

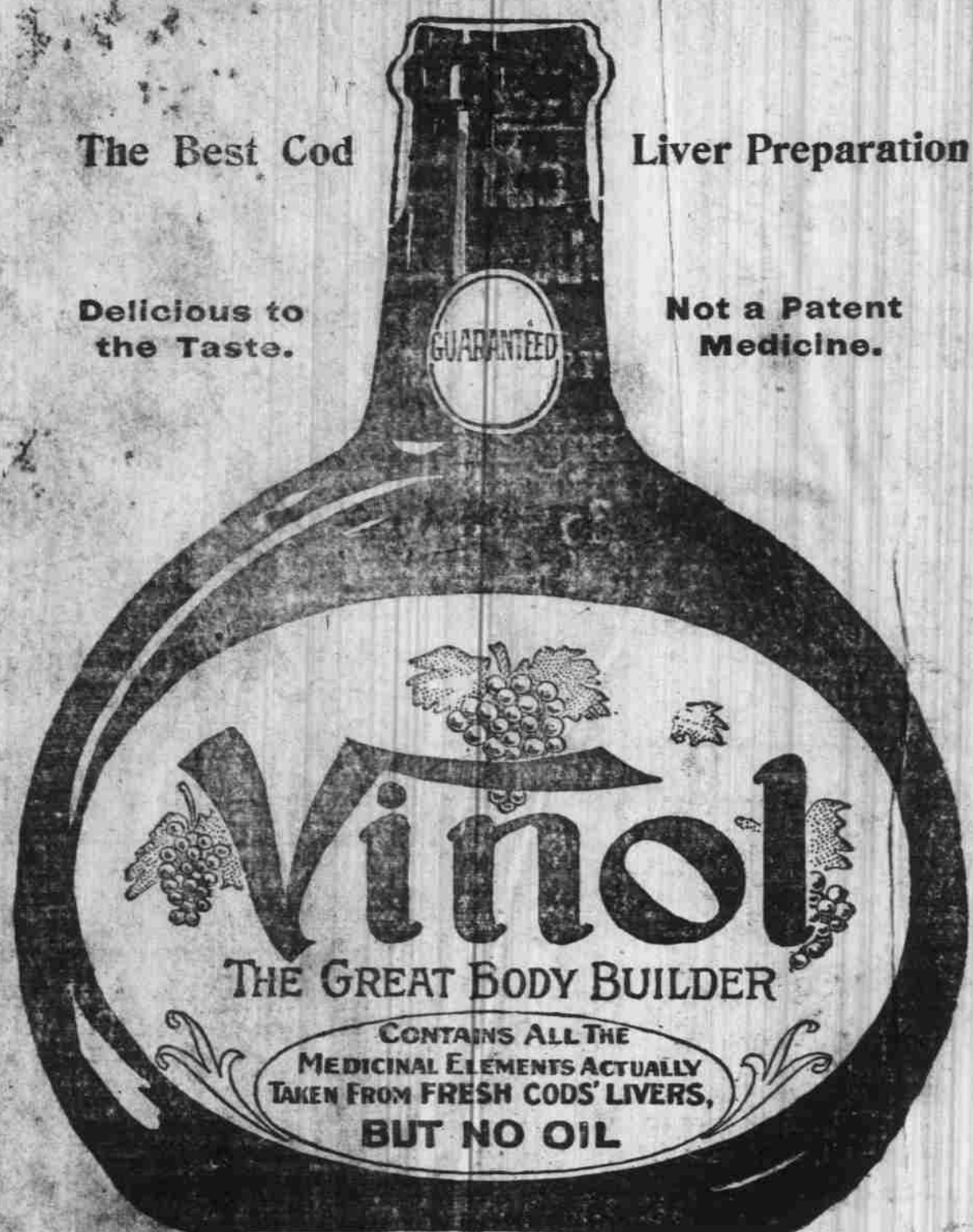
**IT BUILDS YOU UP,
and KEEPS YOU UP.**

The Best Cod

Liver Preparation

Delicious to
the Taste.

Not a Patent
Medicine.



Vinol contains ALL the medicinal elements of genuine, fresh cod's livers and their oil; with organic iron, and other body building ingredients, in a deliciously palatable and easily digested form. It is everywhere recognized as the greatest

**BODY BUILDER AND
STRENGTH CREATOR**

known to medicine—Vinol is the only cod liver preparation which contains no oil, grease, or any disagreeable feature, and sold on a positive guarantee of "money back if it fails to give satisfaction."

