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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NO. 16

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, 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

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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

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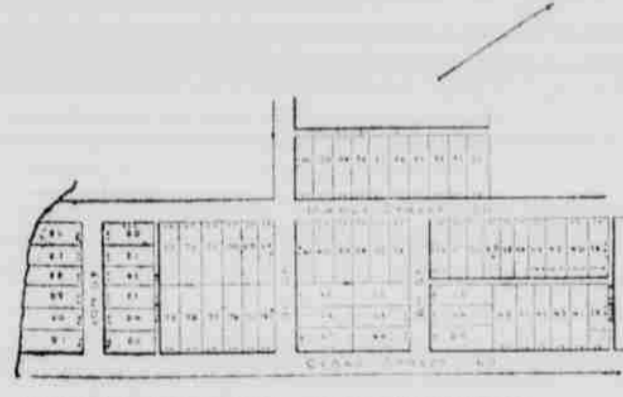
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FOR TERMS, APPLY TO
W. E. DANIEL,
Weldon, N. C.

THE BANK OF WELDON

WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina, AUGUST 20TH, 1892.

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

Capital and Surplus, \$47,000.

For more than 19 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Southampton counties for many years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per cent. Accounts of all an 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.

DEFEND WITH WHAT YOU HAVE.

It is All Right to Wish for More Capital, More Friends and Greater Opportunities, But in The Meantime You Must Do The Best With Resources at Hand.

THERE WAS a brave soldier who was taken unawares while marching through a wilderness. There were but few soldiers at his command. One of his staff mildly wished that this or that detachment at least had been available for the present predicament. "Wish all you have a mind to," said the leader, "but in the meantime prepare to defend with the men at hand."

After all this is the only way to get along, namely to march along as peacefully as possible through the wilderness of life and its difficulties, and, if attacked or if progress be rudely checked, then do the best at defense or at overcoming your aim. Just because you may not possess this advantage or that superiority, or because your position is neither strategic nor prosperous and you lack apparently the essentials to victory and success, is no reason why you should advance lamely on defeat.

Defend with what you have. Cope with circumstances with what you have. Present a brave front with limited supply and scant resources. Rally personal strength. Summon the favorable interests in your possession. Take advantage of the propitious in weather or conditions. Never throw up your hands until you have courageously done your best at defense with what you have. Aid arrives unexpectedly when you gain time by putting up a stiff fight with the limited equipment at hand.

Defend with what you have. Yes, it is a hard lot, the close economy, the pinching and struggling and barely making ends meet. No wonder you wish for the advantages and privileges of the more favored and are tempted to give up and allow the home to go all to pieces. But defend with what you have. Hold on and put up a brave front as long as a fibre of endurance exists or the threadbare holds together. There are brighter days coming. Defend the home with what you have, the rest of the world will soon shout "bravo" and come to your relief.

Defend with what you have, man of affairs. Wish and whistle all you have a mind to for the opportunities and the plenty of the competitor, but in the meantime defend your position, your trade, your custom, with all the ingenuity you have. While you are waiting for the ship of coin or recruits to come in at the edge of your forest, get out and hustle.

Defend with what you have, Put by the dollar when you may not have ten to get on deposit. Begin at the night school when the day opportunities are lacking. Take possession of the dwelling you are building (though as yet unfinished); no "ifs, ands or buts" over carpets or clothes. Defend with what you have.

It seems very queer the way a girl will pick out her ears to get red from being kissed on the mouth.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

A PRAYER.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Not that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereof we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
The wisdom sets about us, we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars,
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfill,
Nor yet the understanding, strong to sit,
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

AWAY.

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As he clattered down the stair,
And found him a hat for his curly head
And called to a dog somewhere,
Then off like a flash down the shady lane
With a whistle and a cry and song,
And back to us came again,
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As we saw him among the trees,
His eyes all bright and his cheeks all red,
A friend of the birds and bees,
Then through the hedge and out of the gate,
For naught in the world goes wrong
With a boy of six and seven or eight—
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"I'm going out to play."
And the curly dog barked and the two of them sped
Over the clover away.
He waved us a kiss with his little brown hand
And cries arose from here and there,
For oh, but a boy does understand
A dog in the open air!

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"Don't wait any supper—you see,
I'll just have a bowl of milk and bread,
And my dog will eat with me."
Then he swung his hat on his tangled string
Till the curly dog wagged his tail
And romped and played like a boy in spring
And barked like a comrade's hail.

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said—
O, mother of him, don't cry!
The leaves come green again, yellow and red,
And the years and the years go by,
But sometimes he'll come, as we've seen him do,
With the bark of a dog and a song,
For it must be true—oh, it must be true
That he'll not be gone very long!"
—J. W. Foley, in Saturday Evening Post.

THE WRIGGLER.

"Ferdinand, what is the matter?" cried the young wife to her husband, who seemed to be trying to tie himself into a knot.

There was no reply save a few gurgles, as the unhappy man bent his body backward until his face grew red.

"Let me share your trouble, Ferdinand," pleaded the young wife.

Still the man bent his body over, now twisting one way, now another.

LACKING IN SPEED.

In one of the little Long Island towns a youth has recently opened a laundry agency for the benefit of the summer residents. He goes about with a small mule and a cart, gathers the soiled linen and expresses it to the city agency.

The mule is not only small but slow. Now and then it quits cold. Its driver is reputed not to be in possession of quite all his buttons.

He isn't precisely teetle-minded—just a bit wobbly. The other day he was hammering the balky mule with a club.

"Jimmy," said the Episcopal minister, sadly, "you ought not to abuse that little animal so. You must remember that our Lord entered Jerusalem riding an ass."

