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TODAY.
 Lord, for tomorrow and its needs,
 I do not pray;
 Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
 Just for today.
 Let me both diligently work,
 And duly pray;
 Let me be kind in word and deed,
 Just for today.
 Let me be slow to do my will,
 Prompt to obey;
 Help me to mortify my flesh,
 Just for today.
 Let me no wrong nor idle word
 Unthinking say;
 Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
 Just for today.
 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
 In season pray;
 Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
 Just for today.
 For tomorrow and its needs
 I do not pray;
 But guide me, guard me, keep me, Lord,
 Just for today.

ARE WE TOO COMFORTABLE?
 EDITOR CITIZEN:—I clip from an exchange an article giving the experience of an old Confederate soldier who served faithfully for four years, never shirking in presence of any duty or of any danger, and he remarked that when he surrendered at Appomattox half clad, half fed and hardly shot at all, he was fatter, stronger and felt better physically than he had ever done before or since.
 This man, with thousands of others, slept out of doors, marched in rain and snow, often all night, entering into a contest with the enemy at daylight after a forced march, without other food than a cake of corn bread, baked in the ashes it may be, and possibly a bit of bacon, eaten raw, with water for drink, and that from the first muddy stream he had access to, and in spite of this was strong, athletic, cheerful. This writer divided the ration in his company the last year of the Civil War, and it consisted of a pint of coarse corn meal and a quarter of a pound of bacon. Many a man took the bacon, fat, greasy stuff, such as few could eat now, and frying it until it was a "cracklin," poured in water, stirred in the meal, baked and ate the cake then and there, and had no more until the next day. Water from the adjoining swamp washed down the coarse morsel, and he slept soundly on the frozen ground, ill clad and often without shoes and clothing. That last, memorable winter of 1864 he weighed for the first and only time in his life 151 pounds. He has never been able, in spite of generous feeding since, to attain over 140 pounds.
 Doubtless it was the open air, the stimulus of excitement and possibly the absence of care—for the average soldier grows to an insouciance unknown to any other occupation—that gave opportunity for fattening. But in spite of all it does seem that unless one starves too much, a spare diet is best for the average man. The men who have overturned the world physically, have been as rule rather underfed than overfed. We pander to ourselves in eating and drinking not only too much, but we stimulate appetite with sweets and condiments.
 Fifty years ago statistics showed that while one grown person in every four died of consumption in the New England States, only one in 40 died of that disease in Georgia. New England was cold, inhospitable, dreary. Houses were built to keep out the cold, and this could not be done without keeping out air. In Virginia of that day, and in Georgia as well, no one ever saw anything else than a fire-place, up the wide chimney of which a steady draft of air was whirling, ventilating the rooms as they could be ventilated in another way. It was not so pleasant possibly, but were any harder men and women ever grown than were raised in the old manse, with the big fireplace?
 Really the subject has another and almost pathetic side to it. Around that fireplace at night gathered the family. It was the place of reunion, of social touch, of homely but sympathetic intercourse. There the young and old were brought together at night in a way and with an intimacy unknown in our day; and there are those still living who cannot look back to the sympathetic touch of father, mother, brother, sister, as it was shown by the fireside at night, without the eye dimming and heart swelling. It was home—home such as made the best men and women that have ever trod this Old Virginia soil, and would to God we could have that home influence again in its simple purity and blessedness.
 But possibly the columns of a newspaper are no place for such sentimentalities and I close. J. B. H.

AS BUSTER SEES IT.
 It is foolish to force children to learn a lot of things that are of no use to 'em in the future. Education begins with a desire to know. As soon as they want to know they will find out. But cram their poor little heads full of stuff, and their brains get overloaded and sink—like an overloaded barge. Then send them to college so they can play football, haze each other, smoke gassy little pipes, wear cute little caps on the back of the head and learn to yell—and when they get out of college they can go to work for the boys who couldn't spare the time to go to college.
 That kid can't have a nice time because he won't allow himself to. Mrs. Wilcox wrote about "a man who never found content, for he took his disposition with him everywhere he went."
 Gentle reader, this world is just what you make it. The birds sing; the flowers bloom, and happiness is all about—but if you are too selfish or mean they are not for you. Kicking and complaining only make matters worse. Go find one who is worse off than you are and make him happy. You don't know how much happier it will make you. That's right! Come, cheer up, boys—it's a sin to be cross.
 You can easily see that with all this fuss there was nothing so very important. There never is. If you just look back one year you'll see that what seemed important to you then is forgotten. Don't worry; it only puts wrinkles in your face and brain. Be happy—life is short, and happiness is the only important thing, except character, and they are twins. Don't take yourself and other things so seriously. Be happy; it's easy. Just make some one else happy and you'll be happy. It's all right. It works. —Buster Brown.

