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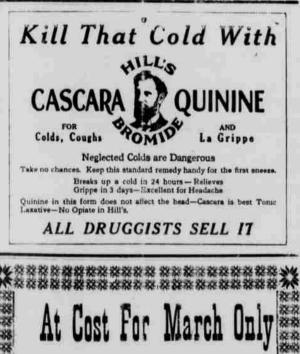
NO.44

Children Cry for Fleto T's ASTORI

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his perand has been made under his per-sonal 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. Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself. **What is CASSTORIA** 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

neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort-The Mother's Friend.





WHEN POWER COMES.

"Faith Without Works is Dead."

It was in a Christian Endeavor meeting that he made the great discovery. As is generally known, each Endeavor pledges himself "to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscienter"-a pledge that has been of incalculable value to the Christian church He made his discovery the evening on which he was to pledge.

He was afraid. He was just a and do his part, but he trembled at the thought of it. The Endeavorers with whom he met had a high standard of attainment; the speeches were thoughtful, the prayers had a fine, devotional atmosphere. He did not think that he could do

so well as the others. He decided that he would try first to take part in prayer. He did not believe in actually composing a prayer beforehand, but he tried carefully and conscientiously to prepare his mind, for he was sure that the inspiration that he hoped for would most surely come

ceive it. It worried him to feel so ner-"Surely," he thought, vous. since I have prayed for strength, I should have it now; yet I feel as weak as water." The great moment drew nearer and nearer, yet he felt no fitter for the ordeal; if

to a mind and heart ready to re-

anything, he grew more agitated. "I am not strong enough for it," he said to himself, "and yet I have prayed for strength to do my duty and fulfill my pledge. Why has not God answered my prayer?" Then suddenly a thought flashed into my mind like a ray of light and illuminated his problem. "How do I know, until I try, that God has not given me strength? It is not for the time of waiting but for the action that I have asked His help. I will find out by trying." The great moment had come, He, the beginner, was on his feet, and it was as if some secret door in his soul had opened, through was not a long prayer; it was sim-

THE OLD HYMNS.

BY FRANK L. STANTON

There's lots o' music in 'em-the hymns of long ago, An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know I sorter wants to take a hand !-- I think o' days gone by :--"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye !"

There's lots o' music in 'em-those dear, sweet hymns of old-With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold; tiously give to my Lord and Mas- And I hear 'em ringing-singing, where Mem'ry, dreaming, stands, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days, When the lilies of the God bloomed white in all the ways, make his first attempt to fulfill his And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin's rise Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.

We never needed singin' books in them old days-we knew boy fifteen years old, but he was The words-the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through already deeply conscious of a call We didn't have no trumpets then-no organs built for show; to the ministry. He longed to rise | We only sang to please the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so, I love the old hymns, when my time shall come-Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb, If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a sigh "To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie !"

BE THE BEST.

If you can't be a pine at the top of the hill, Be a scrub in the valley-but be The best little scrub at the side of the rill; Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

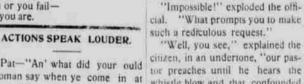
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass. Some highway to happier make, If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass-But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew, There's something for all of us here; There's big work to do and there's lesser to do.

And the task we must do is the near. If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star; It isn't by size that you win or you fail-Be the best of whatever you are.

three o'clock this mornin'?' pulled out anyway."



last Sunday."

HIS MOTHER.

a woman who, with hand grasping

the Unseen Hand, walks the briar-

bordered paths of life unashamed,

unafraid, unharmed. She is clad

in garments of beauty for me; and

age does not soil them, not years

make them cheap and tawdry.

Her tongue is without guile, hav-

ing never been the messenger of a

lie. It is seventeen years since

her soul went home to God and

her fingers became for me the fin-

and at the hour of man's redemp-

MIGHT BE LATER

The railroad official invited the

"I want you to give orders,"

demanded the visitor, "that the

engineer of the express which

passes Elm Grove at 11:55 be re-

strained from blowing his whistle

on Sunday mornings."

stern citizen to communicate his

tion.

troubles.



Select Your A Beautiful Tribute to His Mother By Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-Victrola Now : : : President of the United States. I think back through the years, the lean and the fat, the good and the bad ones, to my earliest recollection. I see a woman with an eye that flashes swift as an archangel's wing; and a mouth that breaks with laughter and hardens. at sight of wrong, singing lullabies;



gers of an angel; but I have not If you are one of those who are thinking of buying just a "Talking Machine," don't decide on an inferier make -a Victrola costs no more. Let us demonstrate the many points of superiority. The Victrola forgotten all she said. She told me there was a Santa Claus, and I believed her. He brings me no longer drums and fifes, he brings me the vision of my mother, and the music of that angelic cho-

rus which sang at creation's dawn

Weldon Furniture Company, WELDON, N. C.

WHY SPEND ALL YOU EARN?

You might get sick or hurt--be prepared for it You might want to make an investment--start aow. "Takes money to make money," you knows You might be visited by thieves or fire -- an account with us prevents loss. The saving habit is a mighty good one to get into. We pay 4 per cent on Sayings Accounts

