When Times are Hard Trade Where You Can Save Most Money

We claim that our store is the place. Our stock is fresh and up-to-date in every way and we will sell anything you want in our line almost at your own price. You shall have a bargain if you will come to see us. Our stock of Shoes is the best and cheapest to be found anywhere.

We will buy your produce—anything you have to sell—and pay the highest market price. Do not fail to see us before you buy or sell. If you have seed cotton or cotton seed we will pay you the highest price for them.

If you want hulls or cotton seed meal we have them and will sell them as cheap as you can buy them anywhere in Monroe.

If you can't come to our place, phone us and we will deliver anything you wish without extra cost.

P. S. Bagging and Ties and Seed Wheat on hand.

Yours for business,

T. C. Lee & Co.

Near Monroe Oil Mill.

Watch Our Store.

New Goods Every Day.

We now have a complete line of Premium brand canned goods, consisting of all kinds of fancy peaches, beans, peas, beans, corn lima beans and jellies.

Mince Meats, Olives, Pickles, Sauces of all kinds, Peanut Butter, Seeded Raisins, Grated Coconut, Cocoa, Celery Salt, Magic Yeast, Teas and Coffees, a complete line of fresh Candies, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds, and the FINNEST MACCARONI in town.

We have adopted the McCaskey account system by which you get a duplicate of every purchase you make. All we ask is a trial. Phone 63 and your goods will pe promptly delivered. Line of Blue Ribbon Extracts, and C. H. S. Cigars.

Funderburk - Williams Co.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

canned by the best and most reliable canners in this country, we are receiving now for our fall and winter trade. Picked fresh and put up by the best process, our canned fruits, vegetables, fish and meats are as delicious as when they are in season.

DOSTER GROCERY CO.

Sale of Land.

By virtue of an order made by D. A. Houston, clerk of the Superior court of Union county, in the special proceeding entitled Mrs. Mamie A. McCain et al against Willie Marie Belk et al., appointing the undersigned a commissioner to make the sale of the lands of the late Julius A. Belk, I will, on

Monday, 23rd November, 1908,

at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., at 12 o'clock m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder, a tract or parcel of land lying in Buford township, adjoining the lands of Dr. J. M. Blair, J. A. Melton, H. G. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Mamie A. McCain and others, and containing 410 acres more or less, being the remainder of the tract or parcel of land owned by the late Julius A. Belk, after the administrator of the said Julius A. Belk sold off 181 acres of the said Julius A. Belk's 611-acre tract. For a fuller description see Book 38, page 126 in Register's office. Terms of sale: Cash.

This October 16th, 1908.

JOHN W. McCAIN, Commissioner.
A. M. Stack, Atty.

Re-Sale of Land.

In the special proceeding entitled C. F. Helms et al., ex parte, an increased bid having been put on the Crow Mill tract, the undersigned as commissioner to make sale of the lands of the late L. D. Helms, will, on

Monday, December 7th, 1908,

at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., at 12 o'clock m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder one piece or parcel of land, lying on Richardson creek and adjoining the lands of J. E. Chaney, Wm. D. Bivens, Moses Hinson and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a rock on the north bank of the creek by an elm and ash, and runs S. 30 W. 20 poles to rock in the field; thence north 60 W. 16 poles to a stake by a pine, hickory and maple; thence N. 30 E. 14 poles to rock in the north bank of the creek; thence down the creek to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less, and known as the Wm. Crow mill tract.

Terms of sale: One-fourth cash and balance in twelve months.

This the 26th October, 1908.

A. M. STACK, Commissioner.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

For coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. No opiates. Non-alcoholic. Good for everybody. Sold everywhere.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR is in a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago.

ENGLISH DRUG COMPANY.

Land Sale.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed, made January 28, 1901, by W. P. Plyler to S. S. Wolfe, transferred to F. H. Wolfe, and by the latter to Crow Bros, we will, on

Monday, November 30th, 1908,

sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Monroe, the following tracts of land, known and described as follows:

1st. The said W. P. Plyler's interest in a tract of land in Buford township, on the head waters of Lynch's creek, adjoining the lands of H. J. Starnes, W. O. Starnes, C. N. Simpson, W. L. Belk and others, containing 136 acres and known as the James Irby estate lands.

