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TOMATO SEED

Without a doubt all sorts of Tomato Seed will be offered as

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The true stock of which is acknowledged to be the best in existence, you can only be assured of getting the true stock by purchasing in **Landreths' Sealed Cardboard Packages** of ¼ and ½ pounds. You can also get a good and general supply of all seeds from

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FEBRUARY SALE
AT
KILBOURN AND BRAMBLE'S
FAIRLEE, MARYLAND

We have put on sale some good values in Shoes, Clothing and Rubber Goods at a big cut price. Our shoe sale consists of Frank & Adler and Rice & Hutchins Line—broken sizes and small lots. Come early—get your size and style.

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All Winter Clothing, a cut of 20 per cent. discount. We have a good line of Men's and Boys' Suits

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$2.75 Men's Shoes, Frank & Adler Army shoes, sizes 7, 8, 9 and 10	$ 2 35
$3.50 Frank & Adler Shoe, sizes 7, 8 and 9	2 75
$5.00 Water King 15, in high cut	3 75
$3.50 Water King 9, in high cut	2 75
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$1.75 Gun Metal Dress Shoe	1 35
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$3.00 Mayfair, in Vici Kid only	$ 2 35
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$1.50 and $1.25 Line Ladies	1 00
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Sizes 8 to 11

Men's Boston Boot, ¾ top	$ 3 75
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LADIES' CLOTHING

All Coat Suits and Coats at ½ price	
Mendels' House Dresses and Wrappers	$ 1 00
Children's 50c Dresses	25c
$2.00 Wool Sweater Coats, in gray and white, now	1 35
$1.50 Misses Wool Sweater Coats, now	1 00
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20c Coffee, ground, per lb	16c
5c Light House Soap, 8 bars	25c
10c Can Shoepeg Corn	8c
25c Can Asparagus Tips	20c
10c Bottle Mustard Pickle	5c
3 lb Can Sliced Peaches	12c
Corn Bread Tobacco, lb	35c
Graveley Tobacco, dark, lb	45c
Shell Road Tobacco	35c

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Rheumatic Pains quickly relieved

Sloan's Liniment is good for pain of any sort. It penetrates, without rubbing, through the muscular tissue right to the bone—relieves the congestion and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's Proof.

A. W. LAY of Lafayette, Ala., writes:—"I had rheumatism for five years. I tried doctors and several different remedies but they did not help me. I obtained a bottle of Sloan's Liniment which did me so much good that I would not do without it for anything."

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SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, sore throat, asthma. No rubbing necessary—you can apply with a brush.

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Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Poultry sent free. Address

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Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Have you a cold with a hacking or racking cough, hoarseness, bronchitis, grippe; or an asthmatic or pulmonary cough with sore chest? Has the baby croup, whooping cough or measles cough?

SAMPLE, FREE.

Then test the old reliable DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, free. Write to A. C. MEYER & Co., Baltimore, Md. Mention this paper.

"I had a very bad cold and cough and one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured me entirely." Frances E. Leone, Bridgeville, Del.

REGULAR BOTTLE, 25 CTS.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup contains no morphine or chloroform. It is safest and best.

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Chestertown, Maryland
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AND NOTIONS

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Be sure you get the best workmen and the best material. Don't waste good money on bad material. Masury's Paints are the best on the market. We are sole agents for this district, and are always ready to show you sample cards and quote prices.

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A. W. Carmine

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Try CARMINE'S buckwheat for a nice breakfast.

One can of Peas or Corn from this department will convince you of the superiority of our goods.

If you are looking for something nice in Evaporated fruits, here is the place to buy them—peaches, prunes, citron, figs, currants and raisins.

If you enjoy a nice cup of coffee try one pound of our Hotel Astor Coffee.

Olive oils either by the ½ pint, pint or quart, nothing but the absolutely pure kind.

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If you are looking for a Corset that has both style and comfort combined buy a Royal Worcester or Bon Ton or Adjusto Corset and you have then what you have been looking for.

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These cold and blustry nights make us want these nice warm luxuries and here is the place to save money on them.

Come in and see us and save money for yourself.

Always glad to see you and make this your headquarters.

Call us up and see how quick you get the goods.

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Chestertown, : : : Maryland

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Successor to Chestertown Steam Laundry

We wish to state that we have added new and up-to-date machinery in the laundry formerly known as the Chestertown Steam Laundry. All laundry thoroughly sterilized and our plant is in a perfectly sanitary condition. We are in a position to do all work for the town and community and will guarantee satisfaction. Our new collar ironer is the latest piece of machinery on the market, and you will have up-to-date work. We feel proud to state—and our laundered goods will convince you—that we can compete with the best city laundry. We will be glad for any one interested to visit our plant. Mr. Sheats, our manager, will take pleasure in showing you through and explaining the system.

