SPECIAL X-RAY OFFER

For only two dollars until Dec. 3rd, an X-Ray examination taken, elsewhere costs five to twenty-five and possibly fifty dollars. No doubt you have long wanted to have an X-Ray taken, but hesitated because it was expensive. Hesitate no longer, you now have an opportunity that seldom presents itself—you can get a full size X-Ray picture for only TWO DOLLARS.

Do you have stomach, liver or kidney trouble? Are you bothered with headaches, backaches or constipation. Do you suffer severe pains as a result of rheumatism or neuritis? Have you tried many remedies and still not cured? You should have an X-Ray made now and learn the cause of your ailment.

You might have done all you know to regain your health, you no doubt, have taken many different remedies to get well, but the fact still remains that you are sick—there must be a cause for your trouble. Let Dr. Carter locate that cause with the X-Ray.

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Queen St. and Maple Ave

Phone 350 **Chestertown, Md.**

Office Hours:—Tuesdays and Thursdays 11 a. m. to 4 p. m.
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By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—MRS. BERTHA MEACHAN, 1134 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got so I could do all my housework and I am in good health."—MRS. MARIE K. WILLIAMS, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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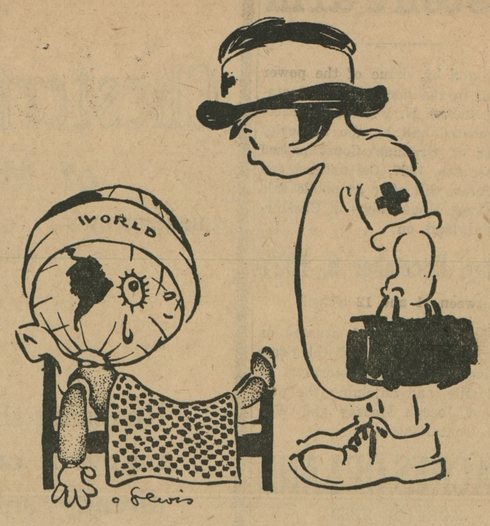

"NOW TELL MOTHER"

CHESTERTOWN DAINTIES

GILL BROS. have started to manufacture the little chocolate covered ice cream bars called "Chestertown Dainties" and it sells for 5 cents and are very good.

TRY ONE TODAY.

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PRINCESS AND FAIRY PRINCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

PAULINE had just two great interests in life. One was a love for fairy stories that amounted to an enthusiasm to the nth power and the other was the absorbing passion for wandering through old second-hand shops where she bought something now and again.

The fairy tales she no longer read, of course, being grown up and now in the so-called business world. But she never could forget about fairy tales—especially the happy endings, where the girl always was found by the fairy prince and they lived happily ever after. Pauline entertained the secret belief that she, too, would some day meet a fairy prince dressed like an ordinary young American business man.

"But I'll know him for the prince when I see him," Pauline would tell herself with shining eyes as she brushed her hair to a glossy silkiness. "And there'll be no more rushing through breakfast to get a crowded street car; no more lunching in twenty minutes in a cafeteria where a thousand persons can be seated at once, reminding one of—of cows at lunch! No, and there'll be no more rushing after 5:30 to get a seat, and—oh, bah! Instead I'll be getting up in the morning, pulling the shades up high to get the morning sun, running the vacuum around to clean up nicely and cooking delectable little suppers for two—" And Pauline would dream away a few minutes, in which she was the fairy princess pursued by the fairy prince.

But all of that was mere "maybe" dreaming. At the present time Pauline had only a room, third floor rear; a room which she furnished herself and kept tidy to the queen's taste. The various little trifles and curios which she had bought at the second-hand shops needed some sort of cabinet to guard them or at least hold them together. For this purpose Pauline had purchased a hanging wall-case of brilliant red lacquer.

Strangely enough, she had not noticed the long, slender space in the center of it—a space which really needed some tall, slender figure to fill it nicely. After the wall-case was in place she noticed this, but among all the little trifles she possessed there was nothing to fit the space.

