

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. 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, Purgative, 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

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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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.

HINT TO WISE BUYERS

Full line new Dress Goods. See our new line of

'CLOTHING

For Men, Boys, and Children

Queen Quality

THE FAMOUS
SHOE FOR WOMEN

LADIES COAT SUITS
Everything in General Merchandise

A. L. Stainback's

"Always Busy Store,"

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1882.

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

Capital and Surplus, \$45,000.

For more than 17 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest--six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited. The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the Capital Stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1908, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits 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. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

PRESIDENT: W. E. DANIEL. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. R. SMITH. CASHIER: R. S. TRAVIS.

Old Papers for Sale at this Office.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

Its Loyalty to Principle Commendable to Rest of the Country.

There's more than a joke in that good story with a profane flavor which Major Hemphill tells about Mr. Taft. The President would do well, after he has laughed over it sufficiently to analyze it and appreciate what it means. And all North-erners or Republicans who have an idea that they are beginning to see cracks in the "Solid South," indicating that before another generation it will split open, will also do well to ponder. As they say in the South, there is "a heap of truth" condensed in that little story.

Southerners are ever loyal to the nation's President, whether they vote for him or not. To them he is the President of the whole nation, entitled to respect by virtue of his office, to honor and praise in addition to action proves worthy of it. And that is an attitude, be it known, highly commendable in the loyal citizens of the South, and highly commendable to the rest of the country.

But when it comes to voting the South serves the Democratic party--be it reverently said, for it is true--next to its God. And be it said in passing that it serves its God better in these times than does any other part of the nation. He founded, even New England. To the foundation of Democracy the South stands; it dare not, even if it would, stand anywhere else. By its sign it conquers, or is vanquished, goes down in honorable and untamed defeat. The South learned generations ago to be loyal to a principle, and it proved in a bitter war between the States how well it had learned the lesson. Its principle in these days is the Democratic party; and it will hold to it. It may not wisely be said, moreover, that demonstration of such principle is bad for the nation's view. It raises us with a needed lift above those petty differences which define partisanship in the North.

These things every man should know who would study wisely his political history. These things every man should know who enters politics with high ideals. They are for the saving from misapprehension and disappointment of any man who fancies that some day the too, too Solid South will melt away. The time will come, it may be, when we'll thank God for that rock of loyalty to principle--New Haven Register.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established this century. Believe me, I've seen Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Now she has published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

D. E. STAINBACK, NOTARY PUBLIC and Fire Insurance. Roanoke News Office--Weldon N. C.

AUNT HANNAH'S VISIT.

Take me back to Turkey Level; dat's de place where I belong I hardly struck de city till I said "Dar's sumpin' wrong!" I stepped up on a omnibus and ax de fare to pay.

I's feelin' mighty nervous an' I's gettin' kind er cross Take me back to Turkey Level; lemme ride behind a hoss!

I went to dat big house to see de white folks dat I know; A young policeman peeked out through de bars an' says "hello!" I stepped right in beside him, 'cause I's as cold as I kin be." He jerk a handle an' 'we started sailin' foh de roof. I couldn' hardly ketch my bref. I was a sight to see. Take me back to Turkey Level. Steps is good enough for me!

De way dem white folks does is sho'ly curious to me. I says, "Please light a fire, 'cause I's as cold as I kin be." Dey turn a little spigot in an iron fence so near And dey fill de litle settin' room chock full o' fireless heat. I never seen de like o' dat in all my blessed days. Take me back to Turkey Level, 'cause I wants to watch de blaze.

Dey never makes no special difference 'twix de day an' night. Dey twists a litle button when dey wants to strike a light. An' when dey wants some music, dey takes paper from de shelf An' feeds it to de organ--den it goes an' plays itself. De candle light is plenty on 'mo' comfortin' by far. Take me back to Turkey Level. Let me hear dat old guitar!

BACHELOR HALL.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It seems like a dream--that sweet wooing of old-- Like a legend of fairies on pages of gold-- Too soon the sweet story of loving was closed, Too rudely awakened the soul that reposed; I kissed the white lips that lay under the pall, And crept back to you, lonely Bachelor Hall.

Mine eyes have grown dim, and my hair has turned white, But my heart beats as warmly and gayly tonight As in days that are gone and years that are fled-- Though I fill up my flagon and drink to the dead; For over my senses sweet memories fall And the dead is come back to old Bachelor Hall.

THE PRODIGAL SON IN 1911.

It is the manner in which He Returns that Throw a Wet Blanket Over Festivities.

No, it isn't that the world has grown hard hearted; it isn't that we aren't just as glad today to see the prodigal come back and just as lovingly anxious to welcome him home as ever was anybody in the 15th chapter of Luke. It is the manner in which the prodigal son of 1911 frequently returns that throws a wet blanket over the festivities of the welcome. When he comes down the road with his hat hanging on his ear and his hands in his pockets; when he kicks the faithful old house-dog as he lounges in at the gate; when he calls father "Gov'nor" and the hired man "Cull," when he wants to know, "what's for dinner?" before he has been in the house fifteen minutes; when he gives his elder brother two fingers to shake, and advises him to comb the layseed out of his hair; when he throws himself into the easiest chair in the house perches his feet on the window sill and announces that he'll "take a tub before dinner," when he comes back with a generally forgiving air of good fellowship about him, and tries to make all the rest of the family feel very easy and reassured--then it is my son that your father longs to run and meet you while you are a great way off and fall upon your neck with a plow line and welt you into a state of becoming humility and penitence by the time you are able to take off your hat to the board boy; and crawl up to the front steps to ask your brother to shake hands with you. Good people are just as glad today as glad today as ever they were, to see a prodigal come home but it does rattle them a little to see him come home in a hack and ask them to pay the driver and send for his baggage.

