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NOTICE

Because of the continued advance in the cost of everything that enters into the manufacture and delivery of ice, it is necessary to increase the price during the winter months. No more coupon books will be sold until next spring and the following prices will prevail: 300 pounds at one delivery \$2.00; 100 pounds 70 cents; less than a 100 pounds one cent a pound, 10 cents worth being the smallest amount sold which is 1-3 of a 25 pound cut.

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day before Christmas Why don't you make it one of rest, Joel, and begin the new one fresh and ready and bright for the work before you?"

The Rev. Joel Brierly regarded his estimable better half with smiling thoughtfulness. "It happens to be a day when both of us must live up to imperative duty, dear," he replied. "There are the Mason children. have placed the two older ones with some very good people. The little girl of four and the boy of six, however, are still in need of a home. I have been thinking; suppose you see if you cannot find some one to adopt the girl and I will do the same for the boy."

"Who are we ever going to get to take them?" inquired Mrs. Brierly, growing fussy and excited. "I shall trust your busy and sensible

mind to enlist the interest of some of your charitably inclined lady friends," answered Mr. Brierly gallantly. "I will undertake trying to influence some benevolent husband or father."

So, with holiday cheer warming his honest heart, the best liked minister Paxton ever had started forth on his misson. Before doing so, however, he sat down on the porch for a quarter of an hour compiling a list of possible "prospects." Thomas Dalrymple, the village magnate, was among them, and he listened with apparent interest to the minister's story of how four children had been left homeless and penniless through the death of their mother, a poor widow.

"Tell you," said Mr. Dalrymple, "my wife is an invalid and any variation in our regular life would greatly disturb her. I shall be only too glad to join in a fund to provide for the care of one of the children at some school or institution."

"We have none here adaptable lo cally," demurred Mr. Brierly, "and 1 promised Mrs. Mason that I would ex ert supervision and care over her little ones until they were able to take care of themselves."

Levi Brodie, a well-to-do merchant turned out also a disappointment.

Two more calls, further excuses and Mr. Brierly entered the office



"Poorly, Poorly, Sir," Replied Dallas Dejectedly.

block of the town in quest of No. 5 on his list, to find the object of his visit absent for the holidays. He was somewhat weary from his useless tramp, and as he passed the office of John Dallas, who dabbled in real estate, he saw its tenant staring gloomily out of the window. Now the thought never occurred to Mr. Brierly that here might be a possible benefactor. John Dallas was gray and grizzled. He had changed a good deal of late years, and all his old-time cheeriness seemed to have vanished after his children had grown up and married and went away. The clergyman had heard that Dallas and his wife lived a lonely and, it was said, rather unhappy life. Dallas looked it as he greeted his chance

"Just dropped in to rest for a minute or so," announced the latter. "How are you getting along, Mr. Dallas?"

"Poorly, poorly, sir," replied Dallas dejectedly. He had left home that morning wretchedly dissatisfied. In sensibly since the youngest and last of the family brood had chosen a wife and had settled in another section of the country, like himself, Mrs. Dallas had changed greatly, and the holiday season as it came around seemed almost unbearable.

The two would sit evenings amid a loneliness that really placed them as far apart as if they were separated by illumitable space.

John Dallas opened his soul to the broad-minded, genial souled minister who had looked to the spiritual welfare of his family for over a quarter

blame, of censure, for Mary, but he pathetically described the forlornness of the dull, uneventful life they led.

"Maybe it's because we are growing old," he sighed. "We don't seem to have any mutual interests any more. The house is as grim and silent as a jail, with the children all gone. I find Mary sitting alone erying, and I'd like to myself when she forgets to kiss me good-by as she used to do mornings, when I would start out for the day."

"Wny, you persistent pessimist!" railled Mr. Brierly, "you two people are in the very prime of life and ought to be happy as the day is long. You talk about there being no more Christmas or New Years for you!

"Rouse up, John Dallas! what you want is something to interest you. to break the dull monotony in your quiet life, and, happily, I am the very man who can suggest to you how you are going to do it."

John Dallas regarded his visitor hopefully, almost pleadingly. "If you will follow my advice," continued Mr. Brierly, "you will bring into your home tonight a gift for your dear wife that will wake up in her all the old-time interest in the world and you."

