

**Hayes' Healing Honey**  
**Stops The Tickle**

Heals The Throat  
Cures The Cough  
Price 33c.

**A FREE BOX OF GROVE'S OPEN-TRATE SALVE**  
(Opens the Pores and Penetrates)

For Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup, is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY

You get the Cough Syrup and the Salve for one price, 33c.

Made, Recommended and Guaranteed to the Public by  
Paris Medicine Company  
Manufacturers of  
Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic

**Hogwallow News.**

Zero Peck took dinner at the restaurant in Tickville last week. He says beans have not gone up any; that a bowl is the same price as when he ate there last year, though he is sure his bowl was two or three short this time.

Gape Allsop, who recently moved here from Slippy Elm school house is well liked by our people. He is a second cousin of Columbus Allsop, but seems to be all right otherwise.

Ellick Hellwanger has read where some fellow up east has invented a machine which can be used in telling when a fellow is telling a lie. Atlas Peck says this is no new thing to him; that he got married to one, or one similar to it about forty years ago.

The authorities who will conduct the Dog Fair for home talent dogs at Tickville next month, have notified Tobe Mosely that his two blind dogs will not be admitted in the contest; cut Tobe's entries down to ten.

Tickville's restaurant is preparing for a big business during the Dog Fair there next month and for this special occasion the proprietor will have two departments instead of one, for serving the trade, one for the dogs and one for the people. This will, it is thought, be quite an improvement over the old plan of letting all eat together.

The Postmaster has written the Postmaster General to know what to do about the stray hog which has been sleeping under the post office for the past several months.

The Mail Carrier says the fellows on his route who get the least mail are the ones who are always waiting at the mail box when he passes.

Mrs. Fletcher Henstep yesterday planted her sweet peas, and last night when Fletcher went to take a dose of his liver pills they were missing and the Hensteps are now pretty well agreed that the mistake was made by Mrs. Henstep and the pills were planted instead of the peas.

Mrs. Jefferson Potlocks washed the faces of her bunch of children this week and after the job was completed she discovered that they had been feeding three or four of the neighbors children for no telling how long. Jefferson has suggested that his wife put hands on her children's legs, or in some way mark them so that this may not happen again.

Zero Peck says if he could get to where he did not have to worry so much about making a living there is no place on earth he would rather live than in Hogwallow.

The postoffice was closed as tight as a jug on Washington's birthday and the Hogwallow Loafers' Club was considerably put out, as they had no place to meet. They tried to hold a meeting at Dock Hocks' blacksmith shop, but the hammering on the anvil kept them from hearing what was said.

Jefferson Potlocks will try this year to raise a bigger turnip than the one the Tickville Tidings lied about last fall.

**IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS**

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers you—Meat forms uric acid

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only troubling.

**THE SCARCITY OF NEWS**

But Only Because People Interfere With Newspaper Reporter's Stories — Why Newspaper Men Become Cynical.

In a late issue the Statesville Landmark tells how a newspaper man entered a friend's office and slumped down into a chair and upon being asked the trouble told this story:

"I'm a newspaper man by profession. Just as it is your business to go before the bar and plead your case, just so it's my business to go out in this world of woe and find out the things that folks are doing. Of course it's a dog's life and makes a nervous wreck, a dyspeptic, a cynic and a sarcastic nut out of a man. But all the same it's my game and I'm trying to play it.

"This morning I went outside feeling fine as a sunny day, and I met an old pal of mine. He said, 'Jim Brown just now got his license to marry.' In less than a time I was talking to Jim and Jim was saying, 'As a personal friend and for the sake of all that we've ever meant to each other, don't, please don't put this thing in print for — say a week or two.' By the sweat of my brow I unearthed the story of a big business deal that had taken place. It was something of vital interest to every business man in this town, something tremendous. I knew the details of the transaction, but the consent of one man was necessary before the affair, entirely legitimate and fit for the public eye, should appear in print. This morning I went to the one man and showed my hand. And this man rose up in righteous wrath and expressed the fervent hope that I was not figuring on putting all that business in the paper. Of course it was true, he said, but he preferred that it not go in the paper even if it was true. And there his side of it ended. My story that I'd worked for and gotten together by the use of all my wits, was snatched from me in one blow.

