

People Will Talk You Know

And that's the reason why Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines are advertised so little now-a-days. They have made hundreds of thousands of cures in the past 40 years, and some of the grateful people whom they have restored to health are to be found almost everywhere. There's scarcely a hamlet that don't contain some. Look them up. Interview them. They are living, walking, active advertisements

For Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines.

You can believe your neighbors. Therefore ask them. What cured them will very likely cure you, if similarly afflicted—only give them a good, fair trial.

It's a good, sound, common sense policy to use medicines only of KNOWN COMPOSITION, and which contain neither alcohol nor habit-forming drugs. The most intelligent people, and many of the most successful, conscientious physicians, follow this judicious course of action. The leading medical authorities, of all schools of medicine, endorse the ingredients composing Dr. Pierce's medicines. These are plainly printed on wrappers and attested under oath. There's no secrecy; an open publicity, square-deal policy is followed by the makers.

We have a profound desire to avoid all offense to the most delicate sensitiveness of modest women, for whom we entertain the most sincere respect and admiration. We shall not, therefore, particularize here concerning the symptoms and peculiar ailments incident to the sex for which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has for more than 40 years proven such a boon. We cannot, however, do a better service to the afflicted of the gentler sex than to refer them to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a great family doctor book of 1000 pages, bound in cloth and given away gratis, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps—to cover cost of mailing only, or 21 cents for paper covered book. All the delicate ailments and matters about which every woman, whether young or old, single or married, should know, but which their sense of delicacy makes them hesitate to ask even the family physician about, are made plain in this great book. Write for it. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres., 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



More Seed Corn Meetings to be Held

The state agent in charge of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work announces corn meetings as given below. The farmers are asked to bring one or two dozens of good corn for study. Some lessons will be given in the methods of scoring corn. Best methods of corn growing, and means of improving corn by proper selection will be discussed. The meetings will be held at 10:30 a. m. and will continue as long as necessary. Farmers who have and valuable meetings should arrange to attend one this season.

February Meetings.
Monday, February 20th, Randleman.
Tuesday, February 21st, Farmer.
Wednesday, February 22nd, Denton.
Friday, February 24th, Lexington.
Saturday, February 25th, Thomasville and Mocksville.

Grain Rates Excessive.
Washington, Feb. 14.—Discrimination in the rates and regulations of railroads against the city of Memphis is alleged in a petition filed with the interstate commerce commission. The complaint was instituted by the Memphis Grain and Hay association against the St. Louis and San Francisco and 122 other carriers operating in the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Florida, Iowa, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee.

The complaint alleges that a tariff recently filed with the commission unreasonably increases the rates on grain, grain products and mixed feeds reshipped from or milled in transit at Memphis; that the rates on grain from St. Louis to Memphis are excessive and the refusal of the carriers to give Memphis shippers the advantage of proportional rates is a discrimination against them.

The commission is requested to suspend the proposed tariff, so far as it relates to Memphis rates, and to adjust the rates and regulations.

Tommy—"Pop, what does 'multum in parvo' mean?" "Multum in parvo," my son, means a lot of questions in a small box."

A KING WHO LEFT HOME set the world talking, but Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always KEEPS AT HOME the King of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c at W. L. Hand & Co's.

OFFICE OF THE Mechanics Perpetual B. & L. Association

February 11, 1911

We feel sure that many thousand of Charlotte's citizens as well as many of other states have been on the qui-vive for the announcement by this world renowned Association of the opening of another SERIES the

57TH IN ITS HISTORY and it might facetiously be said of it as is of a certain medicine that children cry for it, so we can say with assurance that not only children, but every one, old and young and their cousins, sisters and aunts are waiting for it. Our last year's work was phenomenal in its success—in that the two Series opened during that year went to 7044 shares, of a par value of 704,400 that our current business for the year was \$620,000.00.

We have paid out since January 1st, 1910, to maturing Series the sum of \$324,000 of which \$158,000 was cash, and \$165,000 in the cancellation of 159 mortgages—so that this Association has been instrumental in adding since January 1910, 159 homes to Charlotte. These facts ought and no doubt will have their weight with the people everywhere throughout the land.

LOANS While our application list for loans is large yet we reach applications at from six to seven months from date of the filing and the management have a plan on foot which, if it materializes will be revolutionized B. & L. affairs in the State, in that, it will enable us to reach applications in from three to four months from date of applications, hence, you had BETTER GET ON OUR "BAND WAGON" and be on hand.

THE 57TH SERIES will open March 1st, first payment of dues Saturday March 4th, the books for subscription are open now.

"MOST GRATIFYING" While this is our first announcement of the opening of the 57TH SERIES we already have 70 new shareholders and 900 shares subscribed.

YOU PROSPECTIVE BORROWER bear in mind that the sooner you subscribe and make application for loan, the sooner your loan is reached.

MONEY SAVERS ATTENTION! BY PUTTING YOUR MONEY WITH US YOU MAKE ABOUT DOUBLE THE INTEREST THAN WHEN PLACING IT ON OTHER INSTITUTIONS AND BESIDES YOUR INVESTMENT IS AS SAFE AS IN UNITED STATES BONDS. VERY RESPECTFULLY,

THE DIRECTORS, R. E. COCHRANE, Secy. and Treas. S. WITKOWSKY, President

THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

CHAPTER IV. The Ways of Wayne Craighill. Four days passed. Wayne Craighill ceased twirling and knotting the curtain cord and held his right hand against the strong light of the office window and trembled, and he turned away impatiently and flung himself into a chair by his desk, hiding his hands and their tell-tale testimony deep in his pockets. Half a dozen times he shook himself restlessly and attacked his work with frenzied eagerness, as though to be rid of it in a single spurt; but after an hour thus fruitfully spent he threw himself back and glared at a large etching, depicting a storm-driven galleon riding wildly under a frightened moon, that hung against the dark-olive cartridge paper on the wall above his desk. Shadows appeared now and then on the ground-glass outer door, and lingered several times, testifying to their physical embodiment by violently seizing and rattling the knob. Craighill scowled at every assault, and presently when some importunate visitor had both shaken and kicked the door, he raved and sought the window again, looking moodily down, as from a hill top, upon the city of his birth, where practically all his life had been spent, the City of the Iron Heart, lying like a wedge at the confluence of the two broad rivers.

