

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription--\$1.50 Per Annum.

VOL. XLIX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915.

NO. 49

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina.

State of North Carolina Depository.
Halifax County Depository.
Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, \$55,000.

For over 21 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and officers are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties. A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a Savings Bank. In this Department interest is allowed, as follows:

For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent. Six months or longer, 3 per cent. Twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. Any information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: J. O. DRAKE. DIRECTORS: W. E. Smith, W. E. Daniel, J. O. Drake, W. M. Cohen, R. T. Daniel, J. L. Shepherd, W. A. Pierce, D. B. Zollinger, J. W. Sledge.

GALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! MAKES YOU SICK AND SALIVATES

"Doddson's Liver Tonic" Is Harmless To Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels.

Tight! Colic makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Colic is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bowels, when it comes into contact with your bile crabs into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated, if you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Doddson's Liver Tonic tonight on my guarantee.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent bottle of Doddson's Liver Tonic. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Doddson's Liver Tonic is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine, entirely vegetable, therefore it can not salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Doddson's Liver Tonic will clean your sluggish liver to work and clear your bowels of that same bile and constipated waste which is choking your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Doddson's Liver Tonic will keep your entire family feeling strong and healthy. It is your only safe, harmless, non-toxic gripe and they are a pleasant taste.

KEEPS YOUR HOME FRESH AND CLEAN

Duntley

Combination Pneumatic Sweeper

THIS Swiftly-Sweeping, Easy-Running DUNTLEY Sweeper cleans without raising dust, and at the same time picks up pins, lint, ravelings, etc., in ONE OPERATION. Its ease makes sweeping a simple task quickly finished. It reaches even the most difficult places, and eliminates the necessity of moving and lifting all heavy furniture.

The Great Labor Saver of the Home—Every home, large or small, can enjoy relief from broom drudgery and protection from the danger of flying dust.

Duntley is the Pioneer of Pneumatic Sweepers—Has the combination of the Pneumatic Suction Nozzle and revolving Brush. Very easily operated and absolutely guaranteed. In buying a Vacuum Cleaner, why not give the "Duntley" a trial in your home at our expense?

Write today for full particulars

WELDON FURNITURE COMPANY



TANNER'S ROOF PAINT

SOLD BY

Pierce-Whitehead Hardware Company,

WELDON, N. C.



Symbolizing the Day of Light and Joy



PHOTO BY FRANK FOURNIEH

This is that morn—the resurrection hour
Of all the good that has within us died,
The hour to throw aside with passionate force,
The cruel bonds of wrong, and blindness—pride—
And rise into a level high of power,
Of strength—of purity—while those we love rejoice
With "clouds of angel witnesses" above
And all the dear ones who before have gone.

HAIL MIRACLE OF DEATHLESS LIFE

Throughout the Ages the Spirit of Easter Has Voiced the Highest Aspirations of the Human Soul.

THE spirit of Easter had its birth in that dim past when man's wondering eyes first vaguely sensed the promise of the swelling seed, the mystery of bursting bud, the miracle of resurrected life in leaf and flower. Down through the countless ages have thundered the hosannas of vernal joy, peans of welcome to the reborn earth pregnant with its gift of immortality. In every land, savage and civilized, in every step of man's uplift from barbarism to culture, from prehistoric to modern times, each passing year has witnessed the passionate rhythm of waiting, lamentation and agonized despairing prayer for the dead god, until at a mystic moment, penitential sacrifice and fasting, weeping and mourning give way to transports of joy which hail the resurrected deity who has broken again the grim gates of death.

We Christians have no monopoly of the undying Easter idea of death, resurrection and immortality, of a deity who dies to save the world and who rises triumphant from the dead. That has been the radiant principle of humanity's instinctive religion from the early dawn of man's spiritual life. The ancient temples of a hundred different religions have echoed to the lamentations for dead deities and their old altars have vibrated and thrilled with the joyous hymns in honor of resurrected gods. The germinal idea is found in almost all the myths of savage peoples. It was the prevailing idea in the faith of the old Hindus; it inspired the ancient Egyptian belief in immortality; in the pre-Christian religions of Babylon, Assyria and Asia Minor it was

fundamental; while around this idea in Greece, Carthage and Rome centered the most sacred rites and mysteries. Strange and sometimes horrible in sacrifice were the ceremonies which ushered in the reborn deity, rituals of worship which drenched altars with human blood in imitation of the god who died that the world might live. In other places the great spring festival took the form of joy transformed into the abandon of license. But in all these perversions the central idea remained as an expression of man's attempt to fathom the secret of the universe and to adjust his little life to its awful mysteries.

