

WHOLE NUMBER 1896.

NEW COUNTY ENGINEER

NELSON LIKELY CANDIDATE
FOR PLACE

Took No Action, and Will Meet Monday Next To Fill Vacancy—Term Is Five Years.
 Owing to the vacancy in the office of County Engineer caused by the resignation of Estell D. Rightmire, a special meeting of the Board of chosen Freeholders will be held Monday next in Atlantic City to choose his successor. The term is five years and salary \$5,000. Mr. A. H. Nelson, who lost out last year,

Based on the hope that the Board of Pardoners would soon pardon Rightmire, an attempt was made to hold off the appointment, but this met with opposition. "We

"interfered in this matter," said Freeholder Ira T. Smith, of this place. "We have a public duty to perform and the need of a county engineer is so urgent, with several large road contracts under way, that the appointment of an engineer is imperative."

Solicitor E. A. Higbee gave no opinion that the appointment must be for a full term and that the board cannot appoint from month to month or for a year only. Rightshire has served only part of a year of his term and his term would not have expired until January 1, 1915. The new engineer will have to wait.

Miller Gets Oyster Creek Road.
Three bids were received by the Board of Freeholders Wednesday for the construction of the Oyster Creek Road. The Miller Construction Company, of Philadelphia secured the award on the low bid of \$19,407.60. John Kahle submitted an estimate of \$22,400.80, and the third bid submitted by Thomas McGovern estimated the cost at \$23,191. Work will be commenced as soon as possible.

then completed will afford an opportunity for the oystermen in Great Bay to get their products to market with little trouble.

PARCEL POST CHANGES

ity 1. Following are the changes effective for the 1970-71 season:

Twenty pounds instead of twenty pounds becomes the maximum weight limit for parcels in the first and second zones, which includes a plus of up to 150 miles.

Twenty pounds instead of eleven pounds becomes the maximum weight limit for parcels in all zones beyond the second.

Books are to be admitted for transmission by first post.

Rates in the following zones are reduced:

First (1-500 miles); fourth (300-400 miles); fifth (500-1,000 miles); sixth (1,000-1,400 miles); and seventh (1,400-1,800 miles).

Changes in rates result thus:

For the first zone are reduced from 7 cents for the first pound and 6 cents for each additional pound to 6 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound.

For the fourth zone are reduced from 7 cents for the first pound and 6 cents for each additional pound to 7 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound.

For the fifth zone are reduced from 7 cents for the first pound and 6 cents for each additional pound to 7 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound.

litional pound to 8 cents for the first pound
8 cents for each additional pound.
ates for the sixth zone are reduced from
cents for the first pound and 8 cents for each
litional pound to 9 cents for the first pound
8 cents for each additional pound.
is provided by the Postmaster-General,
the consent of the commission, "that the

...eight ounces or less shall be one cent
...two ounces or fractional part thereof,
...that on those weighing in excess of eight
...the zone parcel post rates shall apply."
...is to be effective March 16, 1914.

John, well known character, died awaiting sentence for assault on a seven-year-old boy. Death was due to tuberculosis, induced by alcoholism. His body was sent to a brother in Philadelphia for interment. Dehan had been falling for some

strong drink had weakened his frame there was nothing but a shell left. A verdict of guilty was found against him last week. Judge Cole refrained from pronouncing sentence in hopes of interesting the girl's brother to take him home and care for him.

Paperhanging.
 One of samples are on display. Call
 same, or send postal, Hermann Mueller,
 S. May's Landing.—Adv.

Electric Railroad Schedule.
Court House Platform
Atlantic City—6.23, 8.23, 10.15 a. m., 12.23,
2.15, 4.23, 6.15, p. m., 12.23 a. m.
Philadelphia—7.22, 8.14, 9.24, 11.32 a. m.,
1.22, 5.14, 7.22, 9.22, 11.32 p. m.
The same as weekdays except the 11.32 a. m.

Atlantic City — 6.21, 8.21 a. m., 12.21, 4.49, 6.49 p. m.
Main Station
Philadelphia — 8.18 a. m., 1.18, 6.18 p. m.
on same as weekdays except first train
at 6.41.

Post-Office Hours.
 Mail closes at the post-office as follows:
 8.00 a. m., 1.00 and 5.00 p. m. South-
 side, 12.10 and 6.10 p. m.
 Mail collected from the mail box at the
 House Station at 8.00 a. m. and 5.00 p. m.

