GILL BROS.

1c "A" MILK A QUART

How To Get The Milk

In order to buy Gill Bros. "A" Milk for ONE CENT A QUART you must order direct from Gill Bros. and get your milk delivered at your home.

The milk must be taken for one week (seven days).

You buy One Quart of milk for ten cents and get the second quart for ONE CENT, a total of 11 cents for the two quarts.

Present customers may take advantage of this ONE CENT offer only in ordering above the quantity now being served them.

For example: If you are now getting 2 quarts of milk daily you may get one additional quart, making three in all, the third quart costing but ONE CENT. If you are getting Three Quarts daily and want three extra quarts, the extra ones will cost you but ONE CENT each. In other words each quart above what you are now taking may be purchased for One Cent, provided the additional order is for the duration of one week or more.

The milk is our usual fine quality "A" milk. This offers a fine chance to have plenty of milk desserts.

BIG REDUCTION IN COFFEE AND WHIPPING CREAMS. Each now 15 cents a Half Pint.

ALL THIS WEEK

SPECIAL CHICKEN DINNER

50 Cents

WeGUARANTEESATISFACTION

Served Daily 11-8 p. m.

Chestertown Candy Kitchen

A COMPLETE

RESTAURANT.

OPEN 6 P. M. TO MIDNIGHT Phone 207

HUNGRY!

COME TO

The Del-Mar-Va Restaurant

TO EAT

SERVED THE PUBLIC FOR 30 YEARS

ALL DINNERS 50 CENTS

Delicious Home-Made Pies and Bread.

Salt Water Oysters

Toasted Sandwiches

Mrs. James T. Crew.

Gpen from 6 a, m. until 11 p. m.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY HOLDERS

This is the season of the year when sickness and disease are likely to accur from the growth of weeds and the accumulation of rubbish about the premises of city property holders. Notice is hereby given by the Mayor and City Council to all city property holders that all weeds and rubbish must be removed from their premises at once. Otherwise the Mayor and Council will have same removed and render bill to the property holder for the removal of all weeds and rubbish. Please give this matter your prompt attention.

By order of the Council,
THOS. D. BOWERS, Clerk.

JOHN H.DWYER

AUCTIONEER

Worton, Maryland

STEPHEN R. COLLINS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Court St., Chestertown, Md.

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



NEW WISDOMS

By FANNIE HURST

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

IT WAS as if, crash! a skyscraper had collapsed. Or a tornado devastated a forest, or a segment of heaven fallen, obliterating everything in chaos.

That was the way Frederick Farmington felt the noonday he emerged from the office of the most eminent diagnostician in New York city.

Crash. Crash. Crash.

Of course many men before him must have merged from that same office with the same torment of emotions.

But nonetheless, to Frederick Farmington, newly president of his corporation, director of three others of equal importance, vice president of a bank and treasurer of a railroad, it seemed that never had blow smitten a man so in the midst of life!

In the midst of life, Farmington had just been ordered out of it!

That is to say, out of the rushing turmoil of his day-by-days.

There was no longer any use trying to elude the symptoms. The eminent diagnostician had spared no words. Farmington's left lung had two growing sore spots with a threat of one on the right. It was a matter of getting out of town one way or another, his doctor had informed him with rather purposeful brutality. By way of the Adirondack express to the pine forests, or by way of mahogany with silver handles.

In the midst of life Farmington had been ordered out of it.

Standing there on the steps of the doctor's office in the gray of November, it seemed to Farmington, with depression clamping down upon him, that possibly of the two ways—ostracism to the Adirondacks or the way of mahogany with silver handles—the latter was preferable.

Life was so jammed and pulsating an affair when you were in the midst of it as Farmington was! Life in the pine forests with the soughing of wind at night and the creaking of trees by day was all right for a two weeks summer vacation of it. But ostracism to it for what the doctor had termed an indefinite period—

It was a matter of weeks before Farmington finally decided upon his alternative. The flow of life was too quick in him. Life too dear in him. Banishment to the pine woods if need be. But not death.

Farmington was not ready for death.

There were worlds to conquer. Earthly fields to dominate. At forty-three he had tasted too much of the elixir of success to relinquish the cup easily. Life. Life. Life. The battle of Wall Street, the conflict of master industrial minds. The shrewd connivings with the picked business men of the country.

Life. Life. Life. Farmington was greedy for it. The life of the executive. The leader. The captain. It was good to live. And so Farmington surrendered to the prospect of temporary exile . . . with the bitterest pain he had ever known in his life.

In the midst of life, to the silence of pine forest and the long motionless days in a log cabin.

At first there were friends and the days were as clear as steel and the fishing and hunting helped them pass quickly enough, but the camp was on the top of a mountain and the motor roads left off 62 miles before you reached it and train connections were bad and the winter season in town set in with a bang, and the friends fell away.