We moderns of today can have no adequate conception of what the advent of spring meant in the childhood of mankind. In a way we have conquered the seasons and adapted ourselves to their changing moods. But even a few centuries ago, man was almost hopeless in the grip of a relentless, pitiless rhythm of superfluous plenty in summer and starvation and death in winter. It was only the strong and vigorous who survived the winter's fight with hunger. The ancient Lent was in very fact a period of waiting and lamentation, for at this time the gods seemed to have deserted mankind, and the earth itself, the great mother goddess of fertility and fecundity, appeared to have died beneath their feet. The coming of spring, the resurrection of fertility, meant that man's despairing prayers had been answered; that his sacrifices had been accepted, and that his battle with hunger was over. In the sharp prod of biting hunger which ancient man viewed as a punishment inflicted by the gods preading over the various aspects of nature and the seasons, can be found the reason for much that seems strange and monstrous to us in the old religions.

Adonis was the god who represented the yearly decay and revival of life, an annual death and resurrection. His worship spread from western Asia throughout the Mediterranean littoral. He was pictured as bleeding to death with the red leaves of autumn and coming to life again with the fresh green of spring. Often Adonis was impersonated by a living man

who was sacrificed upon the harvest field. In the great Phoenician sanctuary of Astarte at Byblos the death of Adonis was mourned to the shrill wailing notes of the flute, with weeping, lamentations and beating of breasts, but the next day the dead god was believed to rise from the dead and to ascend to heaven in the presence of his worshippers, amid hymns of joy and glad shouts of "Adonis is risen from the dead!" It is in the worship of Attis, however, that occurs the most striking resemblance to many of the observances of the Christian Easter. Attis was believed to have been miraculously born of a virgin mother and like Adonis to have died a violent death, rising from the dead at the time of the spring festival. Hideous orgiastic rites marked the days of Attis worship in Rome. Rituals of blood and atonement preceded the hilarious joy of the great day of resurrection. While devout multitudes flocked to the sanctuary, the unsexed priests of Attis and Cybele, and in wild, frenzied dances splattered the altars with dripping blood. The effigy of Attis bound to a pine tree played an important part in the ceremony. "The Day of Blood" witnessed the period of mourning over the effigy of the god which was afterward buried in a sepulcher. The worshippers prayed and fasted in waiting and lamentation in preparation for the sacramental meal. But when night had fallen the grief of the worshippers turned to ecstatic gladness in the Festival of Joy. Suddenly a light shone in the darkness. The tomb was opened and the temple thrilled to shouts that told that Attis had risen from the dead. And as the priest touched the lips of the mourners with balm he softly whispered in their ears the glad tidings of salvation. The resurrection of Attis was hailed by his votaries as a divine promise that they, too, would issue triumphant from the corruption of the grave. A blessed sacramental meal and a baptism of blood were among other ceremonies for the initiates, a ritual which included a sacrifice of virgity. It meant to them a new spiritual birth and remission of sins.

A Sluggish Liver Needs Attention.

Let your Liver get torpid and you are in for a spell of misery. Everybody gets an attack now and then. Thousands of people keep their Livers active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Pills. Fine for the Stomach, too. Stop the Dizziness, Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. Clear the blood. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Nothing is more painful than the antics of a fat woman trying to act kittenish.

Whooping Cough

Well—everyone knows the effect of Pine Forests on Coughs. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is a remedy which brings quick relief for Whooping Cough, loosens the mucous, soothes the lining of the throat and lungs, and make the cough-spells less severe. A family with growing children should not be without it. Keep it handy for all Cough and Colds. 25c. at your Druggist.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Electric Bitters a spring tonic.

