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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.

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

"Dodson's Liver Tonic" is Harmless To Clean Your Stomach and Bowels. Light Calomel makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile creates a toxic, burning, 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 or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tonic tonight on my guarantee.

WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH

CAROLINA'S FAMOUS RESORT
BATHING BOATING FISHING DANCING MODERN AMUSEMENTS
ATLANTIC COAST LINE
WEEK END AND SUMMER EXCURSION FARES
THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF THE SOUTH.

TANNER'S ROOF PAINT

SOLD BY Pierce-Whitehead Hardware Company, WELDON, N. C.

DEATH SAVED HIM

By OLIVIA MEREDITH.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.) "Tired," yawned Boyd Leslie, prescription clerk for Davis & Co. "I'm dead for the want of sleep. The end of a long day. Oh my!"

There was a tinge of relief in his first words, for a respite, relief seemed in view. He had put out most of the lights, he had just locked the street door, when the knob was turned and a small boy breathless and perspiring, shouted lustily:

"I must get in, doctor says I must hurry" and he waved a fragment of paper which Boyd recognized as a prescription. He let the boy in. Midnight weariness made him weary, the lights were poor, he almost nodded putting on the prescription. It was "For Mr. Lewis," a heart tonic, Boyd noted that. He was so done out, that as he gave the waiting boy the bottle he left the last phial he had used in filling the prescription upon the case counter. Then, without even undressing, he flung himself on the lounge just behind the case and was plunged in sudden slumber immediately.

Long hours, irregular meals, lack of air and exercise were fast undermining a splendid constitution. There was no nine-hour rule at the Davis establishment.

"U-um! just about half slept out," yawned Boyd at daylight, rousing up at the call of an alarm clock, unrefreshed for another day of hard work. "Well, if I can stand it out I'll soon have enough to start a course at the medical college."

Boyd cooked his square breakfast on a spirit stove. He tidied up and ventilated the store and set at putting in the disordered prescription desk in order. As he picked up a phial lying upon it he raised it slowly. A shudder passed over his frame. He turned deadly white. He uttered a great gasp. His horror-stricken eyes were glued to the label on the bottle.

"The last I used last night in making up that prescription," he spoke breathlessly, "and—poison!" How had he come to make the fatal error? His dazed, tired eyes had read "arsenic" for "arsenic." He had unwittingly substituted for a harmless alternative enough of the deadliest poison known to materia medica to kill a dozen men.

Sick at heart, Boyd Leslie dropped the fatal phial and sank to a chair, overcome. The deed was done, without any doubt! Oh, was there the merest vestige of a hope that the prescription had not been used? Shaking from head to foot with anxiety and dread the young drug clerk hurried on hat and coat and rushed from the store.

He knew where the Lewis home was located. His heart beat like a trip hammer as he turned into the street upon which it fronted. It seemed to halt with a shock as he saw on the bell handle of the house—a streamer of crepe!

How he lived through that day, Boyd Leslie could not realize. He heard that the physician attending Mr. Lewis had given a certificate of death from natural causes. First an impulse came to his mind to confess his mistake publicly. Then dread of consequences made of him a coward.

The episode passed by. He was safe. In the general acceptance of that word. But his mind was in torment. As to restitution—ah, there he could act! He had robbed the Lewis family of a protector. He would take his place.

His motives were never suspected by Verona or her mother. As the weeks passed on however, the interest he took in the children, his kindness in loaning Mrs. Lewis a small amount that enabled her to renew a mortgage on the homestead, began to awaken him to the lonely, forsaken young girl.

As if by an angel with a flaming sword seemed to stand between him and the beautiful girl who had won his soul's devotion.

"I dare stay here no longer," he told himself one day. "I will find some way to give my little savings to Mrs. Lewis and forget Verona."

His heart smote him the evening he announced to the family the demands of a fictitious position in another state.

He saw no other way out of his difficulty, however. They helped him pack his effects, and during the process Verona brought a small chest of odds and ends, to find for Boyd a blood thermometer he had loaned her mother when she had a touch of fever.

It contained some papers of the dead father, some phials of medicine, a sealed bottle. As his eyes fell upon this, Boyd Leslie grasped it with a sudden eagerness that fairly startled Verona.

"This—is this a prescription you had filled the night before your father died?" he uttered hoarsely.

"Yes. Poor dear father!" replied Verona, sadly. "He died before he got back from the drug store with it."

"Innocent—he never took it!" cried Boyd Leslie, and then he fell to his knees—and prayed, the tears of relief and joy pouring down his happy face.

"I need not go now," he told Verona a little later, "if you do not wish it. Her little hand stole into his shily but confiding those dear sweet lips breathe, one throbbing, thrilling word—'Stay.'"

SEA captains begin to see torpedoes all over the ocean.

DREAM ON.

