

## 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 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, Paregoric, 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.

## 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 approval security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all accounts.

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: E. 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 it." 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. BURGESS, President. W. C. EDWARDS, 2nd Vice-President.  
JOHN L. PATTERSON, 1st Vice-President. C. A. WOOD, 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.

CIGARS, TOBACCO, ETC.

**FOLEY'S URINO-LAXATIVE** FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE  
For Stomach Trouble and Constipation. Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right.

## The Christmas Home Song

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home,  
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam.  
When comes the time of holly-leaves, of fellowship and mirth,  
That marks the glory of the day the Christ-child came to earth—  
Then all about and all around, on mountain, plain, and foam,  
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

The wander-level. It leads us on beneath the dreaming star,  
It beckons us with tempting hands from many lands afar,  
It lures us where the lotos dream is filled with rare delight,  
It guides us where the silent snows gleam through the endless night,  
But now, to all who wander far beneath the sky's broad dome,  
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

It brings a picture of the past—a picture fair and free—  
A picture of the good old home—wherever it may be,  
And o'er the waves it sings to us; across the hill and plain,  
Until the soul within us seems to echo the refrain.  
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam,  
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

To every man in every place there comes the haunting song,  
It rises like a glory chant, in cadence full and strong,  
To him who sleeps upon his arms before the tireless foe,  
And he who bends above his desk, the coaxing strains must know.  
For, sweeter than the clover-tang that drips from honey comb,  
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

## Johnny's Christmas Journal

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

6 a. m.—Got up an went downstairs in my nightgown and was picking things of the Christmas tree when pa an ma cum down an sed for goodness sake by rubs catch yure deth of coles; go bak to bed until it is time to get up.

6:15 a. m.—Put my close on an went down stairs agin an et ten stiks of candy an' two oranges befor pa cum down an sed he wud whip me if I dident go bak to bed an let him get sum sleep after bein up so late the nite befor, but ma sed Jon doant destroy the Christmas joy for our boy; let him alone.

6:30 a. m.—I hav got a ralerode track an trans an a bookin ladder an a set of dum beis, an injun clubs an a air gun an a pistol that shutes ar-

## Rhyme of the Man Shopper

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

It is a pallid, weary man;  
He stoppeth one of three,  
"By thy white cheek and blazing eye,  
Now, wherefore stoppeth me?"

"Oh, sir," said the worried man,  
"I fain would have these tell  
Where I may find within this store  
The things they have to sell."

For it was in a Christmas store  
That all of this look place,  
"Twas there the frenzied man was seen  
With hopeless, troubled face.

The stranger man would fain begone  
From him of haggard eye,  
Beside, the aisle was crowded with  
The folks who would go by.

"I pray thee," said the stranger man,  
"Do chase thyself from me—  
All else, the other man implored—  
A woeft might was."

"A torsele comb, a pair of skates,  
A whole carload of toys,  
Some things beside for all my friends,  
And here for their girls and boys.

"And here I am; and I am here;  
The things—oh, where are they?  
For male and female clerks conspire  
To hide from me the way.

"But this I know, and this alone:  
Three aisles across, lies back,  
Four counters down, one counter up,  
Then double on your track."

"The elevator takes you next,  
To land you otherwhere,  
And where you weary of its crowd,  
You amble down the stairs.

"But still—but still, my honest friend,  
You do not reach the goal,  
"Tis always 'on the other side,'  
"It lies upon my soul!"

"So here, I, and I am here,  
And you are standing by,  
I care not where the things may be,  
But where the deuce am I?"

They led him to an ambulance,  
Although he did resist,  
And now in padded cell he cons  
His Christmas shopping list.

He shrieks upon the midnight clear,  
And on the noontday air:  
"Three aisles across, two counters back,  
Then up and down the stair!"

Oh, foolish men, take heed of this,  
Before you go to shop,  
Oh, when you reach the outer door,  
Be up your list and stop.

## End Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, colds, sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such trouble fly before Bueklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatly healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at all druggists.

## A Terrible Blunder

To neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness, or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and build up your health. Only 25c. at all druggists.

## REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Max Winkler's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TREATING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLEYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND 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. 25c. per 4-oz. bottle.