UNREGNERATE.

"It was to satisfy your extravagant tastes," cried the desperate man, "that I committed the forger. The crime is upon your head."

The woman started and gazed at him wonderingly: "Is my crime on straight?" she asked.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD TROUBLE WITH FEVERISHNESS, A SOUTHERN CHILD, SOOTHEN THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES COLIC AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winkler's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NO NEED TO BE GOOD.

A little Heights girl surprised her parents last week by refusing to be scared into being good. "It's no use telling me Santa Claus won't come, or that the angels will write it down in their book if I'm naughty, mamma," she said. "I might as well tell you that they think up in heaven that I'm dead."

A Reliable Cough Medicine.

Is a valuable family friend. Foley's Honey and Tar fulfills this condition exactly. Mrs. Charles Kline, N. 3th St., Easton, Pa., states: "Several members of my family have been cured of bad coughs and colds by the use of Foley's Honey and Tar and I can never without a bottle in the house." Refuse substitutes.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful heiress.

ON THE SENATORS.

The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently.

NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT TASTE.

Little Boy--I want a dose of castor oil.

DEATH IN ROARING FIRE.

may not result from the work of fire-bugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bueken's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subsides inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c. at all druggists.

LAUGHTER.

"Pull Up the Curtain, Doctor, I'm Afraid to Go Home in The Dark."

He can be said to have won the game of life who at the last can laugh. It was no blasphemy, but a far vision of Nietzsche's, that led him to say that last savior who would come to mankind would laugh instead of weep. That final speech of O. Henry, the short-story writer, was finer than any story he ever wrote. Just as he was dying he turned to the doctor and said: "Pull up the curtain, Doc. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The speech had in it wide courage and a sense of values. One forgives the royal Charles much frivolity for the sake of his dying speech. "Gentlemen, I fear I'm an unconscionable time a-dying," and any one who has suffered much alone knows all the pathos and fun in the crippled Heine's complaint that it was too bad of the German philosophers to abolish God--"for who, pray," said he--"who am I to groan to at night after my wife has gone to sleep, if there is no God?"

In youth we are whole and vigorous and trustful of this enveloping life, we may easily prefer tragedy. We indulge a brave desire to understand life and to know it at its worst. No rectified and decorated world, no polite reserves, will assuage our thirst for reality. We are obtuse enough and sound enough to bear the highest pitch of anguish; indeed, it takes a good deal of sensation to rouse our feelings, so thickly are we incased in coursing blood and wholesome flesh. But there comes a time when the luckiest among us, bears the scars, if not the open gashes of the battle. The good, strong bones that hold us upright and gave our eyes a level glance across the field of life, are mashed and broken on the wheel or bent by labor, and then we ask for illusions, for comedy, for diversion, but above all laughter; sane, courageous laughter. Broken, burdened, helpless as we are, none of us very much to be envied, none seatless, he stands highest who still can laugh. Laughter means that men can still restrain desires, still bear up under torture, still see himself in so large a setting that his personal fate seems small. Anger and contempt and bitterness are equally silly. They leave us aware of our relativity. One man's place in the universe is no great matter. The bag of life is deeper than any man's hand has reached. No man of far vision accepts a final despair since beyond the farthest stretch of our vision spreads infinite space.--Harper's Weekly.

A LONG CHANCE.

"I took a long chance when I asked her marry me."

"She rejected you, eh?"

"No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

The waste basket is a potent factor in keeping up the standard of literature.

JUST SMILE.

I wouldn't frown for a crown. Laugh once an hour and you'll never need any pepsin. Everybody likes a joke; no one goes around telling blank verse. No one ever accused Master Cupid of being a tragedian. When you look me in the face and smile I know you haven't got a gun up your sleeve. I'd rather be a Billikin than a Buddha. No man ever laughed when he was premeditating a foul crime. You laugh naturally; you have to set your face for a frown.

COHEN'S Pharmacy Headquarters for Xmas Shoppers.

Come in and look over the new assortment of fine brasses on sale Great showing of MANICURE AND SCISSORS SETS

All things so necessary for the completion of Xmas packages--

Holiday Seals, Address Labels Etc., Etc.

Complete line of Art Goods painted by Miss Dixie Leach.

We cordially invite your inspection.

W. M. COHEN,

Phone No. 12. Weldon, N. C.

PATENTS

Patent lawyers, 303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

SWUNG HIS LANTERN.

A lawyer tells a story of an accident at a railway crossing at night, in which a farmer's cart was struck and demolished and the farmer injured.

"I was counsel for the railway," says the lawyer, "and I won the case for the defense mainly on account of the testimony of an old colored man, who was stationed at the crossing. When asked if he had swung his lantern as a warning the old man swore positively: "I surely did."

"After I had won the case I called on the old negro," says the lawyer, "and complimented him upon his testimony. He said: "Thankee, Marse Jawn, I got along all right; but I was awfully scared, 'cause I was 'fraid dat lawyer man was goin' ter ask me wiy was my lantern lit. De oil done got spilled by accident."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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