BOWLBY'S RETURN

An Easter Lily Story
By LESLIE G. SHANNON

He stood on the outskirts of a crowd surrounding a group of Salvation Army people. No one paid the slightest heed to this man with the livid face and ashamed eyes. Every one was craning his neck to gaze at the girl in the blue poke bonnet, who had just begun to sing in a wonderful contralto voice:

I've found a friend in Jesus;
He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

The Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

The martial swing of the music rolled up like a battle-cry. Many beat the measured rhythm upon the stones of the street with their feet. The hymn was plainly a favorite.

The man with the haggard, blanched face and the eyes that avoided other eyes felt something roll down his cheek. He put up his hand and to his great surprise brushed away a tear. He immediately walked away, wondering at himself. He had not wept in years.

He walked aimlessly on, coming at last to a public square where benches were placed. Here he sat down.

Next day he went up and down the sordid streets looking for work. There was none for him. By some mysterious power, everyone who he applied was aware that he had just come from prison. He had often heard his fellow convicts talk of the "bounding of the police." He realized that he was more and more bitter as he met each fresh rebuff. "It's just as they told me," he said savagely to himself; "no place in the world for a jailbird."

As day by day went by without any prospect of better fortunes, his seared heart grew like granite. He came to hate everything and everybody; to realize in the depths of his soul that he was not only an outcast, but an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man. He began to wonder how soon it would be before he would go back. At least, there he could have shelter and food. He consoled himself with the thought that if society refused him his living the state would not.

He often thought of the other man, the one who so glibly swore him into prison; who had worked next his desk in the bank; who knew where the money went. There had been hours in his cell when he had said coldly to himself, "When I get out—"

The sinister thought began now to haunt him again. If he was to go back, he said, it might as well be for murder as for anything else, better,



Here He Sat and Thought

perhaps, for his misery would be the sooner over.

So he began now to look in crowds for a face. He had watched the bank and discovered that the other man was no longer there. He said to himself that when he found the face he would follow it. It should not hide from him. He laughed grimly at the idea. There were no walls thick enough, no doors strong enough, to keep him from his enemy when once he had found him.

It was the end of Holy week, and the florists' windows were a glory. Roses, Anemone lilies, violets, jonquills—a mass of beauty and perfume tempted the eyes of all passers-by,

About the time an actress recovers from one attack of matrimony she has another.

Our idea of true faith is that of a man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Even the man—the Ishmaelite, the jailbird—passed and looked in at the banks of bloom in the window of a shop. His somber eyes roamed over the flaunting tulips, the stately roses, and rested on a cluster of tiny white flowers, modestly hiding under their waxen leaves. Yes, there they were—his mother's flowers—the flowers his young wife had loved.

"O-oh!" sighed a childish voice by him.

Bowlby, the jailbird, looked down. A little slip of a girl stood there looking in the window at the elaborate floral display. She was a tiny little girl, although her clothing was worn and thin. She had solemn eyes and a quaintly demure air. One poor, scrawny little finger was pointing at the flowers. "That's mine," she was murmuring, "an' that's mine," the finger shifted, "an' that—oh! an' that!" She drew a long breath as if the cup of her joy was overflowing and pressed her solemn little face closer to the window.

The man looked sharply at her. He found himself smiling at her enthusiasm. Then he thought differently about it and scowled. But still he lingered watching the child. Something about her went to his lonely, seared heart. At last he spoke. "So you own them all, do you, little girl?" he asked, and was amazed at the sound of his own voice.

The child looked up. "I was just making believe," she said shyly. "Would you like to own them all?" he asked, still wondering why he should speak to anyone.

"I love flowers," she hesitated.

"Tell me," said the man, "if you had to choose, which would you take?"

She looked earnestly in the window again, and once more the little claw-like finger came into play. It wandered meditatively from flower to flower.



"I Didn't Treat You Square."

er, until it paused at the lilies of the valley. "I'd choose them," she said.

The man gave a little start. "Why?" he questioned, not unkindly.

"Oh," said the child, "because they are such weeny little things—fairly flowers, I think, but," she added, primly and with a strangely old air, "flowers do not become me."

"Why not?"

"Because," replied the child, turning her eyes resolutely away from the window, "we are too poor."

The man slowly drew his hand out of the pocket of his rough frieze coat and glanced at the silver in his palm. "You stay here a minute, little girl," he said.