For Old People—Puny Children—Weak Women—Debilitated, All Tired Out People—Nursing and Weak Mothers—To Gain Flesh—To Get Strong—All Weak People—Chronic Colds—Hacking Coughs—Bronchitis—Lung Troubles—Nothing equals Vinol.

Try it—if you don't like it, we return your money.

Mr. J. M. BEAVER
Salisbury, N. C.

Dear Sir: The commonest lie for paints is: "A gallon covers 300 square feet, two coats." It does and it doesn't depend on the paint; the old paint; and the painter: all three.

It is true of Devoe with a margin. Devoe is too thick for some jobs; the painter will add some oil, sometimes not always; especially in cold weather. Mr. Albert Page, Fairfield, Me., computed Devoe for his house (300 feet a gallon, two coats) at 40 gallons: had 13 left. Your truly

102 F. W. DEVOE & CO.
Kessler Sons Hardware Co. sells our paints.

Peanuts For Horses and Mules.
The Arkansas experiment station has fed the whole peanut plant to horses and mules doing ordinary farm work. The animals did as well on this ration alone as they did before and after on the ordinary rations of corn and hay, and in the summer the advantage seemed to be decidedly in favor of the peanut. Only the Spanish variety was fed and after the first few days in such quantity as the appetite of the animals demanded.

A Simple Statement.
It is told of a certain minister that one Sunday morning he preached his sermon with the following notice: "Brethren, I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence; but this evening will come better prepared."

An Easy Way.
A sentimental poet writes, "How can I meet my darling?"

After some deliberation over the question we have come to the conclusion that he should meet her by approaching her from the opposite direction.

Remorseless Progress.
In every great business the chief trouble is to find a powerful and pioneering staff. It is frequently achieved in these days, and especially in America, by a series of remorseless experiments. One person after another gets his chance, and nine-tenths of the number are flung upon the street.—British Weekly.

REAL ESTATE, RENTAL AND INSURANCE

Everybody that deals with us makes money. We sell you any kind of property you desire—in Salisbury or Spencer for cash or on the installment plan. We can rent you a house either large or small. We can insure your property against loss by fire in either one of our 17 large companies, and guarantee satisfaction.

See us before making any deal in our business.

MAUPIN BROS.

Real Estate, Rental and Insurance Agents, Salisbury and Spencer
Phone 267

WHERE IS ARCADY?

(Editorial from Washington (D. C.) Post Sunday July 9 1905.)

Now is the season of the year when we would go to Arcady. We know that it is a place of simplicity and rest, upon whose gentle shores no wave of trouble rolls, and whose inhabitants dwell together in delightful harmony. Ever since Virgil sang to the Arcadian paradise the world has sought to somewhere equally blessed. And now, when the hot sun of summer stagnates the blood and makes us all ill and fretful, we too, would like to find the haven of bliss wherein we can loaf and invite our souls.

How is Arcady to be discovered? If we believe all that we read in the attractive railroad advertisements, there are a thousand places where care can be forgotten and happiness secured. In fact, there is such a multiplicity of invitations that one begins to doubt whether, after all, there is not some fly in each enticement. We wonder whether there can be so many gardens of Eden without a hidden serpent. If the pictures to be believed, all the hotels are beautiful in their exteriors, and sumptuous in their furnishings. Their surroundings, too, appeal to every fibre of our esthetic tastes. The mountains in the background stir our imagination, the ocean in the foreground invites us to its cooling and refreshing bosom. We can almost hear the birds singing in the trees which thickly dot the landscape, and the water in the fountain on the lawn seems to ripple with soothing music. Here would be Arcady, indeed, if we had not tasted of the tree of knowledge! We know from sad experience, that even a picture can deceive. It is a thousand dollars to one that when the charming view is seen in all its reality the results is a dismal disappointment. The mountains become mere hills, as far away as hope is from despair. The waves of the ocean roll upon some distant shore, the birds do not sing the fountains never plays. Instead, we find mosquitoes and malaria, can not vegetables and stale bread. When we would listen to shepherds piping sweet strains upon rustic flutes we have the gossip and the scandal of a city forced upon us. No, this not Arcady. It lies beyond.

