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Hubbard's Fertilizers!

TRADE MARK

After a successful experience of 60 seasons in the manufacture of Fertilizers, we confidently refer you to our record, and earnestly solicit your patronage, and the fact we do more business all the time certainly ought to convince the most skeptical that our goods have superior quality and absolute uniformity and purity.

Are you going to grow Potatoes? Well, we manufacture a Special Potato goods that has been used in New Jersey for 20 years in competition with Mapes' and goods that cost $10.00 more per ton. This goods runs 10 per cent. Potash, and there is no better made, and one man from New Jersey has his orders in already for over 60 tons. Try it.

To Top Dress Your Hay this month. We have a cheap goods for this that works wonders.

There Are Your Peach Trees that should be helped, and you should use our FRUIT GROWER. We have told you before of its merits, and so can those who have used it. Just think, two cents per tree to dress them.

Asparagus—Are you going to do anything to it this spring? If so, we have a specially made goods for this purpose. Such men as James Bell, H. H. Klinefeter, C. H. Crew, John P. Nicholson and scores of others can tell you what it has done for them. It has Nitrate and fish as the source of ammonia, and runs high in Potash and Phosphoric Acid.

For Corn, use our Special CORN PHOSPHATE. Corn is a good price! You fertilize your wheat, why not your corn? it will pay. Mr. Ham. Crew says our Corn Phosphate beats them all. We sell hundreds of farmers this goods every year. Mr. I. R. Leaverton used last year several hundred dollars worth with the greatest success and buys again this year.

FOR TOMATOES

Well, you have heard of our PEERLESS TOMATO goods. It is a wonder. We confidently believe that we sell more Tomato goods than any concern in the country. Don't mean we sell more Phosphate, but more Tomato Fertilizer. Mr. C. R. Atkinson says Numsen claimed best tomatoes brought to his cannery was grown with this goods. He paid him $287.00 from 4 acres. Mr. D. F. Louse says one ton of this goods alongside an $18.00 brought him $96.00 more. Smith, Rouse and Webster, the large canners of Belair, heard of its merits, and bought of us.

We sold Baker & Morgan on one occasion $1200.00. We have several $1,000 customers in Delaware. Mr. J. R. Leager says he got 13 tons to the acre. Mr. Benj. Moore says he got nearly 13 tons, and that you could stand off a hundred yards and see the difference. Mr. G. W. Collins has bought as high as 50 tons per year, says his men on the choice farms got from 12 to 16 tons per acre. Mr. W. T. Money, unsolicited, said to us some time ago: I would like to know how Peerless is made, for I honestly think it is the best Phosphate I ever saw.

Now if you want to sow OATS, or top dress your STRAWBERRIES, plant SWEET POTATOES or need a goods for TRUCK or want anything in the FERTILIZER line please call on or correspond with us before making your purchase.

WILBUR W. HUBBARD,
Manufacturer of Standard Bone Fertilizers,
March 1, 1905. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

REMOVED!

We are now fully installed in our new store,

THE THOMPSON BUILDING
Opposite The Voshell House
WITH AN IMMENSE STOCK OF
FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER, PAINTS, BRUSHES, OIL CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

We want especially to call attention to our

SPRING MATTINGS

It is no idle boast to say we have by far the largest stock and best selected patterns ever shown in this town, or on the shore.

Prices, too, are unusually moderate, less than you would pay in the city.

☞COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN.

JOHN BARTLEY.

PAROID ROOFING!

The greatest and cheapest Roofing on the market quality considered. Fire proof. Insurance companies accept it as perfectly safe. No coating or paint required. Millions feet used every year. We are manufacturer's agents. Let us show you this Roofing and quote you prices.

YOU CAN GET WHATEVER YOU WANT IN

Coal, Wood, Building and Land Lime, Hay and Piping

from the largest stocked yard on the Shore. ALL UNDER COVER. Call and see us and we will use our best efforts to satisfy.

J. D. BAGGHUS
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Ayer's Pills Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Consolation

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead

Through the stained glass above the palms and roses the midday sun streamed in, flecking the scene with gorgeous reds, blues and greens. It shed a golden glory upon the tall, slender, graceful bride, and at the sight the best man shut his jaw a bit more determinedly. She was looking more than ever like an angel, and in five minutes she would be the wife of his best friend. That was the monotonous sentence which kept repeating itself in his mind. As if he were likely to forget!

