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Workless days tend to cripple you a so-called turkey sandwich.

ALASKA TRAIL

A TALE OF THE NORTH
WILLIAM MACDONALD RAINES
Copyright, 1917, by William MacLeod Raine.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the lumbering syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by miners whom he had discharged, and the active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life.

CHAPTER II.—Elliot and Macdonald become friendly. Sheba O'Neill, the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of Macdonald to acquire millions of dollars through the unwise exploitation of immensely valuable coal fields. Elliot also gets a line on the position occupied by Walter Selridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from a visit to "the rocks," where he is supposed to be in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in Macdonald's method of securing his life.

CHAPTER III.—Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for either O'Neill to go forward or turn back.

CHAPTER IV.—Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. Mrs. Paget in the meantime becomes alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba.

CHAPTER V.—Landing at Kusik Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to see. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba.

CHAPTER VI.—Sheba sings—and Two Men Listen. Elliot did not see Miss O'Neill next morning until she appeared in the dining room for breakfast. He timed himself to get through so as to join her when she left. They strolled out to the deck together.

He came abruptly to what was on his mind. "I have an apology to make, Miss O'Neill. If I made light of your danger yesterday, it was because I was afraid you might break down. I had to seem unsympathetic rather than risk it."

"Your small forgiveness. All you said was that I might have sprained my wrist. It was true too. I might have—and I did." Sheba showed a white linen bandage tied tightly around her wrist.

"Your whole weight came on it with a wrench. No wonder it hurt." Sheba noticed that the bandage was drawing up to a wharf and the passengers were lining up with their belongings. "Is this where we change?"

"Those of us going to Kusik transfer here. But there's no hurry. We wait at this landing two hours."

Gordon helped Sheba move her baggage to the other boat and joined her on deck. They were both strangers in the land. Their only common acquaintance was Macdonald and he was letting Mrs. Mallory absorb his attention just now. Left to their own devices, the two young people naturally drifted apart.

This suited Elliot. He found his companion wholly delightful, not the less because she was so different from the girls he knew at home. She could be frank, and even shyly audacious on occasion, but she held a little note of reserve he felt bound to respect.

Macdonald left the boat twenty miles below Kusik with Mrs. Mallory and the Selridges. A chauffeur with a motorcar was waiting on the wharf to run them to town, but he gave the wheel to Macdonald and took the seat beside the driver.

"Are you going to the hotel or direct to your cousin's?" Gordon asked Miss O'Neill.

"To my cousin's. I fancy she's down here to meet me. It was arranged that I come on this boat."

Elliot caught a glimpse of the only person in Kusik he had known before coming in, but though he waved to them he saw they did not recognize him. After the usual delay about getting ashore he walked down the gangway carrying the suitcase of the Irish girl. Sheba followed at his heels. On the wharf he came face to face with a slender, well-dressed young woman.

"Diane!" he cried.

She stared at him. "You! What in heaven's name are you doing here, Gordon Elliot?" she demanded, and before he could answer had seized both hands and turned excitedly to call a stocky man near. "Peter—Peter! Guess who's here?"

"Hello, Paget!" grinned Gordon, and he shook hands with the husband of Diane.

Elliot turned to introduce his friend, but she interrupted him. "Cousin Diane," she said dryly, "don't you know me?"

Mrs. Paget swooped down upon the girl and smothered her in her embrace.

"This is Sheba—little Sheba that I have told you so often about. Peter," she cried, "glory be, I'm glad to see you, child." And Diane kissed her again warmly. "You two met on the same boat, of course, coming in. I hope you didn't let her get lonesome. Gordon. Look after Sheba's suitcase. Peter. You'll come to dinner tonight. Gordon—"

"I'm in the kind hands of my countrywoman," laughed Gordon. "I'll certainly be on hand."

"But what in the world are you doing here? You're the last man I'd have expected to see."

"I'm in the service of the government, and I've been sent in on business."

"Well, I'm going to say something original, dear people," Mrs. Paget replied. "It's a small world, isn't it?"

