

Watch This Space!

HENRY SAHADI.

Cleanliness Always.

'Phone 149 and we will send one of our wagons promptly to your residence. While we make a specialty of laundering SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS, we are prepared to do CLEANING, PRESSING and DYING of all kinds.

We will wash and dry your clothes at Three cents per pound, dry weight; or wash, dry and starch them at Four cents per pound.

Please send your work, together with a list of same, as early as possible in the week, and we will always have it done on time. If you do not send list of articles, we cannot be responsible for count.

Monroe Steam Laundry,

J. J. Lockhart, Proprietor.

Warm, Dry Feet Make Health, Save Wealth and Prolong Life!



Right Now We are Feet Doctors. We charge nothing for prescriptions

Here Is Our Medicine:

Good Shoes that will fit the feet, wear well and last a long time; shoes that will keep the feet dry and warm in wet and cold weather. We have been doing a good deal in the shoe line for a long time but now we are DOING MORE THAN EVER. Every kind of shoe for men, women and children. More of them to select from than we have ever had. We sell you once; we sell you all the time. This is shoe time; our's is the place.

McRae Mercantile Company.

Are your children troubled with croup, colds, chapped hands and lips? Simpson's Magic Cream will positively cure it or money refunded. Price 25c. Trial package can be secured at our drug store.



C. N. SIMPSON, Jr.

W. S. BLAKENEY, President. J. R. SHUTE, Vice-President. W. C. STACK, Cashier.

BANK of UNION

MONROE, N. C.

This Bank has been operated in the interest of the people at large as well as its stockholders. Its officers have done their best to build up Monroe and the surrounding country. It provides every safeguard for the depositor and is always liberal to the borrower. No reasonable person could be dissatisfied with its methods. Remember what it has done for the people thus far and let everybody know that it will meet all legitimate competition in the future. Patronize it with your accounts and thus show your sympathy for a progressive and obliging institution. It is your friend and it is here to stay.

BEFORE THE WAR SKETCHES.

Reprint of Reminiscences of a Big Barbecue and Party in White Store Township Before the War. Written by the Late Captain R. B. Gaddy.

The late Captain R. B. Gaddy, of Polkton, under the nom de plume of "Gamma," in his life time contributed occasional narratives, mostly of a reminiscence nature, to the columns of the M. & J. In the issue of the paper of April 13th, 1893, there appeared the following very readable account of a big barbecue and party at White Store before the war:

Somewhere about 1850 the greatest barbecue of the country was given at White's Store. The two great parties were evenly divided. It was Whig and Democrat then. Henry Clay, the broad-minded giant, led the Whigs and John C. Calhoun more subtle, a more finished and erudite man, was the leader of the Democracy. There existed lines of policy, but it seems to me now, looking back over the years, that the Democracy favored States' Rights—the right to regulate all internal management, including the right to remain in the Union or separate. Henry Clay was the Gladstone of America. He was a patriot—took straight, honest views of government and loved his country with the devotion of a great heart and soul. By the force and power of his wonderful oratory and the honesty of his purpose he swayed Senates as well as people, and compelled compromise always in place of extreme measures. No one could listen to the great outspoken Kentuckian, see the honesty of his unselfish views, without being convinced. On the contrary, John C. Calhoun, convinced by the power of logic and subtle reasoning. No orator like Clay, still insensibly he would wind the coil of his logic around the hearer till beautiful spring time would come, the birds would sing in the trees, soft music would lull your senses away, and from your very helplessness before this man of mighty logic you would exclaim, "That's so." One was the lion-hearted king of England striking off the iron snare by the force of an honest English blow with a sword that no man could wield but himself. The other was the wisely Saracen, Saladin dividing a cushion of down with the finely tempered scimitar of the east. Whoever was at the helm, one of these men was controlling. If Henry Clay and Henry Clay's party had lived the late war would have been impossible. Cuffy would still be working in the fields of his master, because that party stood as a wall between north and south, while the policy of Calhoun, "to yield nothing, fight for our rights, do not compromise, on our side is eternal justice," becoming ascendant, precipitated the greatest struggle of modern history. The old Whigs, led by Clay, were giants in those days. William A. Graham, George E. Badger, the Battles, the Ashes, were all Whigs. While in our county the Steeles, the Leaks, the Littles, the Gulledees, Redfearns, Huntleys, Crowders, Bennetts and a great host of good men, were Whigs.

Elections in those days were as bitter as now. One party abused the other with the most terrible abuse. Our Zeb Vance was a Whig, fighting straightout with direct blows. White Store was a great Whig township, and the preparation for a great Whig barbecue was on a grand scale. I was only a boy, and it seemed to me the tables were a quarter of a mile long. Bees, mutton, porkers and the Lord knows what else, up toward the head where the big guns were placed. Burwell Horne was the cook and with apron on and mop in hand he did the work well. Of victuals there was no scarcity, even a small boy had plenty. Strange that in a long life this is the only barbecue I ever tasted. My mouth smacks even now. Even when Burwell Horne was tramping through the country, I respected him for that old Whig barbecue. There were thousands present, and after the feast the old-fashioned Whig speaking took place. Of the speakers I remember but one, John W. Cameron. He was a funny man and caught my boyish fancy with his fund of humor and anecdote. In many respects he was a great man. He said that the record of the Democracy was the "niggers" blanket full of pig tracks. This little simile has lingered with me though all else has faded, except his appearance. I expect there were other men of note present, but I don't remember them. It was a great thing, or would be now, for a little election district, not a township as now, to give a great barbecue and make it free to all comers.

