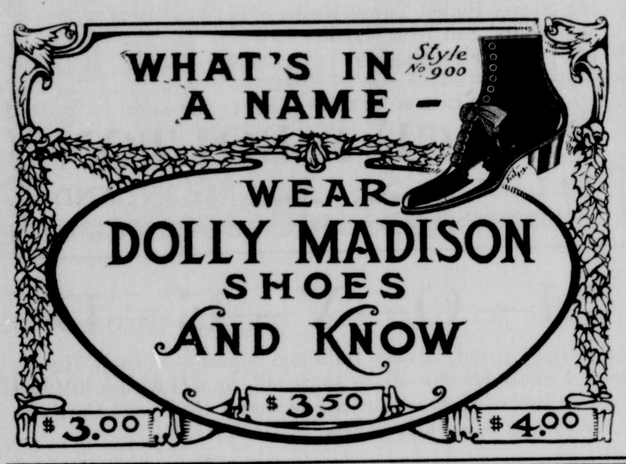
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY



WINTER GOODS

—OF THE—

MILLINGTON CLOTHING and SHOE STORE

We have just received a full line of up-to-date MEN'S, YOUTH'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and Hats, Caps and Gents Furnishings.

We also carry a complete line of Men's, Boys'. Children's and Ladies' SHOES. We have just opened a full line of the "Celebrated W. L. Douglas Men's and Boys' Shoes.

LADIES' SHOES a Specialty.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

GILLESPIE & MOFFETT.
MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

TO THE PUBLIC

Only Exclusive Shoe Store in Town

Seventeen Years In The Business

We take pleasure in announcing to you that our stock this season will considerably excel our most ambitious efforts in the past. In point of variety, we shall display more styles in each line than ever hereto, while in the matter of quality we shall maintain the high plane of excellence which has ever been our standard. Our prices will, as heretofore, be based on the smallest possible profit-margin consistent with legitimate business methods.

The only store in town where you can buy the celebrated W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men and Boys, and the Stout Snag-Proof Rubber Boots, the only genuine Snag Boot on the market. Best selected line of Children's School Shoes in the county. I know where to secure them. One price—all goods marked in plain figures.

Thanking you for the past favors and trusting we shall shortly have the pleasure of serving you again, we are, very respectfully, yours,

T. G. WROTH, The Shoe Man.

UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

A NATURAL TONE TALKING AND SINGING MACHINE

FREE

ABSOLUTELY. Upon the completion of a $50.00 purchase from our vast stock, whether it is Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Mattresses, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Window Shades, Wall Papers, Paints, Leads, Linseed Oil, Window Glass of which we carry in stock about sixty sizes, Oil Cloth or Linoleum. We issue coupons, so that you don't have to purchase $50.00 worth in a day unless you want to. We have many customers who will be entitled to a machine in one day.

JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Md.

PURE FOOD LAW IN EFFECT

All Food, Medicines, Etc., Must Be Pure—Local Dealers Must Be Wary.

The Pure Food and Drug Law which, went into effect on the first of the year, is one of the most important and far-reaching measures ever passed for the protection of the public health and is of supreme interest to our local store-keepers and house keepers.

The provisions of the law insure to the public a perfect guarantee against frauds, deceptions and impurities in foods, medicines, liquors, etc., and ample penalities are provided for manufacturers, store-keepers, druggists or liquor dealers who handle adulterated, poisonous or deleterious stuffs.

It will cost the business men of the country millions of dollars to comply with the exactions of the law and bring their goods up to the standard set thereby, for all products must not only be pure and absolutely free from harmful substances, but the labels on every article sold must tell the purchaser exactly what the article is, what its ingredients are, name its correct weight or quanity and state the result of proper analytical examinations.

This means that our local grocers, druggists, manufacturers or dealers must have all their goods so labeled as to tell the exact truth about them.

This will call for the use of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of "labels" "stickers," etc., to "doctor" up the stocks of canned and packed goods that were on hand when the law became operative, and will result in hundreds of articles being withdrawn from the market.

It behooves our business men to exercise the strictest care in complying with the law, so as not to subject themselves to its stringent penalties.

Townsend Letter.

