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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, 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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WELDON, N. C.

Organized Under the Laws of the State of North Carolina. State of North Carolina Depository. Halifax County Depository. Town of Weldon Depository.

Capital and Surplus, **\$55,000.**

For over 21 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and others are identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties.

A Savings Department is maintained for the benefit of all who desire to deposit in a savings bank. In this department interest is allowed 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. Any information will be furnished on application to the President or Cashier.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Building Material for Modern Homes, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mantels, Door and Window Screens

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Good Materials, High Grade Workmanship Our Slogan.

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Practices in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax open every Monday.

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Cuts, Burns,
Bruises, Sore, Wounds and Piles quickly healed with **Arnica Salve**. It prevents infection, is antiseptic, soothing, healing. Try it once. Money Back If It Fails. The Original and Genuine.
Bucklen's Arnica Salve
Heals the Hurt
All Druggists and Dealers, 25c.

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IN TYPEWRITERS.

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 1 to 14 days' notice. We have both the machine and the typewriter. We bought a large stock of these Typewriters from one-fourth to one-half the regular whole-sale price, and on sale now at one-fourth to one-half the regular retail price. A good Typewriter from \$25 to \$35. A better one \$47.50 to \$28.50. The best from \$50 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. It not in good condition we allow the market value. We carry Typewriter ribbons and other supplies.

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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 ill 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.

WELL-FOUNDED GROUCH.

Tale of a Man Whom the Doctors Sentenced to Death.

A middle-aged resident of Fairmount tells a story which, he declares, shows how one's labor so often is lost and good intentions go astray. Incidentally, the narrator is now a traveling salesman, who weighs nearly 200 pounds and is as strong as a rail mauler. This is his tale:
"While doing service for Uncle Sam as a soldier in the Philippines, about 15 years ago, I contracted tuberculosis, which grew worse so rapidly that I was discharged with the warning to go immediately home to Fairmount to die. The army surgeon was kind enough to tell me that if I should take good care of myself I might live several months and at least would linger long enough to settle up my earthly affairs. So, discouraged and disheartened, I sailed on the first ship for home. I first suspected that perhaps I was not entirely 'in' when I had to defend myself on shipboard from a drunken sailor armed with an iron bar. I took his weapon away from him and beat him up—which was not bad for a consumptive.
"Arriving in Indiana, I consulted a physician in my home town whom I had known from boyhood. He told me that the army physician had told the truth, and as he fondly embraced me, bidding me a fond farewell, tears stood in his honest, old gray eyes. Instead of being deeply affected in an emotional way, however, the sight of his emotion made me angry, and I went to Indianapolis to consult a specialist. I'll admit that I was discouraged when the Indianapolis physician said I might live at the outside only a few months and that if I should absolutely live out in the open I would prolong my life a while. He said the end would not come immediately.
"So, downcast, I went home to Fairmount. I was penniless and had no money with which to take outdoor treatment, but through the influence of friends in Washington I obtained a pension of \$12 a month. The first \$12 I invested in logs and began the construction of a one-room log cabin on the rear of my father's lot. Intended to make it a model outdoor house.
"Well, I bought an ax and waded into those logs, swinging the ax and hammer and guiding the saw from daylight to dark every day. Now here is where the hard luck comes in. Do you know after I had spent four months building that one-room cabin, in order that I might prolong my life, I found out that I was well and didn't need it?" — Indianapolis News.

Many trains of thought carry no freight.
A thoughtless man loses time when he hurries.
He really meant to kiss his wife this morning as he left the house to go to work.
But he forgot. He was thinking of the cares of the shop; of the thousand and one matters which concern him in the big world with which he wrestles for a living for her and the kids.
Anyhow, he said to himself afterward, what's a kiss? It oughtn't to take such a mere formality to convince of his love and trust the woman he has made the mistress of his home, the mother of his children. Pshaw! the chances are she never noticed the omission—so why should he worry?
But back home a woman wept. Wept, not because she doubted her husband's constancy; not because she felt that he wouldn't prove big and true and fine in an emergency; but because, woman-like, shut within home's four walls, doomed to another day of petty routine, much of it to be endured all alone, she wanted that kiss as a token and a memory—wanted it as proof that not in her case could the poet write:
"He's lost you see, 'cause he married me;
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."
Now, if you, Mr. Mann, made such a break as that this morning, do you know what you ought to do?
Go home, tonight, with a present in each hand and plant two kisses where one grew before.