A BIG PARTY AT WHITE'S STORE. Do you remember it, comrades? The young men of White's Store regain their hosts. This was in the rainy days. Then it was only a ripple on the surface. Tempy Liles was the great artist who gave the finishing touch to the female toilets of that day. She must have made mints of money. Don't look back and suppose our young ladies of that day didn't dress. On the contrary they were able and well educated, and from the days of mother Eve to the present, they have known that silk was dressy. I venture that few assemblies ever met in this county where the display of wealth was more profuse than at the Masonic hall at White's Store about 1852. The county was then in its greatest era of prosperity, culture and refinement. The surrounding country was noted for the beauty of its women, to obtain a smile from whom was a boon. Stop; stand and look as they come rolling up to Phillip Gathings' hotel. There comes a turnout—two large match horses, fat and well groomed, silver-mounted harness glistening in the sunbeams, a coachman in front, dressed in style, prouder of his horses and his young mistress than any king ever was of his crown. Poor coachman! Your brightest days have fled. Then, on the back seat was a maid, as proud as she could be, not of herself, but of young mistress. Ah! queen of the carriage, how bright and sunny is your existence. Turnout after turnout of different styles and makes, but with the same essential features rolled up to Gathings' hotel that afternoon. I can see now the wonderful display—the fair, fresh young faces—the queens of that day and time. It don't matter how worn I may look now, but I've been there and bowed to these queens from their carriages. Frank Crowder was there without one spot of dirt or blemish on his faultless and fashionable attire—graceful, easy quiet. Who wasn't there that wanted to win a heart? Gaiety, laughter, flowers, beauty! Courtly men! Lovely women! Such a gathering now would be impossible. Biting care, the destruction and loss of millions of property, have changed the whole scene. It is not our fault. Young men and young women of the present day, remember that we did all in our power to avert the blow. When you remember the past know in your hearts that we suffered more than we can tell you, but suffered in vain. I only write of the past that you may remember that, however dark the present, the sun has shown, the landscape has bloomed and we have had a day of glory and splendor. I noticed that night, while the music was playing, the girl I won from Dossy, in the foot-race, was keeping company with another "feller." She was a beautiful young lady then. I had twelve school-boy years before me. How pretty she looked, and oh how she smiled—on the other fellow. He was on the heights while I was low down among the chunks; or at least my feelings led me to exclaim, "Alas! how I am tormented." What was the use? She had outgrown me. She smiled upon me as I flitted around, but I saw the foot-race at Benson's was forgotten and neither Dossy or myself would be able to get that flower; but the iron entered my heart nevertheless. How hard it is to give up the old school-boy loves. But it is always done, for the girl becomes a woman long before the boy becomes a man. She married that other fellow within a few months. Good-bye, old days, farewell old memories of one of the gayest, most brilliant parties I ever saw. John White, Jim Redfearn, Ellis Marsh, and many other young men of that day, have crossed the dark river. It's been many a day since then, and these little trivial incidents go to make up life.

Last Sunday I crossed Gordon's mountain; passed the old graveyard where James Gordon lies.



AVOID ALUM

AN UNSEEN DANGER IN FOOD

TO GUARD SHIPS against the unseen dangers at sea, the United States Government maintains lighthouses.

To guard your home against the unseen dangers of food products, the Government has enacted a pure food law. The law compels the manufacturers of baking powder to print the ingredients on the label of each can.

The Government has made the label your protection—so that you can avoid alum—read it carefully, if it does not say pure cream of tartar, hand it back and

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder—a pure product of grapes—aids the digestion—adds to the healthfulness of food.

The Stock Food Fraud Again.

In the first number of the Progressive Farmer for 1906, we declared that "one of the most outrageous frauds now being perpetrated upon the American farmer is that of prepared stock foods—common meal, bran, etc., with a little cheap sulphur, salt, Epson salts, pepper, saltpeter, etc., added to change the taste, and the mixture (hardly more valuable than ordinary ship stuff) put up in family packages, advertised in big illustrated ads in farm papers, and sold to gullible farmers at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a ton."

Further evidence that has since come to our attention has only strengthened our conviction and redoubled our determination to fight this stupendous swindle of the farmers.

It would be a great deal more profitable for us not to do it. Our silence here would indeed be golden. Other farm papers find it so and they keep silent. The Progressive Farmer will not; it will cry aloud and spare not. We know that we lose \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year in advertising by this policy—and we know that with a paper which costs \$20,000 a year to run, it would not be hard to find a place for the extra thousand or two the stock food ads would bring us. We need the money. And yet we are going to tell the straight truth as we see it, and leave it to the farmers as to the sort of support they will give a paper that is here to fight for their interests, and will go out of business a long time before it sells into a partnership with any fraud bent on deceiving and swindling the soil-tillers of the country.