	High		Low	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
day.....	7.34	7.23	5.50	1.56
ny.....	7.01	8.02	1.37	2.08
ny.....	8.45	9.06	2.28	3.01
ny.....	9.30	9.43	2.55	3.52

day	10.50	11.51	4.22	8.10
day	11.50	5.51	6.02
day	6.31	7.54
day	1.30	1.40	7.47	8.17
day	2.28	2.26	8.25	9.10
day	3.24	3.32	9.53	10.50
day	4.20	4.45	10.39	10.80
day	5.12	5.31	11.49	11.40
day	6.01	6.22

.....	7.43	8.42	1.08	2.12
.....	8.73	9.03	1.47	2.05
.....	0.06	9.47	2.30	2.40
.....	9.54	10.20	8.60	4.30

THE WEATHER.
 for Pennsylvania, Delaware and
 Maryland.

West winds, Sunday fair.

Capital of Atlantic County

Special Inducements to Manufacturers

Hourly Electric Train Service

THE TOWN OF NATURAL OPPORTUNITIES

The Place To Spend
Your Summer Vacation

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

Sites for Bungalows
For Lease or Sale

Founded at the head of tide-water on the banks of the Great Egg Harbor River, May's Landing has enjoyed from the first the reputation of being the most beautiful, most healthful place of residence in this section of New Jersey. Its magnificent oak trees have become famous, and beautiful Lake Lenape is scarcely less well-known. Inducements to manufacturers are exceptionally good. For the truck farmer and poultry raiser it is an ideal location, and the mecca of those seeking Summer homes at a reasonable cost.

Splendid boulevards for automobiles lead to May's Landing from every point, including the direct road from Philadelphia by way of Downtown and the Egg Harbor City boulevard, leading from the White Horse Pike. The Great Egg Harbor River boasts of an active Yacht Club open for membership. This picturesque waterway affords good boating, bathing and fishing, and is a popular highway with yachtsmen to Atlantic City, Ocean City and other seashore resorts.

Municipal conveniences include cold, sparkling water, 99 percent pure from an artesian well, supplied through a new public water works system, first-class fire protection with consequent low insurance rates, low rates of taxation, electric lighting, prosperous churches, good public schools, etc. If you never visited May's Landing, it is time to do so. If you are looking for a Summer place of residence, this is the ideal place for you. "The Town of Natural Opportunities" is Your Opportunity.

Twenty minutes from Atlantic City, the
Greatest Seashore Resort in the World.
Only one hour from Philadelphia.

For Further Information Apply to

May's Landing Board of Trade.

A BANDIT-
ARTIST

By EDWIN V. KIMBALL

One night Giovanni di Falco, one of those bandits who have from time to time figured in Italian history, remarkable for their gentlemanly manners and courteous treatment of their victims, made bold to enter the city of Florence with a view to trying his hand at burglary. Having gained access to a palazzo, or palace, a name given to any fine house, and finding himself in an apartment which on account of the darkness he could see little or nothing of, he struck a match and lighted the gas.

The furniture was handsome, giving the room an air of comfort and refinement. There were mirrors, curtains, divans and other articles, all of costly material. But Giovanni especially admired the paintings and statuary. He had descended from a line of artists, and the artistic instinct was very strong in him. Having admired the pictures on the walls and the statues on their pedestals, his notice fell upon a portrait of a young and beautiful lady resting on an easel. It was not framed and was evidently not finished. That it was in process of production was evident from the fact that a box of paints and brushes and a palette were on a table beside it, while a maul stick rested against the easel.

Giovanni stood for some time looking at the portrait. The face was one of perfect innocence, while a smile was spread over it, being most exquisite on the lips between a pair of dimples. Whether it was the contrast between this purity and the bandit's own wickedness no one, of course, knows, but the picture appealed to him so strongly that he forgot everything else.

In Rome one can't tell when he will pick up a relic of the days of the imperial Caesars nor in Florence when he will hit on an artist. Giovanni sat down before the easel, took up brush, palette and maulstick and began to work on the picture, little more than the drawing of which had been made. The night wore on, and still he painted, while under his brush that which was merely a drawing became a painting in oils. Suddenly, hearing the rustle of silk behind him, he looked around. There stood the original of the picture. All other considerations, in her or in him were lost in it. She did not seem to care who he was or how he came there.