HOW TO TREAT A WOMAN.

Here Are Six Different Methods, And All Are Sufficient.

THE IDEALIST!
Put her in a glass case and kneel at her feet and worship her. Treat her as if she were a goddess merely tarrying with you for a while. Close your eyes lest you see her blemishes and your ears lest you hear her tongue too often.

THE PRACTICAL MAN!
Give her a waterproof shelter, a comfortable bed, plenty to eat, as many clothes as you can afford, a few children, that she may not have time to get into mischief, and allow her to have her own way whenever it is best for her.

THE HIGH BROW!
Raise her to your intellectual level—if possible. Try to make her your companion and equal. Discuss literature, art, and the topics of the day with her, even if you are required to do a tiresome lot of explaining. It is possible for a woman to be more satisfactory than a man. If she has tact—and most women have—she will never tell you that you do not know what you are talking about—and prove it. And if she loves you she will accept your opinion as the last word on any subject.

THE LOW BROW! (ALL THE BRUTE!)
Treat her just as you do your horse. Feed her enough to keep her in prime working condition. Buy her new harness when the old is likely to reflect discredit upon you. Say nothing when she works well, beat her when she doesn't. Brag to others about what a true, steady puller she is, but don't let her overhear you. When she is worn out, get another.

THE AVERAGE MAN!
Provide for her the best you can. Love her a great deal—in an undemonstrative way after the first year. Be as true to her as the strength of her temptation will permit. Be a brute to her sometimes and then repent, apologize and atone. Remember that she is not a creature of logic, reason or iron, but an inconsistent, lovable, breakable being, with faults more numerous and less grave than your own.

THE WOMAN HERSELF!
Give her lots of clothes. Tell her often that you love her—whether you do or not. Listen to her when she wants to talk. Pretend that you like to have her make a fuss over you, muss up your hair and sit on your lap, wrinkling your best trousers, when you are well, and to give you nasty medicine when you are sick. Should her love become oppressive, give her children. If you won't or can't do any of these things, do not blame her for turning to a pug dog or an affmy. She must have something to love.

This is her ideal, but rather than such treatment from a man she does not love, she prefers being treated like a dog by one she does love—Life.

HELPED TO REMEMBER.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation, "Bred-ent an' sisters. Ah warns yo' against the heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' against de brack rascality o' fittin' pallets! But above all else, bredder and sisters, Ah demonesh yo' at disher season against de crime of melon stealin'!"

A brother in a back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whullo, mah' fren," said the preacher sternly, "does yo' 'far an' snap yo' fingers when Ah speak of melon stealin'?"

"Yo' jes reminds me, pahson," the man in the back seat answered Detroit Free Press.

THE INSULT.

The way that man looked at me was most insulting."
"Did he stare?"
"No, he looked once and then turned away as if it were not worth noticing!"
Figures do not lie, but estimates are often misleading.

LOOKING AHEAD.

All Things Working Together for Good

How can all things work together for good? By the guidance of "future chance." Wheels within wheels, and wheels playing into wheels, in the vast system of human circumstances, and all permitted to move according to their own sweet will, is the way in which all things work together for good to God's names? We know it cannot be so.

There must be a Divine Superintendent directing all, and He can direct only as He knows all things from the beginning to the end. Here is a cause, and yonder, twenty years hence, is an effect. Unless God sees the relation of the two, how can He touch the keyboard of causes with His finger today, so as to affect our highest good a score of years in the future? And God works at a long range. He is no day laborer, planning only from sunrise to sunset. We believe that our pious grandmothers, praying and studying their Bibles in the lonely cottage among the hills, had much to do in shaping our Christian characters. And when now we pray for success upon our labors we seem to hear the Lord saying, "Before thou callest, I answered and before thou knewest me, I girded thee."

And we don't believe that God can make all things work together for good to His people unless He begins very far back and looks very far ahead.—Spurgeon.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA NOT SPOKEN IN JEST.

Spank! Spank! Spank! Tommy Longmure was undergoing maternal chastisement at the hands of his loving mother for eating the apple pips.

"Tommy," she said when she had paused for breath, "do you know this hurts me more than it does you?"

And when Tommy was alone with his brother he produced a square board he had concealed and murmured:

"I thought that bit of wood would not do her hand any good."
—Louisville Herald.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

A little boy on a ship was standing on deck when the sea was quite rough.

"Are you not afraid?" some one said to him.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I've been vaccinated and baptized both."

Morals were so queer in the old days that most of the ancestors we take so much pride in would have been hanged in these days.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

McCall's Magazine will help you after birth. It contains all the latest and best information on child care, from pregnancy to the first year. It is a complete guide to the mother and child.

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KILL THE COUGL AND CURE THE BRONCHITIS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

FOR ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED

"I Suffered Years With My Back."

Backache resulting from weak kidneys, a bad cold or other cause, usually renders the sufferer unfit for work and often results in permanent disability.

"I suffered for years with my back, or kidney trouble, and have tried a number of remedies from different physicians. More than a year ago, one of our local druggists induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and after using them some three months I found a decided improvement in my kidneys, and I am glad to say that I hope soon to be fully restored to health." J. P. ALLEN, Ex-Judge City Court, Glasgow, Ky.

As long as pain is present in any part of the body rest is impossible and the system becoming weakened is exposed to any form of disease to which the sufferer may be inclined.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills by steadying the irritated nerve centers, make refreshing sleep possible, thereby enabling the body to recover lost strength. As a remedy for pain of any description Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are unsurpassed. Sold by all druggists under a guarantee assuring the return of the price of the first box if no benefit results. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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