

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

The largest electric sign in the world advertises

WRIGLEY'S

on Times Square, New York City: it is 250 feet long, 70 feet high. Made up of 17,286 electric lamps.

The fountains play, the trade mark changes, reading alternately WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT, DOUBLEMINT, and JUICY FRUIT, and the Spearmen "do a turn."

This sign is seen nightly by about 500,000 people from all over the world.

Sealed Tight  Kept Right A7

POCOMOKE

Fertilizers are known to be the best.


Why buy just any kind of fertilizer when you can get POCOMOKE goods at the same price.

T. C. Lee and Son

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

COUNTRY PRODUCE FERTILIZERS

PHONE 356.

 **LUZIANNE** COFFEE

Economical

Good old Luzianne is not only the best coffee value at the price, but it is also the most economical. Your money back, cheerfully and promptly, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

Goes Twice as Far

LUZIANNE coffee

Wm. B. Reilly & Co. Inc. New Orleans

GUARANTEE—If, after using entire contents of the can according to directions, you are not satisfied in every respect, your grocer will refund the money you paid for it.

Charged with having attempted to bring about a dishonorable peace, Joseph Caillaux, former premier, is on trial for his life.

Guest—"Walter, this steak is like leather and the knife is dull."
Walter—"You might strop the knife on the steak."

MOONSHINE
BY THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

"I see that Wilson has kicked out the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing," read Uncle Ben. "So I see," said Aunt Melindy. His Cabinet seems to be like the kitchen cabinet you bought from the Mail Order people, there ain't nothin' in it is fits the way I want it. I guess that's the way with them. None of them do as he wants them to." "What's the matter with our two from North Carolina?" grinned Ben.

"I'm sure a goin' to raise me some flowers this summer," said Uncle Ben. "I'm goin' to plow the front garden up as soon as it's fiten." "Flowers, eh," yelled Melindy, "you're wrong again. It's flour you're goin' to be a raisin'. Never you mind the front yard. You never thought of that until some of our good for nothin' neighbors put that in your head. I'll do the flower raisin' and you'll tend to the corn and cotton, see!"

Ben to his Banjo:
"I like to have some posies growin' All around the yard. The sweetness seems to cheer me up When I've been workin' hard. I like to watch the roses grow, While restin' of my bones I like to have some violets To give to Wid—"

Ben's song met its usual fate. It died "unhonored and unsung" and Ben took the back fence at a bound as his wife appeared flourishing the buggy whip. "Violets, indeed," she snorted. "I'll violet you. It'll be violence not violets, I guess. You low down hound, you!"

"I see that neighbor Brown is dead," said Uncle Ben. "I'm a goin' around to the house to set up with the corpse to-night." "Don't you think it?" said Melindy. "I'll make you set up all right. In fact, I'll make you do all the settin' up right here. I'll go and set up myself. You will just stay at home and feed the chickens and the horses, and do the milkin' and feed the cows; see that the hogs get their slop; cut the wood and carry it in! Heat some water to scrub the kitchen, and bring in a couple of buckets for drinkin'; throw out some lime around the house, and mend the front fence; put a new plank in the porch and if there's anything else to do I'll think of it while I'm a dressin' to go down and see poor Mrs. Brown." "Gosh, all hemlock! Write it down. What an elegant flow of language you have Melindy."

"That was a fine casket, they buried Brown in," said Uncle Ben. "Yes," said Melindy, "and if I were to die I bet you'd put me in a cheap coffin. The women are much better about that than the men." "Don't you believe nothing like that," Melindy. "I'd have you embalmed, cremated and buried in a steel vault, and I'd put a marble slab on the top of your grave. I would not take any chances at all. No siren, not a chance." Ben's bolt for the door was not quite quick enough; for the poker took him in the short ribs as he went out. "No chances indeed! I ain't a givin' you any chances. I'm a stayin' right wid you my friend. Yes, I'll give you the pain-killer, and that's not all you'll need either if yer don't improve your ways," Melindy roared at him.

"I see in The Journal where it says that they need a lot of Melindys down Mineral Springs way," grinned Uncle Ben. "I can't see why, when they've got old women there that can't make good in the army. But perhaps they would do better with a rollin' pin than they can with a musket," laughed Melindy. "You tell it," grinned Uncle Ben. "Perhaps they're like me, don't like to do anything but sing."

Ben to his Banjo:
"I'm not afraid of bayonets Of bullets or of shot I'm not afraid of poison-gas Of grenades or what not. I'd like to wear a uniform With Spurs on great big boots But I am surely scared to death I'd have to give salutes. But if I joined I'd work so hard That I'd make good you see, And then you know the other chap Would be salutin' me!"

"Get out of here," roared Melindy, "and put that banjo away! You're just like a lot of other idiots. All the salutin' you'd do would be takin' off your hat with a flourish to some fool gal, you don't even know! Git, I tel yer!" Ben Got.

"I see there's a law closin' up most everything on account of this here 'flu,'" said Uncle Ben. "but I notice there is one place that it seems to me that needs closing badly, that they don't even close for the 'flu.'" "What's that?" asked Melindy. "Your mouth," retorted Uncle Ben getting out the door so quickly that the sad-lion did nothing but cut off a piece of the calendar that was hanging there. "Doggone it!" said Melindy. "I must be a gettin' old, to be a mis-sin' like that."

"I notice the women of Monroe are very thoughtful for the county at large. I see that they are always meetin' and studyin' the bridge question," said Uncle Ben. "goodness knows we need the bridges bad enough." "Oh! you poor fool," laughed Melindy. "that's got nothin' to do with real bridges. That's a game you play with sure enough cyards. Not like the 'Rook' I was a tellin' yer about." "Do tell," said Ben. "I see the church members plays 'Rook' and the others Bridges. That's it, is it. I'd like to learn that game about the Bridges." "Never you mind now," said Melindy. "That reminds me you can go and put a fresh plank in the culvert down by the gate. It needs it."