He went into the florist's. "How much for a bunch of lilies of the valley?" he asked the pert, buxom young woman behind the counter.

"Dollar a dozen during Easter," she responded.

Oh, Easter, that was it! He had forgotten there was such an institution. "Well, do the best you can for 50 cents," he answered, laying the money on the counter.

When he came out with the lilies in his hand, his quaint little friend was still fastening her face against the window. "Here, child," he said, "take these."

She did not speak at first; but her thin hands trembled with excitement as he bent to give the flowers to her. She took them, and for a moment held them close against her face. "How good you are!" she said.

"Now, I'd better walk along with you," he said gently, "or some other thief may molest you."

They came to a tenement, before which the child paused. "This is where I live," she said. "Please, sir," she murmured timidly, "will you go up to our door with me? There is a dreadful boy on the floor below us, and I am afraid he might take my flowers."

Together they mounted the dark stairway. On the third floor there was a sudden rush and a whoop; but the man soon settled the "dreadful boy," who returned to his lair, nursing a sore head and bursting with wrath.

As the two were mounting the last

Joy Without End



How let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein,
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

flight of stairs, the sound of a glorious voice was heard singing:

He'll never, never leave me,
Not yet forsake me here,
He's the Lily of the Valley.

"It's Captain Grace!" the child cried joyously. "From the Salvation Army. She comes every week and tidies us up," she explained, "and she sings, oh, so beautifully!" She rushed through a half-open door, calling excitedly: "Papa, Captain Grace, look!"

The man caught a glimpse of a young woman in a blue gown, on her knees scrubbing the floor. Then he heard a man's voice say: "Back again, dear," and at that voice the heart of the jailbird trembled in its rock-hewn tomb.

Never the walls so thick, never the doors so strong as to keep him from his enemy when once he had found him! Well, he had unwittingly trailed him. There he was, in there, alone, with a helpless woman and child. Why did he hesitate?

"Where did you get your flowers?" the voice went on.

"A man bought them for me," the child answered. "A kind man, who fetched me home. Come in!" she called, running back to the door, and seizing the jailbird's hand—come in and see my papa." She pulled him across the threshold. The two men looked at each other.

The jailbird's first thought was, "You can't kill a dying man," for the man in the room, who sat bolstered up in bed, and who looked at him with startled eyes, was manifestly ill.

"Why, Tom," he stammered. "So you're out? Well, I'm mighty glad. And you found my little girl? She's all I've got. Tom, my money, home, wife, health—all gone. I've only her left."

The Salvation Army girl had stopped scrubbing. She was still on her knees watching the two men. She had witnessed too many tragedies of the slums not to realize that she was face to face with a crisis. The visitor's silence was ominous. His heavy eyes were fixed intently on his enemy as a vision of all his suffering passed before him.

The sick man put out an imploring hand. "Tom," he pleaded, "I didn't treat you square. And I've had my pay. It was I who ruined you, who sent you up, and I perjured—"

The intensity of her father's speech, the pallor of his face, alarmed the child, who ran to him and throwing her arms about him, cried: "Papa, papa! Don't you look like that!"

The jailbird looked at the trembling little creature clinging to her battered wreck of a father. And as she looked, suddenly the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher of his soul and an angel sat there.

Reaching out his hand he took that of the sick man. "It's all right, Bill!" he said huskily. "Don't say another word—a smile transfigured his make-like face—before the child."

"Glory to God!" cried the Salvation Army girl in an ecstasy. "He's got the victory."

An hour later as he reached the street door Captain Grace was waiting for him. She touched him gently on the arm. "Come down to the barracks with me, brother," she said. "The commander will be glad to see you."

Your Child's Cough is a Call for Help

Don't put off treating your child's Cough. It not only saves the child's life but often leads to more serious diseases. Why ask? You don't have to. Dr. King's New Discovery is just what you need. It is made with soothing, healing and antiseptic balsams. Will quickly check the Cough and soothe the young child's throat. No matter how bad the Cough or how long it has lasted, Dr. King's New Discovery will stop it. Guaranteed. Just get a bottle from your Druggist and try it.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The self-made man forgets to list himself when the assessor calls.