Townsend, Del., Jan. 1907

KENT NEWS:

I was enabled yesterday to get to the R. R. Station with hip gum boots and short crutches, the surroundings of the station looked as if the Pennsylvania R. R. was in the rice business and had been sowing rice for this year's crop. Upon further investigation I found that numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Spicer were celebrating a grand send off of a wedding trip of the happy couple, entrain for Chestertown hence to visit relatives at Kent Island thence to Baltimore and back by the round about way of Wilmington to their future home at Blackbird, Del.

This is a great town, you have to take a lantern with you to keep from running into the lamp posts. The roads, streets they call them, are splendid for ducks, and it only costs about $12 000 to build a 3 mile road.

There is a very fine M. E. Church, well attended, Brother McSorely is now conducting revival services. We have class meetings, prayer meetings, Y's, Temperance meetings and other societies pertaining to Church so that no one need go astray for an entertainment, beneficial to both body and soul.

There has been several barrel of Chester River oysters sent up here and the people who saw them thought they were a new kind of hickory nut, but not as big as the old kind.

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS | ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

Dry Goods, Notions And Millinery

Dress Goods Department

Is simply running over with desirable stuffs at popular prices. Variety, quality and general excellence are found at this counter in abundance. There is a complete range of shades and patterns, and we feel sure of pleasing you if you will look over our stock.

Coats, Coats, Coats

For Ladies, Misses and Children. Our sales in this department have exceeded our fondest expectations and every model is smart, new and attractive. The styles are the latest; the tailoring is excellent; the trimmings effective, and last, but not least, the prices are very moderate. You annot afford to buy without seeing our line.

Furs, Furs, Furs,

We carry a line direct from the manufacturer, bought early by reason of which we feel sure we can save you at least 25 per cent. of present prices.

Handkerchiefs, Gloves

NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, NAPKINS, TOWELS, TABLE LINEN, SHAMS, SCARFS, TABLE COVERS, WHITE SPREADS, BLANKETS AND COMFORTS.

Dolls, Dolls, Dolls

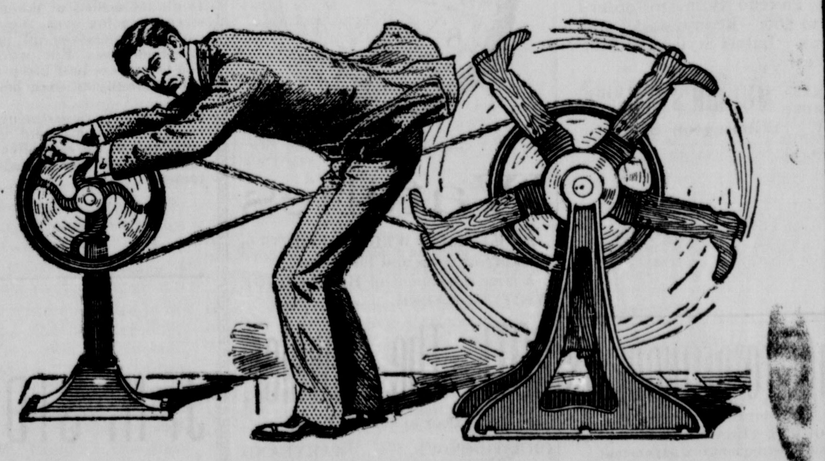
For our young friends we have added a line of dolls, the finest ever shown in Chestertown, ranging in price from 5 cents to $5.00. Bring your little girl, she will enjoy looking at them.

Arlington L. Sparks,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FRANK A. ROEDER

—With—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
8, 10 & 12 E. Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.

CLOTHING
TAILORING
FURNISHINGS



This man bought a supply of tobacco without acquainting himself with the distinctive taste of SCHNAPPS Tobacco, which has the cheering qualities that gratify his desire to chew, and at less expense than cheap tobacco.

SCHNAPPS has been advertised in this paper so that every chewer has had an opportunity to get acquainted with the facts and know that drugs are not used to produce the cheering quality found in the famous Piedmont country flue-cured tobaccos, and that SCHNAPPS is what he ought to chew. Still there are chewers who accept other and cheaper tobaccos that do not give the same pleasure.