"I am always a readin' in the paper that some one is enjoying good health," said Uncle Ben. "Of course, they are," said Melindy, "who ever heered tell of a man who was 'enjoyin' bad health. These here newspaper men are as bad as the rest of us, when it comes to writin'."

"I heered a feller say just now that his sweetheart was sweet enough to eat," said Uncle Ben. "Well what

of it?" asked Melindy. "you used to tell when we was a courtin' that I was sweet enough to eat." "I know," snarled Uncle Ben, "and I've been darned sorry ever since that I didn't eat yer at the time." Ben's dodge was not quick enough, and the stick of stove-wood gave him a black eye that he was glad that church was closed on account of the "flu."

Postmaster Examination.
To the Editor of The Journal:—At the request of the Postmaster General the United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at Monroe, N. C., on March 17, 1920, for the position of postmaster at Waxhaw, N. C. This office has an annual compensation of \$1100.

To be eligible for this examination an applicant must be a citizen of the United States, must actually reside within the delivery of the office and have so resided at the time the present vacancy occurred.

Applicants must have reached their twenty-first but not their sixty-fifth birthday on the date of the examination.

Application form 2241 and full information concerning the requirements of the examination may be secured from the postmaster at the place of vacancy or from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington, D. C., in time to arrange for the examination of the applicant.—J. W. McCain, P. M.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Having this day qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Arthur M. Medlin, deceased, late of the county of Union and State of North Carolina, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at his home in Monroe township, duly authenticated, on or before the 15th day of February, A. D. 1921, or this notice will be filed in bar of their right of recovery. Persons indebted to said estate will please see me at once and make settlement. This February 19, 1920.
L. W. MEDLIN, Executor of Arthur M. Medlin, deceased. Stack, Parker & Craig, Attys.

SALE OF THREE CITY LOTS.
Under and by virtue of Chapter 517 of the Public Laws of North Carolina, Session 1907, the County Commissioners of Union county will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., at 12 o'clock, on Saturday, the 6th day of March, described and designated as Lots Nos. 10, 11 and 15 of Block One of Wilgor Heights, or the County Home property, which said lots lie on the west side of the Griffith road, lots 10 and 11 fronting 50 feet on said road and lot No. 15 facing Charleston St. and lying in the rear of lot No. 11. See map in the office of Register of Deeds for Union county for a more particular description.

Done by order of the Board of County Commissioners of Union county in regular session Feb. 2, 1920.
A. A. SECREST, Chairman Board of County Commissioners of Union County.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.
Having this day qualified as Administratrix of the estate of H. A. Shepherd, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 14th day of February A. D. 1921, or this notice will be filed in bar of their right of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt settlement. This February 10, 1920.
(MRS.) MAGGIE SHEPHERD, Administratrix H. A. Shepherd, decd. John C. Sikes, Atty.

McCOLLUM BROTHERS
Headquarters for YOUR NEEDS in GROCERIES.

We have the goods and appreciate your patronage.

We Make FRUITS and COUNTRY PRODUCE a Specialty.

Phone us your orders. Phone No. 474.

DR. KEMP FUNDERBURK
DENTIST
Office over Waller's Old Store. MODERN METHODS EMPLOYED.

M. C. Howie
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR
The years of satisfactory work that we have done for the people of Monroe is the best recommendation for any one seeking an electrical contract. We solicit yours on the basis of this reputation.

SAFETY BLOCK KHAKI PANTS and COVERALLS

are Union Made, they wear like a pine rooters nose and are com-for-table.
CROWELL'S VARIETY STORE
IN THE UP-TOWN DISTRICT

COBLES CASH GARAGE

FORD REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Next to Baptist Church.
FISK TIRES. FORD PARTS.

The SIKES Co.

Splendid assortments
Horses, Mules, Buggies
Wagons and Harness.
Any day in the year.
Blacksmith, Harness and Machine Shops

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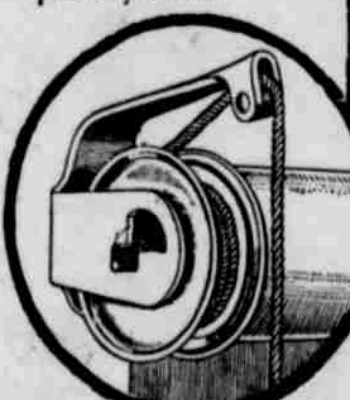
Pleasure, Comfort and Satisfaction

COME FROM AN ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR
BEAUTY IN FURNITURE DOES NOT NECESSARILY IMPLY THE MOST COSTLY MATERIALS, BUT RATHER GOOD JUDGMENT IN SELECTION.
WE SATISFY THE MOST DISCRIMINATING TASTE HERE AT A VERY REASONABLE COST.
RESULTS ARE FOOTRULES AND YARDSTICKS THAT MEASURE VALUES. THEY ARE SCALES THAT WEIGH MERIT. A PLEASED CUSTOMER IS A PROFITABLE CUSTOMER.
WE ARE HERE TO PLEASE YOU.

T. P. Dillon & Sons

The "Cu-Co" Springless Shade

No spring to jump—
No catch to miss—
No need to handle and soil—
No reaching to put up or down—
Simply release the cord to lower—or pull it to raise the shade. A quick release locks it at any position you want.



A new standard of shade service for your home

Made up in the finest shade fabrics—in sizes for any window
Come in and let us show you
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