R. G. NICHOLSON, Pro'r.

The Mountain Man

Secret of His Solitude Is Solved

By Agnes G. Brogan

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The three had attracted much attention from the time that they had started out upon their long journey—the beautiful woman with the somber eyes, her golden haired little son, who made his way with confidence into the arms and hearts of passengers alike, and the bright faced girl who devoted herself tirelessly to both mother and child.

"Who is she?" a curious one asked of the boy. "Your governess or mother's companion?" And Bobbie wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"Most of the time," he answered, "she is just our friend."

The train slowly wound its way up the mountain slope one sunshiny morning, then stopped at a little settlement, where many passengers alighted to enjoy the view. The beautiful woman gazed listlessly at the glorious panorama spread out before her, while the girl caught Bobbie by the hand.

"Come," she said; "we will gather some wild flowers."

At length the train whistle called shrilly, and the people ran laughing and crowding up the steps. The girl, flushed and breathless, came last. The mask of indifference fell from the woman as she leaned forward.

"Where is Bobbie?" she cried.

"He started back long ago to bring a flower to you."

In a moment all was confusion. Eager helpers searched the cars unavailingly, and the whistle blew a last warning as the girl drew Bobbie's mother hastily into the road.

"We will have to stay over until we find him," she said.

A searching party was instituted at once, while the two women waited all day long at the shack which did duty as a hotel, but as night fell no trace of the missing boy had been found. Many messages were dispatched to

THE MAN RETURNED, CARRYING THE BOY.

various places, and in the morning, following a night of suspense, a detective arrived from the nearest city.

"The boy's mother is a wealthy woman," he explained to the girl, "and the police suspect that this may be a case of kidnaping."

She listened wide eyed as he sharply questioned the rough men who lounged about the wooden platform. At last one was found who could give a helpful clew. He had seen a yellow haired boy who wore a scarlet cap going far up the lonely trail with "the mountain man."

"Describe him," the detective said quickly. "Where does he live?"

The informant hesitated a moment doubtfully. "He's a queer one," he answered. "Lives away up thar by himself; never speaks to one of us, and no one knows whar he come from or what's his name. That's why we just call him 'the mountain man.' I'll show you his shack," he agreed suddenly, and the men departed.

When the official returned later in the day the girl came forward to meet him.

"The child's mother is too ill to be disturbed at present," she said. "Will you tell me what you have learned?"

"Very little," he replied, "though we found this mysterious 'mountain man.' He was fishing in one of the small streams and was not disposed to talk, answering our questions in monosyllables. When we told him that the boy had been seen in his company yesterday he coolly gave us permission to search his cabin home. We have done so."

"And you found?" she asked breathlessly.

Fumbling in an inner pocket, he drew forth a tiny crumpled shoe and laid it in her palm.

"Only this," he replied.

"Why, it is too small!" the girl cried wonderingly. "This is a baby's shoe."

She stood thoughtfully regarding the little bent shoe.

"I should like to talk to this strange man," she said at length. "Please, will you take me to him?"

He looked up in surprise. "I am afraid it would be useless, and the fellow is not very civil."

"Still, I should like to go," she insisted.

So he led her up and up the steep mountain path, pausing at last in an isolated spot, where a log cabin was almost buried from sight among the tall trees which surrounded it. The door stood open, and, motioning the official to wait outside, she entered unannounced. A man at the farther end of the room looked up startled at her appearance. His dark eyes shone out weirdly from a white haggard face, and his short laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The mother."

The girl did not reply to this, but, coming forward, placed the baby's shoe upon the table between them.

"I have brought this back to you," she said quietly, "and I have a reason for asking how it came to be found here."

"This shoe was worn by my boy. How old was he? Two, or three perhaps, and yet—a manly little fellow. We had a pretty big estate back there, and he delighted in following me about, loved to ride upon a horse's back when I would hold him, or, better still, to sit before me on the saddle as we cantered wildly about the fields. These rides were a source of torture to his mother, and I would laugh at her fears as she stood, tense and white, waiting to have him safe in her arms again.

"We promised to give them up for her sake, but the boy coaxed very prettily one day for—'just one more ride,' and I yielded, vowing that this would be the last time." The man gazed unseeing through the doorway. "It was the last time," he continued huskily. "I shall never know how it happened—the little body slipped suddenly from my grasp and lay motionless upon the ground. When I stooped blindly to raise him in my arms the mother was there before me, and at the accusing light in her eyes I drew back afraid. She bore him tenderly into the house, and when I would have gone to her she repulsed me bitterly. All night long I waited outside my boy's door as the physician watched at his bedside.

"How is he?" I asked at dawn, and the old doctor shook his head gravely and clasped my hand in sympathy. Later a note was handed me. I read it over now when the longing to go to her becomes unbearable.

"'You have killed my child,' she wrote, 'and I will never willingly see your face again.'