"A big old fellow, who lives over town, lost his temper this morning and beat up his wife. The woman had to go to the hospital to get herself needed—quite a neat little story to it all. I was sitting at my typewriter pounding away on my story of the affair, and perchance whistling a little air over my good luck on getting the story right off the reel, when into the office swings the big fellow and fairly snatches my typewriter from my hands. He says he hears as how I'm putting something in the paper about his trouble with his wife. I told him I had thought something about it and was even then getting together a little copy on the matter. The copy was rudely torn from my typewriter and with hot words consigned to the wastebasket. Then the man asked me as a friend of his to please keep this thing out of the paper as he was a man with considerable family, and would I not take pity on his dear wife and eight little children if not on him.

"A quiet little man accepted a quiet little position with a business firm in town. And when I approached this quiet soul and meekly asked if it were true that he was adding up figures for So and So's company, he hopped off his high stool and walked excitedly about his desk and said he'd thank me to keep his affairs out of the paper just at this time. I walked up the street in a gloomy frame of mind, but up the street a bit I forgot my own worries. A big touring car swept around the corner, met a little Ford, hit the machine a resounding blow that broke the tiny fellow's engine and knocked the driver senseless. The driver of the big car (even in the excitement of the moment and while the doctors were seeking the breath of life in the Ford driver's body) observed me as I stood inconspicuously on the curb. He left the wreck and fled to my side and besought me with kind words and sharp to keep the matter quiet and not let it get into print for how could he stand the humiliation. If I remember rightly he had a fair young wife, whose reputation was at stake.

"A little further up the street I observed two dogs in a fierce fight. I stopped long enough to assure them that they need not worry. I'd do my best to keep the matter quiet and not let it get into print. Do you wonder a newspaper man get a bit cynical after awhile?

"But no—nobody but a newspaper man can understand. You yourself, should you suddenly be possessed of a temper, snatch out your gun and shoot me dead, you'd be beating it in less than no time around to our office and hunting into the city editor and begging him to 'keep this thing quiet, for Heaven's sake, don't go printing this bloody business.

"And here I am after a strenuous day's work, and I declare to you, all the copy I've turned in goes in under protest except the illuminating information that Mrs. What's Her Name wore pink tulle over a beautiful blue satin at the reception last night."

**SMOKING TOBACCO FACTS FROM THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA**

The Use of Flavorings Determines Difference in Brands

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco: "...on the Continent and in America, certain 'sauces' are employed... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Which indicates that a smoker's enjoyment depends as much upon the flavoring used as upon the tobacco.

Your nose is a sure guide in the matter of flavorings. Try this simple test with several tobacco brands: pour some tobacco into your palm, rub briskly, and smell. You will notice a distinct difference in the fragrance of every brand. The tobacco that smells best to you will smoke best in your pipe; you can rest assured.

Carefully aged, old Burley tobacco, plus a dash of pure chocolate, gives TUXEDO Tobacco a pure fragrance your nose can quickly distinguish from any other tobacco. Try it and see.

**Are We Superstitious?**

(Masonic Home Journal.)

How many of us who have been on this sphere for more than a quarter of a century have not sat by and heard the follies of the old-day superstitions? Who is there among the older ones that have not heard of the lucky and unlucky numbers?

Men and women in every walk of life are more or less superstitious. Some have one theory and some have another. Take the old saying of Friday and the thirteenth day of the month for example. Some will not begin a job of work on Friday, some will not move their household goods to another residence on Friday. We wonder why? Some will not begin a job on the 13th day of the month. We wonder why? Some of the greatest events have occurred on the thirteenth day of the month.

Some people are so superstitious that they have an omen for everything that moves. We remember once, that an old woman, who was blind could neither read nor write, would sit up and tell the younger set that a whistling girl and a creaking hen were sure to come to some bad end; and would affirm that it was written down in the Holy Bible. Some would say that if the rooster would happen to crow after dark and before the right time, or a certain time in the morning, that it was sure that there was soon to be a death in the family; that if the old watchdog should happen to get a little lonesome and set up a lonesome howl just after the family had retired, that it was a sure sign of an immediate death in the family.

