

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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CASTORIA

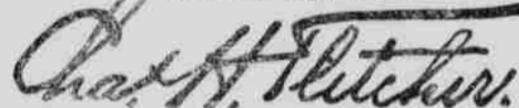
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifles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

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paragoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substances. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and relieves Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. 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

Bear the Signature of



The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 25 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Day Phone 25.

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P. N. STAINBACK,
UNDERTAKER,
Weldon, North Carolina.

Full Line of CASKETS, COFFINS and ROBES.
Day, Night and Out-of-Town Calls Promptly Attended to.

H. G. ROWE,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.

Seventeen years' Experience. Hearse Service Anywhere.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina.

August 26th, 1892.

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

Capital and Surplus, \$40,000.

For more than fifteen years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Headed by a president and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Amounts of all are advanced.

The surplus and undivided profits having amounted in value to the Capital Stock, the Bank has continuing demands to 1908, established a Savings Fund, carrying interest at six per centum, and offering to depositors a dividend of three months' interest. This fund will be allowed for payment three months' interest, less fees.

For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: DR. H. W. LEWIS. TELLER: W. R. SMITH. Cashier: Northampton County.

HOW A WOMAN PROPOSES.

If The Truth Were Known, It Would be Found that Quite as Many Women Propose Indirectly to Men and are Accepted As Men to Women.

So long as women continue to be cheerfully indiscreet in the matter of giving each other away, men are obliged to be blindly ridiculous, even quixotic. I have lately learned from the pen of a well-distinguished lady writer that, if the truth were known, it would be found that quite as many women propose indirectly to men and are accepted, as men to women. I feel an impulse to reconstruct the scene of—

THE INDIRECT PROPOSAL.

He—(Sighs.)

She—I hate to hear you sigh like that. What's the matter?

He—Oh, nothing.

She—softly—Won't you tell me? I might be able to help you. The hon and the mouse, you know.

He—I don't think there is.

She—I think I know one of them, at any rate.

He—Started—Oh, do you?

She—Yes. You're not leading the right sort of life.

He—What's the matter with it?

She—Well, you want some one to take care of you, some one to mother you, some one to sympathize and encourage. All men are big babies, you know. They all need mothering.

He—That's all very well, but—

She—The old story! Can't hit upon the right person? Do you know what I would do if I were a man? I would choose the woman who seemed to understand me best—who seemed to know by instinct what was the matter with me.

He—Yes; but they all do.

She—Very gently—but do they all care? Do they all long to put things right?—(Sighs.)

He—As a matter of fact, I don't believe any of 'em cares a rush—except, perhaps, you.

She—with nervous, rather bitter little laugh—Me? Oh, I don't count.

He—Why not? Why should not you count?

She—Please, please, don't make fun of me! Perhaps it hurts more than you guess.

He—to himself—By Jove! Why not?

He—(sighs)—say, what about you and me? London Sketch.

What a name, so prompt and tasting help by using Dr. Shoop's Night Caps.

These soothing, healing, enteric supports, with full information and directions of places, but the following bears evidence of belonging to the early years of his ministry, when he labored in the sunny South.

"A minister of large size and loud voice was preaching in my pulpit. I sitting behind him. An old brother, hard of hearing, occupied a chair inside the chancel. He was going to ejaculation when anything pleased him. He had so much confidence in his preachers that he sometimes dozed during a discourse. The herculean preacher shouldered the big Bible and as he brought it down like a Nasmyth hammer on the velvet cushion, in a stentorian tone he exclaimed: 'One thought more, and I am done!' The old brother, started from his nap, shouted 'Praise the Lord!' It is needless to say that 'one thought more' was never uttered. The congregation roared with laughter and broke down while trying to sing the doxology. I half laughed a benediction, and the people went home holding their sides, shaking with mirth."

Do You Open Your Mouth?

