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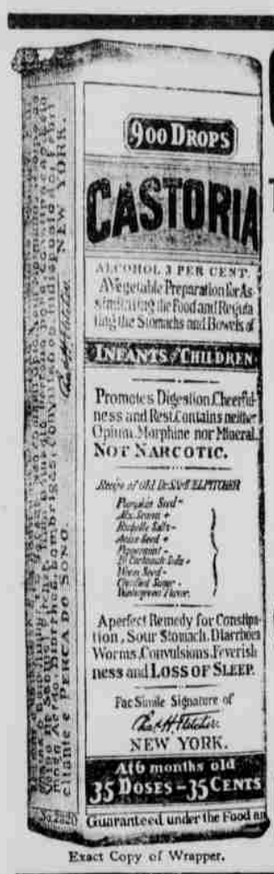

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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Halifax County Depository.
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IN TYPEWITERRS.

We carry a large stock of standard Typewriters. Can furnish at once Monarch, Fox, Oliver, Remington, Royal, Smith Premier, L. C. Smith & Bro.'s and Underwood. Any other make from 5 to 15 days' notice. We have both the visible and the invisible. We bought a large stock of these Typewriters from one-fourth to one-half the regular wholesale price, and on sale now at one-fourth to one-half the regular retail prices. A good Typewriter from $7.50 to $15. A better one $17.50 to $28.50. The best from $30 up to any price. Will be glad to answer any inquiry in connection with these machines, and send samples of the work done by any of the Typewriters we have. Every boy and girl should have one of our cheap Typewriters to learn how to use. Any person who can write well on a typewriter can demand a large salary. Anyone who buys a cheap typewriter from us and wants a better one later, we will take back the one bought and allow the same paid for it in exchange for a better one, if returned in good condition and within six months. If not in good condition we allow the market value. We carry Typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

SPIERS BROS.
WELDON, N. C.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

HIS DAY OF DOOM

GRATITUDE FOR DAILY BLESSINGS

Beautiful Festival of Thanksgiving Has Its Origin in the Recognition of the Beneficence and Protection of the Great Creator.

GRATITUDE is a word that comprehends the happiness of the human race. It turns the heart toward the Fountain of All Good and so makes possible a greater receptivity and a greater joy. Without it even glories of heaven could not confer happiness, and all the sweet amenities of life would fail. With it the humblest home may be blest with angel visits, and one step upward from the depths of grief may be fraught with a new-found joy.

But shall we be grateful for the mere incidents of life and forget to be supremely grateful for life itself? We murmur so much at the conditions of life, and on a reluctant concession we admit that this is better than that, and so we express our feeble thanks—praising the beauty of a single leaf while murmuring at the tree that bore it.

Are you truly grateful for life? Are you glad that you were born? Do you accept your life from the hand of God as his richest gift—the containant of all other possible blessings?

Life is a wonderful gift—the most wonderful and the most blessed gift that the Infinite God could plan for the objects of his love. We have hardly begun to learn how great it is, how great it can be. Beginning at birth, and through childhood, youth and age, it stretches out into the realms of Eternity—ever growing vaster and yet more vast in its approximation of limitless possibilities. If you had not been born you would never have known life—the sum of all blessings.

The unqualified acceptance of life, with all its mystery and pain, all its labor and weariness, and yet all its sweetness and joy, and all its latent potentiality—that is and forever must be the basis of true gratitude, the one great theme for thanks. Unless you are grateful for life itself you cannot be truly glad for anything that life contains. But being grateful for life itself adds a tinge of celestial glory to every simple blessing and makes Today akin to the vast Forever.

Glory of the Day.

The feature, the charm, the glory of Thanksgiving day is in the fact that it is the day of home coming, home freedom, home love. It is a protest in these latest days against hotel life. It is a memorial of the most powerful civilizing and Christianizing agency of early American life. It is a plea for the return to housekeeping and to the domestic interests and activities which do so much for the culture of women and so much more for the training of children, and which help manhood to attain its soundest, richest, best. Long may Thanksgiving day remain an institution in this land, for the call to prayer and praise it gives, and for the argument and appeal it provides in favor of the much-depreciated "domestic sphere."—Bishop John H. Vincent in the Independent.

Thanksgiving.

Long have we wandered and how far.
Yet home—'tis like a single star
That shines today.
Though we are scattered like the leaves,
The winds have rustled from the trees
To drift away.

Maybe it is for Mother's sake
We drop our care—at dawn to wake
For this one day;
Maybe it is just love of home,
Though we, perchance, must dine alone
And far away.

E'en though the day be cold and chill,
In every breast there is a thrill
of warmth today;
A living spark—a tiny gleam
Of home, e'en though we do but dream
And far away.

—Carolyn B. Lyman.

Made a National Event.