Opposite him and just behind the bride the maid of honor stood. For the moment she, too, had forgotten the guests, forgotten everything save the fact that the one man in the world whom she might have loved—for she always phrased it thus carefully to herself—was at that moment vowing to love and cherish her closest friend. She had a curious feeling that when she was an old, old woman, when a yellow, withered face and dim, sad eyes looked back at her from her mirror, she should still be able to live over again the despair of this moment, when the white robed clergyman was taking him from her life, a thousand times more irrevocably than death could have done.

There was a stir about her like the rush of the wind. For a second she was too lost in thought to understand; then, as she dropped upon her knees somewhat hurriedly, her bewildered eyes caught those of the best man, casually at first and then with a quick, startled recognition of something she saw there. He, too, had the air of a person suddenly awakened from a nightmare, momentarily uncertain of the surroundings in which he found himself.

A moment later she had forgotten his very existence.

"He's Ethel's husband now—Ethel's husband," she said sternly to herself, skillfully turning a dry sob into a long, broken breath and composing her face to the radiant expression becoming the bride's best friend.

Meanwhile the best man admonished himself in a similar strain. "Steady now, old man! Now's the time to get out your happy smile." Then, as the rigid muscles of his face gave no indication of relaxing, his thoughts ran on crossly: "Don't be an ass! It's the worst ever, so you might as well cheer up!"

By the time the great organ pealed out the triumphant strains of the wedding march he and the maid of honor, their masks on, faced the guests that filled the church, ready to play their parts for all they were worth. Something in the music was at once an inspiration and a challenge.

"Isn't she sweet?" whispered one of the guests to a companion, referring to the maid of honor. "But how pale she is, and what a curious look there is in her eyes—sort of nothing can ever matter again expression—and yet"—

The speaker stopped, staring thoughtfully at the girl until she had passed.

More than once during the course of the wedding breakfast that followed the best man found himself watching her curiously. No one was gayer than she—none so gay, in fact. Her eyes were brilliant, and her laugh rang out valiantly, but his own misery made him subtly conscious of some undercurrent of feeling that was running strong and pitiless under the surface bubbles—an undertow of misery that she was resisting with all her strength.

He remembered that when, during the ceremony, their eyes had met in that confused, unveiled glance she had been staring at the groom as intently as he had at the bride. Could it be—He did not formulate the thought, but he watched her more keenly than ever after that—so keenly, indeed, that once, unable to bear it any longer, with an appearance of unconsciousness she taxed him with it.

"You are very rude!" she said lightly, but at his grave, sincere "Believe me, I have not meant to be," and the searching look that accompanied it, expressive of a sympathy he could not put into words, her lips quivered ever so slightly. "Weddings get upon my nerves," she explained, with a little grimace, and before he could reply she had turned away.

The shower of rice and old shoes had spent itself, and the bride and groom had departed, taking all the romance of the world with them and leaving behind a monotony without form and void. All of the guests felt it, and already the bustle of departure was in the air. But to the best man and the maid of honor it was a ghastly, appalling fact that made them linger on the steps after the others had re-entered the house, staring blankly after the carriage that had disappeared around the corner. Then the man remembered where he was and pulled himself together with an effort.

"Seems rather like the end of things, doesn't it?" he observed as they turned into the doorway.

"From our standpoint, yes," was the listless answer. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and darted a quick, inquiring glance at him. That was not precisely what she would have chosen to say, and she hoped that he would not notice it. But at the sight of the somber smile in his eyes the hope passed.

In a snug corner of the deserted library, where the farewells of the departing guests came to them but faintly, she next found herself, without being very clear as to how she came there. The best man was sitting in front of her holding one of her hands in a protecting, big brotherly fashion, while she vainly tried to keep back the tears that seemed to be rising as quietly and relentlessly as a flood. It was no use. Higher and higher they came. She winked hard and shut her teeth firmly. Then she snatched her hand away and covered her face.

"My poor little girl," murmured the best man softly.

"Weddings are always sad, don't you think?" she gasped out, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and giving a little hysterical laugh. "Still, I don't usually behave like this. You see, when your best friend marries—she—that is—everything is different and"— She gave up trying to explain the situation in despair and ended with an incoherent, "But it's all very ridiculous, and I don't know why I should say all this to you."