The next day being Saturday she set out for her favorite second-hand shop, an excess of 55 cents in her purse. She would find something inexpensive to fill that space while she saved up for some fitting piece to take the central place in her cabinet. There was a tiny wedgewood jar of dull blue with dusty white figures dancing toward a sun dial. The dealer asked only 60 cents for it, which was cheap enough except that she had only fifty-five. There were little figurines, any one of which might have filled the place, but Pauline liked none of them.

"I want—oh, I don't know exactly what I want, but I'll know when I see it," she murmured, "I just want some little thing—inexpensive."

"Say, you want a figure?" asked the man shrewdly.

"I have just the thing and—and—I'll give it to you," he said excitedly. "Here—take it!"

He held up a tiny Buddha figure, which was very ugly and very heavy and—strangely enough—the exact size to fit her space.

"You not—what you call—superstitious?" he asked anxiously. "It bring bad luck. I have it three days now and," he shrugged, "not one sale. Bad-luck Buddha, they call him. A man in Minneapolis sent him to me. A man in Fargo sent it there; Seattle was before that—and bad luck, bad luck, bad luck fellow heem everywhere! I—I am not what you call superstitious, and so I told my fren', but—three days and not a sale! You take heem? I give heem to you"—he lapsed into broken English and dropped his head on his chest.

"I can't take it, but I'll pay—what? Fifty cents?"

"A quarter," said he magnanimously. "The man in Fargo was—killed. The man in Minneapolis found a bomb—just in time—take heem—a gift."

But in the end Pauline triumphantly carried home the little figure and still had 30 cents in her purse. It was very, very heavy, considering its size. The shop owner reluctantly agreed that it looked to him like solid silver, but in spite of that fact he was delighted to be rid of it. He even followed her to the door and said doubtfully that he hoped nothing ill would befall her as he liked to keep his regular customers!

Even that, however, failed to dampen Pauline's enthusiasm. She scrubbed it good with her hand-brush in the bathroom before she put it into the red lacquer case. Then cross-legged, she sat on her little beruffled day bed that turned into a regular bed at night and surveyed it. Then she shook her head in bewilderment. Why that had been said to bring bad luck was past all understanding. Mutely sat the Buddha regarding something in the air before him. A banging on her room door startled her.

"Come," she said with an ease which she did not feel.

The door burst open and a red-headed young man stood there blinking at her in the light to which his eyes were as yet unaccustomed after the dimness of the hallway. "Got that Buddha?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Right here," she said, indicating the silver figure in the case.

He ran toward it, lifted it down and then mopped his face with his handkerchief. "It's all right," he said, "it's all right!" He twisted the nose of the Buddha now and the face parted from the backhead. He sank down on the floor, did this red-headed young man, and from the interior of the silver figure dropped dozens and dozens of glittering gems.

"Just like a fairy story," murmured Pauline in amazement.

The red-headed young man smiled widely. "You've said it and—" he looked at her now with a long, long look. One might have thought him incapable of moving his eyes. "I—I've chased after this silver Buddha over two continents and now I've found it and—and you, too."

Pauline stared at him.

"You'll get twenty thousand out of this," said the amazing young man. He looked quickly at her left hand, bare. "I'll—I'll be back—you'll be here in an hour?" he begged. "We could take in a movie. Old Crader told me where you lived and I—say, I got up here in just no time. Sacred jewels these are—worth a fortune outside of their intrinsic value and—and—you'll be ready—in an hour?"

Pauline felt like the last scene in a "movie" thriller and as he rose to his feet she took the card he held out. She glanced at it only when he was at the door. On it it said:

F. PRINCE
Royal Detective Agency.

She went to the door and called softly: "What—what is your first name?"

"Fred," he called back. "Why?"

But Pauline did not tell him until a long time afterward anything about the princess and the fairy prince.

"5c? IMPOSSIBLE!"

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