2nd. A tract of land on the waters of Richardson creek, adjoining the lands of Nancy Watson, Elmira Starnes, B. F. Richardson and others, containing 20 acres, and known as lot No. 5 in partition of Moses Starnes estate lands, conveyed to said W. P. Plyler by Martha L. and Joseph W. Bennett.

Sold to satisfy the provisions of said mortgage deed.

CROW BROS, Assignees of Mortgagee.

This Nov. 3, 1908.

Notice.

North Carolina—Union County.

C. B. Benton vs. John A. Hipple and The Union Mining and Development Company.	NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT.

The above named defendant, John A. Hipple, will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against him on the 31st day of October, 1908, by D. A. Houston, clerk of the Superior court of Union county, North Carolina, for the recovery of the sum of $260.38 and interest, due said plaintiff by contract for services rendered for defendant, John A. Hipple, which summons is returnable to the January term, 1909, of the Superior court of said county, at the court house in Monroe, N. C., which said court will convene the first Monday before the first Monday in February, 1909, and the said John A. Hipple will also take notice that a warrant of attachment was issued on the said 31st day of October, 1908, by said D. A. Houston, clerk, against the property of said John A. Hipple, which warrant of attachment is returnable at the same time and place mentioned above for the return of the summons. The said Union Mining and Development Company, defendant above named, which is a foreign corporation, is also notified that the summons in the above entitled action issued against it on the said 31st day of October, 1908, by said clerk, for the purpose of setting aside a deed made by said John A. Hipple and wife to said defendant corporation, which deed is recorded in Book 42, page 68, in the register's office of Union county, North Carolina, and for the purpose of excluding said defendant corporation from any and all interest it may have or claim in the lands described in said deed. Both of said defendants will take notice that they are required to appear at the time and place mentioned above for the return of the summons and warrant of attachment and and answer or demur to the complaint or the relief demanded will be granted. This Nov. 2nd, 1908.

D. A. HOUSTON, C. S. C.
A. M. Stack, Pltff's Atty.

Jane Ward's Thanksgiving

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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JANE WARD bent over her knitting, her wrinkled face puckered into harsh lines that belied the mild brown eyes behind the steel bowed spectacles. Jane's chair was drawn in front of the stove, and her clicking needles kept time to the ticking of the big clock.

Suddenly the door opened, and another woman entered. She was tall and thin, with scanty dark hair strained away from her forehead.

"Howdy do, Jane Ward!" she said in a deep masculine voice, seating herself in the Boston rocker, where she could state into Jane Ward's face. "I thought I'd run in and see what preparations you was making for Thanksgiving this year."

Jane Ward looked up. "I ain't making none," she said, with a little snap of her lips, "and you know it, Esther Pike. You know I ain't keeping Thanksgiving any more."

"You're tempting Providence, Jane," returned the other woman sincerely.

"Tempting fiddlesticks!" snorted Jane contemptuously. "I kept Thanksgiving for thirty years, and you've et with me often enough to know that I kept it well!"

Esther Pike winced. "There ain't no denying but you set a mighty liberal table, Jane," she said hastily. "What I mean was that it does seem dreadful wicked for you to set up and say you won't keep no Thanksgiving when every soul in Upper Village is laying out to have something. Even the darkies down in the Patch are"—

Jane Ward arose and straightened her little figure. She pointed a shining needle at Esther Pike, who wriggled as though she were impaled upon its end. "How many years is it since I kept Thanksgiving, Esther Pike?" demanded Jane.

"Oh, four or five, I guess," replied Miss Pike reluctantly.

"Ain't it ever since my son Asa was lost at sea?" quivered Jane Ward.

"Yes—for goodness' sake—yes. Of course I know it, Jane. I didn't mean no harm." Miss Pike was visibly alarmed at Jane's strange manner.

"Ain't you been here every Thanksgiving eve to ask me if I was going to keep Thanksgiving?"

"Yes," returned Esther as falsely as her looking times would allow.

"What is it you're trying to find out, then?" demanded Jane Ward harshly. "Do you think I'm going to keep Thanksgiving just because you come and tell me I'm flying in the face of Providence if I don't? Providence! Humph!"