When the Bowels Are Uncomfortable
and you miss that fine feeling of exhilaration which follows a copious morning operation, you should put a small quantity of Simmonds Red Z Liver Regulator (The Powder Form) on the tongue and wash it down with a little water.
Its action in the system is purifying and strengthening. It drives out hard impactions and impurities and gives tone to the muscular structure of the bowels. It overcomes the tendency to chronic constipation, relieves a bloated feeling in the abdomen, sweetens the breath and promotes vigor of body, mental alertness and cheerful spirits.

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AN OFF-HAND REMARK.

"I don't quite see the point of that remark of yours," said Mr. Skinner, the grocer, as he tied up the package of sugar.
"What remark was that?" asked the customer.
"You just remarked that some men had an off-hand way of doing things. And you wished I was one."
"Yes; I wished to remind you that your hand was on the sugar when you weighed it."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE OLD-FASHIONED DOCTOR,

He's passed, the kind old doctor man. That we knew in the long ago. Whose tender ministrations ran Through all life's troubled ebb and flow. He smiled benignly when we made Our premier entrance on life's stage, And wept with loved ones when we paid The debt that's due by youth and age; And in the intervening space, When we were plagued by divers ills, He'd diagnose, with care, our case And then prescribe us blue-mass pills.

He had a most imposing mien. This dear old-fashioned doctor man. The things that he had read and seen Could scarce be learned in mortal span. The very spectacles he wore Portentous wisdom seemed to shed; We knew the ancients' healing lore Was packed to bursting in his head. He scorned all upstart theories, Though he was death on his and chills, And all the modern therapies, He'd gladly swap for blue-mass pills.

Ah! dear old-fashioned doctor man! Perhaps your ways were not the best, But ne'er a heart was kinder than The one beneath your dog-skin vest. You never vexed your mind at all With serum, protoplasm, germ, It ne'er occurred to you to call For help to prop your skill infirm. His head the modern doctor shakes, O'er means you used to cure our ills, But he, too, buries his mistakes— Like you, who gave us blue-mass pills.

HAVEN'T TIME.

"I haven't the time!" they all exclaim, In the search for money, and search for fame, And they rush right madly by, I haven't the time for a kindly deed, I haven't the time for a friend in need, No time for a sorrowful cry!"

We haven't the time, but the time goes by, And hears do ache, and souls do cry, But what care we for their pain? We haven't the time for the down and out, We've only time for bustle and shout, No time but for earthly gain.
So madly we rush as the earth whirls along, The din of money our only song, Our souls clogged with dust of strife, We haven't the time for the sick and the poor, We haven't the time for the wolf at their door, God! Only gain is life!

At home we eat and we rush away, Armed physical man afresh for the fray, But our souls have starved to death, We haven't the time for such useless things So we chase them till out of breath.
So sweet communion and kindly thought And the dear home duties the night once brought, Are crowded quite out of our ken, We haven't the time unless it means gold, For such sordid pay is our birth right sold, And God had created us men!

—Lucy M. Cobb, High Point, N. C.

HE FORGOT TO KISS HIS WIFE.

Go Home, To-night, With a Present in Each Hand and Plant Two Kisses Where One Grew Before.

He really meant to kiss his wife this morning as he left the house to go to work.
But he forgot. He was thinking of the cares of the shop; of the thousand and one matters which concern him in the big world with which he wrestles for a living for her and the kids.
Anyhow, he said to himself afterward, what's a kiss? It oughtn't to take such a mere formality to convince of his love and trust the woman he has made the mistress of his home, the mother of his children. Pshaw! the chances are she never noticed the omission—so why should he worry?
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW TO TEST DRINKING WATER.

Simple Tests by Which Impurities Can Be Detected.

Every one knows and admits the necessity for pure water. When you are away from home, and are not sure of the character of the water supply, it would not be a bad idea to make a few simple tests. The results may prove that it was decidedly worth while to take the trouble. Here are two tests that you can make very easily.
Fill a tumbler with water, drop in a lump of white sugar, cover it with a saucer, and let it stand overnight on the bricks at the side of the range, on the kitchen mantelpiece, or in fact, anywhere where the temperature will not sink below sixty degrees. If next morning the contents are clear the water is pure. If, on the other hand, the liquid is cloudy, some source of contamination is indisputably proved.
The second test, is to drop a few grains of permanganate of potash into a tumbler of water, cover and let stand for an hour. If the water is still of the bright rosy color to which the chemical turned it, it is perfectly safe for drinking; if it is of a brownish color, it is impure, although the impurity may be of the kind that boiling will rob of its power to harm.

WIDOW MALONEY'S PIG.