Those were the days when the loneliness first began to settle upon Farmington. The exile. Breathless, deathless days with only a mountain guide, hired to live with him for company, and the stacks of books and a radio machine and a magnificent mechanical piano.

Those were the days when the loneliness began to settle. And the beauty of the forest to recede and the sound of waterfall to beat into his brain with monotony, and the yearning for the tramp of men's feet and the conflict of quick minds and the excitement of the fray to eat and gnaw at him.

The clear, thin, bitingly cold days of the forest. The pellucid nights with stars like silver Christmas-tree balls waiting to be plucked. A waterfall leaping in glory and suddenly frozen there, a shy and startled loveliness.

All part of the loneliness. The devastating, eating, gnawing loneliness of this man of affairs.

Pain in the lungs. Pain in the heart. Days and days of the kind of pain that made him irascible and difficult for even the old mountain guide, rather scornful and oblivious of the ways of men, to endure.

A gnarled old oak tree of a guide. Strange secrets he knew. Out of the forests. The habits of wild things. The call of the loon. The way of the quick-flanked trout. The footfall of the deer. His lore was full of these delicate, lovely intimacies.

He knew the look in the eyes of a trapped fox and was bitter at the women who wore their pelts.

He loved the prickly little mash of pine cones under him and had a pillow of them on his crude pallet.

He spent long days in the woods and came home more silent than they.

Sometimes it seemed to Farmington he must spring at the throat of this man who was so complacent with the mystery of the silence.

Sometimes, watching him sleep through his own sleepless nights, it seemed to Farmington he must fly at his heart. To tear from it the secret. The secret of his capacity for silence.

The silence that was eating into Farmington. Gnawing into him. Making him a little mad with terror of it.

The radio did its part to help. Yanking the outside world into the heart of the forest. And the mechanical piano and the letters from his friends and the hint of the doings of men in the outside world that came with the weekly parcel post.

But those were only moments out of hours. Hours of torment. Hours of trying to read out of the books, to tear out of the piano, something to counteract the loneliness

Poor Farmington! It is difficult in the haunts of men to learn how to be alone. Farmington frankly had horror of it. He had all his life been the sort of man who would call up a bore of a friend sooner than dine alone. Or sit through a vapid musical show sooner than spend an evening at home without guests. When Farmington so much as traveled from one city to another he took a secretary along for company.

And now, up here in the woods, not even the secretaries would remain for more than a few weeks at a time. Only Farmington and his old guide, who talked back to the birds in noises that resembled their own and who knew secrets of the forests that first had entertained, but after a while began to pall on Farmington.

Two years of this and then, as the saying goes, the house settled. That is, from a nervous, plunging kind of resistance, Farmington receded into a morose kind of acquiescence. Lethargy. Torpor. Or call it what you will. Sometimes days of silence in their little cabin, or the two of them, Farmington and his guide, tramping the woods hour after hour after hour. Silently. There was so little to say. And, strangely enough, so much to observe—quick, fleeting life of the forest. It shimmered with it. Indeed, it kept the senses alert just being on the watch. The perky head of a chipmunk where you least expected it. The slant of late sunlight through trees. Clear, cold music of waterfall. Ever see a pine tree sway in wind? The bob-tailed leap of a rabbit? The wind-polished bole of a poplar? Farmington was the unconscious student in the mystery of this lore. Sometimes the old guide used secretly to smile. Farmington coming home of a dusk with a few choppy words of what he had seen. Mysteries too subtle for many words. Mysteries as lovely as the leap of a deer.

Then a great diagnostician, for a fee that would have been ransom for a king, journeyed up to the mountain shack.

The sky and the pines and the silence had done their work well.

The two sores on one lung and the threat of a sore on the other had entirely disappeared. Farmington had won.

Farmington was released from the forest and given his ticket of leave back to the haunts of men.

And Farmington, after weeks of procrastination with himself, did not take it.

There was not much explaining to be done about it. In fact he never even discussed it with his guide. They just sat side by side smoking pipeful after pipeful of silence. The old guide knew, of course. With the sensitiveness that helped him to know the footfall of a deer.

He knew. The peace had bored its way into Farmington. Far, far from the tramp-tramp-tramp of the feet of men, Farmington had heard the footfall of a deer.

And it was worth waiting for to hear the footfall of another. And another. And another. And all the strange, new wisdoms that went with knowing and loving the delicate sound of the footfall of a deer.

First Gypsies in Europe

Organized gypsy bands first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the Fifteenth century, and in Italy their number in 1422 was computed at 14,000. Five years later they made their first appearance in Paris, saying that they were Christians of Lower Egypt, driven to take refuge in Europe from the Saracens, and had recently left Bohemia.