Esther Pike paled and rose to her ungainly height. "I guess I'll be going, Jane Ward," she said sourly. "I ain't partial to listening blasphemers!"

Jane sat down in her chair again. "Well, Esther, by the time you've made the round of Upper Village and told everybody that Jane Ward's a blasphemer it'll be time to get home and set your own pot a-boiling!"

The door slammed sharply, and Jane Ward, bending over her knitting, felt the hot tears dropping on the blue sock. She was thinking of that Thanksgiving eve five years before, when she had watched for Asa's return. The

THE DOOR WAS PLUNG OPEN AND—

pantry was groaning with toothsome viands. Asa's favorite pies stood in a row on the shelf, and Asa's cookies and Asa's doughnuts awaited him in deep, cool pots. The turkey was stuffed and waiting, the cranberry sauce molded in the best glass preserve dish.

Asa's room was warmed and waiting. His slippers stood before the fire, where the Boston rocker awaited his tired body. The great fire on the hearth reflected all these things and shone on Jane's tired, eager face, watching at the window, when Captain Smith came halting up the path and told her. The gale, a man overboard, Asa Ward—that was all. The bluff old captain went away, and Jane Ward, in a fury of grief, devastated her larder and threw the viands to the fowls. Jane lived alone after that, her stony resignation broken by occasional fierce bursts of grief. Never after that night did Jane Ward keep Thanksgiving. She took a fierce delight in fasting on that particular day that was set apart for thanksgiving.

Twilight gathered in, and Jane lighted a lamp and made a cup of tea. Then she got out some apple sauce and bread and butter and ate her supper. After that was over she washed the dishes and sat down again before the fire. Somehow tonight seemed different from former Thanksgiving eves. There was a reminder of that other night when Asa did not come in the low wail of the wind through the oak trees, and the swishing of the locust boughs against the roof sounded like the rush of waves.

There was a fiercer blast, a rising shriek, and Jane arose and clasped her hands to her ears. A shudder of superstitious horror crept over her, and her skin seemed to shrink as the little house rocked on its foundation. Then the wind subsided as suddenly as it had arisen and there was dead stillness.

Jane sank trembling to her knees. "Lord, whatever has come over me?" she whispered brokenly. "I am weak as a baby to be scared by a squall like that." She knelt there for a long time with closed eyes, and then gradually there came a great peace into her worn face. Her lips moved noiselessly, and Jane Ward prayed.

"I'll do what I can to give a feast to some poor soul," murmured Jane as she got upon her feet. "God forgive me for a slothful woman."

She lighted a lantern and, tying a shawl over her head, went out into the night. It was moonlight, and the path to the chicken house was a broad, white way, down which her little figure walked, leaving a grotesque, black shadow behind it. The air was crisp and sharp, and there was a light wind—a singular change from the sudden squall that had so unnerved her.

Jane pushed the door open and looked around. The large white rooster, the youngster of the flock and the apple of Jane Ward's eye, grumbled at the crowding hens about him. He sat unkingly near the door. If he had been in the topmost corner of the roost Jane Ward would have captured him that night. She had never killed a chicken in her life—the sight of blood made her faint—yet somehow she slew the white rooster, and while his headless body still contorted before her horrified eyes she returned to the roost and sacrificed yet another victim.

SHE SLEW THE WHITE ROOSTER.

She carried them to the house. She built a roaring fire in her cooking stove; she picked, cleaned and washed the chickens and set them in the cool pantry. She went to the cellar and brought up a pumpkin. That night she made pumpkin pies, she made cookies and doughnuts, she got apples from the garret and cider from the cellar.

She built a fire in the drum stove in Asa's room. She aired his bed and warmed it with the old brass warming pan. She made all ready for the coming of some one as she had made ready five years ago.

It was 3 o'clock when Jane Ward went to bed, and the tired old woman fell immediately into a deep, sound sleep from which she did not awaken until the morning was well advanced.

With unstated vigor Jane prepared her Thanksgiving dinner. The chickens were roasting in the oven; the table in the dining room was spread with a spotless cloth; the blue and white dishes reflected the firelight; the sun shone on the glass dishes of currant jelly and turned them into glowing rubies. Above all was the Thanksgiving atmosphere.