There is no such thing as lucky numbers; one number is just as sure as another, except one wants to believe in such things. All the argument that one could produce would never convince the colored brother that seven or eleven was not the luckiest number written or spoken. The old-time "crap-shooter" cannot be convinced that he can win as easily on another number as easily as the seven-eleven.

There is some argument in the number seven. Let's see: Well, we will start with time itself. "In six days God made Heaven and earth and He rested on the seventh, therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." In the seventh month Noah's ark landed on Mount Ararat, and seven days later he sent forth a dove. When Sodom and Gomorrah were doomed to destruction, Abraham pleaded seven times with God to save these cities. There was Jacob that worked seven years for Rachel and was given Leah; he then worked seven years more and procured Rachel. After this Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph after he was sold in Egypt. He was pursued seven days by Laban; he suffered seven days by the famine after he had enjoyed seven years of plenty. Pharaoh had a bad dream; he saw seven fat kine and seven lean kine; he saw seven full grown ears of corn and he saw seven blasted ears.

On the seventh day of the seventh month of the year all Israel began a feast; this feast lasted for seven days, and they remained in their tents for seven days; every seven years the law was read to the people and all bondsmen were set free, and the land was, by command, given a year's rest every seven years.

When Gideon went to storm the walls of Jericho, he had seven priests with seven trumpets that marched around the city seven times and on the seventh round the walls fell. King Solomon was seven years building the temple, and at the completion he feasted for seven days; in fitting up the temple he placed in the tabernacle seven lamps, seven golden candlesticks and seven branches.

There was Naaman, who washed seven times in the Jordan and was healed; six might have saved him, or eight might have helped more than the seven.

There was poor old Job, he had lots of friends that loved him and admired him; they sat up with him seven days and seven nights and offered up seven bullocks and seven rams as an offering, but this did not bring him comfort.

When John wrote the Revelations, he was full of sevens, in his dreams he saw seven churches, a seven-headed monster coming up out of the sea, he saw seven veils, he heard seven thunders, saw seven plagues, heard seven trumpets, and saw the seven stars; he also saw seven candlesticks.

Well, any other number after all is just as lucky as seven. Thirteen is no more unlucky than seven is lucky.

**A UNIQUE RECORD**

Home testimony for Doan's Kidney Pills, published in every locality, is of itself convincing evidence of merit. Confirmed testimony forms still stronger evidence. Years ago a citizen of Monroe gratefully acknowledged the benefit derived from Doan's Kidney Pills. The statement is now confirmed—the proof more convincing. Cases of this kind are plentiful in the work of Doan's Kidney Pills—the record is unique.

S. A. Warlick, proprietor of shoe repair shop and grocery, 208 Hayne Street, Monroe, says: "I tried Doan's Kidney Pills on two different occasions. It was hard for me to straighten after bending, my kidneys were out of order and I was in pretty bad shape. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up in every way and made me strong and well. I have great faith in this medicine." (Statement given February 26, 1912.)

On May 4, 1918, Mr. Warlick said: "I use Doan's occasionally when I feel the least sign of kidney complaint and I know they are fine. I endorse this medicine as highly as ever. Doan's always prove more than satisfactory."

