

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 Per Annum

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1911.

NO. 18

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to fool 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, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its base is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays all kinds of Coughs, Cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic, 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
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Box Prices 25. Night Prices 24 and 34.

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 20TH, 1892.

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

Capital and Surplus, **\$47,000.**

For more than 18 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 cent. Accounts of all are collected.

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: B. S. TRAVIS.

Save your Money

A dollar saved is a dollar made." "Any man can make money, but it's a wise man that can save." Old adages, but very true. We pay you 4 per cent on SAVINGS DEPOSITS in sums from \$1 up. Collections, Loans, Accounts Solicited.

THE BANK OF ROANOKE RAPIDS

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

CAPITAL \$25,000. SURPLUS & PROFITS \$2,900.

—OFFICERS:—
W. H. S. BURROWS, President. W. C. EDWARDS, 2nd Vice-President
JOHN L. PATTERSON, 1st Vice-President. C. A. WYCHE, Cashier
H. A. PLEASANT, Assistant Cashier.

STAR CAFE,

A. D. CLARY Runs this Place.

Serving Best of Everything
In Season.

Good Meals Served at all Hours.

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES.

Seasonable Soft Drinks WELDON, N. C.

ASHGROVE, N. C., has prepared **BOYS** for College and for Christian Citizenship. It is the only one in the U. S. that offers a **FREE ROUND TRIP TICKET** from any city in the U. S. to any college, on condition that the boy is a member of ONE OF THE BROTHERHOODS, and is a member of the **WALL**, are the **BEST** for Health, Sanitation, Ventilation and safety against FIRE.

Send for Catalogue of rooms and rates. **CHAS. H. FLETCHER, JR., P. O. Box 101, 1012**

THE POOR BOY'S CHANCE.

The Chances Are All About You. Watch for the Sign.

My son, do you think you have no chance to get on in the world because you are poor? You are mistaken. Did you ever try to press your way through a crowd? Often, no doubt. Well, you just nudged people and elbowed them and kept squeezing your way, didn't you? And the people gradually gave, little by little, and you succeeded. Just so must you force your way to the front in life.

You need not be rude about it, but you must push and keep pushing until the folks must stand aside. When they see you are in earnest they will get out of your way. In New York one day a merchant hung out a sign in front of his store on which was printed "Boy Wanted."

The sign was hung out at 8 o'clock a. m. At five minutes after 8 a youngster came into the store carrying with him the sign.

"Here's your sign, sir." "What do you mean by tearing down my sign and bringing it in here?" asked the merchant. "I wanted a boy."

"Well, I am the boy," replied he. You see, there was no further use for the sign. The sign business was all over and the boy business was begun. And the merchant was so pleased at the boy's push and promptness that he gave him the job.

Everywhere men are looking for that sort of boy—a boy who believes in himself, is determined to succeed and who pushes himself politely, but firmly, into notice.

There are signs "Boy Wanted" in many places—on the street, in the want columns of the newspapers, everywhere.

When you see the sign get there first. Then take in the sign and tell the boss you are ready to go to work.

Push yourself! All your life you will see signs saying that boys and men are wanted. Be the first one on the job and take the sign in with you.

Only you must be sure of yourself, sure that you can and will do what is wanted of you.

No chance? See that electric light? Hear that phonograph? They were made by Tom Edison, once a poor train boy. Look at that great store. It was built by John Wanamaker, once a poor boy. Watch the Supreme court of the United States come in its procession. Who is at its head? Edward D. White, once a poor boy.

Chances? The chances are all about you. Watch for the signs. Push!

HOW A JUROR WAS LOST.

In Southern Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from what it is now much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial. Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror." The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, damn if I don't believe he's guilty."

THE DASHING THING.

"I'm glad she's gone," declared the girl who had been entertaining her school friend. "I'm glad she's gone, and I hope she never comes back!"

"I am, though. Hatful thing! She took Clarence Bondrich to gather autumn leaves, and when they came back with the leaves she insisted on pressing them in that old family bible of ours, and took particular care to open it at the page holding the birth records."

SMART YOUTH.

"Tommy, what did you do with the pennies I gave you for taking your medicine?"