"You are doing splendidly," she said, "but in filling in the drawing you have slightly changed certain features."

"That, signorina, is because I have not had my model before me. If you will pose before me I think I can make the features you mention more like the original."

Passing to the other side of the easel, she assumed the position of the picture. She was dressed almost exactly as in the portrait, which was to be accounted for from the fact that she had been out to a ball and had happened to wear the costume in which she had been drawn. This made the work much easier for Giovanni, though his attention was principally bestowed upon the face.

Time flew for both of these persons, the one absorbed in being reproduced on canvas, the other as producer. Prince Poehnd, the owner of the palazzo and the father of the young lady, being an early riser, when the daylight was well on came from his bedroom and opened the door of the chamber where the two were. It happened that he faced the artist, though Giovanni was too much absorbed in his work to notice him.

The prince recognized the leader of a gang who not long before had captured him while traveling between Florence and Siena and held him till he had been paid 50,000 francs ransom. With his daughter was doing in this singular position the prince, though surprised, did not stop to consider. Feeling that

he was unobserved, he closed the door softly, went downstairs and at once sent out for the police. When they arrived they entered the apartment where the portrait was being painted by the two different doors leading into it, one party led by the prince. Artist and model both awoke as from a dream.

"Father," said the girl, "what means this interruption?"

"My child, what means this portrait painting at such an hour?"

"This gentleman is painting my portrait as it should be painted. See what he has done."

"Do you know who this gentleman is?"

"No, nor do I care."

"He is the bandit who recently saw you word that if you didn't send him 50,000 francs he would send you no more."

"That may be," said the girl after a slight shock, "but he has earned the money. No other artist could have produced such a work as this."

Giovanni sat covered by the musket of the police during this interview. The prince looked at the portrait and was evidently much impressed with it.

"Why do you not do such work as this instead of robbing people?" he said to the bandit artist.

"I tried and failed. The critics—"

"You mean the robbers of reputations. You are a wonder. Become a respectable citizen and you may become a famous artist."

And that was the result of the affair. The prince interceded with the government for the man and secured a pardon.

LIFE'S CROSSES.

The heaviest cross is light if borne in meekness and trust; the lightest crosses crushes one if the heart is heavy and sore with pride. Sufferance must come—it is the course of nature—but they do not necessarily cause misery.—Mozzomdar.

and her Critic.

A friend of Sir Edward Landseer, who is mentioned again to Kensington museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by Sir Edward, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo." "I must have been mad," said he, "when I painted that." And, walking up to the picture, he placed his hand over the portrait which had attracted his eye. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution, "Now, then, take your hands off there." "My good man," said Sir Edward, "I was much remarking how bad that was." "Then why don't you go and do better?" said the policeman, who had no idea to whom he was speaking.

How Daniel Webster Proposed.

In former times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady, when he asked her to become his wife, but the way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern and poetic. Like many another lover, he was once holding a skein of yarn which the lady had been unraveling. "Gracious," said he, "we have been unravelling knots; let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fastened the half of a true lover's knot and Miss Fletcher completed it.

His Fate.

The race of consequential vergers is not yet extinct. Dean Elgar has a story about one of them who, when a bishop asked him at what point he was to make his appearance, replied: "First I take the choir people to their places, and then, after they are seated, I return for you, my lord, and conduct you to the altar."—London Telegraph.

Paradoxical.

"The critics gave me a raw deal." "How? Did they roast you?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Military Substitutes.

Wealthy Belzhine paid a little over \$300 to substitutes in order to avoid military service.

"LITTLE FORTY-TWO"

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

Well, now, but weren't we surprised! You see, we had encountered such a run of hard luck up at Point Despair that one morning we packed up, bag and baggage, to the last man, and set off down the trail in search of something better. I well remember—it was a hot July day, and there were exactly forty-one of us.

Seven miles down the trail we came to what was then called Uncle Joe's road, and right at the intersection was where the surprise hit us. An immigrant family had strayed from the main party for some reason which we never ascertained, and right at the crossing they had been attacked by Indians. The wagon broke down there, and there the pioneer made his defense and fired his last shot. That he was game we needed no other proof than that visible to our eyes.

