

**JOURNAL WANT ADS.**  
ONE CENT A WORD FOR EACH INSERTION

**NOTICE**—For sale, at my stable, good second hand mules and horses and mares, worth the money. Also a fine lot of stable manure, will sell by bulk or ton.—J. C. Williams, Monroe, N. C.

**WHEN YOU NEED** fresh country butter, phone us your orders. We can supply your wants.—McCollum Bros., phone No. 474.

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY** by seeing R. Redearn or phone \$5 for your closet fixtures. According to the State law, all closets are now being condemned by the State Inspector that are not properly equipped. Orders placed at once can come out in car load lots at a considerable saving. Act quick or the inspector will get you.

**FOR SALE**—A good male.—H. B. King, Matthews Route 28.

**CALL** of high grade Kimball pianos just arrived at Holloway's Music Store.

**FOR FINE PIANOS** do not fail to see Holloway Bros.

**FOR SALE**—Six room house on west Franklin street. 130 feet front and 150 feet deep. See W. J. Rudge for prices.

**KIMBALL**, Starr, Adam Schoaf, Whitney, Hize and Royal pianos are now on the floor at Holloway Bros.

**FOR SALE FIFTY-FOUR** acres of good farming land, including the Sikes mill, three dwelling houses, two good wells, good orchard, and pasture. Bargain to quick buyer.—See G. W. Baucum, Monroe route six, or J. A. Baucum at mill.

**"ALAGA" BRAND COSTS** a trifle more than just ordinary "Syrup" but tell my what "unexcelled goodness" you do get. No chemicals used to preserve. No sugar extracted. Just Georgia Ribbon Cane as it comes from the plantation with enough corn syrup added to give consistency. This is "ALAGA" brand table syrup. Ask your grocer.

**DR. H. SMITH**, Eye-Sight Specialist, can be found regularly at his office, Monroe, N. C., the entire fall and winter. Modern and up-to-date in every particular. Have your eyes examined and glasses fitted. Office in Belk-Bundy building next to Dr. Green's dental office.

**FOR SALE**—6 h. p. International engine, corn mill and crusher. Cheap at \$400, price \$350.—A. R. Deese, Monroe, Rt. 1, Lee Park.

**LONELY BACHELOR GIRL**, worth \$300,000, wishes to hear from honorable gentleman under 60. Object matrimony. Write Mrs. Hill, 14 East 6th St., Jacksonville, Fla.

**FOR SALE**—Several Ford touring cars in A-1 condition; price reasonable.—B. C. Hinson.

**FOR SALE**—A good mule or mare.—J. B. Williams.

**WANTED**—Saleslady, well settled. Apply at once to Ah Joseph.

**FOR SALE**—Ford cars, new and rebuilt. We also carry in stock Ford roadster, touring and sport bodies. We do high grade painting and top building on all makes.—Payne's Auto Works, Charlotte's Reliable Car Market, 26 East 6th Street, Charlotte, N. C.

**POTATO PLANTS FOR SALE**—Offer for immediate booking one million inspected Porto Rico and Nancy Hall potato plants, \$2.00 thousand, F. O. B. shipping point. Book your order now and get them when wanted. Price will advance. Also early open air grown cabbage plants, immediate shipment, same price. Now is the time to set out for early spring cabbage.—G. J. Derrick, Lancaster, S. C.

**HOLLOWAY BROS.** have sold over 50 cars of musical instruments since coming to Monroe, and every customer is satisfied.

**EVERYBODY** is buying pianos from Holloway Bros., who will save you the agent's profits.

**FOR SALE**—Desirable house and lot on Windsor street; lights and water.—P. H. Johnson.

**CALL YOUR GROCER** today and have him send you a can of "Alaga" ribbon cane syrup. It has all the quality and rich flavor of the ribbon cane.

**"ALAGA" BRAND GEORGIA CANE SYRUP** has no equal. Good for either "Little Mary" or "Grandma Lucy." No other syrup has its delicious flavor and rich, health-giving quality. Phone your grocer for "ALAGA" and accept no substitute. Henderson Snyder Company, wholesale grocer, distributors for Monroe and vicinity.

**HOLLOWAY BROS.** are car dealers in pianos, and guarantee to save you money on same grade of piano that you buy from agents.

