

You Can Never Tell

How far a frog can jump
by looking at him

Some times you can't judge the quality of a basket of Groceries by just looking at them.

When you get them from us and they fail to come up to your every expectation, you just step to the telephone (we have two), confer a favor by telling us and one of our wagons (we have three) will just call and get them and return your money.

That's just about as tight as we know how to obligate ourselves. If we could command language to compose a stronger guarantee, we would give it to you.

The strongest is none too strong for us, and the best Groceries is none too good for you.

GROCERIES, BOTH STAPLE AND FANCY
GOLD-STORAGE MEATS
PRODUCE FRUITS CANDIES

All guaranteed. Phone us a trial order. We deliver.
No order too small. No order too large.

E. P. GRISSOM

Monetary.

A successful man is one who can make more money than his wife can spend.—New York Times.

To Fred Nolen.

J. M. Cole, guardian of Fred Nolen, vs. Fred Nolen.
In the Chancery Court at Union City, Tennessee.

It appearing from the bill in this cause, and which is duly sworn to, that the defendant Fred Nolen is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, he is therefore hereby required to appear on or before the

First Monday in October next

before the Clerk and Master of this court and defend the bill filed against him in said court by J. M. Cole, his regular guardian, or the bill will be taken for confessed. It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Union City Commercial.

This the 24th day of August, 1909.
G. A. GIBBS,
Clerk and Master.
F. J. Smith, Solicitor for Compl't.

DR. MENDENHALL'S CHILL TONIC

Guaranteed Better FOR CHILLS, FEVERS, MALARIA.

Children and Persons who can not take Quinine, readily take this pleasant remedy.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

Prepared only by
J. C. MENDENHALL MEDICINE CO.
Evansville, - - Indiana.
Sold by Red Cross Drug Store

MRS. C. E. TREVATHAN, D.O.S.T.

H. B. MORTON, A.B.D.O.

Drs. Trevathan & Morton

Union City and Brownsville, Tenn.,

Offer their services in the practice of osteopathy, medical and suggestive therapeutics.

At present Mrs. Trevathan is located in Union City with offices at the residence of Mrs. Mary Cary, South First street. After Sept. 10 she will be found at her residence, 201 High street. Mrs. Trevathan will be assisted in her practice here by Dr. Morton, a reputable physician of Brownsville, when the services of that gentleman are required. Mrs. Trevathan has lately been engaged in treating Weakly County patients with the most satisfactory results, and returns home again greatly pleased that she is enabled to offer the public the advantages of a larger experience in her work.

GEORGE B. WILLIS, Manager

WEST TENNESSEE MONUMENT CO.

DEALERS IN

American and Foreign Marble and Granite Monuments

Get our prices on all kinds of Cemetery Goods, Curbing, Building Stone, &c. All work finished in first-class style.

of Semones & Sons' Foundry.

UNION CITY TENN.

DISSECTING A GOOSE WITHOUT A SCALPEL

Printer's Ink the Weapon Used

"LET'S BUILD A TOWN."

"Ain't That a Sight," Said Rev. W. H. (Wild Bill) Evans.

Now, readers, under the above caption (with a slight modification) there appeared an article in last week's issue of the Union City Commercial, being the first of a series of articles I have in store in reply to an editorial which appeared in the Obion Enterprise two weeks ago and dandied by one Arch Johnson, purporting to enlighten the Obionites as to the modus operandi of how to build a town, upon which proposition I picked up the glove the aforesaid editor laid down; in other words, I dared to take issue with his Editorship upon a question in which the destiny of the town of Obion is involved, and in doing this I will in each of my articles confine myself to facts and figures, dates, etc., incontrovertible, and with no unkind feeling, no matter what the provocation may be or has been in the past.

Now, in my first article, I gave warning to those who, for the past thirty years, have persisted in trying to tear down as fast as I build up; and in this, my second article, I repeat the warning.

Now, if you continue to harden your hearts and stiffen your necks in your aggressiveness, in your efforts to annihilate my lifetime earnings, and fall by the wayside, as your chief and satellites preceding you have done, do not blame me with it. It has been my misfortune to be on the defensive all my life, combating jealousy and the thirst for supremacy as the propelling power. It has given me more prominence than I deserve, or desire to possess.

This is Monday eve and I have no evidence indicating your intention to cease your persecution and haul down the black flag you have been waving over the people of Obion longer than it took Washington and Marion to drive King George from American soil.

It is still being reported that I gave to Bro. Ellis the catalogue of crimes and even the names of the criminals against the laws of God and man that the preacher enumerated in his opening sermon of the protracted meeting held by Bro. Ed Watson and himself, which closed last night. This report is not believed by any one who knows me, because I disavowed the authorship of the information imported to Bro. Ellis. Those who repeat it do not believe it.

It may be, as Bro. Whitnell had preached the first sermon on the situation in Obion, and the fact that he has for some time been in possession of the papers made out by my attorney, Judge A. J. Lawson, in relation to the farce (called a church trial) enacted in the M. E. Church, South, at Obion Oct. 12, 1902, subsequent to an array of Bro. W. M. Wilson before a committee composed of R. M. Walker, pastor, G. M. Steele, secretary, and the most valuable member of the church at Obion, according to the Gospel preached by the Rev. George Washington Wilson, and also in accord with a letter the Reverend Gentleman wrote to the late Rev. W. A. Cook upon the occasion of the proceedings of the first quarterly conference held in January, 1905 (or more than three years after the persecution began), in which the most valuable member of the church played a most conspicuous part in the letter referred to. Bro. Wilson said to Bro. Cook: "I am afraid we did wrong in accepting the money (\$105.00) paid in by the Wilsons; the most valuable member of the church told me it was tainted."