The family had consisted of five persons, and there they lay, hacked, cut, shot, and a shocking spectacle under that bright sun and birds singing around us. It was a horrible heap which we surrounded, and for a minute no one spoke. Then the astonishment and horror of the men brought forth deep and angry exclamations, and amid the rumpus Uncle Ben Turner suddenly called out:

"Stand back—stand back! Here's a five young'un."

There was for a fact. Half hidden under the torn and blood-stained garments of his dead mother was a boy about two years old. What could we do with him?

We had no kises, no pet words, no dainties nor little clothes. We looked from the baby to each other and scratched our heads, and no man knew what another man thought until finally Uncle Ben called out:

"Boys, it's a token of good luck. If this here what I've call it don't bring us a rich find then we've all forgot our homes and wives and children."

That's what we were all waiting for. Up went our hats, cheers made the rocks echo, and the little toddler was one of us, one of forty-two.

When we were ready to go he stood in the crowd, screaming out as we passed him in turn, but when old Ben finally advanced the young cub held up his arms and reached against his shoulder as if he had found his own true father. I believe the rest of us were a bit lecherous, but we were also helpful. Ben had a kind fatherly face, a quiet voice and the boy had only to look into his eyes to trust him.

As to the luck the old man was right. Four miles further down the trail the boy pointed to some flowers growing off to the right, and right there we hunted and found what was known for years as Lost Boy Digging. It was the richest spot for fifty miles around, and all on account of "Little Forty-two," as we called the youngster.

As to the boy himself, he took to old Ben in such a way that they could not be separated.

If Ben wanted a kise he got a dozen, and all the gold in California wouldn't have bribed the boy off his knee. At night his arm was the child's pillow, and the slightest move of the youngster brought the old man's eyes open. You might have expected that "Little Forty-two" would die on our hands, being as we did, but he never had a moment's sickness. Old Ben had a way of preparing nourishing dishes out of our coarse provisions, and from the clothing found with the wagon he was kept comfortably clad. Old Ben was no dressmaker, and the boy would have looked queerly dressed in the States, but as long as he was comfortable we didn't care for looks.

"Little Forty-two" had been with us thirteen months and was to our figuring a little over three years old when one of the men who had made their stakes announced their intention of

going home. Then the question arose, "Whose boy is our boy?" It was a stunner. Each man felt that he owned a share in the little chap, and each man would have been glad to take him home. We argued and discussed with out avail, and old Uncle Ben sat there saying never a word, but his face was as white as chalk. "Little Forty-two" belonged to the old man in every sense, but I believe there would have been some trouble if fate hadn't come stalking up the rocky trail and halted at our diggings.

This was the way of it: Some were packing up and some using the pick and bar, and down near the creek powder was being used to blast the ledge. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and a blast had been prepared and the fuse lighted when from our retreat full ten rods away, we suddenly saw "Little Forty-two" turn the thicket and run straight for the blast. He was laughing and shouting and screaming, and the boy halted within ten feet of the blast and waved his cap at us. Next instant he was hid in the dust and smoke, and when we reached him some of the men sat down and covered their faces. He was dead.

Well, that wasn't the end of it. That afternoon after old Ben had made the poor little body ready for burial and moaned over it and while we were digging a grave, the old man went down to the blast, passed the muzzle of a revolver to his heart and was dead before the report reached us. He had lost his boy and found him again.

WILL POWER.

Nothing is impossible to the man who can wait. "Is that necessary?" "That shall be!" This is the only law of success.—Mirabeau.

Broke Up His Speech.

Judge Norton was solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also egotistical and sensitive to ridicule. Judge Nelson was a wit and careless of decorum. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper Judge Norton in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, described with tragic manner a thunderstorm which once overtook him in riding the circuit. The speech was awful, "and," said the Judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Then," interrupted Nelson, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Cook Accident.

When M. Henri, a quaint and shabby member of the Breconshire and, died in Paris some time ago the closest search for treasure revealed nothing more valuable than two shelves of dingy looking books, which were sold, with his few sticks of furniture, to pay his funeral expenses. When the buyer of the books examined his purchase he discovered, to his amazement, two volumes of rare value—absolutely unique in the whole history of books—every page in each of them consisting of a five pound sterling note of the Bank of England. In all there were \$20 pages in the two books, a neat net—\$20,000.—Exchange.

First Aid to the Teacher.