"I hope it-I long for it," declared

Dallas eagerly. "Very well," resumed Mr. Brierly, "I am looking for some one to adopt little Benny Mason, whose mother died last week. Come, old friend,



There is the Present I Have Brough

brighten up heart and home with s loving, grateful little guest, who will surely bring a blessing to your threshold. Go home then every night to find your wife happy, because she has had some one to cling to her and love her all the day long, and the happy little fellow will twine himself close about your longing hearts."

John Dallas arose from his chair and fervently grasped the hand of his friend and adviser. There was a new born light in his rugged face.

"Bring along the lad as soon as you like," he said. "It won't be my fault that he doesn't have a pleasant home and I hope Mary will say the same,' and just after noon Mr. Brierly ap peared with the little outcast.

"Mr. Brierly says you are to be my new father," prattled the bright facec little fellow, running up to Mr. Dallas "and won't you please take me to my new mamma?"

Not within five years had the old time cheering, winning smile deepened on the face of John Dallas as now He took his little charge around the stores and fitted him out newly. Some how he was thrilled, as, clasping his hand lovingly, Benny ran by his side as late in the afternoon he started for home. As he went up its steps he told Benny to go to the end of the porch and stay there till he came back His wife met mm in the hallway.

"Mary," he said, and his voice showed deep emotion, "I've got something to tell you. You know tomorrow is Christmas. Well, I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"How strangely you talk!" spoke Mrs. Dallas. "Aren't you a pretty good

"Why, you think that?" floundered John, all taken aback by the sudden and inexplicable change in his wife. who seemed bubbling over with extreordinary animation. "Anyhow, Mary. I'm going to think more after this of your needs and wishes, and I have a present for you which I hope will give you very much pleasure."

"Oh, John!" interrupted Mary tumultuously, "It seems as if everything good and grand is happening all at once. Come in, I want to show you something," and she seized his arm. hurried him into the sitting room, and there, lying asleep on the couch, was a lovely little girl of four-Benny's sister.

"It was that kind hearted Mrs. Brierly, the minister's wife, who came to see me this morning," explained Mary. "She's given us the dear little child for all our own. Oh! think of it John, and-what was that?"

It was the little lad left on the porch, who had discovered the family cat and was talking to and petting it "Mary," said John, as they went outside, "it seems a double gift day, all around. There is the present I have I say, the more the merrier."

"Are you my new mamma?" prattled Benny, running up to Mrs. Dallas, who gathered him up in her arms.

"Yes, you sweet dear!" she cried, and, the tears rolling down her face, she kissed her husband first on one cheek and then on the other. "Oh, John!" she sobbed, "I am a happy, happy woman, indeed, upon this glad Christmas eve!"

of tentury. He had not one word of chopyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

I was there to make a sketch of dren's Hour like a feast. For the her. Luncheon was just over, and tiny toddlers there is a varied she was talking to a little knot of menu, sometimes Uneeda Biscuit

Uneeda Biscuit

Bringing to

ten to

Hour.

pad of p

the door of your

women. The first words I heard, as and milk, sometimes Graham Crack-I slid quietly into a nearby seat, were ers, Oatmeal Crackers or Lunch Bis-"National Biscuit," recalling pleas cuit. This is changed on special antly my own tasty Uneeda Lunch occasions to Old Time Lugar Cookeon. I liked her, and see again, my per an, there are days when we had ce cream and Nabisco, and those vere our party days. d daylight,"

is all, and made us sure they coming every day-forbildren, as we must after their

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appetizing as only National went on, "are much like litte mals. They are most lovable and Biscuit Products can be. During the most tractable after they've had years when my babies were growing omething to eat. National Biscuit up we never missed the Chil-Lainties always begin our Chil- dren's Hour with its tasty feast.

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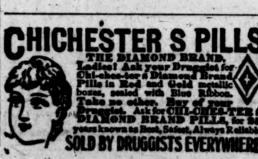
NOTICE

After this week the Clinton Oil Mill Ginnery will operate only two days in a week, Tuesday and Friday.

NOTICE

After this week I will operate my gin only two days brought you-if two ain't too much. in a week, Tuesday and Fri-

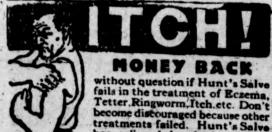
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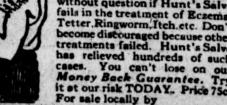


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