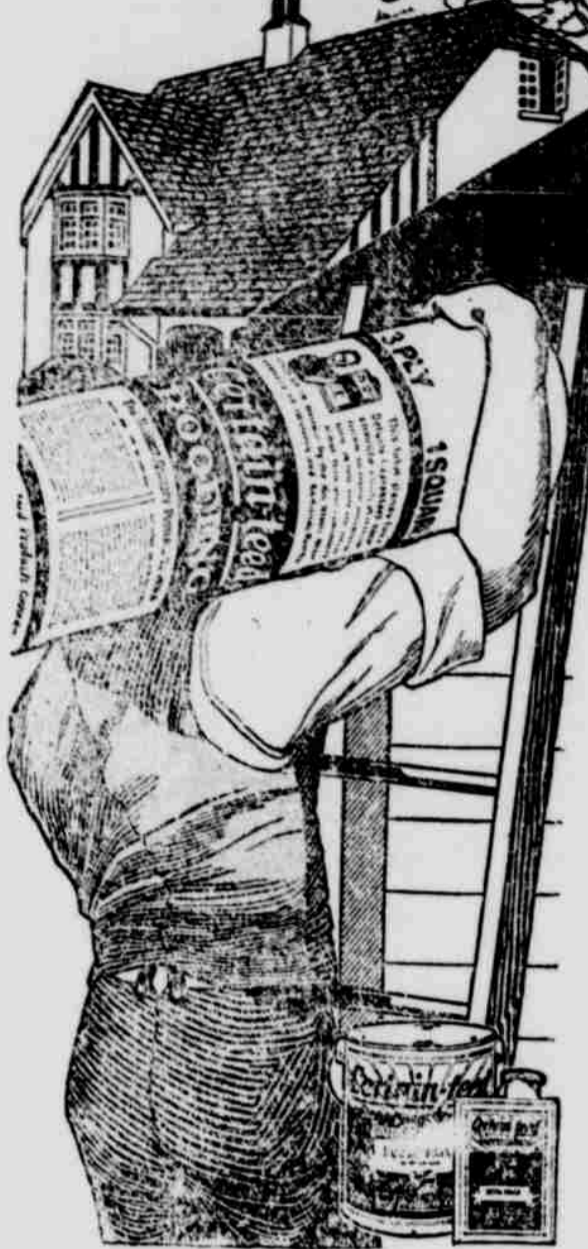
Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Warlick had. Foster-Milburn Co. Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness or ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of K. W. GROVE, 30c.

There is no half-way honesty.

**Certain-teed**

Roofing and Shingles



**A roof that anyone can lay right.**

No skill and help except your own are needed to lay *Certain-teed* right—all materials required and full directions for laying are packed in center of roll.

Because *Certain-teed* is so easy to lay, so economical and so efficient and durable, it is preferred for practically every kind of building, large or small. More than one-fourth of all the roll roofing used throughout the world comes from the *Certain-teed* factories. *Certain-teed* has

become the dominant choice. Everybody knows about *Certain-teed*. It is used for buildings of every size and type—

for factories, warehouses, garages, stores, hotels, office buildings, farm buildings, round houses, etc.

In shingle form, red or green, it is widely used for residences. *Certain-teed* gives years of efficient service with practically no cost for up-keep. It is immune to almost every form of roofing attack. It is rust proof, spark proof, weather proof, waterproof, and is not affected by acids, fumes or gases. The sun's heat cannot make it melt or run. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness.

**Certain-teed Products Corporation**

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities of America

**Certain-teed Paint—Varnish—Roofing and Related Building Products**

**Nails From House Where Washington Ate Dinner.**

(Pageland Journal.)

Mr. Luke Graves recently brought us a few nails which were taken from a house between Lancaster and Camp Creek church in which George Washington is said to have eaten dinner when he was a young man surveying the road through that section. The house is typical of Revolutionary times, being built of hewn logs and two stories high. The old rich pine shingles were recently removed, and a new roof put on to preserve the building. Many of the shingles were still sound. The shingles and rafters were put on with hand made nails, and a few of these nails may be seen at the Journal office by those who care to see them.

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.**

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of Virgil Blount, late of the county of Union and state of North Carolina, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned at his office in Monroe, N. C., on or before the 25th day of February, 1920, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their right of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt settlement.

This the 22nd day of Feb., 1919.  
W. J. HUDSON, Administrator of Virgil Blount, deceased.  
John C. Sikes, Atty.

**MULES**

—and—

**HORSES**



Two Car Loads Just Received — The Right Kind — The Right Price.

Mr. CHARLIE HILL is stopping with us with a fresh car of fine Horses and Mules, and would like to see his old customers and friends. A square deal every time at Griffin's Stables. It pays to look around. We have just received a car load of the

**Celebrated Columbus Wagons.**

**R. C. Griffin & Bro.**

P. S.—See the International Tractor Engine at our stables.

**AUTO TRANSFER!**

About Sixty Days Ago I Sold My Livery and Sales Stables Business to Mr. B. Gordon, but did not sell him my Automobiles. I now keep my cars at my store on Main street. I will appreciate a call for an Automobile or some Groceries. Phone No. 3. Thank you for some business.

B. C. HINSON.