Famous Strike Breakers.

The most famous strike breakers in the land are Dr. King's New Life Pills. When liver and bowels go on strike, they quickly settle the trouble, and the purifying work goes right on. Best cure for constipation, headache and dizziness. 25c. at all druggists.

A specimen of the first cent struck in the United States mint in 1793 with 13 links in a circle on its reverse side, was sold in New York last week for \$82.

Sells More of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than all others put together.

Mr. Thos. George, a merchant of Mt. Elgin, Ont., says: "I have had the local agency for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since it was introduced into Canada, and I sell as much of it as I do of all other lines I have on my shelves put together. Of the many dozens sold under guarantee, I have not had one bottle returned. I can personally recommend this medicine as I have used it myself and given it to my children and always with the best results." For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

on the people of the State to pay all the expenses of The Progressive Farmer this year, they would have been more than repaid by your one public service in exposing this gigantic stock food swindle."

And in the language of Paul Jones, "We have just begun to fight." The Experiment Stations have done their part, but the farm papers, as a class, as we have said, have enjoyed a golden silence, while—

"The jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

The Country Gentleman is the only farm paper in the country so far as we know which has the temerity to tell the plain truth about this miserable fraud. If there is another one, we shall be glad to add it to our roll of honor. We do know that the chief Southern contributor of one of the farm journals most largely circulated in North Carolina and the adjoining States wrote for his paper an exposure of the business, only to receive the reply that the international—or some other stock food company paid that paper \$3,000 a year in advertising and it could not afford to say word.

Made Happy for Life.

Great happiness came into the home of S. C. Blair, school superintendent, at St. Albans, W. Va., when his little daughter was restored from the dreadful complaint he names. He says: "My little daughter had St. Vitus' dance, which yielded to no treatment but grew steadily worse until as a last resort we tried Electric Bitters, and I re-joice to say three bottles effected a complete cure." Quick, sure cure for nervous complaints, general debility, female weaknesses, impoverished blood and malaria. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50c.

Mary Jackson, a colored lady of Atlanta, has been sent to jail for the most original game of graft in the world. She had a quilt and she sold it for a quarter, and then she would steal it and sell it again, ad infinitum.

"For years I starved, then I bought a 50 cent bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and what that bottle benefited me all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I kept on taking it and in two months I went back to my work as machinist. In three months I was as well and hearty as I ever was. I still use a little occasionally as I find it a good blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper."—C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 26, 1906. Kodol is sold here by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Little Etta Williams, nine years old, was fatally burned Friday in Salisbury. She was standing by a stove when the door fell open and her clothes caught.

Had a Close Call.

"A dangerous surgical operation, involving the removal of a malignant ulcer, as large as my hand, from my daughter's hip was prevented by the application of Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says A. C. Stickel of Miletus, W. Va. "Persistent use of the salve completely cured it." Cures cuts, burns and injuries. 25c. at all druggists.

Two Perfect Heads and Perfect Neck.

In the home of Will Davis, who lives in Beech Mountain township, on the night of November 5th, was born a boy baby with two heads, each a perfect head, with perfect necks one from each shoulder. The baby lived about 20 minutes, each head gasping for breath and struggling alike and then died. It weighed 6 1/2 pounds. It was the writer's privilege to see this baby and know the truthfulness of the narrative. The father and mother of the unfortunate are both young, the mother about 23, the father a little older. One other child has been born to this union. Will Davis is a son of Andy Davis, a grandson of Joe Davis, who is known by many of this county. We learn a big sum of money was offered for the body of the baby by doctors but was refused, and the little casket was borne away to the family burying place at Elk's Mill, Tenn.

Croup.

A reliable medicine and one that always should be kept in the house for immediate use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will prevent the attack if given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croup cough appears. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

A collision of two steamers off the coast near Seattle, Wash., resulted in the drowning of 41 people Sunday night.

Bilious Attack Quickly Cured.

A few weeks ago I had a bilious attack that was so severe I was not able to go to the office for two days. Failing to get relief from my family physician's treatment I took three of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the next day I felt like a new man. H. C. Bailey, editor of the News, Chapin, S. C. These tablets are for sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

At the home of Associate Justice Connor of the Supreme Court, near Wilson, a few days ago, a note was found under the door containing a threat to burn the premises. The matter was kept quiet and Jim Bond, colored, a former servant of Judge Connor, was arrested on suspicion and is in jail.

Your stomach churns and digests the food you eat and if foul, or torpid, or out of order, your whole system suffers from blood poison. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea keeps you well. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

A boy named Carl Thornburg was caught on the shafting of a cotton gin at Bessemer City Monday and wound around the shafting until the machinery could be stopped. Three ribs were broken and pushed through the flesh. He may recover.

Here is our condensed opinion of the original laxative cough syrup: "Nearly all other cough syrups are constipating, especially those containing opiate. Kennedy's Laxative (containing Honey and Tar) moves the bowels, contains no opiates. Conforms to the national pure food and drug law sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remarks and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

We will send you a sample free. Please clip this picture in the form of a label on the wrapper of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1; all druggists.