RURAL SANITATION ADVOCATED

SUGGESTIONS FOR RURAL SANITATION IN PAMPHLET FORM

In response to requests from every section of the State for advice or assistance in overcoming difficulties in rural sanitation, Dr. R. H. Riley, Director of the Maryland State Department of Health, announces that the Department has issued a pamphlet on residential sanitation, containing practical suggestions for solving the more important sanitary problems that affect the welfare of those living in rural homes.

he chief requisites of residential sanitation are shown to be a supply of pure water and means for the safe disposal of sewage and other wastes. Attention is directed to precautions should be observed in developing a rural water supply and means are suggested for the satisfactory disposal of sewage and of garbage. The subjects are discused in sufficient detail to meet general conditions. Those interested in following the recommendations are advised, however, that plans for each residence must be considered in relation to location and to the slope of the ground, and that expert advice is necessary when the proximity of water supplies to possible sources of contamination, unfavorable slope of the ground or other conditions, present special difficulties.

In the section on water supplies, streams, springs, and wells, as sources of supply are discussed; the need for the protection of water supplies from contamination is emphasized; the construction of dug and metal cased wells is described; and the possibility of contracting disease through polluted water is pointed out. The essential requirements of sewage disposal, by means of chemical toilets, sanitary privies, water carried sewage, various types of treatment plants, outfall sewers, and disposal by ground adsorption are described in detail.

Advice is also given in regard to the construction of incinerators and to other methods of garbage disposal.

A copy of the pamphlet, which contains a number of illustrations showing methods of construction, may be obtained by writing to the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering, State Department of Health, 2411 North Charles Street, Baltimore City.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. James Kirby spent the week end with Dr. and Mrs. Urie at Richardson Park.

Mrs. W. S. Hurlock, Mrs. Rachiel Hill, Mrs. Harry Scotten, Misses Scottens spent Friday in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smyth and baby, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with relatives here.

Mr. William Dempsey spent a part of the week in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnston and daughter, Mrs. James Weer and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Rollison.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boggs visited relatives in Hartley, Del., on Sunday.

Mr. Harry Scotten, Mrs. Dora Meeks Misses Scotten visited their niece in Wilmington on Sunday.

The stork left a baby boy at Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliff on Saturday, Joseph B., 3rd.

The W. C. T. U. held a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Othoson on Wednesday and decided to serve meals on Election Day in the garage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ringgold entertained relatives from Baltimore over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hessner are spending this week in Philadelphia.

Service as usual in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

Miss Annie Weer and mother, of Baltimore, are spending the week end with relatives here.

Mrs. Howard Ledger and children, of Babylon Long Island are visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Crow.

The Christian Endeavor will hold a Hallow'een social next Friday evening in the school building.

Mrs. Etta Davis and Mrs. Carl Lynch and son, of Odessa, and Mrs. George, of Middletown, were guests of Mrs. Harry Scotten on Sunday.

POSTWAR

The Magistrate: "The prisoner, says he had two glasses of 'double brown.' What is this 'double brown,' sergeant?"

The Sergeant (sadly): "Not wot it, was, your worship!"

L. W. BARROLL

Counsellor-at-Law

EQUITABLE BUILDING

Corner Fayette and Calvert Streets

Baltimore

IN CHESTERTOWN SATURDAYS

Phone Johnny on the spot for Coal--149.



When the mercury is dancing up to meet the perspiring sun—that is the time to buy your supply of coal. It is priced now to help frugal, prodent folks save money.

C. W. Kibler & Sons

Chestertown, Maryland

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



TWO HOURS FROM THE EASTERN SHORE TO PIER 16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.

WINTER SCHEDULE

STANDARD TIME

Subject to change without notice

Weather Permitting

Effective October 22nd, 1932

Leaves Baltimore week days at 8.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m. Sundays 8.45 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester week days at 10.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m. Sundays 11.00 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Adults tickets one way 60 cents; Round trip good 30 days $1.00; Children half fare.

Autos including driver $2.00; Trucks at low rates.

Special Saturdays and Sundays round trip good 1 day 75 cents, Children 40 cents.

Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore

THE TOLCHESTER COMPANY.

WM. PEPPER CONSTABLE

Maryland Trust Building

Baltimore, Md.

In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays

REWARD FOR CHICKEN THIEVES

A reward of Two hundred and fifty ($250.00) dollars will be paid by the Kent County Commissioners for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the gang of chicken thieves who have been operating in Kent County during the past two months.

By Kent County Commissioners,
au13 MARION CALDWELL, Clerk.

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 barrell

CEMENT AND HAIR

OUR BLACKSMITHING

WHEELRIGHT SHOPS

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

LET US SUBMIT AN ESTIMATE for building any kind of structure.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Phone No. 10 Chestertown, Md.

By CY HUNGERFORD

SNOODLES



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