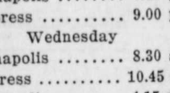
SUMMER

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



TOLCHESTER

The Automobile and Truck Route

Between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore

From the heart of Baltimore to the Most Central Point of the Eastern Shore

Schedule in Effect July 1st, 1931, (subject to change without notice)

STANDARD TIME

Steamers Leave Baltimore

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Sundays

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Steamers Leave Tolchester

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 9.00 p. m.

Wednesday

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Saturdays

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Sundays

Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 3.00 p. m.
Strs. Express and Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.

Automobiles including driver $2.50

Low Rates For Trucks

BEGINNING AUGUST 24TH

Tickets balance of Excursion season 25c
Sundays and Holidays adults one way 35c
Round trip good one day 50c

TOLCHESTER COMPANY

Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Stavely & Bowers

Large Lumber Yard

AND

Hardware Emporium

AT LYNCH'S, MARYLAND

All Grades of LUMBER and MATERIALS

All Kinds HARDWARE

FARM GATES kept on hand.

All Kinds ROOFING

LIME by the barrel

CEMENT AND HAIR

OUR BLACKSMITHING WHEELWRIGHT SHOPS

are thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.

LET US SUBMIT AN ESTIMATE for building any kind of structure

Stavely & Bowers



for

ANY BABY

WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea — a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't you should call a physician.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Surely Champion Optimist

You simply couldn't depress Smythe. He'd come home from a rotten game of golf or a barren day's fishing full of beans. He'd back the whole program without getting one placed horse and exude good humor. When business got so bad that he had to move into a smaller and cheaper place, much to his wife's disgust, he tried to console her with the fact that she hadn't such a big house to look after.

The first wet night she met him at the door with the news that the roof leaked and water was dripping into the dining room.

"That's all right, dear," he said; "put your aspidistras under the drip, and it will save you watering them."
—London Answers.

Standard Time

According to the United States naval observatory at Washington, standard time had not come into general use in 1885; no uniform standards existed then. At present, the time zone in which England is located uses the local time of Greenwich, and the time used in London in 1885 was practically the same as the Greenwich time today. Sweden adopted standard time in 1892. Since that date it has used time one hour more advanced than that of Greenwich. Stockholm, no doubt, used its own local time before 1892, which would have been a few minutes more advanced than the time used today. Owing to Greenland's spare population, that country has not yet adopted standard time.

Values for the Week-End

PURE LARD

Open Kettle Rendered **2** Lbs. **19c**

DEL MONTE ITEMS

Peaches Largest Size Cans 2 CANS **33c**

Asparagus Tips No. 1 Size Tins CAN **25c**

Spinach Two Cans **29c**

CAMPBELL'S **TOMATO SOUP** 3 CANS **22c**

POST TOASTIES 2 PKGS **15c**

P. & G. SOAP WHITE NAPHTHA 6 Cakes **20c**

FINE GRANULATED **SUGAR** 10 LBS **49c**

DELICIOUS HOT! REFRESHING ICED **Nectar Teas** ¼ lb Pkg **13c** ½ lb Pkg **25c**

SUNNYFIELD **FLOUR** 12 lb bag **33C** 24 lb bag **65C**

RED CIRCLE **COFFEE** Rich and full bodied LB. **25c**

UNDERWOOD'S MUSTARD **Sardines** LARGE CAN **10c**

White House Evap. Milk.....3 tall cans 19c
Reliable Peas, sweet and tender.....can 15c
Golden Bantam Corn.....2 cans 25c
Sultana Jam, with pectin.....jar 15c
Puffed Wheat.....2 pkgs 25c
California Sardines.....2 cans 19c
Sultana Tuna Fish.....can 15c and 29c
Heinz Baked Beans.....3 cans 25c
Sultana Red Beans.....2 cans 11c
Sunsweet Prunes.....2-lb pkge 19c
Ralston Breakfast Food.....pkg 24c

ALL REGULAR 5c

Gum & Candy Bars 3 For 10c

Gold Dust.....large pkge 23c
Old Dutch Cleanser.....2 pkgs 15c
Palmolive Soap.....3 pkgs 22c
Chipso, regular or granules.....pkg 20c
2 in 1 Shoe Polish.....can 12c

BRAMBLE'S STORE, Fairlee

Lower Prices on all Classes of Merchandise

We Can fill All Your Requirements for Beautifying the Home in way of Furnishings.