**PHONE No. 3** for auto transfer. Careful drivers, and charges reasonable.—B. C. Hinson.

**SHINGLE MILL**—Capacity 25,000 per day; cutting first-class forest timber, 8 1/2 miles from Monroe. Your roof will cost you from \$3.40 to \$7.50 per square. Give me your order.—J. W. Richardson.

**WANTED**—Rodmen and chainmen for surveying parties. Apply at once in person at the office of the Union County Road Commission.

**FOR SALE**—House and lot on Lancaster avenue, near school.—J. W. Yates.

**FOR RENT**—Good one-horse farm in Sandy Ridge township. Necessary buildings; good land.—Murray Clark, at Heath-Morrow Co.

**LOST**—Between Monroe and Pae-laud, Goodrich tire 23x4, and tire rim. Finder please notify L. L. Parker, Pageland, S. C.

**FOR SALE**—One Buick "4." in good condition, with new tires; one 1917 Ford with new tires. Both cars at a real bargain. They are going to somebody cheap.—L. S. Fowler & Co.

**FOR SALE**—Six-room house on Houston street; all modern conveniences—water lights and sewerage—large back lot; on paved street.—Fowler & Lee.

**FOR SALE**—Desirable building lots on Lancaster avenue, near the graded school.—C. D. Roberts.

**Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic** restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

**Colds Cause Grip and Influenza**  
**LAXATIVE EPOMO QUININE** Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "dromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S dispensary on box 30c.

**MOONSHINE**  
BY THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

"I believe I've got the flu," mourned Uncle Ben. "Melindy, I wish you would try and borrow a pint of licker from down the road, and as you are passing the widder Jones' you might ask her to step up and nurse me. I reckon I'm goin' to be bad off." "So do I," roared Melindy. "That's exactly my opinion," as she reached for the rolling pin, but Uncle Ben had "blew."

"I want to go to town to see a doctor," growled Uncle Ben. "I'm sick; I am." "All right; if you're sick, go to bed and I'll send for one. I've been missing a heap of eggs lately, and I began to think it was about time you went back to town. Now, then, where are they?" A diligent search brought forth a basket with six dozen from under the smokehouse floor. "Now you can go to town if you want, you dirty old thief." But Ben didn't want.

"I want some money, Melindy, I'm just needing a heap of things; I'm about naked," growled Uncle Ben. "Haven't you learned in thirty years that I'm the purchasing agent of this company. As son says they did in the army, you make out your 'requisition'—or something like that—and I'll see if I approve it—see!"

"I notice in the papers that they are after Josephus again," grinned Uncle Ben. "Yes, you old fool, and if you read your Bible you would know that they were after a man of that name once before but he sorter got the ups on them."

"I see Hoover is goin' in for a run for the presidency," read Uncle Ben as he studied the Journal. "I see it, myself," laughed Melindy, "and I think his chances are as small as his rations, and that's some small."

Ben to his banjo:  
I'm not in favor of McAdoo  
I don't want Uncle Hi  
I do not want Josephus  
On him I don't rely.  
I'm for my old friends all the time  
And I'm out for the fun  
The widder says she'd like to see  
Old William Jennings run.

Once more it was a case of the mashed minstrel for a good bang with the ironing board send Ben limping off. "Another remark about the Widder here, and I'll be a widder myself," she taunted merely as she banged the door after her damaged better half.

Ben stung in the distance defiantly:  
You bet I am a lady's man,  
I love to see the girls  
I don't care whether they're old or young  
With braided hair or curls,  
I like to sit and talk with them  
I have done it all my life  
When I am sporting in the town  
Far from my mean old wife!  
Bang! the old shot gun spoke from the window and the bird shot sung around Uncle Ben—some of them even striking his head. "I thought I was out of range of the old gal," he panted as he rapidly increased his distance, "but you never can tell about a woman!"

"What in the thunder was you a shooting at just now," asked Uncle Ben an hour later, as he poked his case. There is only one "dromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S dispensary on box 30c.

head in the kitchen door. "A plain skunk that's all," yelled Melindy. "A common skunk at that. Get out of here, or I'll skin you, you old brute!"

"I see Wilson's talking of coming to Pinehurst," said Uncle Ben. "His wife had better watch him if he's anythin' like you, you old brute! Too many of these here golfin' women for me." "You tell it!" grinned Ben.