Esther Pike tramped heavily into the kitchen and stopped short at the sight of Jane Ward. Jane was peeling vegetables. There were great golden turnips, silver skinned onions, crisp white potatoes, crackling spicy celery.

"Good morning, Esther Pike," said Jane kindly. "I was afraid I'd scared you away for good and all last night. I hope you don't mind what a disappointed old woman says out of the hardness of her heart."

"Land, no!" ejaculated Esther cordially. "I am dreadful pleased you've come to your senses, Jane Ward! Going to have company to dinner?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know," returned Jane soberly. "I'll have whoever the Lord sends. My table is waiting for the hungry and the needy."

"Land, it makes me hungry to smell all your good things," returned Esther meaningly.

"You staying with Ann?" asked Jane abruptly.

"Yes; we're going to have roast pork and apple sauce."

"That ain't to be despised," returned Jane.

"I thought you wasn't going to keep Thanksgiving no more, Jane Ward," said Esther presently, with a keen glance at the old woman.

"I wasn't going to till I got to thinking things over, and I made up my mind I would keep it every year," said Jane slowly, while her faded eyes filled with tears.

"Well, I guess I'll be going along. Seems too bad if nobody comes along. You'd have a lot of victuals on your hands," said Esther, rising and peering into the well filled pantry.

"I guess somebody 'll come along before night," replied Jane. "If there don't, the food won't be wasted."

"Maybe I'll come over tomorrow," remarked Esther, with a flickering hope in her eyes. "Perhaps I'll come over and bring my knitting."

"Do," said Jane, without enthusiasm.

She carried an armful of wood upstairs and filled the drum stove in Asa's room. It made a cheery roar as the flames leaped up the chimney, and Jane listened with a rapidly beating heart. It did seem as though Asa must be coming. Everything bore such an old familiar look. The cold loneliness of the later years had slipped away, and it needed only the firm, light step bounding up the stairs to wipe out all those bleak years and bring back the warm, beautiful past.

Captain Smith rolled down the street toward the station. He turned once and watched a rabbit scuttling across the road, and his mouth watered as he thought of the delectable rabbit pie that was browning in the Smith oven at that moment.

When he faced about again he stared into the eyes of a stranger—no, not a stranger, but a ghost, for the sea does not give up her dead. So it must be a ghost!

A hand laid on his shoulder, a familiar voice ringing in his ears—the hand and voice of Asa Ward! But Asa Ward was dead!

"Hello, captain! Tell me how my dear old mother is. I haven't heard a word in years, and I've written, God knows I have written"— Tears fell down Asa Ward's frosted cheeks and splashed upon the hands which were tightly clasped in Captain Smith's.

"She's all right, boy," wheezed the captain joyfully, now fully convinced that the substantial hands he held were not ghostly ones, "but she's grieved herself most to death. It will be a great shock to her!"

"Take me to her now, captain, or stay, is she still in the old place?"

"Yes. But where have you been? We thought you were lost"—

"I was picked up by a southbound tramp steamer and carried around the cape to the south sea islands and China. I got a job on a Yangtze river steamer and wrote mother regularly. I don't know why she did not hear. Then I wrote to you, and I have been afraid to come home for"— His voice broke.

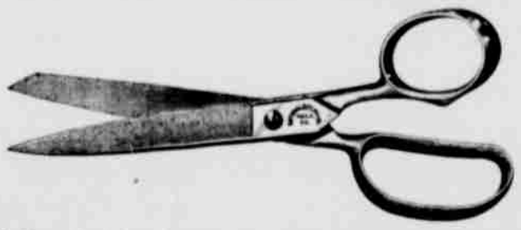
"Run along, lad. Jane Ward is waiting for you. Joy never kills. Make haste!"

Jane Ward surveyed the table wistfully. It was set now with all the viands, and no stranger had come to partake of them; she felt no appetite for them herself. She turned away with a sudden revulsion of feeling and a sharp return of the old bitterness.

At that instant the gate clicked. There was the light, firm step on the path, the door was flung open, and—

"Asa! Asa! Asa!" she cried joyfully. "The Lord is very good!"

For Our Lady Readers.