Simmin's (White Enamel), full sized two in. Post Bed ...$6.25
Simmon's Forestwood Walnut Finish, full sized, handsomely decorated bed.....$10.50
All Cotton Mattress, with Art Ticking.....$5.00
We also have in stock Mattresses from $7.50 each to the Finest Cotton Felt.
A good Full Sized Spring at.....$5.00
The New Quaker Girl, 9x12 Lineoleum Rug.....$7.75
9x12 Japanese Matting Rugs.....$2.75
Hansorae Three-Burner Oil Cook Stove.....$13.00
Dupont's Inside and Outside Paints in all colors.
Wall Finish for Inside Work.....50c package

Porch Rockers in all styles.

A Full General line in Dry Goods, Shoes and Groceries.

Eggs and Chickens taken in trade.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE

Fairlee, Maryland

Cows Have Passports

The boundary line along the Hungarian-Rumanian frontier, in effect since the World war, has been so arbitrarily drawn that frequently it separates a farming community from the fields where the farmers pasture their cattle. So each cow has to have a passport.

"The numbers on these bovine passports must correspond with the numbers burned on the animal's hoofs," writes E. Alexander Powell.

"It is the duty of the frontier guards to see that a cow is turned back if its papers are not in order. Should a calf be born on the Rumanian side of the line its Hungarian owner could obtain possession of it, I assume, only by an appeal to the League of Nations!"



Reduce the Acid

SICK stomachs, sour stomachs and indigestion usually mean excess acid. The stomach nerves are overstimulated. Too much acid makes the stomach and intestines sour.

Alkali kills acid instantly. The best form is Phillips Milk of Magnesia; one harmless, tasteless dose neutralizes many times its volume in acid. For 50 years the standard with physicians everywhere.

Take a spoonful in water and your unhappy condition will probably end in five minutes. Then you will always know what to do. Crude and harmful methods will never appeal to you. Go prove this for your own sake. It may save a great many disagreeable hours.

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Chestertown, Maryland

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Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m., 4.10 P. M.

Sunday only 9.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M. (Making Baltimore connections.)

Kent Island Ferry and Way Points 10.35 A. M.



PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need, to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

C. L. DODD
Funeral Director
Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

Lone Watcher in the Shadow

By A. W. PEACH

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

BEFORE him stood the House of Mystery. It had been a long walk from the village, but Morgan, after listening to the story of the place as told by a wide-eyed native, had made up his mind to visit it. And here it was.

Morgan went on, taking no stock in the superstition that kept the mountain villagers away from the place. The view down the valley was superb; but he thought of other things told him by his informant. Here the strangers had come, asking questions of no one, but building the pleasant house which now stared like a dead thing down the valley. The man, so Morgan was told, was named Albrech; his wife, young and handsome with a grave, dark beauty, was known as Erna. They gave out the brief information that they had come there because of Mr. Albrech's health. They had lived in peace, coming to the village for a brief visit and returning to the distant house, until the fatal night.

Morgan shook himself from his reverie and turned to the house. The door yielded to his touch, and looking in he remembered something else. The house and every thing in it had been left as it was that night.

No one knew what had taken place. When the constable from the village came, he found the wife there, in a stained nightrobe, and in the room beyond Albrech, a raving maniac, with blood upon his hands, and near him a knife of foreign make.

It had been easy to charge him with the murder; and so the case had been settled.

Morgan turned into the room. Most of the furniture was still there, dusty, sagging. He went on into the living room and found him facing a pipe organ, built into the wall.

Morgan left the room and started to go upstairs, but the dark, forbidding landing above, the musty odor from the cellar, these, with the thoughts the place had aroused, drove him out to the fresh air.

"Enough for me!" was his conclusion, and he worked his way through the weeds to what had evidently been a summer house, thinking to rest there before his tramp back to the village.

As he stepped into the summer house, his eye caught between the floor boards unheaved by the frost and change of years, a glint of paper. Bending over he pulled out a folded note, stained and faded. He opened it.

"Somebody was reading that here and shoved it down between the cracks," he murmured to himself.

The first page was faded completely. Inside, the dim lines read clearly enough to make sense. As he read his heart slowed its beat. He was reading a note addressed to some one who was being threatened with death unless she renounced the love she held for another. It was a brutal letter, written by a man seemingly beside himself; and at the end was the name Hilar.

Morgan read the note again and his mind became calm. Erna had come here with the man she loved, to be followed by a man who loved her enough to slay her if he could not have her.

A noise stiffened Morgan. He looked up to see a man coming in the yard and greeting him with a smiling, "Hello, I didn't expect to see anyone here at the end of the earth. I am thinking of buying this place—like to fish and hunt here. Hope you are not on the same errand?"