Some day they'll get a taste of the real *Schnapps*—they'll realize what enjoyment they've missed by not getting SCHNAPPS long ago—then they'll feel like kicking themselves.

SCHNAPPS is sold everywhere in 5 cent cuts, and 10 and 15 cent plugs. Be sure you get the genuine.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Fate's Romance

By George Masters

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

"You'll be good to the youngster when she comes, won't you?" said Linden as he bent to kiss his mother. "If she looks anything like Billy she should have gray eyes and a sort of quiet brown hair—you know the kind I mean."

"Of course I'll be good to her, you foolish boy," she laughed. "Don't you know how glad I shall be to have a little child about the house?"

Linden blushed. It was one of his mother's greatest regrets that he never had married, but he was absurdly bashful, and he hated the thought. For that reason he had welcomed the suggestion that he should lend his mother to Billy Corson's motherless little sister. It would help her to forget his own refusal to wed.

There had been great preparations made since the letter of acceptance had been sent. Linden had almost bankrupted himself in the purchase of toys, and the little room where as a child he had played was overflowing with all sorts of dolls and things.

Daisy was to come on the noon train in the care of the conductor, and Bobby Linden could scarcely wait until he could get his most pressing affairs

ON THE PORCH SAT A GIRL IN SUMMERY COSTUME TALKING TO HIS MOTHER.

straightened out before he rushed off to the station to take the train back home.

On the way he stopped to pick up a few more toys, and it was with his arms loaded down that he hurried through the shady street and into his own gate. Then he gave a gasp. On the porch sat a girl in summery costume talking to his mother. It could not be the nurse. She was far too well dressed for a nurse. It must be one of the local girls calling. He thought of the toy store package that had come undone and from which a doll's legs waved pinkly and unrestrained, and the perspiration beaded his forehead.

He had always tried to appear dignified before the girls. It kept them at a distance. But how on earth could he look dignified with those infernal toys dangling beneath his elbow?

The two women rose as he ascended the steps, and Mrs. Linden presented the other.

"Miss Corson," he echoed blankly.

"Dick always spoke of me as 'his little sister,'" she said as she came forward. "I hope you are not disappointed."

Disappointed that he should be the companion of such a glorious girl? Bob chuckled, and in the saving grace of humor he lost his bashfulness.

"You are most welcome," he laughed as his hand closed over hers. "Since you are Daisy Corson these are for you." And he waved those pink abominations under her eyes with an audacity that surprised himself.

It broke the ice all around, and in the little interval before dinner they chatted as three old friends. Since she was to be a permanent guest there was no sense in being afraid of her, so Bob exerted himself to make her feel at home, and his mother, sitting quietly back and watching the animated pair, built air castles peopled with little folk who were truly her grandchildren and who had Bob's eyes and Daisy's hair.

In the days that followed the dream seemed to grow more real. The little nursery had been converted into a sitting room for the girl, and Bob had entered into the furnishing of this with even more ardor than he had shown in the planning of the other.

He and Daisy were together constantly when he was at home, and in the long evenings while they sat out on the piazza in the cool dusk a bud of romance grew into a sturdy plant.

Bob's success in business had been due to his directness and commanding qualities, and these he brought to bear now. Before a week had elapsed the question he longed to ask seemed certain of a favorable answer.

He decided to ask her Saturday afternoon and had come out early for that purpose. Daisy and his mother were in the yard looking after the flower beds. They waved their hands to him, expecting him to come right out, but he caught a letter from the table on the way out, and the contents brought him to a dead halt on the back steps. It was from Billy Corson and ran:

"Dear Old Chap—I suppose you are blessing me for my stupidity, but really I am not to blame. I had to leave town for a few days, and in the interval my maternal aunt swooped down on us and carried poor Daisy off to the very fate I was trying to save her from—immurement in the desolate little town where I suffered so when I was a youngster. No one had your address, so they could not notify you. I am sorry that you have been put to this trouble needlessly, but hope that you and your mother will forgive me."

Bob tucked the letter into his pocket and went toward the pair. There was some mistake, that was evident. Perhaps he would lose Daisy after all. His heart was troubled, but one glance from those merry eyes reassured him, and he went manfully to work helping them with their gardening.

