You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.

You can't make a mistake in taking

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

Has Helped Thousands. J 61

Notice.

Fair warning to all persons! We, the undersighed do hereby forbid any and all persons from hunting with gun or dog on our lands under penalty of the lay. We will try to stick to what we say. Our lands adjoin the lands of the N. C. Lumber Co., J. C. Branch, Noah Biggs, Balfour Dunn ond others.

[Signed] Will J. Partine, Henry Weeks, E. R. Weeks, L. W. Barnhill, J. F. Lawrence, L. E. DeBerry, C. E. Pope, W. B. Barnhill, Reuben Clark. t-2-15

Notice

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Annie R. Lawrence, deceased, late of Halifax county, State of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of January, 1915, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This January 22nd, 1914.

W. O. LAWRENCE,
1-22-6w Administrator.

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the will of Talithia Harrell, late of Halifax county, this is to notify all persons having claims against her estate to present them to me at once. If not presented in one year from date, this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 6th January 1914.

W. G. HEDGEPETH,
Executor of Talithia Harrell, dec'd
Hobgood, N. C. 1-8-6t

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS SHOULD USE

5 DROPS

The Best Remedy For all forms of

Rheumatism

LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA, AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

DROPS

STOP THE PAIN

Given Quick Relief. No Other Preparation Like It

SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS

SAMPLE "5-DROPS" FREE ON REQUEST. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 166-168 W. Lake St., Chicago.

I am the RED DEVIL that gets the germs before the germs get the hogs.

One tablespoonful of Red Devil Lye dissolved in a pint of water, then added to the slop or soft feed for ten hogs, fed to hogs night and morning throughout the year, will PREVENT cholera and worms.

Germs become worms, and worms make hogs sick. Give me a chance at these germs and worms and I'll

"HE SURE DOES!"

SAVE YOUR HOGS

I am Red Devil Lye.

IN BIG CANS cost you only Half the Usual Price 5c.

Save My Labels.

Beauty Hint.

Red elbows, says the Evening News, are happily a thorn which may be removed. Saw off the red elbows, soak them in a bleaching mixture of unslaked lime, steep them in carbolic acid, and they will never trouble you again. Cold feet may be treated similarly.

Doubles of Famous Men.

Tennyson, who resembled Dickens, had, despite disparity of years, an almost perfect "double" in Sir Leslie Stephen. Perhaps it is similarity of occupation or interests that breeds resemblance, for Professor Schrader was so like Huxley that even their intimate friend Grant Duff mistook one for the other, and Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema was scarcely distinguishable from his brother artist, Du Maurier. The theory, however, hardly accounts for the ludicrous resemblance of Edmund Yates and the late shah of Persia.—London Chronicle.

Real Pleasant.

Widowed Father (to his ten-year-old daughter)—Do you know, Minnie, that your governess is going to get married? Minnie—I'm so glad to get rid of the hateful thing. I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Me.—London Telegraph

Just Accident.

"I don't see what claim you have for this accident insurance," said the agent. "You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, wasn't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.—Puck.

A Wider Field.

"I think I'll be a trained nurse. I see many nurses marry millionaires."

"I would earnestly advise you to try the stage. Of course some millionaires go to hospitals, but more of them go to the musical comedies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Humors of Aviation.

Fair Damsel—Aren't you afraid when you go up in the air? Aviator—Well, I must admit I sometimes feel a sort of groundless apprehension.—Pearson's Weekly.

Horrible Blotches of Eczema

Quickly cured by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. C. P. Caldwell, of New Orleans, La., states: "My doctor advised me to try 'Dr. Hobson's Eczema Salve.' I used three boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Dr. Hobson's Derma Zema Soap. To-day I have not a spot anywhere on my body and can say I am cured." It will do the same for you. Its soothing, healing, antiseptic action will rid you of all skin humors, blackheads, pimples, Eczema blotches, red unsightly sores, and leaves your skin clean and healthy. Get a box to-day. Guaranteed. All druggists, 50c., or by mail

Pfeiffer Chemical Co.,
Philadelphia or St. Louis

RUN-DOWN WOMEN

Find Health in a Simple Tonic.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well, strong and healthy as a woman should be? They may not be sick enough to lie in bed—but they are run-down, thin, nervous, tired and devitalized.

Women are so active nowadays, and so much is expected of them, that they constantly overdo and suffer from headache, backache, nervousness and kindred ills.

Such women need Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil which will create an appetite, tone up the digestive organs, make pure blood and create strength.