The eyes were keen and cold but kind, and the stranger's smile was winning. Soon Morgan found himself in pleasant conversation with him.

"Well, I certainly don't want the house, but I intend to buy the place and raze the house from top to bottom. I guess that will wipe out the story for good," he said quietly.

Morgan started to tell him of his find in the summer house, but decided to avoid spoiling the man's pleasure in the site he was buying.

The conversation drifted about until the stranger rose and said he would ride back to the village as he had a saddlehorse tethered in the grove. As they parted he handed Morgan a card, and at the same time invited him to come up the next autumn for a hunting trip.

Morgan slipped the card into his pocket; then carelessly drew it out and read with a sense of shock that made him reel—"John Hilar."

Morgan stared in the direction the man had gone, then at the card. "He came here to clean up everything to make sure nothing would ever appear against him; but here it is—hidden in a moment of fear by that poor girl. There sure is a watcher in the shadows. Now I must get everlastingly busy!"

Six months later the long arm of justice had claimed its own. Morgan watched the case develop. Patiently the net had been woven about the cool murderer. He had fled the country after the murder, made money, returned after safety seemed assured, planned to buy the property to make sure no evidence would ever appear against him, had done all a man could do to wash the stains from his past only to have a faded note speak voicelessly from the ruins of the girl's beloved haunt—a girl faithful to one she loved even in extremity, and dying because of that love.

Famous Old Roman Road

The Appian way is a famous road built by the Romans between the cities of Rome and Brandisi. It received its name from Appius Claudius, who was censor when the first part of the road was begun about 312 B. C. The section between Capua and Rome is about 140 miles long and is as straight as a taut string. The width of the road ranges from 14 to 18 feet. No expense was spared in making the pavement and part of the original road bed is still used without much alteration.

Bill Eason's Treasure

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

"THEY say as Bill Eason's a dyin'." Cale Hardy had stopped in front of Tom Moore's cabin, and shouted the news through the open doorway to Nancy Moore who was engaged at churning with an old-fashioned pot churn.

"Yuh don't say?" Nance arose from her work, and came to the doorway where she stood with her arms akimbo to hear what might follow concerning Bill's illness.

"He was tuk sudden, I reckon. He was down to Fairfield a Saturday."

"My land, I wonder how anybuddy found it out, an' Bill a livin' there all by his lonesome?"

"They say as Jim Joiner went to Bill's to borrow his chop ax, an' found 'im in the bed a moanin'!"

"Do tell! Did he git a doctor?"

"Yes; Doc Malcolm's over thar now."

"I wonder ef Bill'll loosen up 'bout the treasure afore he dies?"

"Hit 'ud be a downright shame ef he didn't, I reckon, seein' hit could do him no good to keep it; an' hit mought do a world o' good to some'un here."

"I reckon."

Bill Eason was peculiar. For years he had gone about the mountain range with apparently no object in life. He was in his seventieth year. He was called a miser—he often spoke of a treasure mysteriously concealed somewhere; and his neighbors had whispered about that Bill somehow had accumulated much gold, and had it hid away in the mountains in some cave or cavern. Bill had loved a girl in his youth with all the intensity of his sturdy nature. It was thought, too, at that time, that Sue Pelfrey loved Bill in the same way; but her dad, Lige Pelfrey, had moved away to Missouri and had taken Sue with him. Sue had dragged her arms from about Bill's neck at parting, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and had promised faithfully that she would write to him, and sometime would come back. Some said she never wrote; and all knew that she never came back, for news had come less than a year later that Sue had died. Bill grieved, and few ever had seen a smile on his face throughout all the years thereafter.

"I opine," declared Cale Hardy, "the doctor'll quiz Bill about the treasure, Ca'se it's little he'll git for his services, ef the treasure h'ain't found."

"Maybe so." Nancy sighed. "Hit's a pity a man hes to live thet way."

"Yeah. Well, I'll be goin'. Jes' thought I'd stop an' let yuh know."

"I thank-ee. I reckon I'll be goin' over to Bill's agin I git this churnin' done."

By the middle of the afternoon a large company of neighbors had gathered at Bill's cabin. The doctor had said there was no hope, that Bill could last only a few hours. Numerous suggestions had been made about getting the story of Bill's treasure from him before he was too far gone. Doctor Malcolm had set about it with all the tact of which he was capable; but Bill for a time had resisted his efforts. At last, however, he seemed to realize that he was slipping, and slipping fast.

"I reckon yoh're right, Doc," he said in a faint voice, rolling his eyes toward Malcolm's face. "I—I won't ever git back thar no more. I—I want muh treasure."