While he was dressing the other later in the day, Elliot recalled early memories of the Pagets. He had known Diane ever since they had been youngsters together at school. He remembered her as a restless, wily little thing, keen as a knife-blade. Always popular socially, she had surprised everybody by refusing the catch of the town to marry a young mining engineer without a penny. Gordon was in college at the time, but during the next long vacation he had fraternized a good deal with the Peter Pagets. The young married people had been very much in love with each other, but not too preoccupied to take the college boy into their happiness as a comrade. Then the Arctic goldfields had claimed Paget and his bride. That had been more than ten years ago, and until today Gordon had not seen them since.

While Elliot was brushing his dinner coat before the open window of the hotel, somebody came out to the porch below. The voice of a woman floated faintly to him.

"Seen Diane's Irish beauty yet, Ned?"

"Yes," a man answered.

The woman laughed softly. "Mrs. Mallory came up on the same boat with her." The infection suggested that the words were meant not to tell a fact, but some less obvious inference.

"She's wonderfully pretty, and of course Diane will make the most of her. But Mrs. Mallory is a woman among ten thousand."

"I'd choose the girl if it were me," said the man.

"But it isn't you. We'll see what we'll see."

They were moving up the street and Gordon heard no more. What he had heard was not clear to him. Why should any importance attach to the fact that Mrs. Mallory and Sheba O'Neill had come up the river on the same boat? Yet he was vaguely disturbed by the insinuation that in some way Diane was entering her cousin as a rival of the older woman. He represented the idea that the fine, young personality of the Irish girl was being cheapened by management on the part of Diane Paget.

Elliot was not the only dinner guest at the Paget home that evening. He found Colby Macdonald sitting in the living room with Sheba. She came quickly forward to meet the newly arrived guest.

"Mr. Macdonald has been telling me about my father. He knew him on Frenchman creek where they both worked claims," explained the girl.

The big mining man made no comment and added nothing to what she said. There were times when his face was about as expressive as a stone wall.

The dinner went off very well. Diane and Peter had a great many questions to ask Gordon about old friends. By the time these had been answered Macdonald was chatting easily with Sheba. She listened with glowing eyes to the strange tales this man of magnificent horizons had to tell. Never before had she come into contact with anyone like him.

Paget was superintendent of the Lucky Strike, a mine owned principally by Macdonald. The two talked business for a few minutes over their cigars, but Diane interrupted gayly to bring the conversation back to her circle. Adroitly she started Macdonald on the account of a rescue of two men lost in a blizzard the year before. He had the gift of dramatizing his story, of selecting only effective details. There was no suggestion of boasting. If he happened to be the hero of any of his stories the fact was of no importance to him. It was merely a detail of the picture he was sketching.

Gordon interrupted with a question a story he was telling of a fight he had seen between two bull moose.

"Did you say that was while you were on the way over to inspect the Kamathish coal beds for the first time?"

The eyes of the young man were quick with interest.

"Yes."

"Four years ago last spring?"

Macdonald looked at him with a wary steadiness. Some doubt had found lodgment in his mind. Before he could voice it, he, indeed, he had any such intention, Elliot broke in swiftly.

"Don't answer that question. I asked it without proper thought. I am a special agent of the general land office sent up to investigate the Macdonald coal claims and kindred interests."

Slowly the rigor of the big Scotsman's steely eyes relaxed to a smile that was genial and disarming. If this news hit him hard he gave no sign of it. And that it was an unexpected blow there could be no doubt.

"Well, you've come, Mr. Elliot. We ask nothing but fair play. The men who own the Macdonald group of claims have nothing to conceal. I'll answer that question. I meant to say two years ago last spring."

His voice was easy and his gaze unwavering as he made the correction, yet everybody in the room except Sheba knew he was deliberately trying to cover the slip. For the admission that he had inspected the Kamathish field just before his dumplings had fled upon it would at least tend to aggravate suspicion that the entries were not bona fide.



"Don't Answer That Question."

It was rather an awkward moment. Sheba unconsciously relieved the situation by looking at her watch.

"But what about the big moose, Mr. Macdonald? What did it do then?"