This fine nickel plated, handsome and durable shears cost you 50 cents anywhere, in sizes from 7½ to 10 inches, free with one yearly subscription ($1.00) paid in advance. State size wanted. Good enough for the Queen, but not too good for our lady readers.

Make the old man get you a pair with his paper.

The Journal one year and Shears Free for $1.00.

How to Cure a Cold.

Be as careful as you can you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has gained a world wide reputation by its remarkable cures of this most common ailment, and can always be depended upon. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. During the many years in which it has been in general use we have yet to learn of a single case of cold or attack of the grip having resulted in pneumonia when this remedy was used, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh.

A Pathetic Death.

There was an unusually sad death in Durham Saturday. A number of friends had gathered at the home of Prof. and Mrs. J. C. Wooten, at Trinity College, to witness the baptism of their baby, and Dr. Kilgo was there to conduct the services. The mother went to the cradle to get the child and to her horror and inexpressible grief, found the little one dead. It had not previously been sick.

How is Your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market today." This great tonic and alterative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c. at English Drug Company's.

Rabbi Fought Member.

Rabbi Zoglinsky, a Polish Jew, incensed because a member of his congregation didn't call on him to perform certain ceremonies, thereby violating the law of the orthodox Jews, and also robbing him of his fee, violently assaulted the member on the streets of Wilmington. The trouble had to do with blessing certain fowls before they were prepared for eating.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sores and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. English Drug Company.

Wants Women in the Army.

Dr. Madeline Pelletier, a French suffragist, is heading a petition to the French parliament to allow women to enter the army. She wants this done so that women can learn violence with which to prosecute their demands for the franchise. The European women are dead set on getting the ballot in their hands and the men are as equally determined that they shall not vote.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. Contains no opiates. It is pleasant to take, and children especially like the taste, so nearly like maple sugar. Sold by English Drug Co.

Quick Love.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

There are more love affairs induced by a sharing of danger than any other one cause. At 5 o'clock one afternoon I was introduced to a girl I had never seen before. At 6 we were sitting hand in hand enduring a frightful strain. At 8 we were locked in each other's arms. At 10 we were lovers for life.

On that memorable afternoon I was sauntering through one of those cathedrals abroad where the natives go to pray and strangers go to stare when a party of my fellow countrymen approached, and one of them, whom I knew, introduced me to the rest, among them Miss Hilda Crane. I joined them, and together we gaped at paintings and statues of sacred characters, poking our noses into every nook and cranny in the most unbecoming manner. Seeing a man emerge from a little door about four feet high, which he closed with a bang, as I passed it I took hold of the knob and saw that the latch had not caught. Pulling the door open and stooping, I looked in. The chamber was dark, so to see the better I entered. Miss Crane appeared at the door and, bending, also came in. The rest of the party passed on. Miss Crane and I stood investigating the chamber. It was very small, rectangular, and the ceiling was so high that we could not estimate its distance—in fact, we couldn't see it. I put my hand up, but could not reach it.

Suddenly the door, which had been left slightly ajar, closed with a slam. Then it was jerked as if to try whether the latch had caught, and we heard footsteps retreating on the marble floor. I put my hand against the door, shouting at the same time. It was fast, and there was no answer to my call. The man whom I had seen close it had doubtless returned, seen it open and shut it.

So much for that stupid curiosity which possesses sightseers.

For a moment we scarcely realized our position, but I soon saw that unless released we were likely to have a terrible time before us, ending in insanity and death by starvation. My companion presently became aware of the same possible result and convulsively grasped my arm.

Our eyes soon became used to the darkness, and we could dimly see the walls. Looking up to discover where any light could come from, I saw a luminous line in the shape of the rectangle forming the outline of the ceiling. This puzzled me. It was lucky I had something to puzzle me, for one can't contemplate calamity and study a problem at the same time. I called Miss Crane's attention to it as a diversion.

But how make our position known? The door was very thick and made of some substance on the outside to resemble the cathedral's interior. I hammered and kicked, but against a nonresounding material. Then I shouted. I listened intently for footsteps, but failed to detect any sound whatever.

To allay so far as possible my companion's apprehension I told her that it was possible we might have to stay where we were all night and we must make the best of it. Her only reply was a moan that froze my blood.