She was the picture of helpless, girlish misery, and the best man's heart ached for her. Momentarily his sympathy took the edge off his own loneliness. He winced at the thought of her having to suffer alone the maddening sense of loss that tormented him.

"Perhaps it's because misery loves company," he said gently. "Perhaps you feel that this wedding hasn't been altogether like other weddings to me either," he went on, with a matter of fact air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be confiding in each other.

She was watching him with a dawning understanding in her eyes, and he met her gaze with a whimsical smile, as if he were offering her the open book of his soul to read if she would.

"Do you mean that you, too"—

There was no need to complete the question, for it was answered before it was spoken. Involuntarily her hands went out to him in quick, warm sympathy, and though her only comment was a breathless "Oh!" it was eloquent with feeling.

Little by little her composure came back to her.

"It was so good of you to tell me," she said gratefully. "I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe did when he discovered the man Friday.

"Not that I'm glad that you're unhappy, too," she added quickly; "only it doesn't seem so lonely now that I know that there is some one who understands. After all, that's what makes life worth living, isn't it?" she finished, looking up at him with what seemed to him the sweetest look he had ever seen in a girl's face.

When at the end of six months the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon abroad the best man and the maid of honor were among the first of their dinner guests.

"See here; it seems to me that you two have been making hay in our absence," laughed the bride, noting with a woman's quick instinct the deep, strong understanding that seemed to exist between the two, whereupon her listeners exchanged a somewhat humorous, albeit confused, glance, but refused to explain.

The following June they were married. Just before the Lohengrin march the organist played "Consolation," at which such of the guests as recognized the selection elevated their eyebrows and wondered. But the bride and groom alone were in the secret. It was a case of in memoriam.

The Professor's Love Story.

An amusing story is told concerning Professor Duncan of St. Andrew's university, who was in his younger days a teacher in Dundee. The embryo professor proposed to a lady, who curtly refused him. Shortly afterward Mr. Duncan became Professor Duncan, and the lady heard no more of him, not even by letter.

Some time after she went to St. Andrew's to try the effect of sea bathing. She saw Duncan often, and he talked to her on every subject except the subject she was now apparently interested in.

At last she courageously screwed up her courage and, coming to the point, said:

"Mr. Duncan, there was a subject you once mentioned to me some time ago, and really I am rather surprised that you have never recurred to it, for I have changed my mind since that time."

The professor simply remarked:

"Yes, but I, too, have changed my mind."—London Tit-Bits.

The One Who Was Mad.

A corpulent German came rushing into the circuit court one morning before court was called and said:

"I vant to git varrant for a man to kill a tog."

"Well, my man, you don't come to this court to get warrants in cases of that kind. If you want the dog killed you should go to a police court," said the judge.

The German started to leave, when the judge inquired in an interested manner:

"Did the dog bite you?"

"Yeas, he bit me."

"Well, was the dog mad?"

"Vas de tog madt? No. I vas madt."—Buffalo Commercial.

His Opportunity Came.

Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., was once advanced after a long and patient wait from commander to captain. On the day that he was promoted he went ashore and kept the launch which was to take him to his ship waiting beyond the appointed time. When he finally strolled down, Paymaster Charles W. Slamm, who was in charge of the launch, said: "Captain, you—you have just been promoted, and you—you have made a bad beginning. You have kept the boat waiting ten minutes, sir." "Be calm, Mr. Slamm," said the new captain, with a tantalizing grin; "I've been waiting years for the privilege."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Just try "Pepsimint," the new granular, effervescent remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Menta Exhaustion Stomach Disorders; Guaranteed harmless. Pleasant to take, 10 and 25c

Game of Pit or Flinch 25c, Parchesia Board 50c. All games and Box Writing Paper one-half price Closing out sale at Smith's.

INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Color Bearer of the Woman's Relief Corps, Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1623 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Colo., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and great mental depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope.

"I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such trouble.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine;

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Health is too valuable to risk in experiments with unknown and untried medicines or methods of treatment. Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

PEACH PERPETUATES NAME.

Franklin Chairs, Who Grew Chairs' Choice Trees, Is Dead.