ANATOMY FOR BEGINNERS.
 The brain is the headquarters for the nervous system and contains the central offices of the Anatomical Telephone Company.
 When the suburban nerve-centre says, "Hello, Central," the brain either replies, "What number?" or busy, or out of order as the case may be. Sometimes the wires are crossed and the company fails to declare any dividends, thus placing the entire brain in the hands of a receiver.
 From the brain issues the spine, which is sometimes useful in matrimony, although rarely strong enough in man for practical purposes, and constantly growing weaker the longer he is married.
 On top of the head the hair grows, or is supposed to. In some cases, however, it falls for grow despite the most painstaking efforts.
 In ladies there are two kinds of hair: viz., imported and domestic; in gentlemen also two kinds, namely, permanent and transient. The permanent is seen in wild men; the transient in civilized men when young.
 At one time all the hairs were carefully numbered, but the practice has been discontinued owing to the great pressure of other matters.—Thomas L. Masson in December Lippincott's.

KINGS' INCOMES.
 The King of England has only about two and a quarter million dollars annual income. He manages to get along on this, though until very lately he was in debt. His household expenses, charities, etc., take about three-fourths of this little stipend. The Emperor of Germany manages to live on only four millions a year, while the Emperor of Austria has to be content with about three millions.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.
 Invention and experience have combined to make ocean travel almost as safe as sitting at home by one's fireside. But the mountains continue to exact their annual toll of death from adventurous climbers. At stupendous cost of labor and money, railroads have tunneled and twisted their way to the summit of many great mountains in the Alps, and it is no longer the mere desire to behold the view that attracts the mountaineer. Rather it is the same desire to conquer that manifests itself in the steady stream of claimants for polar discoveries. To placid Sancho Panza, who prefer the coverings of flannel to the habiliments of glory, such emotions

as those which lead a man to go through danger, hardship and suffering, only to achieve an end of no commercial value, seem incomprehensible, but mankind is better for the existence of just this sort of spirit, and the sixty deaths which have been paid as toll to the love of conquest are not altogether in vain.
 The Evening Mail, of New York, says that of the disasters so far recorded eighteen lives have been lost at Zermatt, nine in the Wetterhorn-Jungfrau chain, six on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, four at St. Gervais, in France; four near Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland; one at Chamounix. One American has been killed at the Wetterhorn, another on Mont Blanc. Most of the casualties, however, have been to Swiss, Austrians and Bavarians—to whom mountain climbing should be familiar. The average annual death list of about sixty is likely to be exceeded this year.
 Mountain climbing is a sport essayed by few. It is expensive to begin with. The charge, guides and all, for an ascent of the Wetterhorn is \$60; the charge for an ascent of Mont Blanc is \$20 for each guide, and \$10 for the porter. Then it is a diversionary caviar to the general. The exertion is extreme, the risk not small.
 The reward for scaling a difficult peak is seldom commensurate with the effort. One is not compensated even with what people call "the view." A mountain view ceases to be landscape, ceases to be "scenery." Its prospects are maplike.
 But those that do succeed know they have gained an end worth all its cost. In their splendid play of muscle and the indescribable exhilaration of high altitudes under the excitement of the continual combat with the forces of nature, they experience sensations and have as many of them testify, come nearer to the sense of real living than may be gathered from a thousand years of petty routine in the snug complacency of boulevards, cafes, obsequious waiters and the daily paper.

