

TRY IT! SUBSTITUTE FOR NASTY CALOMEL

Starts your liver without making you sick and can not salivate.

Every druggist in town—your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling-off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle costs but a few cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel.

CLIP THIS AND PIN ON WIFE'S DRESSER

Cincinnati man tells how to shrivel up corns or calluses so they lift off with fingers.

Ouch ! ! ! ! ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezeone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callus stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callus dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezeone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezeone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezeone tell him to order a small bottle for you.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a small bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

LEMONS WHITEN AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

Make this beauty lotion cheaply for your face, neck, arms and hands.

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quart pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It is marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Laughing at Trouble.

"When a man tells you to laugh at trouble," said Uncle Eben, "he always means your troubles are not his."

France As Seen By Lieut. J. B. Belk

France, June 20, 1918.

Dear Everybody:-

The day we landed will long remain a fixed memory. Our boats were fast and we lost no time. We knew we were close to land when day broke and I was up at five. Everyone was excited, we were really at high pitch but not afraid. Two days in the zone—keeping "death watch"—had not dampened my spirits, tho' twice our guns opened as if in barrage. We were too foxy for Mr. Sub.

The day was perfect tho' the sea was running high. I went in the nest at eight and soon a long black line came in sight, a light-house became visible, and sea-gulls came by my head to welcome us.

Thousands of lusty American voices shouted in glee. There was a small gap in that black line which had materialized into high cliffs, and we steered for it. The foam of mighty waves climbed up these rocks and turned to spray. About ten o'clock, June 19th, he slowly crept thru this black gate, soon the harbor flashed in view, cornered with tiny boats that looked like wooden shoes, and sailed many times as large as they, in different colors. There were big ships and graceful schooners anchored there.

The cliffs fell gradually away, except on one point at my right. This point was covered with a mass of tangled forest, dark gray towers of rock rose far above the trees. At first I thought it natural, but almost immediately I realized it was a castle. How impregnable it must have once been! It looked as if the hill had blossomed into a gray flower so closely did the lines blend. Beyond the base of the castle, the landscape sloped smoothly away, beautiful with checkered spots of vineyards, but, at the apex of the harbor, the ground was still high, and the water ended against a cliff, or appeared to. I learned later that a narrow channel veered off, and ran far into the interior. To my left the city stood, built of rock on many hills that jutted the high plateau, and seemed to tumble into the harbor, as the steep slope from the ridge of the plateau looked like a picture of a cave-dweller's city. At the foot were the docks, from them a road zig-zagged up to the city. It is said this road was built in the days of Caesar—possibly by him. It is certainly steep, for I marched up it, and felt like I might be climbing Queen's Creek mountain, and cobble stones. I spent several hours wandering around with Lieut. Chester, of Raleigh. We had loads of fun. We had learned enough French to get along on, but I know it was crude stuff. These people look on American officers as millionaires. Crippled soldiers and children cried for alms and we got a pocketful of 10 centimes and endeavored to keep them disinterested! It takes 5 centimes to make one U. S. penny! They look on a franc as we do a dollar. Things are cheap, except staples. I got dinner, a shave, hair cut, had a crystal put on my watch, a hand, also and it cost only 6 francs—\$1.02. But clothes, etc., are out of sight.

This city on the hills is one of about the size of Richmond only more compact—cobble-stones and wooden shoes! The parks are filled with children all the time, red faces and flashing eyes, but with great big wooden shoes—pitiful!

In fact my heart bleeds for these poor people, they have the queerest expressions, a mixture of resignation, hope, pain, with a poor effort at cheerfulness. They treat us with distinct diffidence, look on us as some kind of saviors.

We were standing on a park corner where some French guards came marching along with a big bunch of German prisoners. They are big sturdy fellows—those Germans—most of them wearing scars, and ragged uniforms. They had an expression of the caged leopards—except two or three boys. They looked at us hard, passing within 2 feet of me. I wanted to (safely) experience the proximity of German troops!