Mrs. Walter Price, Biloxi, Miss., says: "I was in a run-down condition for months, I had taken several medicines but they seemed to do me no good. Finally Vinol was recommended, and from the first bottle I began to improve until I am strong and well as ever."

Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you.

P. S.—For pimples and blotches try our Saxo Salve. We guarantee it.

E. T. Whitehead Company
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED.

A PERILOUS CROSSING.

They Got Safely Over and Then Came a Curious Climax.

Mrs. Exe stood on a crowded corner when the traffic was at its height, staring at the thick, tangled come and go of motorcars and drays and cabs, and not daring to venture in among the dangers of that moving mass.

"May I cross the street with you, madam?"

She turned and saw an elderly stranger with lifted hat and gallant smile.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Exe. And the stranger grasped her arm with a firm grip, and together they plunged boldly into the wild crush of vehicles.

In and out, right and left, up and down, they zigzagged, at imminent peril of life and limb. Pedestrians on the sidewalk stopped and looked at them. Drivers and chauffeurs shouted and swore at them. It was plain to all that they were in unusual danger.

The escort of Mrs. Exe, still wearing his gallant smile, still grasping her arm firmly, seemed to make no effort to avoid the oncoming vehicles. He darted erratically and yet calmly this way and that.

At last by a miracle the other side was reached. Mrs. Exe then jerked her arm away from her escort's grasp, and, with a look of scorn, she said:

"It's no thanks to you that we were not both killed. Why, the way you positively courted danger one would think you were blind!"

"Madam, I am blind," he replied. "That's why I asked if I could cross with you."—New York Tribune.

TALE OF A LOST MINE.

It Is Somewhat Cloudy as to Its Source and Its Veracity.

This touching tale, for the veracity of which we do not vouch, comes from a source that we do not know, says the Engineering and Mining Journal:

"About 1660 a Spaniard in Peru named Jose Salcedo fell in love with an Indian girl. He proceeded to do a thing almost unheard of in those times—he married her. Out of gratitude her mother revealed to him a vein of silver of unexampled richness. He worked it and drew from it considerable wealth—too much for his happiness, for his opulence excited the cupidity of the viceroy, Count Lemos, who had him charged with high treason, the penalty of which was death and the confiscation of all worldly goods.

"It was in vain that Salcedo demanded permission to appeal to Madrid and offered to pay two ingots of silver daily during the fifteen months that must elapse before a reply was returned. The count refused and hanged him in 1669. But the butcher got small good out of it. The Indians, intent on avenging their friend, destroyed the works of the mine, filled it with water and concealed the entrance so cleverly that it could never be discovered. Neither promises nor threats could extract their secret, which remains so to this very day."

This story is more romantic than those of the Gunsight, Pegleg and several other "lost mines" of the American desert.

Getting Even With the Parson.

Parson Wheeler was invited out one afternoon for a motorcar ride with one of his friends. The minister, who enjoyed all outdoor sports, was very enthusiastic over motoring, so he was allowed to drive the car. While speeding along he was stopped by a constable and ordered to the station house.

"Well," said the captain, after listening to their story, "you say you were going at only fifteen miles an hour, but the constable declares you were traveling at forty. Now, I don't like to doubt the word of either of you. Can you think why he insists you were traveling at that rate of speed? Is there any grudge he owes you?"

"No," said the clergyman thoughtfully. "No, I can't think of anything—unless it is that I married him four years ago."—Lippincott's.

Alternatives.

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer. "Hey, mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet."

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-fife dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."—National Food Magazine.

The Same Medicine.

"Doctor, do you remember three years ago that you predicted positively that I would be a dead man in six weeks?"

"Why, yes, I"—

"Well, I've got a friend in the next room who is despondent about himself. Just tell him there is no hope for him, will you?"

Doing His Best.

Sportsman (after his tenth miss)—Oh, hang the birds! Keeper—Sorry, sir, but we ain't got no string, but if you likes to let me have the gun I'll shoot 'em for you.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Long Way.

"Does it cost much to feed the giraffes?"

"No; you see a little goes a long ways with them."—Harvard Lampoon.

No Danger.

Rich Father—I fear that young man of yours is living beyond his means. Daughter—Oh, no, papa; he hasn't any.—Boston Transcript.

PATENTS

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Makes Rapid Headway.

Add This Fact to Your Store Knowledge.