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" he was asked on his return home. "Didn't learn nothing." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do nothing. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cut,' and I told her."—Exchange.

Too Much Sleep.

Big. They say that too much sleep is harmful. Do you believe it? Dix. That depends. Ten hours' sleep may hurt a man in bed, but ten seconds would be ruinous in the prize ring.—Boston Transcript.

Freeholders Committees.

Finney—W. H. Black, Fred. Willets, F. Frayle Doughty, W. E. Shuckelord, John Ditch, Samuel Winterbottom, Robert Fitzgerald.

Asylum—A. B. Smith, John Worthington, G. B. Jeffers, A. T. Field, J. K. Johnson, John Ashmard, Charles Hart.

Roads—G. B. Jeffers, C. M. Kessler, Anderson Bourgeois, Frank Barsaglia, Elva T. Field, C. W. Clement.

Bridges—John Ashmard, Charles Hart, J. K. Johnson, Ira T. B. Smith, James Clark, John Haiselmann, Alfred B. Smith.

Public Buildings—Samuel Winterbottom, John Carver, Harry Fulmer, Ira T. B. Smith, W. S. Van Sant.

Fortification Recognizances—John Carver, Robert Hart, John Worthington, C. W. Clement, Harry Fulmer.

Ordinances—Anderson Bourgeois, W. E. Shuckelord, John Carver, Frank Barsaglia, Edward Harris.

Soldiers' Burial—J. K. Johnson, Charles Hart, James Clark, W. S. Van Sant, C. M. Kessler.

Discharge of Prisoners—W. H. Black, John Ditch, A. T. Field, Samuel Winterbottom, Edward Harris.

Planting—F. Frayle Doughty, G. B. Jeffers, John Carver, Harry Fulmer, Robert Fitzgerald, Liberty—Anderson Bourgeois, James Clark, W. S. Van Sant, Robert Hart, Ira T. B. Smith.

Local Points of Interest.

Cotton mill of the May's Landing Water Power Co., on Lake Lenape, Charles Keers, Superintendent. Manufactures cotton toweling, etc. Employs 250 hands.

Plant of the Atlantic Brick Manufacturing Co., on a half mile on the Pleasantville boulevard. Fine pressed brick. Employs about one hundred hands.

Cranberry bog of MacKeepey & Co., more than one thousand acres in extent. On the Egg Harbor City boulevard, about one mile from May's Landing, Charles D. MacKeepey, Supt. May's Landing Out Glass Co., Joseph Thorpe, Supt. Fine cut glass in process of manufacture.

County Jail and Offices of the Surrogate and County Clerk, Court House, Daniel F. Vaughn, Custodian.

Lake Lenape, artificial, and Lenape Falls. Promoted for beauty and a favorite fishing ground for picker and picker. Boating and bathing.

Great Egg Harbor River, flowing Southward eighteen miles to the Great Egg Harbor Bay, once sailed by large ships, the ruins of old shipyards still evident along shores. Picturesque and a favorite stream for motor-boats. Good fishing and bathing.

Public water supply station. Water 99 percent pure from artesian wells more than two hundred feet deep. Standpipe one hundred and twenty feet high, with fifty-five joint pressure. Cost \$30,000.

Industrial Park and public fountain, adjoining Court grounds on Main Street.

High School, Farrington Avenue, H. G. Huber, Principal.

First National Bank, Main Street, M. R. Morse, Cashier. Deposits \$120,000. President, Charles D. MacKeepey.

Library Hall, Second Street. Headquarters Religious Home Company and Gen. Joe Hooker Post, G. A. R.

Court and County Officers.

Supreme Court Justice—Hon. Samuel Kallish.

Law Judge—Hon. Clarence L. Cole.

County Clerk—Edwin A. Parker.

Sherriff—Robert H. Ingersoll.

Deputy Sherriff—Joseph R. Bartlett.

County Collector—Emmett L. Johnson.

County Auditor—Abraham H. Higley.

Prosecutor of the Peace—Charles S. Moore.

Surrogate—Emmanuel C. Shauer.

Deputy Surrogate—George T. Yetter.

County Physician—Lewis R. Souder.

Superintendent County Asylum for Insane—Thomas L. McConnell.

Steward of the Almshouse—Thomas L. McConnell.

County Superintendent of Schools—Henry M. Cressman.