BIRDS AND BUGS.
 The birds are here to eat the bugs, and the bugs are here to feed the birds, and this is about as far as most people get in their study of these two important factors in the growth and development of plant life. These bugs, which is a generic term including all the vast and multiplied army of insect life, have a mission when one studies their habits and work which goes far beyond the commonplace one of furnishing food for the birds. For one thing, they are absolutely indispensable in nature's plan of fertilization of the bloom of all plants. Others, seemingly useless, live to furnish food for those that are useful; some are sextons and scavengers to rid the earth of dead and decaying vegetable and animal life; many serve to limit nature's tremendous tendency to overproduction of grain and fruit; others store food for man, as in the case of the honeybee, while none but has an important mission in the world's economy. Now, the same tendency of overproduction is just as manifest in the case of the insects as in the case of the bloom and the fruit on a tree or seed formation of any sort, and right here is where the relation of the bird to the bug becomes of the greatest importance to the farmer and fruit grower. The birds are the natural enemies of the bugs and by making a continuous war upon them for food tend in the most marked and effective manner to limit the propagation of these numerous forms of insect life, and so it is now easy to see that when man makes war on the birds he is disarranging the machinery of nature as much as he would if there are too few birds there will be too many insects and they become like the plagues in Egypt; if too few insects the number of birds decreases for lack of food, and the good work done by the bugs is thus secured. The laws of the states, most of them, wisely protect nearly all of our birds, the only exemptions in most states being the crow, the sparrow and the blue jay, to which we think should be added the butcher bird, which is an all-round brigand and pirate, and a menace to other bird life. If your small boy feels that he must go out and kill something about as soon as he can toddle, which, because of an inherited barbarian instinct, he is almost sure to do, set him to work on the sparrows, which are becoming a national pest, and teach him to respect and spare all of our insectivorous and song birds as the best friends which the American farmer has. This bird question is of so much importance in an economic way that it should be taught in every home and in all our schools as one of the ten commandments of our American civilization.
 Insects are injuring the crops in this country yearly, and that noxious weeds double the expense to the farmer. It is only by means of birds that these insects and weeds can be destroyed; but the birds of the country are being killed faster than they can breed? These are the facts that the country is facing just now. They are extremely important facts. Because of this it seems urgent that a comprehensive bird survey of the country be made, to determine how many birds of each species exist, what species is in danger of becoming extinct, and what means may be employed to protect and preserve all birds.
 How many birds are there in the United States? No one knows. Yet, two young men who made a bird survey of Illinois, it is estimated that there must be 1,414,000,000 in all. These birds must care for the 842,000,000 acres of farm lands in this country and supply a progeny that can care for that same acreage and for the other farm lands that are being added at the rate of thousands or acres every year.
 With the general exception of the English sparrow, the rice bird, and one or two members of the hawk family, a tireless biologist has proved all birds invaluable aids to the farmer. He has even removed the age-long stigma from the jay, the blackbird, cuckoo, grosbeak, and thrush. In the case of the red wing blackbird he has showed that 87 per cent of the food eaten was the seed of noxious weeds that were injurious to crops, while 13 per cent was divided between noxious insects and farm grain. The bob-o'-link, that merry

HORRID MRS. BROWN.
 Of all the women in this town, I most dislike that Mrs. Brown. I don't think I can tell you why; Some things analysis defy. I know that I returned her call, But I dislike her; that is all.
 I know she has a pleasant way, At least, that's what some people say. Her children aren't neglected, No, I must admit that that is so. Her conduct is most circumspect, Her principles are quite correct.
 She is not stupid. She has wit, But I don't like her—not a bit! I've had a feeling all along That somehow there was something wrong. Her dress? The dullest man could tell She has the art of dressing well.
 I frankly own her gowns outshine Completely anything of mine. That last one is the sweetest sheath; It fairly makes me gnash my teeth. I've longed and longed for such a gown, Oh, I detest that Mrs. Brown!
 —Chicago News.

HURRAH FOR CORNSTALK.
 (Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.)
 Cornstalks, the humble, despised fodderless cornstalk, is raised from the rice field and does \$2,000,000 worth of damage every year. Then hunters kill and ship them North again. Still, it is hardly fair to kill all other members of the bird family because this one fellow has turned renegade.
 The Department of Agriculture, recognizing the war that is being made in Congress by the Southern Democrats against the high duty on wood pulp, of which newspaper is made, has come to the front with the discovery that cornstalks will make fine paper at low cost, and that there is no use in reducing the tariff on wood pulp.
 The cornstalk! In 1905 the Census Bureau puts the wood pulp business at \$188,700,000 for the year, and to supply the goods for those millions is the manifest destiny for the cornstalk. Already in the Forestry Bureau there are many samples of beautifully colored paper, all finding their origin in the cornstalks, and cornstalks at that from the brown fields of Virginia.
 While we cannot go so far as to advise no repeal of the duty on wood pulp, we have no hesitancy in booming the cornstalk. The cornstalk is a noble animal in fact, the first impetuous steed that the country boy mounts is this same restless cornstalk. As a musical instrument the corn stalk has no rival. Antonio Stradivari made no fiddles like it, and when Apollo, delighted, seized the gift of —, he found no subtle sounds in thread and shell like those that tremble in the air when the cornstalk is musically inclined.
 The cornstalk is a generous provider. It asks little and gives much, and after these years of slight and disregard there will be none to regret that it comes into its own, with a recognition that saves forests, protects tariffs, and scatters learning over a smiling land. Great is cornstalk.