And still the question is, Where shall we find it? If we consult our friends our minds become confused with tales, as many as are told in the Arabian Nights. For, after all, Arcady depends very largely upon one's self. It may be a farm, far away from civilization, where the lowing of the kine and the cackle of the hens are the only sounds that reach the tired ear, unless it be also the moan of the lonely camp upon the mountain top, where the stars seem

close enough to reach with outstretched arm, and the wind sighing through the pines lulls the weary body into dreamless slumber. It may be the seashore, where the stately ships pass by, and where the curling wave break in a mass of foam upon the sandy shore. Or it may be found in some quiet valley where existence knows not the noisy bustle of the world, and the minutes slip into the sea.

One thing, however, we must learn it does not pay to hunt for Arcady. It does not lie at the end of a long and thorny lane. We must drift into it or reach it not at all. If we are to find and fume and worry over where we are to go, we had better stay at home. And perhaps those who are wise enough not to go away at all will find that Arcady is nearer than they think.

"Where is Arcady?" Ans: Morehead City and Beaufort, N. C. The most attractive seashore resorts of the South, close to home and reached in a few hours in Pullman and Parlor Cars via Southern Ry., Atlantic Coast Line and Atlantic and North Carolina R. R. Low Summer tourist rates from all coupon stations and still lower Week End rates from adjacent coupon stations. Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City, unsurpassed in the South. Best of fare fine sailing rest and quietude. Surf-bathing unequalled.

Purely Business.
"Of course," said the shrewd business man, "I don't want to be sick, but it looks as if I'd have to call in Dr. Borroughs for a couple of weeks."
"What for?" demanded his friend.
"He owes me \$100, and that's about the only way I can collect it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Proper Way.
"So Wiseman is married at last. He used to say if he ever got married he'd manage his wife all right."
"Well, he's pretty shrewd; he's going about it in the right way."
"Is he? How?"
"Letting her have her own way."—Philadelphia Press.

Trees That Make a Noise.
A curiosity is known in the tropics as the shrub that keeps time as the music of a drum beat. It has a round, hard shelled fruit about the size of an orange, which when ripe and dry bursts open with a sharp noise like the report of a pistol. Its juice is poisonous. The South American trumpet tree might furnish a band with musical instruments, inasmuch as its hollow branches are utilized for horns and also for drums.

The soul asks honor, not fame; to be upright, not successful; to be good, not prosperous; to be essentially, not outwardly, respectable.—Woman's Life.

15c free

Regior's California Perfumes

We want you to try the refined, lasting perfumes made in California. Cut this ad out and present it with 10 cents and your name and address to any druggist in this city. It entitles you to 25 cents worth of any of

Regior's California Perfumes—they are true flower odors—made where the flowers grow. Offer C. see July 15

LADIES. DR. LAFRANCO'S.

Safe, speedy regulator. 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. DR. LAFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

GROWTH OF THE Wachovia Loan & Trust Company.
SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION, JUNE 15, 1893:

Deposits	Assets
Dec. 15, 1893, \$ 39,708.93	\$ 211,935.14
Dec. 15, 1894, 147,902.53	367,712.90
Dec. 15, 1896, 236,379.30	469,408.34
Dec. 15, 1898, 552,194.84	801,667.36
Dec. 15, 1900, 909,002.42	1,172,341.96
Dec. 15, 1902, 1,188,739.13	1,586,667.51
Dec. 15, 1904, 1,047,634.68	1,809,370.71
Mar. 14, 1905, 3,373,036.89	4,134,404.10

WE WANT MORE BUSINESS
Salisbury Saving Bank Building

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and does not restrict or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists, or by express collect, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

Spend August at the Seashore

The most Trying Month of the Summer has no Terror or Discomforts if you are at

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

The recent heated period was a season of cool and pleasant days at this famous resort. The invigorating ocean breezes brought rest and happiness to the tired and worn-out visitors from inland towns.

The Sportman's Paradise.

August is celebrated for its magnificent fishing at Morehead. The game fish with which the waters abound, are here in greater numbers than at any other period, and large catches are daily occurrences.

The Social Life is at its height now. Card parties, surf parties, sailing and fishing parties makes a stay here a delight. The improved railroad service makes the trip pleasant and convenient. Through parlor cars add to the comfort of the traveler. For particulars and rates, address,

ATLANTIC AND NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.