"I see they're talkin' of raisin' the preachers salaries," growled Ben. "I think I pay enough as it is." "I suppose you expect the preachers to live on wind," vociferated Melindy. "If they do anythin' extra to get a bit of money you say they're neglectin' their and if they don't they starve gintely. You come across with another five dollars, you stingy beast!"

"I see they're callin' for recruits for the army. It says they need thirty thousand, read Uncle Ben. "If I was a young man I'd sure go," said Melindy, "they can go anywhere they like. Get schooling, travel, lodgin', and doctor all fer nothin' and then get a dollar a day to spend even if they's privates." "You said it," grinned Uncle Ben, "if I had a uniform the Widder—" "Bang," a muddy shoe being the nearest thing to her, and Melindy's aim true. Uncle Ben's nose suffering according. "You in a uniform!" she screamed. "You on your overhauls and git out and fight the manure heap with a fork. I'm the commanding officer here, and you will wear 'fatigue uniform' all the while you beast! Widder indeed, I'll widder yer."

**While the Congregation Waited.**  
(From The Youth's Companion.)

Wild animals have shown strange prudence in seeking their prey at a distance from their dens. A farmer whose poultry had been left unharmed while his neighbors all round him were robbed, was astonished to find one day a litter of young skunks peeping out from under his barn. Some protective instinct taught the mother skunk to range far from home for food. Another farmer refused to believe that a weasel was living on his farm until it was pointed out to him one day resting peacefully under his hen-house. Dogs, also, share this instinct, and for cunning, collusion, planning and deception they will scarcely take second place to any other animal.

The farmers of a certain town could not protect their sheep and lambs from dogs. Several dogs that merely had been found in a neighbor's field had been shot, and others were under suspicion. Those who prized their dogs, guarded them jealously, but in spite of all precautions the depredations on the flocks of the neighborhood continued.

One Sunday morning a farmer, who was also a lay preacher, was preparing to go to an appointment when he noticed some tracks by his sheep pen and hastened to investigate. It was a bright, sharp May morning, and a snowdrift in the night had left an inch or so of snow on the ground. On looking into his sheep pen, the farmer found that dogs had killed four lambs and had worried three sheep. He hastily called his son and his hired man, and they started to follow the tracks of the dogs, which were very clear. The conditions for trailing them were perfect; but the sun was growing warmer, and the men had to make haste.

There were two sets of dog's tracks,—dogs usually run sheep in pairs,—and they were so fresh and clear that the lay preacher expected to find the culprits and then to meet his congregation.

The tracks led in almost a straight line to a river bank fully half a mile away, where the dogs evidently had plunged into the water to wash away all marks of their escapade, and the tracks of one dog appeared on the farther bank. Leaving his hired man to find the other trail, the farmer and his son pursued this one, which led them to a nearby house and barn, which the tracks circled and then led away to another farmer's place, where there was a dog that had been under suspicion.

"I guess I know the dog now," said the farmer's son. But when they came to the place they found that the dog was chained, and that the tracks led round the barn and away again to still another barn, which they circled.

The men now had gone fully three miles from home. Although the sun was melting the snow, the tracks were still quite clear; but the trackers felt that they must make haste. Redoubling their efforts, they came to a farm where the tracks led straight to the barn, and there they found a dog, dripping wet and busily pawing at his mouth.

When the owner of the dog was told their errand he was indignant. A dog, he declared, would not go so far from home for anything. When the farmer and his son told him how they had followed the tracks all the way, he dragged the dog ignominiously from its shelter and examined it. Its feet showed that it had been running over slushy fields; its coat was wringing wet; it was panting as from a long run, and, above all, wool was found between its teeth. The master was so angry that he got a rope, and the three men hanged the dog to a cross-beam of the barn then and there.

In the meantime, the hired man had tracked the other dog by a different route to the very next farm. The dogs apparently had arranged their place of meeting at the river-side, and on their return had gone to other farms, so that anyone who might track them would lay the blame on other dogs. They had committed all their depredations from two to four miles from their own homes.

**The Meaning of "Salary"**  
The Derivation of our word "salary" is very curious. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal," in Latin, is salt, and when the salt was, in course of time, commuted for money, the amount was called "salarium," or salt money. Hence our "salary," and hence, no doubt, the expression, "Not worth his salt"—that is, his salary.



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Have you ever noticed that when a man is known to have money in the bank he invariably has friends, many friends? Not necessarily because he has money, but because the possession of a banking account is a strong indication of his success in life—and successful men are always admired.

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