Wayne had used himself hard, as the lines in his smooth-shaven face testified; but the vigor of the Scotch fish survived in him, and even today he carried his tall frame erect. His head covered with brown hair in which there was a reddish glint, was really fine and his blue eyes in them the least hint of the dreads. His suit of brown—a solid color—dressed him; he was dressed with an alertness to an inner coarition and self-reliance. He was in his thirtieth year, he appeared older to his friends upon the drifting, shifting waters of the Greater City.

The son of Col. Roger Craighill was inevitably a conspicuous person in his native city and his dissipated habits had long been the subject of constant comment by his fellow citizens, and the text of occasional lightly veiled sermons in press and pulpit. Dick Wingfield had once remarked that it was too bad that there were only ten commandments, as this small number painfully limited Wayne Craighill's possible infractions. It was Wingfield who named Wayne Craighill the "Bottle" in appreciation of Wayne's amazing capacity for drink; and it was he who said that Wayne's sins were merely an expression of the law of compensation and were thrown into the scale to offset Colonel Craighill's nobility and virtue. Whatever truth may lie in this, it is indisputable that the elder Craighill's multitude tended to heighten the color of his son's iniquities.

The Bottle had been drunk again. This is what would be said all over the Greater City. At the clubs it would be remarked that he had also had a fight with two policemen, and that he had been put in pickle at the Country Club and then smuggled to his office to await the arrival of Col. Craighill, who had been to Cleveland to address something or other. The nobler his father's errands abroad, the wickeder were the Bottle's diversions in his absence. The last time that Roger Craighill had attended the General Assembly of

trying to steer you home. I'd been waiting on the curb with a machine till about 1 a. m., and some of the gents followed you out of the club and wanted you to come back and go to bed; and when a couple of cops came along, properly not seeing anything, and not letting on, you must up and jump on one of 'em and pound his head. Then the other cop broke into the fuss, and there was a good deal doing and I got you into the machine and slid for the Country Club and got a chauffeur's bed in the garage and sat on you till you went to sleep."

Wayne shrugged his shoulders. "What that all I did? It sounds pretty tame. I must be getting better—or worse."

He drew a cigarette from his case and struck a match before he remembered a rule that forbade smoking in office hours; then he found a cigar and chewed it unlit. Joe eyed the littered desk reflectively. "Say, you'd better brush that off before Colonel comes." "Put that stuff out of sight," commanded Wayne and tossed him his keys. See here, Joe, I started Wednesday night and Thursday night I made a row on the club steps, and you took me out to Rosedale in the machine and kept me there till you smuggled me in here this afternoon. That's all right enough, but there was another chap in the row at the club—I thought I was fighting the whole force, and you say there were two policemen there. There was another fellow besides the policemen."

"Forget it! Forget it!" grinned Denny, waving his hand airily. "The bases were full for a few minutes and a young gent came along and took our side against the cops, see? The two cops had us going some and this little chap blowing in out of a minor league rapped a two-bagger on the biggest cop's chin. 'You Mr. Craighill's chauffeur?' he says to me, sweet and gentle like, and between us we nicked you up and threw you into the machine and I cut for the tall, green hills. As the coal-oil lit up and she got in motion, I looked back, and our little friend that hit the cop was a handin' the cop his card."

Craighill frowned fiercely with the effort of memory. "Who was this man that took my part? He must have followed me out of the club."

"Nix; he was new talent; and listen—he was a Bible-barker."

"A minister?" "Sure. He wore his collar buttoned behind and a three-story vest. He wasn't as tall as you or me but he was good and husky and he lined out three on the cop's mug, snappy and zippy, like a triple-play in a tied game."

"A priest? It wasn't Father Ryan?" "It wasn't the father; it was new talent, I tell you. The gent who came up here to see you the night you broke loose. He was out looking for you Thursday night; guess he heard you were going some. And after he spiked the cop and we got off in the machine there he stood bowing and tipping his dice to the cops and handing 'em his card."

Light suddenly dawned upon Wayne. "Paddock; O Lord!" he ejaculated. A clock tinkled five on the mantel and Wayne's manner changed. He pointed to the outer door. "You'd better clear out. Stop in the front office and tell Mr. Walsh I'm here, do you understand?" "Say, Mrs. Blair's been lookin' for you; she's had the 'phone goin' for two days. She flew in her machine to Rosedale to look for you but they were on and didn't give it away. You better call her up."

en sheets of paper, hardly larger than a playing card, and these he examined with the swift ease of habit. They were reports, condensed to the smallest compass, and expressed in bald dollars and tons all the Craighill enterprises. It was thus that Roger Craighill, like a great commander, viewed the broad field of his operations through the eyes of others. Bank balances; totals of bills payable and receivable; so much coal mined at one point; so many tons of coke ready for shipment at another; the visible tonnage in the general market; the day's prices—these bare data were communicated to their chief daily at the close of business, and in his frequent absences were sent to him by wire. He summoned a boy.

"Please say to Mr. Walsh that I'm ready to see him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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