However, in the estimation of Bro. Wilson, if the first money paid by the Wilsons was tainted, the taint didn't affect the last \$100.00 I gave Bro. Cook an hour before he left Obion to attend the General Conference at Mayfield, Ky., Nov., 1905, from the fact that after Bro. Cook, in his room and in the presence of his wife (now a widow residing in Obion) related to Bro. Wilson the circumstances under which I gave him the money. The Elder said, "Give me ten dollars of that money," and he pocketed a ten dollar gold piece of the last \$100.00 I gave him, saying, "Bro. Cook, I give you this money for yourself and Sister Cook. As a matter in course you will have to report it as quarterage. But tell Elder Wilson I do not want him to handle any more of my tainted money." But that was not in the way of his taking what he called his part of the money I gave to Bro. Cook. I requested the Elder to return the money to Bro. Cook, to no avail. I then wrote to Bishops Hoss and Key

at Birmingham, Ala., May, 1906, in forming them of the circumstances, and further stated to the Bishops: "I wish you would show Elder Wilson my letter, as you are all together at General Conference." Since the Elder has (by application to my attorney, A. J. Lawson, in a letter which was handed to the Elder at Bethlehem Church Fourth Quarterly Conference Oct. 21, 1905, through the hands of my son, A. Wilson, Mayor of Obion) positively refused to consider a proposition to expunge from the church record the word "expelled," prematurely set opposite my name by the prosecutor, T. J. Ogilvie, which act was by Bishop Hoss, at Paris, Tenn., Nov., 1902, and Bishop Key, at Jackson, Tenn., Nov., 1904, declared erroneous. But the Elder said, and wrote to Bro. Cook, "I am as competent to interpret law as Bishop Hoss or Bishop Key." Bishop Hoss answered my letters for Bishop Key and himself, saying, "The entire matter will be investigated at Ripley, Tenn., Nov., 1906." My church attorney, A. J. Lawson, and myself attended the Conference at Ripley, but Bishop Duncan presided over the Conference, a short time before his death, and was in feeble and irritable condition. The matter was not attended to and is still an open question whether the decrees of the Bishops or the Elders shall prevail.

Tuesday a. m.—I will resume my respects to Elder Wilson next week. In the meantime the Elder wishes it distinctly understood that he is no kin to that old scamp, Bill Wilson. Well, I am so sorry, but if Bro. Wilson will send me a barrel big enough to bottle up the tears I have shed over it, I will forgive him, as I did the most valuable member of the church for slandering not only myself but two Bishops as well. Not being content with that, like the flame that set fire to the Gayoso Hotel in Memphis, he licked out his tongue and swiped in a lady, who is, like Caesar's wife, above reproach, a lady I have never had the honor of seeing in my life, yet the most valuable member of the church narrated to more than a half dozen citizens of Obion, in Lovell's drug store, Sunday a. m., June 16, 1906, how Old Bill drove this good lady around in a carriage over the streets of a city she was never in, and the shrewd old fox gave her a big lot of money and she induced the Bishop to decide the church suit in his favor.

The most interesting opening of a school that it was ever my good fortune to witness, occurred at the College last night. The speakers handled their subjects in a masterly way. They taught the art of building a school, a town, rearing a boy and improving society. The boys awarded the blue ribbon to Miss Frey as the best speaker. Robert and Ben Morris said: "We are proud of our teacher." I said: "Boys, if, by your conduct during this session, you will give your teacher good reasons to be as proud of you as you are of her, I will, at the close of the session, give you a fine suit of Dock Fox's best wear." When Dr. Darnall finished his scientific oration and took his seat by my side I whispered in his ear: "Your speech reminds me of pioneer days"—when Tobe Wilkinson blazed out the

HAVE YOU TRIED

JERSEY CREAM FLOUR

Ask Your Grocer for it

NONE BETTER

Dahnke-Walker Milling Co.

Ask us for prices when selling your grain.

NOW ON STRIKE

Millions of Stomachs Refuse to Do Their Work Properly

All over this broad land millions of stomach owners are being held in humiliating subjection just because they are so stubborn that they will not accept a fair, square and broad-minded offer.

Life is short for all of us; it will be shorter for those who let their stomachs go from bad to worse.

The Red Cross Drug Store has a famous prescription called Mi-o-na, and they believe so thoroughly in its remarkable curative power that they say to every owner of a distressed stomach that they will guarantee Mi-o-na tablets to cure acute or chronic indigestion and all stomach ailments, or money back, and the price is only 50 cents a box.

And still there are stubborn people right in Union City who won't accept this offer, but continue to suffer from gas on stomach, belching of sour food, stomach pains, foul breath, dizziness, biliousness and headaches just because—just because—that's all, there is no other reason.

Mi-o-na tablets stop dyspeptic agony in five minutes; they cure obstinate cases of indigestion, and turn the old stomach into a new one in a few weeks, or money back.

Red Cross Drug Store.

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

Cures catarrh or money back. Just breathe it in. Complete outfit, including inhaler \$1. Extra bottles 50c. Druggists.

Howdy!

When you tell the old world "Howdy," though it's feelin' mighty blue, It's mighty quick in passin' of the time o' day with you; Springtime or fall, Answerin' your call, "Howdy, to you neighbor. How's your family an' you?"

When you tell the old world "Howdy," You're on speakin' terms, you see— Sociable and friendly as we humans ought to be;

You think there's little in it, But it makes a golden minute, Throwin' off your troubles in a joyous land and free.

Draws the Line.

Every maid loves rosy cheeks, And crimson ear tips, I suppose; But heavens! what a yelp she makes If she develops a reddish nose. —Los Angeles Express.

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