In 1864 President Lincoln issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, which was followed by the governors of most of the states; and we may say since that year Thanksgiving has been an annual holiday throughout the entire country

It is easier to learn how to make money than how not to get rid of it.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

That Thanksgiving Punkin Pie

When the frost has nipped the 'simmons an' the pawpaws' russet glow
Sets a fellow's mind a-traipsin' to th' days of long ago;
When the frost king's shimmerin' crystals deck the woodland's regal dress,
An' th' apples' mellow fragrance steals from out the cider press;
When a fellow's footsteps crackle in the crisp autumnal air,
An' it's joy to be just livin' in a land so wonderous fair;
It is then I bask contented 'neath the clear November sky
An' regale myself with visions of that flaky punkin pie.

From the distant hills an' valleys flock the nomads of the earth,
Drawn by mystic waves of feelin' to the hamlets of their birth.
Glitterin' brocade, ragged jacket, eyes grown stern in sordid quest,
All are lured by vagrant memories; all obey th' same behest.
Deep within each heart is hidden treasured wealth from memories' store,
For across the dim horizon lie the hallowed days of yore;
Wistful eyes smile through th' tear drops, for the train is drawin' nigh—
Nigh to mother gladly waiting—nigh unto that punkin pie.

When the wind is cold an' piercin' an' the pond is frozen hard,
An' the turkeys loudly gobble as they strut about th' yard;
There's a most alluring odor floats out through the kitchen door
That is mighty satisfyin' when a fellow's feelin' sore.
There's a hustle an' a bustle an' a mystifyin' look
To th' women in th' kitchen as they churn an' bake an' cook,
Till I hanker most distressful—an' I watch with wistful eye
All the appetizin' flain's they put in that punkin pie.

One by one the leaves have fallen an' the land is white with snow
An' the icicles are hangin' from the eaves in spectral glow;
So I snuggle 'neath the comforts while the fire cracks an' roars,
Bravely warrin' 'gainst the blizzard that is roglin' out o' doors.
While the wind is loudly sighin' I repose myself for sleep,
But anon I'm quickly wakin' for an anxious little peep,
Just to see if dawn is breakin', if the light I can espy;
For I know that on the morrow mother'll cut that punkin pie.

There's a satisfyin' thickness to that yellow, creamy mold—
The creation of a master with its faded tints of gold—
An' I'm filled with dreamy rapture as its depths I contemplate
For its aromatic sweetness all my senses' aggravate.
Turkey, stuffin', and the trimmin's are but byeways to th' throne,
Where it reigns a regal monarch in a kingdom all its own;
An' I'm filled with satisfaction—though I heave a plaintive sigh
'Cause I've nearly reached my limit—when ma cuts that punkin pie.

—William Edward Jon, in National Magazine.

INSTINCT TO RETURN THANKS

Feeling That Is Universal Among Mankind—Has Root in Knowledge of Dependence.

The impulse to return thanks for the bounty of nature has been practically universal among mankind in all ages and in all religions. It is as natural as the instinct that inspires the hope of immortality of man's dependence upon a supreme being. It is one with the involuntary appeal that springs unbidden to the lips of all in the hour of crisis when human help can do no more.

It is a coincidence worthy of thought that the one nation which set aside a day for national thanksgiving should be the people above all others most blessed with peace and prosperity. Grumble as we may at the shortcomings of our civilization, however we may think our affairs should be ordered better, we should reflect that at no time in the history of the race has there been a people in possession of greater advantages, of more generally diffused abundance, with more encouraging prospects than ourselves.

The problems that confront us are in our own hands. We will solve them eventually and others as they arise. We may stumble, may mistake the path, may be compelled to turn back to get on the right road, but of our ultimate progress there can be no doubt.

Let, therefore, each for himself and herself, return individual thanks today.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

MR. TURKEY'S DAY OFF

Said the great big Turkey Gobbler
To the little Turkey Turk,

"I guess I'll stay at home today
And not go down to work;

"I have a sort of feeling
That it's wiser not to roam
And that it would be safer
For me to stay at home."

Don't Delay Treating your Cough

A slight cough often becomes serious Lungs get congested, Bronchial Tubes fill with mucous. Your vitality is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It soothes your irritated air passages, loosens mucous and makes your system resist Colds. Give the Baby and children Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It's guaranteed to help them. Only 25c. at your druggist.

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL, BECAUSE—

TURKEYS are not extinct.

HALF a dollar will buy a table d'hote dinner.

APPLE pie is not all made in factories.

NUTS and raisins can be eaten even when you haven't room for anything else.

KNIVES and forks still have work to do.

SWEET potatoes haven't gone out of fashion.

GRAPE juice has the approval of the department of state.

ICE cream is sometimes made of cream.

VERY little turkey will be left to make hash of.

INDIGESTION comes after dinner—not before

NEW sweet cider is in season.

