Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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GREETINGS!

Once again
it is our pleasure
to wish you
a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.
May the glad voices
that go out
over the telephone wires
at this joyful season
bring you happiness
and good cheer!

Chestertown-Elkton Bus Line, Inc.

WEEK-DAY SCHEDULE GOING SOUTH.
Effective Nov. 1, 1917

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Elkton		8.35	12.30	3.20	5.35
Chesapeake City		8.55	12.50	3.40	5.55
Cayott Corner		9.06	1.00	3.50	6.05
Bohemia Bridge		9.10	1.10	3.55	6.10
Cecilton		9.20	1.20	4.05	6.20
Fredericktown		9.30	1.30	4.15	6.30
Georgetown		9.35	1.35	4.20	6.35
Galena	8.00	9.40	1.40	*4.25	6.40
Locust Grove	8.15	10.00	1.55		
Kennedyville	8.25	10.10	2.05		
Chestertown	8.50	10.35	2.30		

*This car will continue to Chestertown when carrying through passengers.

WEEK-DAY SCHEDULE GOING NORTH.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M
Chestertown		9.00	12.30	3.00
Kennedyville		9.25	12.50	3.25
Locust Grove		9.35	1.00	3.30
Galena	7.00	9.50	1.10	3.45
Georgetown	7.05	10.00	1.20	3.55
Fredericktown	7.10	10.05	1.25	4.00
Cecilton	7.20	10.15	1.35	4.10
Bohemia Bridge	7.30	10.25	1.45	4.20
Cayots Corner	7.35	10.35	1.50	4.30
Chesapeake City	7.45	10.45	2.00	4.40
Elkton	8.05	11.10	2.25	5.00

SUNDAY SCHEDULE GOING SOUTH.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Elkton		9.20	2.30	4.30
Chesapeake City		9.45	2.50	4.50
Cayots Corner		9.55	3.00	5.00
Bohemia Bridge		10.00	3.05	5.05
Cecilton		10.10	3.15	5.15
Fredericktown		10.15	3.25	5.25
Georgetown		10.20	3.30	5.30
Galena	7.30	10.25	3.35	5.35
Locust Grove	7.45	10.40	3.45	
Kennedyville	7.55	10.50	3.45	
Chestertown	8.25	11.20	4.20	

SUNDAY SCHEDULE GOING NORTH.

	A.M.	A.M	P.M.	P.M
Chestertown		8.45	2.00	4.30
Kennedyville		9.10	2.25	4.55
Locust Grove		9.20	2.35	5.05
Galena	8.00	9.30	2.45	5.15
Georgetown	8.10	9.40	2.55	
Fredericktown	8.15	9.45	3.10	
Cecilton	8.25	9.55	3.20	
Bohemia Bridge	8.35	10.05	3.25	
Cayots Corner	8.40	10.10	3.30	
Chesapeake City	8.50	10.20	3.35	
Elkton	9.10	10.45	4.00	

November 1st, 1917.

Large comfortable enclosed Buses running on a slower schedule.

RATES.

Chestertown	$ .00	Elkton	$ .00
Kennedyville	.30	Chesapeake City	.30
Locust Grove	.40	Cayots Corner	.40
Galena	.50	Bohemia	.50
Georgetown	.70	Cecilton	.60
Fredericktown	.75	Fredericktown	.75
Cecilton	.90	Georgetown	.80
Bohemia Bridge	1.00	Galena	.90
Cayots Corner	1.05	Locust Grove	1.05
Chesapeake City	1.20	Kennedyville	1.20
Elkton	1.50	Chestertown	1.50

Please do not ask drivers to stop at residences, as there is a designated stopping place in each town, and every extra stop causes loss of time.

We wish to maintain schedule time as far as possible.

CHESTERTOWN-ELKTON BUS LINE, Inc.

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MR. ROBERT AYRES WRITES OF LIFE IN TRAINING CAMP

Kent County Gentleman Sends Interesting Letter To A Friend In Chestertown

The following interesting letter was received from Mr. Robert Ayres, son of Mrs. L. C. Ayres, of near Tolchester, by a friend in Chestertown this week. Mr. Ayres enlisted in the machine gun company of Captain Carey Jarman, and his letter will interest nearly every person in Kent County. "Bob" is one of the most popular of Kent's young men, and a letter from him is always interesting. Mr. Colin Duyer enlisted along with Mr. Ayres in the machine gun company, and they are both corporals. The letter from Mr. Ayres follows:

Camp McClellan,
Anniston, Ala.
Dec. 24, 1917

Dear Friend:

Nearly four months have passed since we arrived at Camp McClellan and during the entire time I have intended to write to you. Believing in the motto, "better late than never," I am writing tonight before Santa Claus makes his annual visit to Alabama. I shall endeavor to begin at the beginning and give you a short synopsis of what has happened.