"So I lost them both. It did not take very long to arrange my affairs, to make sure that her future would at least be provided for. Then I came away, traveling abroad a greater part of the time, trying to forget, or spending the summer months in this silent place, where I write my books and further my experiments undisturbed. I did not realize my depth of loneliness until I met that little lad of yours and sought to keep him at my side. A host of memories came thronging back at the sound of his voice. I showed him my collection of golden butterflies. A strange madness seized me—I could not let him go."

He had been talking excitedly. Now he arose, and his tone was calm. "The child has been content, waiting for mother to call for him. He is asleep down there in the little shack that I use for experiments. I will bring him to you."

He laughed again harshly as he turned toward the door. "I shall be under arrest, no doubt. Concealing a child for two days will be rather a difficult matter to explain."

The girl put forth her hand impulsively, looking up with tear bright eyes. "Bring the child," she said, "and leave the rest to me."

The detective's face expressed amazement as the man returned carrying the boy. Bobbie greeted the girl joyously, but his little arms did not loosen their hold.

"It is all right," the girl said, facing the official. "This man is the boy's father. He has been spending some time here in order to pursue a certain course of study, though we did not expect to find him at this exact spot. The child is quite safe in his care, you see, and I will return with you presently to end his mother's suspense."

The detective hesitated and then quietly withdrew, and the girl laughed unsteadily as "the mountain man's" eager, questioning eyes met hers.

"It is all true," she said gently. "Your child lived, and that cruel note was written when the worst was feared, written in a moment of despair. Since then Elizabeth has been breaking her heart in bitter repentance. As she told her sad story I secretly determined to find you. This seemed a discouraging task; but, hearing that you had been located in these mountains, I persuaded Elizabeth to take this trip under pretense of benefiting her health, hoping desperately the while that some fortunate chance might lead us to your hiding place."

She turned to go, then looked back. Her eyes shone. "I could not foresee Bobbie's part in the plan," she said, "but my purpose has been accomplished."

The waiting detective lingered a moment more undecidedly, then slowly followed her flying figure as she sped down the narrow path. And a very short time later, as the father still sat holding his golden haired lad, the crude door was thrust open to admit a beautiful woman, whose eyes were somber no longer, but brilliant with joy.

"Philip," she cried, and in an instant he was at her side.

"Elizabeth," his voice entreated, "can you forgive?"

"It is I who beg forgiveness," she said brokenly, "for having left you to suffer alone so long."

And the girl who was "the most of the time their friend" had a confused vision of mother, father and child all folded together in a close embrace as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the early night.

PASTOR RUSSELL BIDS FAREWELL TO CHINA

Chinese Quietness and Courtesy Examples to Christendom.

The Pastor Did Not Advise Chinese to Become Identified With the Sects of Christendom—Told Them That the God of the Bible Is All-Loving and Ever-Merciful and Not a God Who Would Torture Them or Their Ancestors.

PASTOR RUSSELL

Hong Kong, China, Jan. 21st.—The Foreign Missions Investigation Committee of the International Bible Students Association spent several days in Hong Kong, Canton and vicinity. For efficiency they divided, some giving more attention to one and others to another phase of missionary interest. Pastor Russell's address to the Chinese in Hong Kong in their fine City Hall Auditorium was both helpful and encouraging. He directed special attention to the words of St. Paul, applicable to humanity in general and at the present time specially to the Chinese: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now—waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."—Romans viii, 22.

China's war experiences in recent years have been severe trials, particularly to a people of their temperament—peace-preferring, gentle, courteous to each other and to foreigners. He had been told that their courtesy of manner arose, not from love and sympathy, but from law and custom centuries old. He could not judge the heart, but had sincerely wished that some of the favored race of so-called Christendom possessed in a larger degree some of the admirable traits of the Chinese—their respectful demeanor, their courtesy, civility and energy.

The God of All Grace.

It shall not be my mission, said Pastor Russell, to urge you to become identified with any sects of Christendom, nor to recommend to you any of their creeds. Nevertheless, in all of those creeds there is more or less of the most wonderful truth that ever came to the ears of humanity; but, alas! in a darker period it became so mixed with human tradition as to be today dishonoring to God and offensive to the intelligence of many. I can readily see reasons why you have not been more influenced by Christianity. Very properly your heads and hearts refused adherence and worship to One whom you were told had foreordained the eternal torment of your ancestors and all mankind except a favored few.

I may never again have the opportunity of addressing you; let me, therefore, tell you now of another Christianity (of which probably you have never before heard) from the same Bible used by the missionaries here and confessed by all to be God's Message, but a very different Message from that which my brethren here confess.

"Waiting For the Sons of God."