GORGONZOLA cheese is not compulsory.

THE great American nation takes a holiday at the bidding of the president every November. Our many states all unite in keeping the beautiful festival of Thanksgiving. Its very name is suggestive because the giving of thanks implies a recognition of One, unseen but ever-living, who sends the world the gifts on which its existence depends. From Almighty God we receive the rain, the sunshine, the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the bread we eat, the fuel that warms us and the clothing we wear. There are few so foolish or so stupid as not to believe in the great Creator and the kind All-Father, from whose hand our daily blessings come. Especially should you and I have a thought of him when the myriad homes of the country are enjoying at this season the gifts that must be traced directly to the kindness of heaven. The great nation keeps Thanksgiving, but the great nation is composed of millions of individual persons, among them you who read and I who write. Suppose we stop and ask ourselves what we like best about this holiday and what spirit we may most fittingly bring to its celebration.

First, I think we like it because it is so genial and jolly, so cheerful and bright, so patriotic and stirring a day. Thousands of families are reunited at the Thanksgiving dinner. The trains that come to New England or Pennsylvania or Illinois, from California, Oregon and Nevada, bring home for Thanksgiving men and women who want to be boys and girls once more under the old roof.

I remember watching from a train as it stopped at a station the delighted greeting of a half-dozen people who seemed to be father, mother, sons and daughters, as they swarmed upon a dear little old lady who was waiting to receive them. Her husband, a white-haired patriarch, who might have sat for the portrait of Santa Claus, was holding his horses while the children and grandchildren thronged into the big four-seated wagon. They had come home for Thanksgiving. Many such scenes will be enacted this year, as they have been every year since our country was settled.

If we have been so unwise as to let a pessimistic spirit weave its evil spell around us, let us break the fetters without delay. Wherever we are, at home or abroad, rich or poor, let us be thankful that we have reached another golden milestone in life. I repeat that Thanksgiving is a genial, cheerful, wholesome and breezy day. Let us make the best out of it, and wherever we are be as jolly as we can.

Much to Be Thankful For.

If ever we are tempted to say that though others have much to be thankful for, our lives are hard and our paths are thorny, let us stop a minute and see by what standard we are measuring our blessings. If we look at a cripple plodding along with crutches we cannot help being thankful that we have feet which serve us well and that we can walk and run without so much as considering the effort. If we see somebody who is barefooted, we may be thankful for shoes. When the rain beats on the roof at night we may be thankful for the house that shelters us. When the doctor calls next door to see an invalid who is tossing with fever we may be thankful that we are well. If there are flowers on the door bell across the street we may be thankful that there are no vacant chairs in our home.

An Active Liver Means Health

If you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from Dizziness, Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, and Indigestion, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They drive out fermenting and undigested foods, clear the blood and cure Constipation. Only 25c. at your druggist.

Why should a girl scream after the Kiss has been stolen?

THANKSGIVING ODE OF THE OLDEN TIME

Poet in the Quaint Phraseology of Centuries Ago Expressed Gratitude for the Kindness of the Creator, From a "Thankfule Heart."

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof,
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and drie,
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worne by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchin's small;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unfread;
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confesse, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water cresse
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou has sent;
And my content
Makes these, and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crownest my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirthe,
And gives me wassaile bowls to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.

Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soules my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfulle heart;
Which, fr'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

—Herrick.

LET US ALL GIVE THANKS

Season is a Time to Be Glad, and to Make Others Around Us Partake of Our Joy.

Let us make this the best Thanksgiving of our lives. Remember our gratitude is not measured by the size of the family larder. Abundance tends to contentment, but many a man in limited circumstances is happier than others of larger means. Real wealth and worth lies not in the abundance a man hath, but in contentment's gold. When the heart is full the whole world is richer. Your smile will go a long way toward making someone else happy. A cheerful life opens avenues to future achievement hidden to him who sees no good around him. The past is a matter of record, the present is near and real, the future is limited only by yourself. Make it all it can be, and history will add a new chapter, and you will be the hero.

Let us give thanks. The nation needs the inspiration of your song. There are plenty of groans and grunts and growls. We need more song.

It hain't no use to grumble and complain:
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.

You will feel more manly by being glad. It adds to your self-respect and makes you feel that you have a place in the world. Inspire your age with a new type of chivalry. Meet drones and kickers with a smile and you will do much to bring in the good time that is to be. Wherever you are let this be a real period of thanksgiving. Let us see if we cannot add to the world's joy by the spirit of our own living.

Universal Day of Thanks.

About the institution of Thanksgiving as it exists today there is nothing sectarian or sectional, but over the entire Union the day is observed by all Americans alike as the time for family reunion, good cheer and general rejoicing and gratitude.

Spoiled It for Him.

Rev. Mr. Goodman—Well, Willie, did you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner?