As we wandered thru the parks, French crippled soldiers rose and saluted us, and we stopped and passed them a coin—with, bon jour, never losing an opportunity to display our vast knowledge of simple phrases.

The lower class is poverty stricken. They glean the warves where our abundant supplies are unloaded, they infest the borders of our camps, picking up scraps of bread. The old women glean the ash dumps for bits of coal. Men in small boats crowd around our transports picking up boxes kindling. To get an idea of the present condition of the French common people, read again Les Miserables.

You may never know what the mailed fist has done to these simple people—left only women and decrepid men, and the women have deteri-

orated until you would hardly call them such—if I give my life in this war, know this—no life could be better spent.

When the rough hand of man crushes the tender flesh of women I feel a hate—a courage—a fierceness that is kin to savagery—thus I look upon the fist and all the people of his kingdom.

But I wandered away from my narrative, even using the wrong sheet.

In twelve hours we began our march, a long, dusty, column—miles long.

Uncle Sam is coming to the rescue.

This is our first night in Rest Billets. It is 10:30 p. m. and still I write in the twilight. We are almost in the land of the midnight sun—darkness at eleven—dawn at three.

We are camping tonight within a stone's throw of a fortress built by Napoleon, and within 2 miles of a famous chateau built by Henry IV.

The woods are lonely, large hickory trees and clean woods—you could see links for a mile in all directions—rolling groves like the flat on Forge Mountain!

My bunkie is growling for me to go to bed. Eleven o'clock and not dark yet.

'Tis wonderful country. Will write again soon. Don't worry about me, rather rejoice that I'm here. With best wishes to everybody, and my love to the dearest people on earth—my family.

Your devoted son,
FUZ.

Practice thrift by saving 500 per cent in tire costs. We re-tread or repair rim cut tires at moderate rates. M. C. Dotson & Co. 6-27-3tc.

Local Ambulance Fund Is Raised

American Red Cross, National Headquarters, Washington, D. C. Mr. F. E. Curtis—Chairman Finance Committee American Red Cross, Hendersonville, N. C. Dear Sir:-

I am very much pleased to acknowledge receipt of your check for \$700.00 which is to be used for the purchase of a Ford ambulance. We are ordering the name plate with the wording as instructed by you and will forward it to the Ford factory to be attached to the order which will go forward with our next shipment of ambulances for service abroad. Kindly extend to your association the appreciation of National Headquarters for this splendid gift.

Yours very truly,
Clarence Leich,
Associate Director, Bureau of Purchases.

The inscription on the plate is: "Donated by the people of Henderson county, North Carolina." F. E. Curtis.

VOLUNTEERS LEAVE FOR CLEMSON COLLEGE

The five registered men, who some time ago volunteered to go to Clemson College to take special training, entrained for Clemson Monday and have taken up their work. The men that volunteered are C. Few, Jr., A. Quay Dotson, James E. Bane, Ralph Herring and James Wright.

We buy and sell serviceable second-hand shoes. M. C. Dotson & Co. 6-27-3tc.

New crop turnip seed at Hunter's Pharmacy. Plant now. 7-18-3tc.

PARK HILL

Now Open for the Season

LOCATED in Heart of Residential section of Five Acre Estate. Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Etc.

RATES MADE ON APPLICATION

MRS. M. A. BROWN
Hendersonville, N. C.

Can You Use Money?

If you need a thousand or so see us at once. We have one of the easiest money loaning plans in existence. \$100,000 to loan at 6 percent.

Smith, Jackson & Morris Co.



Engraved on wood for A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

THE KIRSCHBAUM WALL STREET



PROVIDING a delightful easiness of fit, a becoming dignity of line, a reasonable compliance with fashion—the Wall Street is naturally a favorite with men in the middle years of life We offer it in a delightful variety of pure wool fabrics—subdued in pattern without being dull—and particularly suitable for everyday business wear . . . \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40

G. M. GLAZENER
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.