Kidney disease often advances so radidly that many a person is firmly in its grasp before aware of its progress. Prompt attention should be given the slightest symptom of kidney disorder, headaches, dizzy spells or a tired, worn-out feeling, or if the kidney secretions are offensive, irregular and attended by pain, procure a good kidney remedy at once.

Your townspeople recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read the statement of this Scotland Neck citizen:

Mrs. T. F. Gray, E. Main street, Scotland Neck, M. C., says: "My experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has convinced me that they are a remedy of merit. My back and head ached severely and I had dizzie spells and other symptoms of complaint. Finally, I procured a supply of Doan's Kidney Pills at E. T. Whitehead Co's. Drug Store, and it didn't take them long to remove my trouble."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. T. F. Gray had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

AMAZONS OF THE ALPS.

Big and Brawny, They Do the Roughest Kind of Heavy Work.

On the mountainous slopes of the Bardonecchian district of the Alps there is a curious race of powerfully built people. For some reason best known to themselves they build their dwellings in spots inaccessible to ordinary mortals. The people of the neighboring valleys are quite a different class of beings and are looked upon as weaklings, which they certainly are compared with the sturdy men and women who ascend the steep and rugged roads leading to primitive cottages. The men are rough of mien and boast a physique that is extraordinary, but they are not so remarkable as the women, who may be described as peaceful Amazons.

Most marked is the difference between the women who live in this portion of Italy and the French ones whose home is but a few miles away in the valley of the Isere, between Chambery and Modane. The latter are ordinary peasantry, but the former attract the attention of the visitor immediately by reason of their size, strength and powers of endurance.

There are several types of women in this district of the unfrequented Alps. Dark complexions suggestive of southern Italy, brunettes and blonds may be seen working side by side. All, however, are tall, well built and muscular. The work these women are capable of and which they do cheerfully is enough to terrify any average laborer in the British isles. It is not a little gentle farming or milking or anything that can be done with comparative ease, but hard, laborious work of all kinds, requiring much physical strength and sustained effort.

To see women carrying loads of a hundredweight and more for miles along rough roads and up steep inclines is quite common, and that a stranger should comment upon the feat is to them incomprehensible. They have been accustomed to work since the days of their girlhood and cannot imagine the delicate ladies of the big towns.—London Standard.

SKOBELEV, THE MADCAP.

Millet Thought Him Almost a Reincarnation of Napoleon.

A few days before he sailed for Europe on the trip which ended with his death on the Titanic, Frank D. Millet said to a friend in his studio:

"Skobelev! How well I remember him! We used to call him the Madcap. That was when he swam the Danube against orders, dashed into Plevna without re-enforcements and committed other little indiscretions of that sort which only a madman or a genius would attempt.

"Later I came to recognize him as almost a reincarnation of Napoleon. His ambition was literally about the same as Napoleon's. He wanted Russia to conquer the world. I stood with him once on the heights above Constantinople—it was in March, 1878, just before the treaty of San Stefano—when he outlined to me his schemes, which began with the absorption of the Ottoman empire, then extended to a conquest of India and concluded with piratical designs on England in Europe.

"It was unbelievably naive, and I should have dismissed the talk as the veriest moonshine had I not been a witness during the preceding months to the man's rise from an inferior position, where he was under a cloud, to a lieutenant generalship, with which he had become the hero of the war. He was then the practical hand which Russia held on Turkey's throat. He died only a few years later, miserable, wasted, futile. A strange man, a great man; I think the most remarkable man I have ever known."—Richard Barry in Century.

A Winter Cough.

A stubborn, annoying, depressing cough hangs on, racks the body, weakens the lungs, and often leads to serious results. The first dose of Dr. King's New Discovery gives relief. Henry D. Sanders, of Cavendish, was threatened with consumption, after having pnemonia. He writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery ought to be in every family; it is certainly the best of all medicines for coughs, colds or lung trouble." Good for children's coughs. Money back if not satisfied. Price 50c. and and $1.00. At all druggists.

H. E. Bucklen & Co.,
Philadelphia, or St. Louis.

WHERE HISTORY IS LAME.

Benefactors of the Human Race Who Get Too Little Credit.

History as it is written and as it is taught is one great panorama of wars and dynasties. It bristles with the names of doughty warriors and rulers, describes at length their struggles and achievements and dismisses the inventors and promoters of the great agencies which have made modern civilization possible, with scanty, if any, mention.

The invention of printing has had more influence upon the development of the race than any act of any ruler that the world has ever known, and more than half of those who read this will not know the inventor's name.