## A BASHFUL SANTA CLAUS

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Andrew got his eyes away from hers long enough to ask:  
"Are you going to have a Christmas tree?"

"No. We're old-fashioned, you know. We're just going to hang up our stockings in front of the grate, and let Santa come right down the chimney. I love those old customs, don't you?"

As she spoke of the old customs she once more pushed the spray of mistletoe up into place. This time Andrew saw it, and away down deep in his heart he wished he were just a good friend of Amabel's.

You see, under the mistletoe, things may be done by good friends which would call out the troops if attempted by a lover who has not yet declared his love in speech, but whose every action tells what is affecting him.

He told her he had spent a pleasant evening; he thanked her for the little gift, he promised to come again, and he got out and away—and then he realized that he had not given her the present he had meant to hand to her with a few well chosen words which should cause her to fall into his arms and promise to be his forever.

Also, he realized that he had not even wished her a merry Christmas in the way he had planned to wish it.

All the way home he abused himself for being such a fool. Why, any man with a spark of self-confidence, he told himself, would have told the girl what he had in his heart and in his pocket for her—would have made a neat but effective little speech of presentation, and would have concluded his peroration with her head against his shoulder and her plump white hand in his.

There came to him a flash of inspiration.

Why not play Santa Claus, take the ring to Amabel's home, climb in a side window from the porch, deposit the ring and a note in her stocking? This would make her feel that he had planned it all as a real Christmas surprise for her. A Christmas gift and a Christmas proposal all at once would certainly appeal to the romantic side of any girl.

So he wrote his note, wrapped it about the ring, replaced the ring and the note in the little box, wrapped it up, and betook himself to Amabel's home.

The porch from which he planned to effect his surreptitious entrance was a side one. He remembered that last summer Amabel's father had said he must have the catch on the window repaired. He knew perfectly well Amabel's father hadn't done so—for he knew Amabel's father was like all men.

Through the side yard and over the porch rail he went. The window he found unfastened. Carefully he raised it and felt his way into the room. To his astonishment he saw a ray of light beneath the door and heard voices in the adjoining room—where the stockings were to be hung.

"Well, Amabel, her father was saying, 'what did Romeo have to say to-night?'"

The reply was a sniff from Amabel, which Andrew interpreted as being a suggestion to her father that he mind his own affairs.

"Did you give him the necktie?" Amabel's mother asked.

"Yes."

"Did he like it?"

"He never looked at it."

"Well, I must say! In my time a young man would have shown more gallantry."

"Not a Hillington mother," Mr. Tuttle said. "They never think of what to say until a week later."

Andrew grated his teeth. This was true, but not pleasant.

"Well, you couldn't expect him to tell how he liked it when he hadn't seen it," Amabel said, stoutly. "And he never has been polite for him."

## AT THE PECKS.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Henry Peck. "This paper has a lot of alleged jokes about women giving their husbands cigars (or Christmas presents). I think that any woman who is fool enough to give her husband a box of the vile things ought to—Why, where has Henry gone?"

But Henry was out in the hall shaking hands with himself.

Quoting Her Suspicions.

"My dear," said the Suspicious Wife, "this sealin sack you gave me for Christmas has the odor of gasoline."

"Very likely," answered the Crafty Husband. "But you know Santa Claus is using an automobile now."

Nevertheless, she had her doubts about it, fearing that he had purchased the garment second-hand of a cleaner.

More Blessed to Give.

"Stingy!" repeated the Neighborhood Gossip. "It old man Titewad stingy? Why, did you hear what he gave his wife for a Christmas present? He let her go to the dentist that morning and have ten aching teeth pulled, knowing very well that it would prevent her eating any of the Christmas dinner."

Bad Case.

A fellow who lived on the isthmus, Was bothered somewhat by strabismus.

He said: "It is sad,  
But my eyes, which are bad,  
See New Year when I'm  
Christmased."

## AMONG THE WISE SAYINGS.

If Christmas came more than once a year, say four times, the sheriff would call around about that often. Yes?

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## A DISBELIEVER.

"Papa," said seven-year-old Annie, "Tommy is an infidel."

"An infidel?" said papa. "What is an infidel?"

"Why, he—he does not believe in Santa Claus."

It takes a girl with a college education to misspel her front name.

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