We left Annapolis on Monday morning, Sept. 10, amid a deluge of tears from mothers, wives, sweethearts and friends. This, as you know, is the customary farewell to soldiers. There was nothing worthy of note during our trip down. We made the trip in passenger coaches and sleep was a secondary consideration as it would have been under most any conditions. The stops we made in the towns on our way down were of short duration and we were unable to form a just impression of any of them, but all the boys begged to remain among the beautiful dark-haired girls of Bristol, Tenn.

When the sun made its exodus from the eastern realm on Wednesday morning, Sept. 12, we found ourselves among the cotton fields of Georgia. About ten o'clock the same morning we were side-tracked, and hiked in heavy marching order two miles to our site at the camp. The balance of our equipment was brought from the train in motor trucks. Our mess hall and kitchen had been erected by carpenters of government employ. To pitch our tents was quite a job as many trees and stumps had to be removed and, of course, as you know, this meant a number of blisters for the hands of the pencil pushers. Nevertheless "labor and patience conquered all things" and when we finished all the improvements, our company street resembles the macadam road which passes by your home. After finishing our camp site, more fatigue work was to be done in building a drill field. To do this we were compelled to pull up about fifteen acres of cotton plants, which added more blisters to our long list.

Situated as we are here, eight miles from Anniston, surrounded by the mountains, this is not only a life of toil but one of privation. The first night in camp the mountains seemed to take pride in towering their highest in the northeast, thereby closing out the last sight of Maryland's beautiful Eastern Shore forever. Had I given away to my feelings, I would have felt as the southern soldier did, "when he raised his tear-dimmed eyes from the tragedy of Appamatox to the graves that dot the hills of old Virginia." But when I arose the next morning and cleared my eyes with a dash of cold water I saw the situation from a different point of view. While returning from the shower bath, I paused on a knoll and viewed the mountains sparkling in the rays of the rising sun, saw them as the beauties of nature, the wonder work of God, and after thinking of the good cause, I came to the conclusion that this is an ideal spot to lead the life of a real American soldier. I have never varied from this conclusion. Drilling for a long time was of the close order kind, to condition and discipline the men. As you can imagine this became very monotonous, but the work is growing more interesting now each day, as we can see it will be of great advantage over the [illegible]

higher and broader sense of philanthropy, for we are but a large family united for a single purpose.

In this life there is nothing like a buddie and, believe me, I certainly have one in Colin Duyer. We have our trials and tribulations, so do you and so does everyone else in any field of life. There are but few lives that are all sunshine. When we get blues, as all men do who have ambition, we get together, fight them off and begin anew. We consider the only disadvantage of army life is to be separated from the good people of Kent County, but we feel as if we can serve them well "across the waters." How truthfully we can say, "we could not love thee, dear ones, so much—loved we not honor more."

Just how long this war is going to last none of us know, but we are in it, whether it be one year or twenty years, we are in it until the right prevails. When this 29th Division goes into action it will be the finest equipped army that ever mached upon the field of battle.

Here's hoping that when we reach the firing line, the throne of that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Kaiser Wilhelm will crumble and the tinsel crown will be stricken from his cruel head forever. We long now for the coming of that day when we embark for the Old World to take "our turn at the mill." Whether I return to Kent County an enlisted man with the low rank of corporal or a silent tribute to the sense of right, I hope to feel as having done my bit.

I see by the papers that the boys at Camp Meade are being promoted rapidly and I am surely glad to see it. They all begin the military life at the same time up there and it is new to them all, while in these volunteer regiments you find many of the men who have served previous enlistments, with "border service" attached to their career. We not only have to battle with keen competition, but with seniority also. Therefore our advancement is not so rapid. I often see all of the Chestertown boys, who are camped here and they all look physically fit to give a good account of themselves "on the other side," whether to meet the Germans in a hand-to-hand encounter or with a rifle at a thousand yards range.

The newest and greatest addition to Camp McClellan is the arrival of Lieut. F. B. Hines; military in every way, he is the same good Kent Countian of old. He is connected with the field hospital and is only a few minutes walk from our camp. Colin and I often go over to see him. Mrs. Hines and Frank, Jr., were with him one day while we were there and we have seen them twice since and on each occasion we felt the warming touch of the unequalled hospitality of Chestertown.