Dream on, sweetheart, dream on! That in thy dreams may rise The vision of cerulean dawn In love's auroral skies! Dream on, and fear no foe, and feel no doubt—to thee Love bends on pinions that shall bear your heart to me!

Dream on, sweetheart, this night, And when the day's soft light Steps through thy window, sweet, Walk in thy dreams replete! Wander, and have no dread, and breathe no sigh—from me A sigh that love shall bear, dream-shod, to thee!

Dream on, sweetheart, nor wake From dreaming for my sake, That this dear dream you know May wear a life-long glow! Sing on, and in your song of love and dream, be true, As through all storm and stress of life I am to you!

Dream on, through love's young hour, That unto perfect flower Thy dreams, sweetheart, may spring Through love to lips that sing! Dream on, sing on, and smile—that in loved dreams of me, My heart may try the twilight sky to wing its way to thee!

PASS A LAW.

Are your neighbors very bad? Pass a law!
Do they smoke? Do they chew? Pass a law!
Are they always bothering you? Pass a law!
Don't they do as you would do? Pass a law!

Are your wages awful low? Pass a law!
Are the prices too high? Pass a law!
Do the wife and babies cry 'Cause the turkeys all roost high? Pass a law!
When M. D. finds new diseases Pass a law!

Got the mumps or enteritis, Measles, croup or "expertitis"? Pass a law!
Least we all fly to pieces, Pass a law!

Are the lights aburning red? Pass a law!
Paint 'em green, or paint 'em white! Close up all then places tight! My! Our town is such a sight! Pass a law!

No matter what the trouble is, Pass a law!
Goodness sakes, but ain't it awful! My! What are we going to do? Almost anything ain't lawful, And the judge is human, too! Pass a law!

COUNTRY LIFE.

Country Life Praised by the City Man.

Greensboro Record.

It is dawning on the public that living in the country has all the advantages of living in the city. With 'phones almost everywhere one can talk with whom he pleases, while our country cousins now have the advantages of the public library. They not only have the privileges of the library in the city, but branches are being established in many places. Soon there will be no excuse for growling about the lonesomeness of the farm. The same advantages obtain as in the city, while in the country one can raise what is needed to eat and does not have to go to bed wondering what he is going to have to pay for butter and eggs the next day, not to mention fried chicken, which will break the ordinary man in these days. The young man can visit his best girl and come away without smelling like sacker powders. If the said young man is all right, he is invited to supper and comes home with his stomach full of "chicken fixings," and if he knows the ropes he can hold the calf while the prospective mother-in-law milks the cow. But pleasures aside, life in the country is the only life worth living.

MAN'S PART.

"Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, espousing his cause and buckling on his armor." And man has ever been woman's companion, sharing her happiness, espousing her when she would have him, and buttoning her up the back.

His human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



She—What did you call bachelors?
He—Men who have contemplated matrimony.

Giles—I attended the artists' ball the other evening.
Staples—How were the costumes?
Giles—Out of sight.—Segment Block.

Jimmie—What are you doing?
Tommy—Washing the jelly off my hands. Ma's a finger-print expert, you know.—Woman's Home Companion.

She—I suppose the duke has landed estates.
He—Landed one every time he married, but he managed to run through 'em all.

BEHIND THE BARS.

The Sunday was a wet one and she was allowed to accompany her parents to church. It was her first experience of that kind.

The minister was of the energetic, pulpit-thumping type, and he preached from a rostrum railed in, above the people. He excited himself this day in the thumping tactics and had worked himself up to a pitch of excitement.

Esther was covering close to her mother's side, and when he reached a point which he emphasized more than all the others, she exclaimed in a frightened whisper:

"Ma! What would we do if he got out?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TOAST TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasures of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mingles melancholy; for the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the water's delight; the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's a glow of a clear conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth of mirth, the swan-song of sadness.

REWARD OF DISHONESTY.

"Once upon a time," began the teacher, "two little brothers started to Sunday school one Sunday morning. Their way led past a fine orchard, where the trees were bending down with ripe, luscious apples. One of the brothers proposed going into the orchard and getting some fruit, but the other refused and sped away, leaving his companion greedily devouring the apples."

"Now, it happened that the owner of the orchard saw them, and the next day rewarded the good boy who refused to steal his apples by giving him a shilling. He got a prize for his honesty, and what do you suppose the other boy got for his dishonesty?"

"He got the apples!" yelled every member of the class.—Exchange.

Doctors say that worry kills more people than work—probably because more people worry than work.

You can usually judge a man's character by the value he places on his wife's ability to earn bread for the family.

I. ZABA, MERCHANT TAILOR,

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WELDON FURNITURE CO., Weldon, N. C.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE TODAY

The only asset you would leave your family or business that would be worth 100 cents on the dollar is the cash you have in the bank and your life insurance. Did you ever think of that? How much have you of each? Think it over and fix up the life insurance end of it TODAY. Don't put it off—tomorrow may be too late.

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