County Engineer—Estel D. Rightmire.

County Supervisor of Roads—Lapier Price.

Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings—Daniel F. Vaughn.

Superintendent of Weights and Measures—Edward W. Strickland.

Comer—Myrtle Frank, Egg Harbor City.

Thomas D. Tugart, Atlantic City; Halvor Harley, Pleasantville.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

E. J. CROSBY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Crosby for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Meals At All Hours

First Class Cuisine

American or European Plan All Modern Conveniences

Special Accommodations For Autoists

American Hotel

ROBERT BASTIAN, Prop.

May's Landing, N. J.

REAL ESTATE.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Insurance in Standard Companies.

Approved and Unimproved Farms from 5 to 50 acres.
Money to Loan on Mortgage.
Selling and buying in all its branches.
Commissioner of Deeds for New Jersey.

Julius Kraus,

P. O. Box No. 157,
Bell Phone No. 1. May's Landing, N. J.

WAGON BUILDER.

Wagon Building and Repairing

Spring Wagons, Carriages and Express Wagons On Hand at Lowest Prices.
First Class Repairing Guaranteed.

Joseph E. Mattison,

Wagon Builder, Estelville, N. J.

LEGAL.

AN ORDINANCE.

An Ordinance to prohibit the riding of bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles on the sidewalks within Hamilton Township and to regulate the use of the same on the streets and avenues of the said Township.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Township Committee of the Township of Hamilton, that no person or persons over the age of five years shall ride any bicycle, tricycle or similar vehicle on any of the streets, avenues or public places of Hamilton Township, unless said bicycle, tricycle or similar vehicle shall have attached thereto a lighted lamp of such illuminating power as to be plainly seen one hundred yards ahead.

Section 2. And be it ordained, that any person or persons who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof before a Magistrate or other proper officer, be subject for each and every offense, to a fine not exceeding Five Dollars.

Passed at a regular meeting of the Township Committee of Hamilton Township, July 11, 1913.

HARRISON WILSON, Chairman.
THOMAS G. HOOVER, Clerk.
P. A. fee, \$2.00.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Emory Carpenter, deceased. Pursuant to the order of Emmanuel C. Shauer, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, this day made on the application of the undersigned, Executor of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to submit to the said Surrogate and report for settlement to the Orphans' Court of Atlantic County, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of January, next.

HOWARD J. KIPPLE,
Executor,
Atlantic City, N. J.,
December 12, 1913.
EDMUND C. GASKILL, Jr., Proctor,
Atlantic City, N. J.,
P. A. fee, \$14.00.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, as Administrator c. t. a. of Charles E. Carter, deceased, will be audited and settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of Atlantic County, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of January, next.

ALBERT C. ABBOTT,
Administrator c. t. a.,
May's Landing, N. J.,
J. J. CRANDALL, Proctor,
Atlantic City, N. J.,
P. A. fee, \$6.00.

BAKERIES.

ON EVERY TABLE
Shrewd housewives know they get full weight in our bread. It has that delicious house-made taste that denotes quality. Only the best ingredients are used. It is absolutely the purest food. You will want the snow-white loaves too if once you try them. Make the trial today. Prompt delivery assured.

John Schusler
—BAKER—

Bell Phone 20. May's Landing, N. J.

Everybody's Doing It Now.

Eating
Abbott's Bread
Because it has no equal.
Because it is always good and sweet.
Because the best ingredients are used.
Because the quality is there.
My wagon passes your door daily with fresh bread, cakes, pies and buns. Ask your grocerman for Abbott's bread.

ABBOTT'S BAKERY,
CHAS. T. ABBOTT, Prop.,
May's Landing, N. J.

INSURANCE.

FIRE INSURANCE

Any Part of Atlantic County.

Reduction of 10 Per Cent. on May's Landing Properties.

Burglar Insurance and Surety Bonds.

Real Estate.

L. W. CRAMER, May's Landing.

CONTRACTOR.

George W. Abbott,

Contractor & Builder,

Address: May's Landing, N. J.

Estimates furnished free of charge.

DECORATORS.

Harry Jenkins,

Painter & Glazier,

Estimates furnished upon application.

Address P. O. Box 42, May's Landing, New Jersey.

"The Record"

will be mailed to any address in the United States, postage prepaid, for

\$1.25

per annum, in advance.