The Alaskan went back to his story. He was talking for Sheba alone, for the young girl, with eager, fascinated eyes which flashed with sympathy as they devoured selected glimpses of his wild, turbulent career. She saw him with other eyes than Elliot's. The government official admired him tremendously. Macdonald was an empire builder. He blazed trails for others to follow in safety. But Gordon could guess how callously his path was strewn with brutality, with the effects of an ethical color-blindness largely selfish, though even he did not know that the man's primitive jungle code of wolf eat wolf had played havoc with Sheba's young life many years before.

Diane, satisfied that Macdonald had scored, called upon Sheba.

"I want you to sing for us, dear, if you will."

Sheba accompanied herself. The voice of the girl had no unusual range, but it was singularly sweet and full of the poignant feeling that expresses the haunting pathos of her race.

It's well I know ye, Sheba Cross,
Ye weary, stony hill,
An' I'm tired, och, I'm tired to be
On ye still,
For here I live the near side
An' he is on the far,
An' all yer sighs and howls are
Between us, so they are.
Och anee!

Gordon, as he listened, felt the strange hunger of that homesick cry steal through his blood. He saw his own emotions reflected in the face of the Scotch-Canadian, who was watching with a tense interest the slim, young figure of the piano, the girl whose eyes were soft and dewy with the mysticism of her people, were still luminous with the poetry of the child in spite of the years that heralded her a woman.

Elliot intercepted the triumphant sweep of Diane's glance from Macdonald to his husband. In a flash it lit up for him the words he had heard on the hotel porch. Diane, an inveterate matchmaker, intended her cousin to marry Colby Macdonald. No doubt she thought she was doing a fine thing for the girl. He was a millionaire, the biggest figure in the Northwest. His iron will ran the town and district as though the people were chattels of his. Back of him were some of the biggest financial interests in the United States.

But the gorge of Elliot rose. The man, after all, was a lawbreaker, a menace to civilization. He was a survivor, by reason of his strength, from the primitive wolf-pack. The very look of his hard, gray eyes was dominant and masterful. He would win, no matter how. It came to Gordon's rebel heart that if Macdonald wanted this lovely Irish girl—and the young man never doubted that the Scotsman would want her—he would reach out and gather in Sheba just as if she were a coal mine or a placer prospect.

All this surged through the mind of the young man while the singer was on the first line of the second stanza.

But if it was only Sheba Cross,
To climb from foot to crown,
I'd soon be up an' over that,
I'd soon be runnin' down,
Then sure the greid could see itself
Is here beyond the bar,
An' all the windy wathers are
Between us, so they are.
Och anee!

The rich, soft, young voice with its Irish brogue died away. The little audience paid the singer the tribute of silence. She herself was the first to speak.

"Divided is the name of it. A namesake of mine, Mrs. O'Neill, wrote it," she explained.

"It's a beautiful song, and I thank ye for singing it," Macdonald said simply. "It minds me of my own barefoot days by the Tay."

Later in the evening the two dinner guests walked back to the hotel together. They discussed casually the cost of living in the North, the raising of strawberries at Kusik, and the best way to treat the mosquito nuisance, but neither of them referred to the Macdonald coal claims or to Sheba O'Neill.

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The Germans are finding that they picked up a tar baby in the Russian Trotsky, and can't let go.

BIG ARMY NEEDED FOR AIR SERVICE

FIGURES BY HOWARD COFFIN

Veterinary Corps and Remount Service Growing Rapidly—Information About the Pay Received by Uncle Sam's Enlisted Men.

(From Committee on Public Information.)

Washington.—A statement issued by Howard K. Coffin, chairman of the aircraft production board, is the following:

"In discussing the accomplishments of the air service in the consumption of the army program, it will be well to point out the impossibility of certain proposals enthusiastically and persistently put forward by word of mouth and in the press. We have seen and heard much of the proposed 100,000 airplanes to be provided by the United States within the next year. In a country where one great industry produces 1,500,000 motorcars per year, the fabrication of 100,000 planes might seem easy, but actual figures based upon three years of practical experience in the war shows that there are now between 40 and 50 men of the auxiliary services required for each active machine at the front. If this same ratio could be adhered to in our service, it would mean that some 4,000,000 men would be required in our aeronautical department on foreign soil between our ports of embarkation and the fighting front.