"I bought a bun with one of them, ma, and I gave Jimmy the other to drink the medicine for me."

THE OLD HOME.

There's a mother, bent and wrinkled, in a home back among the hills, And a longing for a letter that mother's lone heart fills. Just a line from son or daughter who for years has been away, But the letter's long in coming—none she gets day after day.

No one knows how still and lonesome is that house where years ago Mother rocked the old red cradle, gently, gently, to and fro. Soothed away child grief with kisses, bound up cuts and fingers sore, And a smiling watched the playing on a spotless kitchen floor!

Merry children 'round the table! Quaint old dishes, white and blue! Now none come when dinner's ready—table set for only two! Often, when the light is waning, from the little parlor stand Mother takes an old-time picture in her work-worn, trembling hand.

Gazes on the face intently (such love's 'mong earth's charms); "I was never half so happy as when you were in my arms; I was often tired and weary, filled with care and oft perplexed; Had much to do—wondered what the task I should do next.

If those days now gone forever—I could once again live o'er." Now her longing's for a letter, as she her household chores,— Write and tell her how you love her, if that lonesome mother's yours.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man? I'll tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment if anything can— Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl? Weary, discouraged, and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world— Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain of a flood, little man, And the clouds are forbidding and thick, You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man— Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl, And the walks like a well-heated brick, And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl— Do something for somebody, quick!

THE LITTLE HELPER.

Sometimes, when you, dear little one, Have closed your eyes and gone to sleep, When all my daily tasks are done, Beside your little bed I creep To watch you smiling while you dream, And pure at heart, from trouble free, And, though you do not know or guess, You make me long for worthiness, And lure my lost hopes back to me.

Sometimes, when all my efforts seem To be of no avail, and when My wish to claim the world's esteem And be the peer of worthy men He seemed a futile wish, I bend Beside you where you sleeping lie, And, as I watch, my hopes return, And through your trust in me I learn To keep ideals that are high.

Sometimes, when night's deep shades descend And raindrops beat against the pane, Which, 'neath the storm the branches bend And all the dripping boughs complain, I watch you where you sweetly sleep, Your trust in me serene, secure, And, though you do not know, you sweep My doubts away and let me keep My faith unsoiled, my purpose pure.

SLIM CHANCES FOR HER.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady. "I hadn't heard o' that. Won't there be more'n one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was the reply.

"Well, then, I get to go, for we're only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."

EVEN THEN.

First Antediluvian (in Methuselah's time)—What's the discussion about over there? Second Ditto—Same old topic: Whether a man aged 320 ought to marry a girl of 140.—Puck.

THE MESSAGE.

Daisy—I shall write Alice this afternoon. Have you any message? Dolly—What! Writing to that horrid cat? Oh, give her my love.—Boston Globe.

A WOMAN'S REALM.

A woman who fails in her home fails in all. Home is woman's realm, given into her hands to regulate, govern and beautify. If she fails here she may look in vain for another kingdom, for she has failed in the only spot where she could have ultimately succeeded. She has laid down the jewels which God gave her to brighten and polish, and in their place finds nothing but dust and ashes.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

DON'TS FOR GIRLS UNDER 16.

Pin These "Dont's" Over Your Looking Glass and Try to Obey Them.

Here are some "Dont's" for the little girls. By little girls I mean girls of 10 and under. I know there is no age at which you feel quite so grown up and woman of the world as at 10; but, nevertheless, you are but little girls after all, for which fact you should be devoutly thankful. Remember that you will be grown-up for a long time, but you are a little girl for such a fleeting space. So first of all don't try to get away from your childhood and act like a woman until you have to.

Don't be in too great a hurry to put your hair up and lengthen your skirts.

Don't buy two yards of hair ribbon and wear it until it looks as though you used it for a dust rag.

Don't make eyes at strange men; if you do, and they speak to you, you have only yourself to thank for the insult.

Don't write silly love letters to boys; some day you will wish you had not been so foolish.

Don't let your mother wear herself out for you sewing for you. She has done that long enough; it's your turn now to wait on her.

Don't waste your time reading trash and filling your little head with ideas of impossible romance.

When your romance comes you will realize that your favorite heroine's romance was as nothing to yours.