It was not until after supper and they had established themselves on the piazza that he mentioned the note.

"I had a letter from Billy today," he said, "a very funny letter."

"What did he say?" she laughed. "He has not written me."

"That he was sorry he was not able to send you to us," he said quietly.

"I don't see the joke," she scolded. "You are not nice to speak in riddles."

"There is some mistake," he explained. "Billy did not send his sister here, so you must be some other Billy's sister." He handed her the letter and she read it through with changing color. Then her eye caught the business card in the corner.

"But this is from a Mr. Corson, not Gorson," she explained.

"That's Billy," he explained—"Billy Corson."

"My name is Gorson," she answered. "I thought both you and your mother pronounced it oddly. But why should I have made a mistake? You are Robert Linton."

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"L-i-n-t-o-n," she spelled slowly.

"L-i-n-d-e-n," he corrected. "Funny that there should be a double mistake. I don't know any Linton in town."

"I have it on a letter upstairs," she said as she rose from her seat. Presently she returned and held out an envelope. Bob glanced at the card.

"That's Bellport, not Bellville," he said. "Bellport is in the northern part of the state."

"That's a triplet of doubles," she laughed. "It seems to be as if I were a part of a play, a comedy."

"I don't think that it's a comedy," he said slowly.

"Surely you are not going to be so ungracious as to call it a tragedy,'" she protested.

"I'd like to make it a romance," he explained. "You see, I've always been sort of girl shy. Girls made me bashful, and I've kept away from them. Then you came. I was all ready to be nice to a kid, and instead you burst upon me so suddenly that I did not have time to be frightened.

"The mater wants awfully to see us married, and I, well can't tell you, little girl, how I want you. Surely you will not let this mistake take you out of our lives again."

For a moment Daisy looked out across the fields to where the sky shone redly. Then she turned and put her arms about his neck.

"Bob," she said softly, "I think the whole thing must have been arranged by fate. We'll call it a romance, dear."

Queer Names For Horses.

A turf critic who learned to read and write before he learned to race once made a bitter enemy of a highly respectable Texas sportsman by having fun with the name he gave his pet two-year-old filly. The filly was the foal of the pet of the ranch, Little Pearl, and the sire was Gallantry. The Texan called the offspring Little Pearls of Gallantry. The first and the only time Little Pearls of Gallantry started the young critic took occasion to chide the gentleman who hung that title on the filly. In the course of his playful tart remarks he undertook to name the future product of the ranch whence came Little Pearls of Gallantry. Among the names he suggested were Little Things to Think About, Little Jars of Marmalade, Little Bales of Timothy, Lizzie Is My Hat on Straight, Big Bill With the White Hat, and such. The Texan could not have been more aggrieved had he been accused of cheating.

The combination of the names of sire and dam often results in beautiful if meaningless names, but even more frequently in laughable or absurb groups of letters.—Springfield Republican.

Not For Americans.

A well known New Yorker, a bit of a globe trotter, tells of a courier he once encountered in Switzerland while a member of a party of Americans and Englishmen. On the way over the St. Gothard pass for some distance the train moved along opposite a tremendously high precipice, over which a tiny stream flowed, almost losing itself in mist before reaching its course below. The courier, an extremely intelligent and clever chap, was entertaining the party with a recital of that stream's peculiarities. Later one of the party, an Englishman, told the others a story concerning a certain species of fish in the steam to the effect that, when it came to the edge of the precipice, it would curl itself up, put its tail in its mouth, and roll down, for all the world like a hoop.

"See here, Auguste," said the New Yorker who tells the story, "why didn't you yourself tell us about that fish?"

With a shrug Auguste replied: "I myself have heard the story and have told it. But I never tell it to Americans—they can tell pretty good lies themselves."—New York Times.

A NEW DOLLY MADISON—TAILOR MADE

A Shoe embracing all the merit o this new famous line—with a higher grade of upper leather and sole—Retailing for $4.00.

The best grade of leather khown in the making of Womens fine Shoes

WILLIAM C. SUTTON
SANITARY PLUMBING
HUBBARD BUILDING,
CHESTERTOWN, MD