Even though this number of men could be reduced by 50 per cent by increased efficiency and standardization, the number required is still staggering. Consider, also, the overseas transportation problem as related to material only and without reference to personnel and its maintenance. The cost of outfitting planes, properly crated, with the necessary spare, accessories, and equipment is in itself a serious problem, in view of the situation in ship tonnage."

When war was declared the strength of the United States army in animals was 66,145; it is now 344,000. The remount service April 6 consisted of one officer and four clerks in Washington, five remount depots where horses were received, and a personnel and purchasing organization in the field in person. The veterinary corps, responsible for the treatment and care, consisted of 64 officers and no enlisted personnel when the United States entered the war.

The veterinary corps faced the job of building an organization of about 1,000 officers and 12,000 men. The 1,000 officers have been secured and the enlisted men are being transferred at a rate which will soon bring it up to its full authorized strength.

The remount service had a similar task in securing personnel. Its present strength is about 300 officers and 11,000 enlisted men. In place of 5 remount depots it has 34 for which plans had to be drawn, sites chosen, and construction of shelter, hospitals, storage buildings, and unloading facilities in short time.

The greater proportion of deaths of animals in the army is due to influenza, pneumonia, and other diseases, and its complications. British losses on horses purchased in the United States during the war have been about 10 per cent, counting only deaths occurring in this country. French and Italian losses have been higher.

The rank of commissioned officers of the United States army is shown by insignia on the shoulder loops.

The shoulder loops of a general bear the coat of arms of the United States and two silver stars; lieutenant general, one large and one small silver star; major general, two silver stars; brigadier general, one silver star; colonel, silver spread-eagle; lieutenant colonel, silver leaf; major, gold leaf; captain, two silver bars; first lieutenant, one silver bar; second lieutenant, gold bar.

The shoulder loop of a chaplain bears a Latin cross.

A recent comparison of health reports from troops in the United States and the expeditionary forces shows the admission rate to hospitals to be greater among the men in France.

Admissions to hospitals in one week in the expeditionary forces, figured on a basis of 1,000 men, were 45.2; in the United States the rate was 33.7 per 1,000 men. In the overseas forces the non-effective rate (the total number of men excused from duty for any injury or illness, whether or not ordered to hospital) was \$4.1 per 1,000 men; in the troops in the United States it was 66.4.

The sale of "smilage" books, containing coupons good for admission to theaters and entertainment tents in all army camps and cantonments, is handled in the smaller cities and towns throughout the country by chautauques and lyceum organizations.

The books come in two sizes, for sale at \$1 and \$2. They then sent to a man in camp a smilage book, carries in the name of the donor on the cover.

Red Cross appropriations for work in Italy from November 1, 1917, to May 1, 1918, total \$4,771,990.

The pay of enlisted men depends on their grades, ratings, and length of service. From June 1, 1917, and continuing during the term of the war the pay of the enlisted men is as follows:

Men receiving \$30: All privates, the army entering grade.

Men receiving \$33: First-class privates, men promoted to act in minor noncommissioned officer capacity.

Men receiving \$36: Corporals, saddlers, mechanics, farriers and wagoners, and musicians of the third class.

Men receiving \$38: All sergeants

CAPT. "ARCHIE" ROOSEVELT



"Archie" Roosevelt, son of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, was recently promoted to captain on the recommendation of General Pershing. He was a second lieutenant.

grades in the line, which include infantry, field artillery, coast artillery, and cavalry; cooks, horseholders, band corporals, and musicians of the second class.

Men receiving \$44: Sergeants of the various corps of the engineers, ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster corps, and medical department; band sergeants and musicians of the first class.

Men receiving \$48: Battalion sergeant majors, squadron sergeant major, sergeant majors (junior grade), sergeant buglers, master gunners, and assistant band leaders of the line.

Men receiving \$51: Regimental sergeant majors, regimental supply sergeants, sergeant majors (senior grade), quartermaster sergeants of the quartermaster corps, ordnance sergeants, first sergeants, electrician sergeants of the first class, assistant engineers and battalion sergeant majors and battalion supply sergeants of the engineers.

Men receiving \$55: Sergeants, first class, of the medical department.

Men receiving \$71: Hospital sergeants, master engineers of the junior grade, and engineers of the line.