The effort had cost Bill some strength. Malcolm leaned over him. "All right, Bill," he said; "tell us how to find it, and we will have it here for you in a short time."

Bill was silent for some moments. Then a sharp pain caused a convulsion of his muscles. "Top o'—Sheepnose—blue-seamed rock agin—burnt chestnut. Dig under." He paused for breath. "Teeny oak box." Bill's eyes closed, and a light of relief passed over his features.

Cale Hardy and two other mountaineers set out for the hiding place. It was a half mile away, and the men lost no time. Returning they brought, unopened, a little square, home-made oak box, bound about by half a dozen coils of old wire.

"We thought to let old Bill see the openin' hisself," declared Hardy, placing the box in the hands of Doctor Malcolm.

There was much subdued commotion, as the mountain folk gathered about the bed. Malcolm held the box over Bill's face. "This it, Bill?" he asked.

There was a slight nod of acknowledgment from Bill, and something like a smile found expression about the old man's lips. Slowly his hand came up from beneath the covering of the bed. Quickly Doc Malcolm dragged the wire from about the box, and turned back the lid. A dozen pairs of eyes were staring from all sides. Doctor Malcolm himself stared into the box a full minute. Then, reverently he thrust in his fingers, and lifted out the contents with gentle care—a crumpled bit of paper, yellow from age.

Bill Eason's eyes suddenly showed new light, as his fingers closed upon the paper which Doc had pressed into them. After this there was a single gasp, and the old mountaineer was dead.

At the lower side of the sheet of paper, which protruded from between Bill's fingers were six words:

"Yore darlin Sue
"Pike County, Mizoo."

Football and Chemistry

Football was indirectly responsible for making Sir William Ramsay one of the world's greatest chemists. When as a youth his leg was broken in a gridiron scrimmage, he read Graham's Chemistry through, partly to relieve the tedium of convalescence but more particularly to find out how to make fireworks. On his recovery he became a passionate chemical experimenter. For the next four years his bedroom was full of bottles and test-tubes and often of strange odors and startling noises.—Gas Logic.

Art Treasures Beyond All Price in Vatican

It would take volumes to enumerate the treasures of the Vatican. The chapels of San Lorenzo, the Sistine and the Pauline are decorated with frescoes by Fra Angelico, Michelangelo, Perugino and others. Four chambers were decorated by Raphael.

The picture gallery is not large, but the paintings are among the most valuable in the world. Raphael's "Transfiguration," his "Madonna di Foligno" and his "Coronation of the Virgin," besides some smaller pictures, are here. So are works of Murillo, Titan, Perugino, Correggio, Paul Veronese and others of the greatest of painters.

The museum contains not only many of the most beautiful sculptures in the world, ancient Greek statues, among which are the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, but also great numbers of antiquities, relics of ancient Italy, Greece and Egypt.

The library at the Vatican was founded in 1378, and now contains a valuable collection of 60,000 manuscripts and 250,000 volumes of rare books. A recent addition to this collection is the Rospigliosi library and archives presented by Louis Mendelssohn of Detroit, Mich. This library includes many valuable books gathered by Pope Clement IX of Rospigliosi during his pontificate from 1667 to 1669; also a portrait of Pope Clement by Carlo Maratta.

Bayberry Candle Boon to New England Women

Candles in days gone by were an item of expense to be reckoned with in the gay courts of Europe, as many as 5,000 being used on grand occasions when the vast halls were to be filled with guests. From the demand the making of candles developed into quite an important industry and laws were passed regulating the size and adulteration of the materials to be used.

When the Pilgrims found themselves on the bleak shores of New England with few facilities for artificial illumination, says the New York Sun, other methods of lighting their homes had to be devised. At first, like the Indians, they used knots of pitch pine to light their cabins, but it was not long until the thrifty New England woman learned that by boiling the little gray bayberries that grew on the low windswept shores along the coast she could procure a wax which rose to the top of the kettle. From this she made the first bayberry candles.

"Rome of the North"

The country which today seems to stand at the crossroads of Europe is Czechoslovakia. To many this name is a "terra incognito," but when the eye picks out Prague, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Franzenbad and Pilzen, it is immediately recognized as an old haunt of tourists. Prague was a favorite city with Goethe, Chateaubriand, George Sand, Prevost and Brandes, who praised it as "the Rome of the North." Here is the famous Hradcany, ancient seat of the kings of Bohemia and now the residence of the President. Here also is the majestic Gothic cathedral of St. Vitus and the beautiful Charles bridge over the Vlatava. The most striking natural beauty of the land is the resorts in the Tatia mountains.

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