My text declares that the relief for the groaning creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. Jesus, as the pre-eminent Son of God, died for our sins and ascended to the right hand of Divine Majesty, where He is waiting; and meantime the groaning creation must wait also for the same thing—for the manifestation of the sons of God. Here is a matter which seems to have been for a time hidden under the rubbish of the Dark Ages—the fact that God not only foreordained Jesus, the great Son of God, to be the world's Messiah to deliver them from sin and death, but that He foreordained also the selection of a special class from amongst mankind to be the Redeemer's associates and joint-heirs in His Kingdom.

Surely all will admit with me that no god of any people has ever manifested such a love and interest in his creatures as has the God of the Bible—the God of Christianity. It is the Love of God which constrains us—draws us (not the threat of eternal torture, which has no foundation in the Bible). And His exceeding great and precious promises work in our hearts both to will and to do His good pleasure.

It is my understanding of the Scriptures that the time for making our "calling and election sure" to this Kingdom class is now very short. It therefore behooves all who desire this glorious relationship with Messiah to "give all diligence" and to "run with patience the race set before us" in the Gospel, looking unto Jesus, the Author of our faith.

The Non-elect Also Exhorted.

The wonderful blessings of our day, which make it so different from any other Epoch in the world's history, have reached even here to China, and what we already see appears to be only the beginnings of wonderful things. Evidently Divine Power has within the past century been lifting the veil of ignorance and superstition. We are just on the threshold of the New Dispensation. The Church (the elect sons of God) is about complete. The manifestation of the sons of God for the aid of the groaning creation is at hand, and Messiah's Kingdom is about to be ushered in. The blessings of the present are only a foretaste of those glorious blessings for the world of mankind.

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FOR FLETCHER'S
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Do not allow your kidney and bladder trouble to develop beyond the reach of medicine. Take Foley Kidney Pills. They give quick results

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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Bears the

Tolchester Company
WINTER SCHEDULE
In effect after December 23rd, 1911.

SASSAFRAS RIVER & TOLCHESTER LINES.
(Weather and Ice Permitting)

Every Thursday Steamer will leave Frederick town at 12 noon, Betterton at 1.00 p. m., Worton Manor 1.45 p. m. Tolchester 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore about 5.00 p. m.

Will leave Baltimore Thursday at 7.00 a. m. for Betterton and Sassafras River Landings stopping at Tolchester on the return trip.

Tolchester Schedule—Saturdays, leaves Baltimore at 7.00 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., leave Tolchester at 9 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER COMPANY,
08-tc Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore

Maryland, Delaware & Virginia R. R. Co

CHESTER RIVER LINE.
Schedule In Effect Dec. 25th, 1911.

Steamer will leave Baltimore Pier 7, Light St. wharf Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m., weather permitting, for the following points:

Rock Hall, Queenstown, Bogles, *Spaniard's Point, Cliffs, *Indiantown, *Ashland, Quaker Neck, Bookers, *Riverside, Rolphs, *Piney Grove, arrive Chestertown about 5.30 p. m.

*Stops on signal.

Returning, steamer will leave Chestertown for Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.00 a. m. weather permitting, stopping at the above landings arriving in Baltimore about 2.00 p. m.

Steamer will leave Baltimore, Pier 7 Light St., weather permitting, Wednesday, at 6.00 p. m., stopping at: *Spaniard's Point, Cliffs, *Indiantown, *Ashland, *Quaker Neck, *Bookers, *Riverside, *Rolphs, *Piney Grove, Chestertown *Buckingham, *Deep Landing, *Spry's Crumpton

*Stop on signal.

Returning steamer will leave Crumpton (weather permitting,) for Baltimore, Thursday, at 12 noon, Chestertown, 4.00 p. m., stopping at the above landings.

This time-Table Shows the times at which steamers may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several wharves, but their arrivals or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom.

WILLARD THOMPSON,
General Manager

T. MURDOCH,
General Passenger Agent. Sept.

Staveley & Bowers
LYNCH, MD.

Large Lumber Yard & Hardware Emporium

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American Wire Field Fence Nos. 1,047, 1,041, 939.

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Wire Staples and Barbed Wire and Brace Wire.

All Kinds of Hardware
Farm Gates kept on hand
All Kinds of Roofing
Lime by the Barrel
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We have recently added a Blacksmith and Wheelwright Department and we are ready to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.

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(Successor to J. T. Twilley.)
DEALER IN
COAL, WOOD, LIME, AND CEMENT

We have newly stocked our yard and guarantee to please the public both in quality price and delivery and ask a trial. COAL AND WOOD UNDER COVER, which together with LIME HAY, &c., will be delivered in any quantity on rail or water.

THOMAS D. FRANCE,
May-10. Cannon St., Chestertown, Md

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Surveying for Area—Division of Land—Re-Establishing Lines and Boundaries—Leveling for Ditches, Drainage and Grading—Calculation of Areas, Plots, Maps and Blue Prints—High-Class Work and Moderate Charges.

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