Men receiving \$81: Quartermaster sergeants of the senior grade of the quartermaster corps, band leaders, master signal electricians, master electricians, master engineers of the senior grade, and master hospital sergeants.

All enlisted men, while on detached duty not in the field where there are no army quarters available, receive in addition to their pay \$15 per month to cover the expense of housing and also a suitable allowance for subsistence of the first class, including fuel, except for barber and laundry. Uniforms, underclothing, shoes, hats, caps, medical attendance, and subsistence are supplied them at government expense. Such matters as tobacco, postage, confectionery, and incidentals of individual taste may be purchased at the post exchange at cost.

From uncensored sources the committee on public information has received editorial comment on the president's recent message in the Frankfurter Zeitung, a liberal organ with large circulation throughout the German empire. The following paragraph appears in the translation:

"The foundation for the peace negotiations has not yet been found, but we have approached much nearer to it. Wilson seeks a way out of the war and does so in a manner not entirely in accord with us. We see no reason for exposing ourselves any longer to the charge of lack of clarity about our war aims. Germany and her allies should meet out openly with their terms. Then perhaps it will be seen that a continuation of the war can be avoided and the resistance of governments to the desire for peace of their peoples can be overcome."

A large harvest and storage of natural ice for summer use is being made, accompanied by the statement that unprecedented demands for ammonia by the army and navy indicate a shortage in this chemical so widely used in producing ice and in refrigerators.

A shortage of ice during warm weather in 1918 would result in untold waste of perishable foods in the home, in small creameries, and other establishments dependent upon constant ice service. The United States department of agriculture has for distribution complete information on the harvesting and storing of natural ice.

Nuts Become Popular.

Seattle, Wash.—Nuts are popular food here. The reason for the unprecedented demand for nuts is that Mrs. Catherine Davis, a nut packer in a Seattle nut plant, reported to the police that she believes she dropped her purse, containing \$112 in currency and two diamond rings valued at about \$100, into a can of nuts she was packing.

You Can Cure That Backache.

Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor, (let a package of Mother Gray's Australia Leaf, the pleasant root and herb cure for Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. When you feel all run down, tired, weak, and without energy use this remarkable combination of nature's herbs and roots. As a regulator it has no equal. Mother Gray's Australia-Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 30c in simple seal free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Under the new food regulations, Swedes people are allowed only one-fifth of a pound of butter per person per month.

The United States, importing before

the war as much as \$10,000,000 worth of aniline dyes a year, in ten months of last year exported dyes valued at \$12,500,000.

Four tons of shipping capacity are required to transport a soldier, and another is necessary for his equipment. In addition, it takes 50 pounds of ship capacity a day to keep him supplied with food, clothing and ammunition.

A million checks a month will soon be going forward from the bureau of war-risk insurance to safeguard America's fighting forces and their families. Applications from soldiers and sailors for insurance are near \$4,000,000,000.

SEND FRANCE COOKS

Teach People to Make Cornbread and Cornpone.

French-American Woman Makes Suggestion—Yankee Soldiers Looked Upon as Heroes by Boys.

New York.—A commission of American cooks to be sent to France to teach the French how to make cornbread and cornpone and all the other edible things into which cornmeal can be converted is suggested by Mrs. Benjamin Cram of Baltimore and New York. Mrs. Cram, a French woman, married to an American, has just returned from France where she spent six months during the battle front and studying economic conditions.

"There is actual suffering in the provinces," she said, "because of lack of flour. Why don't American women teach the French how to use cornmeal? Just five cooks sent from here could accomplish wonders."

"The French," continued Mrs. Cram, "are learning many things about the people of my adopted land. They have found that the American whom they once despised as wholly commercial has ideals like their own. The coming of Pershing and his men is the cause of this change of opinion. They are beginning to understand each other—France and America—and the deep affection growing between them will continue after the war."

"You should see the little French boy when he meets an American soldier. For a moment he is silent from awe, and then he shouts half reverently, half joyfully, 'The American! Such hero worship you never saw! And you should see one of those American youngsters in khaki as he walks up the street amid the awed greetings of his little admirers. He draws himself up and throws out his chest and looks as proud as a king."

MILITANT AND MILITARY

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One more the thermometer covers itself with glory.

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