We heard the cathedral clock strike 6. Then, looking up, I was astonished to notice that the ceiling had descended. I judged that it was now about twenty feet high, though it might have been forty. At any rate, it was much nearer than when I first looked up. Tired of standing, we were sitting on the floor. Miss Crane was suffering from hysteria, and to quiet her I held her hand in a firm grip. She, too, had noticed the descending ceiling.

No pen could describe the horror of seeing that something falling so slowly that the eye could not detect its motion. I folded my companion in my arms and held her cheek against mine. We were united before an appalling death. I begged her not to look up, for every time she did so her glance would be followed by a new and more terrible hysteria.

Meanwhile the rectangle of light faded, and we were in darkness. I stood up and stretching forth my hand could feel the ceiling. It seemed to be of metal. Passing my fingers around the line where it joined the wall, I discovered that there was a space between it and the wall. It must be suspended.

I said nothing of its proximity to my companion. She need not know till the fatal moment came. The ceiling settled till when I stood at my full height it touched my head. Then the clock struck 10.

A few minutes after this I heard the click of cogwheels as though some one were turning a crank. My hand was resting on the ceiling at the time, and I felt it rise. In a few moments it had passed beyond my reach.

"We are saved, sweetheart, my love, my life!" I pressed her to me, raining kisses on her cheeks, her lips, her eyes. "It has gone! Speak to me! Tell me of your joy—that you love me!"

It was in the midst of these transports that the door opened and the apartment was flooded with light that illumined a crowd of anxious faces in the opening.

"Thank God! We have found you at last!"

We were in the clock tower. The weight that moved its machinery was suspended over us. The keeper had wound the clock before going to bed.

My wife and I when sightseeing can never be tempted out of the beaten path of visitors. We have had enough of that. ALEXANDER ELY.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy of East Wilton, Me. 25c. at English Drug Company's.

How Much Can a Mule Haul?

In Atlanta the recorder fined a man for making his mule haul a load that was adjudged excessive for one animal. The recorder said 2,500 pounds was enough. The man had a load weighing 4,032. The fine was $5.75.

Winter blasts, causing pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption will soon be here. Cure your cough now and strengthen your lungs with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do not risk starting the winter with weak lungs, when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure the most obstinate coughs and colds and prevent serious results. English Drug Company.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* **and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.**

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Monroe, N. C.
Office up-stairs over the postoffice

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ATTORNEY.
Law Bldg. Monroe, N.C.

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PHYSICIAN, MONROE, N. C.
If you desire my services, call me through Residence 'phone 141, Office 'phone 207.
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Northwest of Courthouse,
Monroe, N. C.

M. L. FLOW,
Commissioner of Deeds for South Carolina, in North Carolina: also a Justice of the Peace for Union County, and Notary Public for North Carolina.
Special attention given to taking Affidavits, Acknowledfement or Proof of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, Bills of Sale, Powers of Attorney, Renunciations of Dower and Inheritance, Depositions, Writing and Probating Deeds, Mortgages and all other papers, issuing State Warrants, Claim and Delivery and Attachment papers, Civil Summons and the Collection of Claims.
Office at M. L. Flow Co.'s Store east of courthouse, Monroe, N. C.
'Phone 145.

O. H. Sale.

Unless previously called for and charges paid, or otherwise disposed of, the Southern Express Company will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the old postoffice next door to English Drug Company's, Monroe, N. C., on

Saturday, Nov. 21st, 1908,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all matter that has been on hand six months or over, an itemized list of which can be seen at the company's office in Monroe, N. C. This October 6th, 1908.

H. M. McCULLOCH, Supt.
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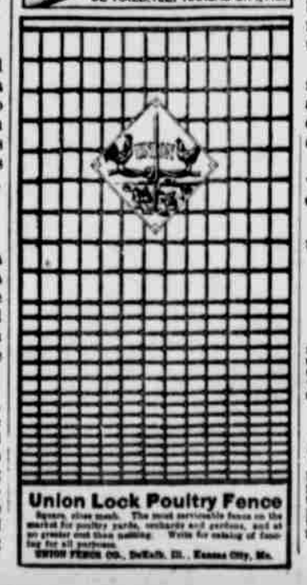

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