Like a young bird and gape down whatever food or medicine may be offered you, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you eat into your stomach whether it be food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people nowadays insist on knowing what their employer whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to mind upon such knowledge. So when we are asked, "What does the doctor say?" we can easily afford to do because the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood and more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weakness, Dr. Pierce prescribes a medicine giving rise to frequent headaches, hiccups, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, aching, oftentimes with a distending, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness. Dr. Pierce's favorite prescription is a most熬煎 (boiled) concoction of various herbs and roots, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for later confinement. It is a most熬煎 (boiled) concoction, comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most熬煎 (boiled) concoction to the general system and particularly to the female genitalia, particularly. It is also a soothng and invigorating nerve and nerves exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgic hysterics, spasms, convulsions, etc. Thus, decreasing and increasing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities have agreed to Dr. Pierce's prescription and recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the disease for which it is intended to be used. You can see what the says for yourself by sending a postal card request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. E. J. Pierce, Medical and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

Trains will leave WELDON as follows:

No. 32 for Portsmouth and Norfolk at 7.25 a. m.
No. 38 for " " " at 2.57 p. m.
No. 41 for Raleigh and points South at 12.07 p. m.
No. 33 through train South at 11.03 p. m.

For further information relative to rates, schedules, etc., apply to

CLEVELAND CARTER,
Ticket Agent, Weldon, N. C.

Or write to

C. H. GAITTIS,
Traveling Passenger Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY, TAKE IT.



There's a jolly Saxon proverb:
This is pretty much like this—
That a man is half in heaven
If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying
For the sweethearts play forsaken;
So tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Maver let another fellow

Sneak a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spelling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,

And the jolly ones who make it.

Have a motto that is winning—

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a crown;

Anybody wear a crown;

But a man must win a woman;

If he'd have her for his own.

Would you have the golden apple,

You must find the tree and shake it;

If the thing is worth the having;

And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burst upon a desert?

With forest smiling by?

Who would change his sunny Summer

For a bleak and wintry sky?

Oh, I tell you there is magic,

And you cannot, cannot break it;

For the sweetest part of loving

Is to want a kiss, and take it.

Oh, hearts that are hardened, oh, hearts that are sad!

Here's a way to make your life and others' glad!

Here's a way to forget, if you only would;

'Tis found in the cry of poor children for food.

Go look on their faces, so pale, so eager!

On their sad eyes, where a smile should be playing,

On the hard, rough road their young feet are straying;

They're having December, when it should be May,

They're fighting life's battle. They should be at play!

Too soon their sweet faces are pictures of care!

Too soon in their eyes is the look of despair!

Then come, you can help them—can brighten their way;

Can take them from bairns—can put them at play!

Can wipe from their sad eyes the traces of tears;

Can give them the joys that belong to their years.

Can ease the heartaches of father and mother,

And help bear the load of the sad older brother.

Can give them the song that belongs to the heart,

The glad song of life, in which each has a part.

Then give of your little—just give but a crust!

'Twill help them—help you—is your duty—you must.

Then give of your much—'Twill gladden so many!

For after death, there's no need of a penny!

Thus will you gladden the sad life that is theirs.

Thus will you answer the voice of their prayers.

Thus, too, will your own life be gladdened again.

Thus, too, will it lose all its sadness and pain,

In doing for others—in gladdening their way.

You gladden your own and drive sorrow away,

And it will not be long unless you will find

That your own gloomy clouds are all silver-lined.

A STORY WORTH TELLING.

Rev. Howard Henderson has published in the Western Christian Advocate some incidents of his ministry. He does not give details or places, but the following bears evidence of belonging to the early years of his ministry, when he labored in the sunny South.

"A minister of large size and loud voice was preaching in my pulpit. I sitting behind him. An old brother, hard of hearing, occupied a chair inside the chancel. He was going to ejaculation when anything pleased him. He had so much confidence in his preachers that he sometimes dozed during a discourse. The herculean preacher shouldered the big Bible and as he brought it down like a Nasmyth hammer on the velvet cushion, in a stentorian tone he exclaimed: 'One thought more, and I am done!' The old brother, started from his nap, shouted 'Praise the Lord!' It is needless to say that 'one thought more'

was never uttered. The congregation roared with laughter and broke down while trying to sing the doxology. I half laughed a benediction, and the people went home holding their sides, shaking with mirth."

He got what he deserved.

Years ago, when I took up Dr. Shoop's Night Caps, I always thought them a good buy, and good and good.

Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply enjoy wonderful popularity among patients.

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