Willie—No. We had company and I had to eat with my fork.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The man who is really and truly in love doesn't lie to the woman in the case.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FAVORS TO PREPARE FOR THE GREAT DAY

Not Alone the Children of the Family, but Also the Grownups May Be Furnished Special Trifles to Add Zest to the Thanksgiving Dinner.

FAVORS for the Thanksgiving dinner table may be made of pulled figs, raisins and nuts, held together with toothpicks and topped with marshmallow heads, the features outlined in chocolate. Each of these little figures should be mounted on a flat foundation made of a thick, firm cookie and the toothpick legs made to stand upright by embedding them in a little mound of chocolate frosting which should extend outward to form the feet.

Two large raisins, the stem ends thrust into the toothpicks, form the legs and two small pulled figs serve as a dress, the figs being thrust on the toothpicks so that the tapering stem ends shall meet to form a waist line. Two raisins are used for each arm, ending in a single peanut for a hand.

The marshmallow head is covered with chocolate except on one side where chocolate features are drawn with a toothpick dipped in melted chocolate. A peaked hat made from half a fig should top the grotesque little figure.

For this work pulled figs are absolutely necessary. Ordinary layer figs will not do, as to make the bodies of these figures the figs must be of natural shape. These figs come packed in small baskets and one basket of figs at 25 cents will make six favors.

Another style of favor can be fashioned from short, thick sticks of candy. Top the stick with a marshmallow head, pinching it round, and drawing chocolate features and a little curl down the forehead. Press a couple of figs very thin and curl them around the candy doll, keeping them out from the body by means of toothpicks held to the stick of candy with white frosting. If the stick of candy is plain white, paint chocolate buttons down the front and rest the absurd little favor on a square of sugared popcorn.

If these favors are chosen for the children of the family the grown persons may have something different. Choose paper lorgnons for the women, the eyeglass portion representing two miniature pumpkins and the long handle simulating their stem. Cut the pattern of a good sized lorgnon from cardboard, covering the handle with dull green crepe paper.

Cut four yellow pumpkins from the crepe paper that comes so decorated and cover the eyeglass portion of the lorgnon on both sides. Cut holes for the eyes so that these favors may be actually used while at the table. A bow of bright yellow ribbon tied half way down the handle of the lorgnon is a pretty addition.

For the men have long rolls of yellow paper tied at each end to simulate snap motto papers. Instead of the usual folded paper cap inside conceal a cigar.

THE THANKSGIVING GIRL

You may boast of the maiden of summer,
And brag of the maiden of June,
Your winter girl may be a hummer
To skate with and lovingly spoon.

You may boast of the lassie bewitchin'
In bobble skirt, store puff and curl,
But give me the maid of the kitchen,
The reliable Thanksgiving girl.

Thanksgiving Prayer.

For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year: Good Lord, we thank thee. For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love; for the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in the ways of life and love; for our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above our real; for opportunities well used, good Lord, we humbly thank thee! For our temptations, and for any victory over sins that close beset us; for the gladness that abides with loyalty; for the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs; for our necessities to work; for burdens, pain and disappointments, means of growth; for sorrow; for death; for all that brings us nearer to each other, nearer to ourselves, near to thee; for life: We thank thee, O our Father!—W. C. Gannett.

NOT NEW TO HER.

He (mooney)—Was there ever a love like ours?

She (matter-of-fact)—Of course, I can't judge your case, but with me the symptoms seem about the same as in other attacks.

Most of a college man's education is acquired after he graduates.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.

"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby."—Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers."—Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me."—Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world."—Mrs. MOSE BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born."—Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it."—Mrs. WINNIE TILLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

Constipation

Is to be dreaded. It leads to serious ailments, Fever, Indigestion, Piles, Sick Headache, Poisoned System and a score of other troubles follow. Don't let constipation last. Keep your stomach, Liver and Bowels in regular action. Rid your system of poisonous, pasty foods.

Nothing better than

Dr. King's New Life Pills

All Druggists 25 cents
SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

A Delightful Profession for Young Women

THERE is no occupation for a young women that is more pleasant or congenial, more suited to her ability and nature, none that can give her more personal satisfaction, also if she be a thoroughly trained professional none that offers bigger rewards than that of music teaching. The need of trained music teachers is [illegible] mand.

Has your daughter ever given this matter a thought; have you ever spoken to her about (some day becoming a teacher of music?) If so—buy her a

STIEFF PIANO

at once, get her started on the road to success and fame, the sooner she starts the better.

Chas M. Stieff

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WE KNOW THE BUSINESS

No tinkering with your valuable timepiece.

WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK

Let our expert repair man examine your watch or clock. He will tell you what is needed and what the cost will be.

When your watch has been repaired by us, you can depend upon it every time to catch a train or meet an engagement.

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