The weather down here is fine now, though we have had a few days of zero weather. Our fires are extinguished at "call to quarters" and the doors of the tents are folded back. While we get plenty of fresh air, none of us have frozen, as some of the newspapers would like it to appear. I retire and arise more easily here than I ever did at the Voshell House. The reason is simple. I have to. I have no discretion in the matter whatever. I am so warmly equipped that I can simply "freeze out" the Kaiser. Some of my equipment was issued by our good "Uncle Sam," while some of it can be accredited to the handiwork of our good ladies from Kent. We are all proud of the "Red Cross" work in Kent and I hope if it is my privilege to cast another ballot there, that those noble ladies will have been granted the right, which has long been due them, the right of suffrage.

If you could come down here I could show you how 40,000 men keep house without the touch of a single feminine hand, but, old boy, it is like all other walks of life, there is nothing to it without them.

Kent's showing on the "Second Liberty Loan" was very, very complimentary and I know that too much credit cannot be given Mr. Allan A. Harris for its success, as it was my pleasure to witness his activities in the first campaign. All of these things make us feel as no stones are left unturned at home, and we gather lots of inspiration therefrom.

Colin leaves for Camp Green, N. C., [illegible]

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE RAIN.

"It's just too annoying," said the Rain Drops as they fell to the earth.

"Oh, It's Raining Cats and Dogs."

"What's the trouble?" asked the King of the Clouds. He had told the Rain Drops to fall to the earth for he said that Mr. Sun wanted a rest in the first place and in the second the earth needed rain.

The sun had gone to pay calls and had no intention of coming back so it was the duty of the Rain Drops to keep on splashing down to the earth. But they were mad! Oh, how mad they were! And the King of the Clouds had to come down to the earth and find out what they were about. He splashed in his great, tall rain-boots which he wears all the time, because when it is not raining he is asleep and resting. And he began talking to the Rain Drops.

"Tell me," he asked again, "what is the trouble?"

"We are angry and we don't want to work any more," said the Rain Drops.

"Goodness, gracious me," said the King of the Clouds, "you don't think you are working, do you?"

"What we do now," they said. "Of course, we don't as a rule think it is work. We think it is play, for it's the easiest thing in the world for us to do."

"Of course," said the King of the Clouds, "it should be easy for you to do, for you are Rain Drops. That is why I could not understand it when you said you were working and did not want to work any more. If you had said you were playing and were tired of playing I could have understood you much better.

"But tell me all about it," he added.

"You see it's this way," began the rain drops. "We like to spatter and splash and play. We like to fill the puddles and give drinks of water to the earth, the plants, the birds, the flowers, the trees. We like to have jokes and to spatter where we're not supposed to and we love to jump up on the ends of people's skirts!

"Yes, that is one of our favorite games."

"Why, oh why then," asked the King of the Clouds, frowning, "do you complain? You've talked and talked, and you've given me no reasons at all."

"That is so," said the Rain Drops. "We will tell you now.

"We heard some people talking and they made us very angry. They said, 'Oh, it's raining cats and dogs, and we didn't intend to rain such creatures. It's enough for us that we rain drops as our very name explains we would never rain cats and never, never, never, at any rate.'

The King of the Clouds [illegible] hard. "Well do I remember [illegible] used to make me mad when [illegible] said those things," he chuckled.

"Did you ever hear such [illegible] fore?" asked the Rain Drops [illegible] prise.

"Yes, indeed," said the King [illegible] Clouds. "People often talk [illegible] foolish way."

"Whatever do they mean?" asked the Rain Drops.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"Then they don't imagine [illegible] really rain cats and dogs?" asked [illegible] Rain Drops.

"They know you really won't [illegible] the King of the Clouds. "When they say that you are raining cats and [illegible] they mean that you are raining hard and furiously."

"But Cloud King," [illegible] Drops, "there were [illegible] and they said [illegible] forks. No [illegible] you imagine [illegible] doing [illegible] would [illegible] pitchforks [illegible] thing. [illegible] people and [illegible] dren and [illegible] and while [illegible] love to splash [illegible] have our [illegible] still we would [illegible] never do anything [illegible] mean such [illegible] pitchforks [illegible]

"Of course [illegible] wouldn't [illegible]

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Pure Ground Sage.....48c. lb.
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