SOME DON'TS FOR MEN.
 Don't forget to spend fifteen minutes every day in trying to improve your manners and speech in the home.
 Don't use alcoholic drinks, for they injure you mentally, morally and physically.
 Don't forget that you were a child once.
 Don't be stubborn. If you cannot have your own way, try another's.
 Don't forget that others have the same right to their opinion that you have to yours.
 Don't be lazy. There's enough work in the world for every one to do.
 Don't forget that it is an honor to work.
 Don't be conceited.
 Don't think that every girl is dead in love with you.
 Don't forget that women have ambition.
 Don't forget that 10 cents per day for tobacco means \$36.50 for one year.
 Don't cheat your bank account out of \$365 every ten years by spending it in tobacco.
 Don't think that the women of the household are trying to "do" you.
 Don't lose sight of the fact that mother, wife and sister are the dearest friends you have.
 Don't think that every girl is just dying to get acquainted with you.
 Don't spend one-half your time at home finding fault with some one else.
 Don't chew gum in public. Leave that for foolish girls to do.
 Don't be a big coward.
 Don't smoke cigarettes.
 Don't smoke anybody what "the big head" means.
 Don't fail to remain at home with your wife after supper occasionally.
 Don't try to put on airs. You can't do it becomingly.
 Don't treat the other fellow's sister as you would not have yours treated.
 Don't shift these suggestions onto the other fellow if they fit you.

AFRAID OF RICHES.
 A singular bit of news comes from Chicago to the effect that some children, heirs to a fortune are afraid to accept it, basing their hesitancy on the ground that the possession of a huge fortune would require a higher standard of living and would break up the happiness of their present daily life, which is maintained on simple but sufficient lines.
 In contrast with the spirit of the age, says an exchange, when the struggle to pile up a fortune engages the utmost energies of millions of people, this view of the connection between happiness and wealth is refreshing to say the least. It proves at all events that wealth is not a sine qua non of happiness. Enough is as good as a feast, and there would be far greater contentment in the world if a more reasonable conception of what really constitutes enough were entertained.

OUR STAND PAT.
 Stick to the thing you know.
 Don't forget the toll, the thought, the planning you have invested in the business you have mastered.
 Don't lose sight of the safety—the certainty—that the work in hand affords you.
 Don't let rosy visions of opportunities afar blind your eyes to sure opportunities close at hand.
 Don't forsake the duties of to-day, for difficulties that may swamp you.
 Stick to the thing you know.—System.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
 Nothing grows faster than a trouble that is nursed.
 Boring for water at Suffolk has resulted in striking at only 350 feet an immense supply of water, the flow being 7,000 gallons per hour, enough to supply the entire town.
 Wild horses are so abundant in Nevada that the question is a serious one what to do with them. They are overrunning the country, and men are authorized to shoot them.
 A man just released, after 26 years in prison, began to run when he saw an automobile, and was astounding at a skyscraper building. He is likely to have the time of his life before the year is over.—News Leader.
 Napoleon Bonaparte is credited with having said that nearly every letter left unanswered by its recipient would in time answer itself. There is both wisdom and wit in this saying. There are indeed many letters which are their own answers.
 "Once in a while it comes with a great shock to a girl to find out that a man never notices the difference between a 49 cent shirt-waist and one that cost \$27.85," says the Indianapolis News. But he becomes wise soon after being married and the bills come in.—Danville Register.
 While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin brother," sleep.
 "Jack Eagle, Homeless, Va.," is inscribed upon the register at Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, but the latter portion of the name is not written out as it is spelled above. The word "Jack" is written in a bold, legible hand, and following this is a picture of an eagle, drawn in a manner which would do credit to the most accomplished artist. Mr. Eagle signs his name this way everywhere and all the time, and it takes him but a few seconds to do it. This is the way he signs and endorses his checks, but he says they count for as much as if he wrote the word out in letters. Mr. Eagle is a business man.

PETTING A HORSE.
 "Not many people know how to pet a horse, from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children who go by will stop for a minute, say 'nice horse' and give him an affectionate pat or two.
 "The trouble is they don't pat him in the right place. If you want to make a horse think he is going straight to heaven hitched to a New York cab or delivery wagon, rub his eyelids. Next to that form of endearment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses and learned when a boy their peculiar ways.—New York Globe.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION CALENDAR FOR 1909.
 "In Grandmother's Garden" is the title of the beautiful picture painted by Charles C. Curran for the Youth's Companion panel Calendar for 1909. It is printed on the finest finished stock, by the most recent methods of lithography. All the strength and beauty of the original painting are faithfully shown by employing thirteen separate colors. This is the largest Calendar that The Companion has ever issued, the picture alone measuring 8 inches in width and 24 inches in length. Below the picture are arranged the twelve months. Great care has been taken to make the date figures legible, and to insure a practical and useful, as well as an artistic, Calendar. The Calendar is given to all those who pay their subscriptions to The Companion for 1909.

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 When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.
 Back of the blood is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take
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