The men who invented and developed the steam engine did more to lighten human toil and to make possible to each of the dwellers upon earth a larger mead of comfort and enjoyment than all the generals who ever pitted men against their fellows. Hunt for their names in the indexes of your histories.

Art and literature have been broad highways to fame. The high school scholar can tell you who wrote what and when he wrote it, but ask him who built the first railroad in America and when and where it was. The magnificent Albert memorial is covered with the names of authors and painters and sculptors, but Michelangelo is there because he was an artist, not because he was an architect, and Leonardo Da Vinci because he was a painter and not because he was an engineer.—Power.

KEPT HIS SECRET WELL.

Even Scott's Son Didn't Know Who Wrote the Waverley Novels.

A Scotch newspaper having referred to the old story that Walter Scott, son of the great novelist, had never read his father's novels, the Dunfermline Court Journal reprints a letter that first appeared in its columns on Sept. 17, 1859. It was signed "Veritas," and the writer says: "From 1810 to 1833 I resided in Edinburgh and was on intimate terms with Walter Scott. Sitting together one winter evening several years before his father made the famous declaration at the theatrical fund dinner held in the assembly rooms of Edinburgh that he was the author of the Waverley novels, I put the following questions to my friend: 'Do you not really and truly believe your father to be the author of the Waverley novels, or who do you suppose the author to be?'

"His answer was: 'I have really no idea who the author is. If my father is the author he keeps the secret to himself, for none of the family knows. And then he added, 'The moment a new novel (by the author of "Waverley") is announced my father orders a copy from his bookseller, and the whole family assembles in the parlor in the evening to hear the novel read by myself and my sisters, each taking a turn.'

"He further added, 'When anything very droll or funny occurs in the reading of the novel my father joins most heartily in the laugh, perhaps more so than any of the family.'"

Got the Best of Carlyle.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day in the King's road he saw Carlyle coming in his direction and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying, "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was, "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him £5 he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The £5 was at once forthcoming.

Naming the Picture.

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.

"'Home?' Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—Glasgow Times.

A Solemn Critic.

A local band was one day playing at Dumfermline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing.

"That is the 'Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster.

"Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e given him an awfu' death!"—Glasgow News.

A "Place of Learning."

Sydney Smith, once being asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was quite appropriately named.

Blockhead.

Sapleigh—The barber wanted to singe my hair, but I said no. Smart—Your caution was commendable. He might have started a wood fire.—Boston Transcript.

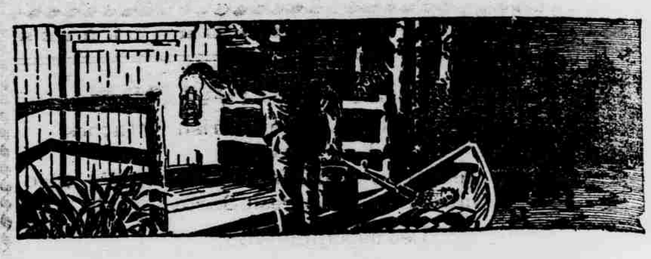
Hard work is still the road to prosperity and there is no other.—Benjamin Franklin.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Nature's Law.

The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatsoever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it.—Ruskin.



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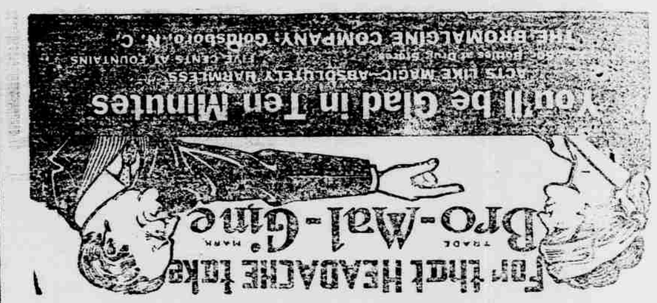

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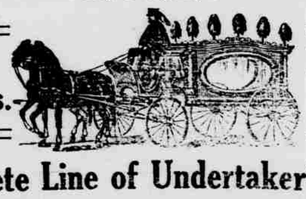

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HEARSE SERVICE AT ANY TIME.

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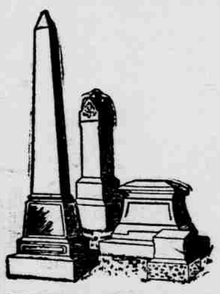

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The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

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