Franklin Chairs, after whom the peach known as Chair's Choice was named, died suddenly at his home, Chair's Farm Anne Arundel county, on Saturday. Mr. Chairs was in his seventy-third year. His funeral took place at his home, and interred in Cedar Hill Cemetery. The Armstrong-Denny Company had charge of the funeral.

While Chair's Choice has become a famous peach, Mr. Chairs was not really the discoverer of it, according to Mr. W. J. Crose, proprieter of the Sinclair nurseries. Mr. Corse to-day told how the peach was found and how it came to be named after Mr. Chairs. He said:

"A Mr. Ijams, who was lighthouse-keeper at Hawkins Point, was walking along one of the streets in Washington one day, when he noticed some large peach stones in an ash can. He picked out several and took them home. They were planted in very fertile ground, and when the trees bore fruit the peaches were unusually large and of fine flavor. Mr. Chairs, who lived in that vicinity, saw them one day, and he conceived the idea of raising the trees for market. He made a contract with me to raise 30,000 trees He called the peach "Chairs' Choice," and it was advertised all over the country. Before very long practically all were sold. That was 15 or 16 years ago. The peach grew well, especially in the West, and I am still growing the trees.

A remarkable picture worth

MANY DOLLARS

can be obtained

For a Few Cents

"The Three Most Beautiful Roses"
By Paul de Longpre

At the urgent solicitation of the *Woman's Home Companion*, Mr. Paul de Longpre, who is the greatest painter of flowers in the world, consented to make a painting of what he considered "*The Three Most Beautiful Roses*," and the painting is without doubt one of the masterpieces of this great artist. This magnificent picture is reproduced in all its original grandeur on the cover of the Woman's Home Companion for June. Although this cover is an accurate reproduction of a painting worth hundreds of dollars, yet the June number, which has this exquisite cover, may be obtained at any first-class news stand or direct from the publishers for the trivial sum of only ten cents.

Mr. Paul de Longpre is justly styled the 'King of Flower Painters." He not only paints roses, but every flower that grows, and is the highest authority on flowers. His paintings are found in the most select homes. Some have sold for as much as seven thousand five hundred dollars ($7,500.00).

Artists, art critics and competent judges all agree that the covers of the Woman's Home Companion far excel those of any other magazine.

The Woman's Home Companion is a magazine which in beauty and excellence, art, stories, illustrations and fashions, etc., excels all other home and family magazines. The Womans Home Companion is published by The Crowell Publishing Company, New York City, also Chicago, Ill, at One Dollar a year, and is the favorite magazine in nearly half a million homes, where it is read each and every issue by three million people.

SPORTING GOODS.

BASE BALLS, BATS, GLOVES, SHOE PLATES and everything needed for the "Diamond."

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

A REPRESENTATIVE SHOE

Queen Quality

BOOTS $3.00 $3.50 $2.50 $3.00 OXFORDS

Taking on a new line always means more or less hard thinking, doubt, &c., on the part of the dealer. In fact the reputation of this business may depend upon It. When we decided to put in a new line of Women's Shoes We went carefully over the whole list and finally selected

"*Queen Quality*"

as being the representative Women's Shoe. In fact we had no alternative since we wanted the best. (As of course we did) We had to take

"*Queen Quality*"

for it is universally acknowledged as being THE BEST WOMEN'S SHOE FOR THE MONEY. We have a carefully selected assortment of this famous shoe and invite your inspection of same.

CLIFTON L. JARRELL,
CHESTERTOWN, - - - MARYLAND.

Spring Is Here and So Are We

WITH THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Dress Goods, Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Shoes and Hats, and Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings.

AND A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Hats, Ladies' Shirt Waists and Skirts Large Line Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons

We Make a SPECIAL OFFERING for the Housekeeper in

China and Japanese Matting, Furniture, Carpets

We have just received a choice collection of selected styles in the best weaves of CHINA and JAPANESE MATTING and at prices lower than the lowest.

We have no brass band in the morning, nor do we have the Jap Teas in the afternoon. But we do have special bargains daily for all. A call at H. H. Beneman's will convince you and you will go away happy.

POULTRY and EGGS taken in exchange at Highest price.

Yours for Fair Dealing and Right Prices,

H. H. BENEMAN,
MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

WATCH THIS SPACE

—FOR—

Kilbourn & Warren's

SALE OF SUMMER GOODS

THEY ARE TOO BUSY TO WRITE AN ADV.