Mike Murphy was taken to task by his spirit adviser for having stolen Widow Maloney's pig. The evidence against Mike was so direct and positive that it was worse than useless for him to deny the crime, and he listened with downcast eyes and much meekness to a well-deserved lecture from the priest upon the wickedness of the theft he had committed, till the reverend gentleman asked him what he would say on the Day of Judgment when he should be confronted by Mrs. Maloney and her pig, when he brightened up at a happy thought, and said:

"And ye say that the pig'll be there yer reverence?"
"Yes, the pig'll be there, and Mrs. Maloney'll be there, too, living witness against you. What, I repeat, can you say in such a presence?"
"Yer reverence, I'll say, 'Widow Maloney, there's yer pig, take it.'"
AN INDORSEMENT.
"Yes, sir," said the rugged mountaineer to the member of Congress. "I'm goin' to vote for you hard an' frequent. You're one man as does a little sunth'n to protect home industry."
"Then you don't resent my stand in favor of prohibition?"
"That's what I'm a-cheerin' ye fer. You ain't interfered with us moonshiners wuh mentionin', and you've improved the demand a heap." —Washington Star.

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.

Father—Son, can't you possibly cut down your college expenses?
Son—I might possibly do without any books.—Hartford Times.
The man with a grievance never misses an opportunity to mention it.
A fool friend can wield a hammer as effectively as a bitter enemy.
Women are responsible for men's vanity.
A quarter earned is more valuable than a dollar found.
Many a man who isn't a coward is afraid of consequences.
There's always room for one more in the crowd at the bottom.
Don't apologize for doing you duty.
One way to unsettle a question is to argue about it.
Never form your opinion of an egg until the lid is off.
The average husband is a silent partner.
Even a fast man may not make a rapid recovery when he's ill.
It's only the brilliant sayings of the first baby that count.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DAY PROSE 25.
P. N. STAINBACK'S
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.

HOW GRANDMA DRESSES.

She is Now Like a Smart Tripping Maiden.
So far there is no law that can limit what custom calls the "little" frock to the really youthful, but every now and again one gets a shock when a supposed youngster turns round to reveal herself nearer 70 than 17? It is a very curious feature of the age—the short skirted smart tripping grandmother of today, or the cumbersome full-skirted type of the past.

Certainly taking out one's mother or aunt is no task now—that is, for those whose relations are of this rejuvenating kind—nor does the line of chaparrons adorning the borders of the ballroom present so dignified or depressing an affect when we see tunic frocks with skirts that can take care of themselves and a pretty display of shoes and stockings.
Worthy of admiration, too, is the courage displayed by a woman of 50 or 60 odd stepping into a show room to demand a "simple" satin dress, or a wash frock of muslin, lined or pique. And here we light upon the secret of the situation, she whose courage could not rise to ordering from her dressmaker a too youthful frock, can in the ready-to-wear department take off its peg what she would like to wear and forthwith depart, elated and satisfied. Nay, more, she may spy her simple frock in the pages of her favorite paper, and, sending her measurements, receive without facing a single probably amused saleswoman, the little frock of her fancy.
Yes, it is the ready-to-wear frock that has created this situation, nor can we deny the serge suit its share in the movement. When "mamma" always provided that she has kept her figure, can find nothing awaiting her in the big store but natty serge suits, how can we expect her to "go forer and fare worse"? Then Fashion seems always to be making her way easy.

The "mantle" that so many of our old-established important houses regularly stocked for the elderly is scarcely selling at all, the cavalier cape having rendered it superfluous. Why, indeed, hunt after a dowdy mantle when hanging in numbers is something just as good, for its purpose and the reigning fashion? Indeed, the elderly lady would be justified in saying: "If you young people poach on my preserves, the cloak, I must retaliate by picking off the best you prepare for yourselves." —Philadelphia Record.

THE MOTHER'S CREED.

I believe in the general importance of the home as the fundamental institution of society.
I believe in the immeasurable possibilities of every boy and girl.
I believe in the imagination, the trust, the hopes, and the ideal that dwell in the hearts of all children.
I believe in the beauty of nature, of art, of books, and friendship.
I believe in the little homely joys of every day life.
I believe in the goodness of the great design that lies behind our complex world.
I believe in the safety and peace which surround us through the overbrooding love of God.—Mrs. Ozora S. Davis.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Rheumatism
For Young and Old
The acute agonizing pain of rheumatism is so sudden an onset by Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it—pettinate to the sore spot, bringing a comfort not dreamed of until tried. Get a bottle today.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
For neuralgia, neuritis, sprains and bruises.
Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE.
Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc., Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Delightful Profession for Young Women

HERE is no occupation for a young woman that is more pleasant or congenial, more suited to her ability and nature, none that can give her more personal satisfaction, and if she be a thoroughly trained professional none that offers bigger rewards than that of music teaching. The supply of competent teachers of piano music is far short of the demand.
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,
LEAS M. STIEFF, Mgr.
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No tinkering with your valuable timepiece.
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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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