Don't wear low-cut Dutch necks in the street. Some of the necks are cut low enough for evening wear.

It seems absurd to warn girls under 16 against painting their faces; but I have seen girls of that age whose faces were unmistakably "toned up."

Don't play kissing games at parties; if the other girls and boys call you a prude, pay no attention to them. The boys will respect you much more than if you allow them to be familiar.

You may think that I have given you a great many "dont's" but these are the years when your character is forming.

Now is the time to make up your minds to be fine women, fit to be the wives of good men and the mothers of good children.

Cultivate yourselves, both mentally and physically. Get all the fresh air you can; rosy cheeks and bright eyes are great beautifiers.

Keep your minds and hearts clean and pure. Modesty is the best of all qualities in a girl, and the one that men most reverence.

Pin these "dont's" over your looking glass and try to obey them.

LACK OF HORSE SENSE.

Ha, ha!" laughed the philosophical man, after his horse had thrown him. "It's a good joke on you. You are running to Greenville, and I am going to Jonesboro."

SEEKING INFORMATION.

"Pa, what's tetanus?" "Oh, he was a Roman senator or something—I forgot just what. Now don't bother me any more."—Harper's Bazar.

FOR BURGLARS.

Agent—You want your house wired for burglars? Mrs. Knicker—Yes; and I don't want any woman to steal my husband while I am away.—New York Sun.

EXPENSIVE SCHOOLING.

"Experience is the best teacher." "Well, she ought to be; her teacher comes mighty high."

OLD SWEETHEARTS.

"You say that you and Mrs. Brown are great friends?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because she married Brown."

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A Pretty Bad Mixture of a Wedding and a Sale.

A Missouri editor who was brimful of hard cider, got a wedding account and a sale ad mixed, and served to his readers this dope:

William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, was disposed of at auction to Lucy Anderson on my farm one mile east of here in the presence of seventy guests including the following, to-wit: Two mules, twelve head of cattle. The Reverend Jackson tied the nuptial least averaging 1,250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with a seawash calf, a spade, a sulky rake, one feed grinder, one set double harness almost new and just before the ceremony was pronounced Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by one milch cow five years, one Jersey cow, to be fresh next April, carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looking charming in a gown made of light spring wagon, two boxes of apples, two racks of hay, one grindstone, mouse-line deer trimmed with about 180 bushels of spuds. The groom is well known and popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of twelve Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished and talented school teacher of a splendid drove of Poland-China—pedigrees if desired. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of knives and forks, one spring harrow, one wheelbarrow, one go-cart, other articles too numerous to mention. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip, term of twelve months time, extended to responsible parties, otherwise spot cash luncheon will be served at the table. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to housekeeping in a cozy home at the corner of Main and Duconr R. L. Granby auctioneer.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

He chides her, sarcastically, for turning about to look at the women as they have passed.

"You cannot resist the temptation," he says, "to see what they are wearing."

"Not so," she replies, in defense. "I merely turned about to see if they had turned about to see what my new dress was made of."

COULDN'T "OFFICIATE" IT.

Col.—Moses, why don't you bring that water filter home you carried to have mended?

Moses—I done been arder it yesterday, but dey wouldn't let me have it without the money.

Col.—Why didn't you tell them it was for me, then they would have known it was all right?

Moses—Yes sar, I done tole 'em hit was for you; I tole 'em too, you was a mighty big man, and a mighty rich man, but dey didn't seem to hab de knowledge to officiate it.

Thirty Years Together.

Thirty years of association—think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time—or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Ariss, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and its the best cough and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds a trace in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most unfailing medicine on earth. Unequalled for the grippe, asthma, lay fever, croup, quinsy or sore lungs. Price, 50c. \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

A Girl can make any old bunch of correspondence love letters by tying it up in pink ribbon.

Chorus Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Some people seem to think they got married only to have a free license to quarrel.

A King Who Left Home

set the world to talking, but Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always keeps at home the King of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c at all druggists.

It's a sort of compliment to be hated unless you are doing the hating.

FOLEY'S URINO LAXATIVE

FOR STOMACH TROUBLE, COLIC AND CONSTIPATION

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade. I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured. MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

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FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND BLINDNESS